News Compendium

Volume 4 - 2003 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 2003: A fresh start for ice cream!

Wednesday, Jan 01, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2003: A Return to the Basics

As of my writing this, you are no doubt aware that the year 2002 has succumbed to old age, and that a new year, 2003, has violently seized power. It's all part of linear time, and that's just one more way the International Conspiracy is holding you down. But that's another story. One of the staples of a new year is the massive deluge of people resolving to better their lives, usually by pledging to stop shoving cake or cigarettes (CANCER STICKS!!!) into their mouths, or to stop beating on their kids so much even if the little shits do deserve it. New year's resolutions are mighty common around this time, as a new year means a new chance to be reborn. This method of rebirth is quite popular, because it doesn't require you to climb back into anyone's womb or sign a lengthy contract with God (or Allah, as the Native Americans called him). I'm not just talking about all this new birth because I suffer from womb envy, but rather because I believe strongly that something society loves greatly needs to be reborn.

This common variety of ice cream includes a metal hanging hook for children to choke on.

Ice cream.

Yes, ice cream. I don't know what happened to our good friend ice cream over the years, but things have spiraled out of control. I can remember the fancy-free days of my youth when ice cream was a delightful and innocent treat. You knew what to expect with ice cream, and ice cream knew what to expect from itself. Sadly, over the last couple decades ice cream has lost itself, wallowing in an endless decadent rainbow of color and taste possibilities that just aren't natural. Our friend ice cream has lost itself and all base with reality, a major tragedy if you ask me. Ice cream is supposed to come in three flavors and only three flavors. There is vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry. Buy them on their own, or if you're an open-minded taste connoisseur, buy a variety pack with all three flavors sharing one package. That's the way it was when I was a kid, and we sure didn't have any problems like we do today. In a way, there was a flavor of ice cream for everyone, be they white, black, or the catchall race of other. Not that ice cream was opposed to taste miscegenation, mind you.

Now a days if you go to a grocery store or ice cream parlor to look for a delicious treat you're likely to be bombarded with ridiculous flavors and names like these:

- Lyndon B Johnson's Wacky Colon Scrapings
- Jerry Garcia's Bile Duct Surprise
- Fruity Hobo Trepanation and Almonds
- Kraken Birth Canal Extraction
- Prostitute Murderer Swirl
- Flesh of the Damned with Mint Chips
- Ebolatastic Bubonific Wacky Taffy
- Pancreas Excretion with Fudge

Okay, so maybe I made all those up, but they aren't that far from what's really out there. Most modern flavors are so idiotic they could only be made inside the ear of a giant pumpkin, and pumpkins don't have ears, you stupid lunatic! Once again, all we really need is:

- Vanilla

- Chocolate
- Strawberry

I know you're probably a bit shaken up confronting this harshest of truths that you've so recklessly denied even exists, but I'm sure you see what has to be done. It's time we band together as an angry fanatical mob and eliminate these undesirable flavors of ice cream once and for all! It's time we clean up ice cream and make it pure and whole again! It's time we restore the Vanilla-Chocolate-Strawberry Collation to power! Man was never meant to consume let alone create these wild, impure explosions of flavor. Do you want to know why our global economies are failing, why our world is in a state of perpetual unrest, and why we have so many jobless? Because of dangerous flavors of ice cream! These flavors stimulate the senses in a wild roller coaster orgy of insanity making men into monsters and brains into frozen mush while subverting our taste standards along the way.

If you care about the ice cream you eat, then you will join my new Ice Cream Decency Patrol. The ICDP is intended to promote clean, safe, and wholesome flavors of ice cream, including and limited to vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry. The goal of every ICDP member is to eliminate undesirable flavors from stores and homes in what we will call Operation Meltdown. Operation Meltdown is no easy task, so it will be broken into four phases of violent revolutionary action.

The Four Phases of the Ice Cream Decency Patrol's Operation Meltdown

You don't think ice cream is dangerous? Take a look at these pictures of ice cream cones and handguns. Note that both are gripped by people using hands! Could you tell the difference in a heartbeat?

Phase One: Target buyers of undesirable ice cream. By systematically finding and harassing those supporting and addicted to the beast, we will slit the throat of the corrupt companies manufacturing these pornographic flavors. Consumers will suddenly find their names appearing on public lists of known ice cream deviants. These lists will be posted all over town and include home addresses. Ice cream deviants will also become the subjects of extended physical and emotional harassment by ICDP's Public Relations Officers, not out of meanness, but out of genuine concern for what we call the moral-taste sanitation of the human race. Ice cream deviants will not only find themselves targeted, but their friends, family, and support bases as well. They will be ostracized in the most humiliating ways, including being ostracized while wearing an ostrich costume and doing an amusing ostrich dance.

Phase Two: Attack the stores and retailers selling undesirable ice cream. The retailers will already be dealing with the deadly venomous bee sting we gave them by driving away business, but that's only the beginning of their suffering. We will begin mass protesting of stores and parlors selling obscene flavors and move onto harassment and vandalism. The crux of our actions will be the establishment of a website with names, addresses, and pictures of every known ice cream vendor that doesn't play by our rules. This site will probably be hosted on Geocities, because Rich is being a jerk and won't let me put it on this site. This is the phase where the ICDP takes its war from the streets to the suppliers, who by chance and progress happen to be located along streets themselves. Once we take down the foot soldiers, our battle will be over. Next stop: winning the war by tackling the war machine.

Phase Three: Attack the manufacturing plants by destroying the necessary equipment and resources of production. This is where we cut our enemies supply lines, crippling his ability to produce the profane creamy ice responsible for our problems. To accomplish our goals, we will carefully read the ingredients printed on ice cream packaging. In the off chance we can actually figure out what any of that shit is and where it comes form, we will go all gangbusters and raise a ruckus. In all likelihood, this will be the phase where we kind of just lie back and keep it cool. To make sure this phase isn't too uneventful, I will grow increasingly despotic and paranoid and begin acting out against my senior officers. Loyalties will be tested, and blood will be shed! Yep, just lying back and keeping things cool.

Phase Four: Burn it all, let the Earth drown in the spoils of our victory. This is where the vile ice cream barons suffer their crushing defeat. We will lay siege to their factories and ice cream assembly lines before setting things ablaze! Because fire and heat are the natural predators of ice cream, you can bet your your fisrt born that there is going to be some serious melting action. Thousands of megatons of ice cream will be melted, securing our victory and beginning a new age of ice cream production and consumption. But more importantly, I WILL BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD AND NO ONE WILL DARE LAUGH AT ME AGAIN!

With the victory of Operation Meltdown resting comfortably in our victory storage containers, we will then be able to focus on other important goals, like telling people how to think and act. But to concentrate on our immediate gains, the ICDP will ensure that God's three chosen flavors will once more reign supreme. This is what 2003 is going to be all about! Ice cream will be reborn, and my drunken New Year's resolution of becoming the Ice Cream Führer will come true. But like line dancing or armed robbery, it will only happen if you do your part! Join the Ice Cream Decency Patrol! Make a difference!

New Year's Slaughter

We're ringing in the New Year with a new movie review by none other than Ben "Geist Editor" Platt. That sass mouth watched a little gem called "Slaughter High" and much to the surprise of the known universe, it wasn't very good.

A conveniently placed gigantic calendar shows that the day is April first, prompting the incredibly irritating singer of the horrible attempt at a rock song to shout out "It's April Fool's Day!" I guess the calendar saying as much in huge letters is too subtle. Carol and Marty go into separate shower stalls in the girls' locker room in order to disrobe. The film crew enters and quietly assumes their positions outside Marty's shower. Carol turns on his shower from outside of the stall somehow and tosses him what appears to

be a gigantic freakish condom half-filled with shampoo. Being the suave ladies' man that he is, Marty inflates the condom like a balloon, then lets go of it, sending it flying over the shower wall. Obviously aroused by his experiment in aerodynamics, Marty shouts to Carol, "This is the best birthday I ever had."

Start things right and resolve to read this review now! Not only will you learn how bad this movie is, but you'll also gain a deeper insight into just how Ben is able to view movies (Hint: he uses a VCR and TV!).

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.2 Another Festering, Pathetic, Diseased Year For Me to Live Through

Wednesday, Jan 01, 2003 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

Some of you "less stupid" dope freaks out there might have accidentally noticed... wait, forget that shit. If you're on the Intarweb right now and reading this computer screen, then you're just another drooling pusspuddle like the rest of the gutless sludgehogs who read their computer screens on the Intarweb. There's no chance that you'll notice anything except a jumbo sized, lard encrusted, greasy hotdog dangling in front of your bloated face, dropping chopped pig entrails all over the precious Dungeons and Dragons muumuu you're wearing so your parents won't mistake you for a giant lump of sweating pork that somebody mistakenly dumped off in their filthy centipede-farm basement. Well whatever, what I was trying to goddamn say was that it's yet another new fucking year and ol' Cliffy here ain't exactly the most thrilled hero on the planet because another year means another 386 days that I gotta put up with the shit that these fuckbuckets in Appleton City pull every goddamn hour of every goddamn day, not to mention your countless electric messages to me saying "WAH, CLIFF, PLEASE UPDATE YOUR COMPUTER SCREEN BECAUSE I HAVE NOTHING ELSE BUT RERUNS OF 'FUCK THE CARTOON MOUSE' TO LIVE FOR!!!"

But whatever, I decided to "make myself into a better person" by making a list of New Years Resolutions that I'm gonna do and shit so maybe I'll be able to impress that broad at the bagel shop on 119th Street. Yeah, I know what all you zitfaced losers out there are thinking, "wah, but Cliff, that girl is 73 years younger than you!" Well let me tell you something, land bozo: I don't fucking plan on marrying her, so that age shit doesn't matter, and you can go back to playing your Mario Brothers game until your thumbs fall off and you're unable to jack off to elf porn for the next month. So here are my New Years Resolutions:

1) STOP PUNCHING WOMEN IN THE MOUTH - Okay, that one's a little unrealistic. I'll change it to "PUNCH LESS WOMEN IN THE MOUTH" once I figure out how to delete shit on this computer machine screen. There's no goddamn way for me to delete shit on here because this computer machine is a goddamn lemon and whenever I press the DELETE key it begins to make this sound like a pregnant gopher stuck inside a airlock. One day I'm going to hunt down and jab tent pegs into the eyes of the retarded shittwist who sold me this lump of vacuum tubes and strings because I'm sick as hell of it making my drapes catch fire every time I turn it on. Anyway, I'm probably going to start hitting less women in the mouth unless they fucking deserve it, and that's a majority of the time because the mammoth she-beasts in this town are always pissing me off by saying stupid shit like "stop hitting me" and "why are you hitting me?" Women should be seen and not heard, and in the case of the doughbears infesting this cursed hellhole, they probably shouldn't be seen either. The Appleton City Council should pass a resolution forcing every so-called "female" in this rotting dump to wear one of those giant quilt things that those religious nutsos have to wear in the Middle East, whatever they're called, I think they're the ultra-Jews. For example,

One of my New Years Resolutions is to make sure this guy doesn't have functioning kneecaps anymore. Same thing goes for his wife the mortician there.

that rotting carcass Betty Grable at the PTA needs to have a quilt draped over her 300-year old husk of a body and then maybe somebody should roll it up and chuck her into the tire burning dump in Meyer's Circle because the only possible use this community could get out of Betty Grable was if she was burned and provided fuel to heat our homes. You know, like whatever they use now for fuel, coal or diamonds or gas or that shit, just throw her into the diamond burning fuel plant so I can turn the heat up to 82 in my house and be comfortable for at least a few hours out of every wretched day I have to survive in this suburban suicide chamber.

2) BECOME THE CEO OF THE PTA - Before any of you assblasting nerdcenters once again whine, "wah, but Cliff, you don't have any kids so you can't become the CEO of the PTA," let me make one important point: SHUT THE FUCK UP. I don't need no stupid drooling bastard kids to know what's best for the immature simps in this town because I run into these oily losers every goddamn day. I was once a kid too, although I wasn't a clueless retard like all kids these days. You want to know why I turned out so well? Well here's why: CHILD LABOR. I was shoveling coal into a gasoline station every morning at 6:00 AM until 9:00 PM every day, 376 days a year. Back when I was a kid they didn't have all these little pansy Liberal child labor laws, so we knew what it was like to work for a living. We respected our elders and if we did even 1/100th the kind of shit the grease slobbering dimwits these days do, we'd be taken out back and whipped 70 times with a lightning rod that we were forced to build out of iron. What kids need these days is some fucking discipline, and I'm the only guy with the balls big enough to say what needs to be said. If I'm elected to CEO of the PTA, one of the first damn things I'll do is make the school day last from 7:00 AM to 9:00 PM because I don't want any of those idiot bastards running around my neighborhood when I'm awake. All they do is kick crap around and trample in my goddamn bushes, and if I catch another slackwitted shitfactory jacking off in my plants, I swear I'm just going to lose it and launch a mortar shell into their skull. And if you think I don't have any mortar shells left because the fucking government raided my house last weekend, you got another thing coming to you, Leprechaun fuckcoaster.

One of my first acts as the CEO of the PTA will be to use a flamethrower on any braindead slugbait kids who look like this.

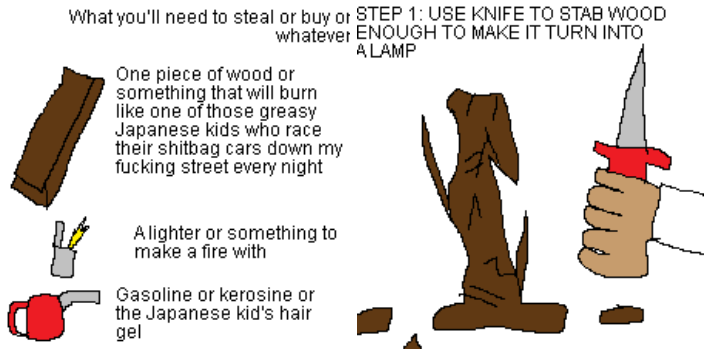
3) FINISH MY TOOLSHED - Yeah, I know ol' Cliffy's been working for quite some time on his toolshed, but that's because I want this thing to be a good piece of work and not some Jap shitheap like they sell at the Home Depot or Bernie's Wood Hut or one of those stores in the Appleton City Wood District. I swear, this toolshed is going to be a work of goddamn art, like Picasso's Mona Lisa. I've got most of the roof done, and all I need to do there is nail a few more boards to it and smear that roofing tar across it. The problem is that I always buy roofing tar and run out because I throw it through the Patterson family's window when they're trying to eat or hold a eulogy or whatever. There's nothing funnier than seeing those fucknipples wallow around like tarpit ham creatures once a can of roofing tar has exploded all over them. So there isn't much left to do on my toolshed except build a couple of the walls and pour in the cement and the structural foundation and knock holes out for windows and find out where to buy steel to cover the walls with and oh yeah, that roof thing too. But other than that, I'm practically finished with this fucker and let me tell you, I plan on fucking throwing a party like you wouldn't believe. And no, you're not invited because the only person on the invitation list is a Mr. Jack Daniels, who you'll probably be meeting when I show up at your house with his emptied body, ready to break it against your head like the Jewish people do when they step on beer glasses after getting married or whatever.

So those are my three New Years Resolutions and that's all I got because other than that, I'm pretty much a perfect specimen in every conceivable way, and any of you chew factories who think otherwise should send me your home address so I can pay you a visit and shove your hand so far up your ass that you'll be scratching your own lungs for weeks. And I'll update my computer screen Intarweb thing when I get around to it, I've been really busy this fucking month and the last thing I need to do is look at even more butter troll images than I'm normally exposed to during a trip through Wal-Mart.

CLIFF YABLONSKI'S ARTS AND CRAFTS CORNER

Okay I don't know why the fuck Richard asked me to write this shit because arts and crafts are for the pink haired sissy skirts who play Bingo and dream of making out with Sam Watterson, but whatever. He's buying me a box of Steel Reserve beer and drinking a few 6 packs of that shit will make me forget that I just wrote a computer screen dedicated to Intarweb nerds. I don't really know how to make much crap because if I want furniture then I just go down to Sears and steal it, so I guess I'll just make a diagram showing how to build your own lamp.

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN LAMP
BY CLIFF YABLONSKI


What you'll need to steal or buy or whatever
One piece of wood or something that will burn like one of those greasy Japanese kids who race their shitbag cars down my fucking street every night
A lighter or something to make a fire with
Gasoline or kerosine or the Japanese kid's hair gel
STEP 1: USE KNIFE TO STAB WOOD ENOUGH TO MAKE IT TURN INTO A LAMP

Step 3: use a hammer tohammer nails into the bottom of your lamp and nail it to wherever you want to put it (like the desk or dresser or your ugly whore mom's casket)
NAIL
STEP 6: Pour gasoline on the top of the lamp ALSO TELL YOUR KIDS TO DRINK THE REMAINING GAS BECAUSE IT WILL GIVE THEM SUPERPOWERS
GASOLINE CAN

STEP 6: LIGHT lamp on fire, this fire creates the light you need to see inside your house when it gets dark and you can't watch your halfwit friends grab your balls for hours
Step 6: stay in your house and wait until the fire department comes. DONT WORRY THEY WILL SHOW UP IN TIME
oh god help us

So there you have it, enjoy your arts and crafts deathtrap you little ratfuckers.

■ MANGA?! Yes.

Zack "Big Gulp" Parsons here with an all new SA Story Time. You know, the ones where you look at the pictures and pretend to read like when you were seven and wanted to look cool at the library! That's okay, the words aren't any better than the drawings. This week we've decided to save you the trouble of buying expensive imported manga and erotic manga! The joy!

> *Dari quickly ejaculated onto her face and hair and then hurried to catch the bus since there was nothing he could do otherwise. He caught the bus just in time and climbed on board the bus, riding it to his school. He thought some more about the girl he ejaculated onto with his meat rod which segued into him thinking about his mother. Americans might think this is creepy but in Japan it is not illegal to have sex with your mother or knock over and ejaculate onto a stranger. In fact it is encouraged in Japan, so much so that if the mayor of a city sees you doing either of these things particularly well he will immediately give you the key to the city and pin a blue ribbon onto your chest that gives you a deep discount at bath houses. Dari regretted that the mayor was not around to see his beef pole ejaculate onto the blue-haired girl because he surely would have been granted the key to Ogataka.*

Oh my that sounds erotic! Head on over and read it, or at least look at the pictures!

-~Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 Somewhere There is a Crime Happening

Friday, Jan 03, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Your move, creep.

Every year I unconsciously select some aging warhorse of a big-budget action movie to become obsessed with for that particular year. I think it dates back to the time I first became addicted to the original Dune movie when I was about 14. I loved it and watched it roughly once a month, thrilling to every rubber sandworm that crested from the rolling sands of Arrakis. This year I am getting started early with an undying love of Robocop. This documentary about a revolution in law enforcement in Old Detroit is undeniably one of the greatest films ever made. In exacting detail it covers Omni Consumer Products' plan to institute a new form of robotic policing to protect the construction workers building Delta City. After a glitch ruins the hopes of Dick Jones and his ED-209 program, an up and coming executive seizes the moment to show off his own "Robocop" program that transforms the unneeded corpses of veteran cops into cybernetic protectors. After some fanfare, shooting, more shooting, and the tragically fatal fall of Dick Jones from the OCP building everyone watching this documentary realizes just how necessary a new form of policing is.

I have been so deeply moved by Robocop and the pragmatic ways of Omni Consumer Products that I can't help but speculate as to the future of law enforcement here in Chicago and the rest of the United States. Crime is a big problem, and while the valiant efforts of the current police are often helping things, it just isn't enough. What I propose are some revolutionary steps similar to Robocop that could turn things around, really make the streets so clean you could eat off them. Instituting a Robocop plan would naturally be the first of these steps, since I live nightly in fear of Clarence Boddicker who gleefully appears on Fox as if nothing ever happened in Old Detroit. But we can do much more!

■ Baby Cop

Baby Robocop may not be quite as imposing as the original, but he is every bit as devoted to upholding the public trust.

The Soviets trained dolphins to kill scuba-diving saboteurs. Scientists have taught gorillas sign language. Someone taught clowns how not to murder children. What's next, the government teaching babies how to fight crime? YES. A baby is born every second according to something I saw on a pro-life motivational pamphlet, making infants the largest single untapped resource in the world. Sure, we could listen to blowhards like Jonathan Swift and use them as food stock, but when you get right down to it that just isn't efficient. K-9 units have been a mainstay of law enforcement since the time of flappers and hooliganism, and not even Hitler would argue that humans are less intelligent than dogs. So we train them, as a force for good not evil, to patrol the streets armed with the finest tools we can provide. I propose mounting some sort of shotgun onto their back and attaching the trigger mechanism to a chewable rubber ring. When the infant spots a suspect he or she can crawl in their direction and bite down on the ring, blasting the perp into the afterlife.

■ Baby Robocop

Naturally all of these infant law-enforcement officers won't manage to get by unscathed; in fact I expect them to succumb to the rigors of their duty much more frequently than your normal cop. From careless drivers to hungry crows, the baby cops will die by the hundreds in the line of duty, sacrificing themselves on the altar of democracy to ensure that we live in a free society. Always tireless, even in death the vigilance of these baby protectors will not end. Installed into a cybernetic body they will go on to serve in much the same role as the original Robocop. What they lack in fine motor skills, problem solving skills, and the ability to recognize colors and numbers, they more than make up for with their insatiable lust for inserting objects into their mouth. With a simplistic reward system the babies will be re-trained to operate cars, fire guns using robotic hands, and pursue justice even more vigorously than they did during their brief lifetimes.

- **Skelecop**

The Robocop program and its sister program Baby Robocop both rely on the bodies of the recently deceased to be inserted into cybernetic bodies. While both of these programs are very effective, as evidenced by the dramatic decline in violent crimes and Nuke trafficking in Old Detroit following the introduction of Robocop, they are also prohibitively expensive. Skeletons, on the other hand, are available everywhere fine corpses are stored. We can't put them in a robotic body since they don't have a brain to power it, but we can attach them to an intricate series of cables that lead to a "control chamber" in a helicopter. Already Police Chief Marionette of the Old Detroit Police Department has been testing out their first pilot Skelecop program.

The program has run into a few snags, mostly caused by crooks fleeing into buildings, at which point the skeletons have to wait outside while the helicopter hovers above since they would just get tangled in the roof. Particularly vulnerable to this problem is the Skelecop undercover vice squad. These brave skeleton puppets, dressed in the very same style of clothing that criminals wear, are tasked with infiltrating every facet of organized crimes. As long as it never involves going indoors. Police Chief Marionette has already got a city ordinance on the books to remove all rooftops from buildings within city limits, so this may eliminate the problems with that. There have been a few instances where the Skelecop control unit encountered Police Chief Marionette's arch-enemy, the mysterious villain known only as "The Vaudevillian". This shady character employs puppets, racist jokes, and a range of gag-firearms in thwarting the efforts of the Skelecop program.

- **High Speed Cup**

Plainly visible are some of High Speed Cup's 1,405 rank chevrons.

From the labs of OCP comes the future of law enforcement. High Speed Cup is a cup that fights crime with a passion, a passion for speed and violence, and a record of promotion after promotion. High Speed Cup consists of a 7-11 Big Gulp cup which can fly at high speeds. It rams into the heads of suspected criminals, causing them to explode. Then, after killing a criminal organization, it will return to the Old Detroit Police station and the chief says "Great work, High Speed Cup! You get a promotion!" The chief will promote High Speed Cup every time it kills anybody, regardless if they're a criminal or not. Eventually High Speed Cup will get so many promotions that it is promoted to the rank of "GOD" and the government forces everybody to change the bible so that every instance of the word "God" or "Jesus" is replaced with "FAST CUP". This project is in the very early development stages, but if it proves successful then we can expect the workers building Delta City to be as safe as if they were sleeping in the Pope's house.

- **Ballcop**

Ballcop, pictured here on its maiden voyage, may soon be replaced by SWAT Ballcop.

One of the least expensive new policing options is the innovative Ballcop program. Relying not on fancy robotics or the walking dead, it uses instead the timeless crime-fighting duo of massive rubber balls and gravity. The prototype Ball1 was first deployed in October of 2002. Consisting of a 20' sphere made of blue rubberized plastic, the ball was placed at the top of a steep incline by the Old Detroit Police Department. When a call came in that a robbery was in progress the ball was released and gravity did the rest. The ball enforces the law a bit randomly, running down suspects and onlookers with equal fervor. Unfortunately the subjects in that particularly instance fled into a building that was not in the immediate path of Ballcop, thereby escaping its wrath. This unexpected strategy will be addressed in the latest version of Ballcop known as SWAT Ballcop. This version employs "unpredictable tactics" in addition to its normal 4-tons of rolling justice. By filling the ball to the half way mark with some 3,000 gallons of water, the ball will zig and zag randomly, potentially crushing the cars or homes of villains.

There are many other excellent new policing strategies on the horizon, from myself as well as other law-enforcement think tanks. The only limit to what our police forces are capable of is the imagination and possibly funding. Coming next week I will cover my plan to replace our nation's high rise apartments with houses suspended in the air by balloons. Also look forward to my article on cars made out of meat and boats made out of African Americans.

Photoshop Phriday

Livestock here, letting you know that Photoshop Phriday is once again fresh and ready to be eaten. The always busy Something Awful Forum Goons created a lovely plethora of pictures making the act of war an act of fun. Why just take a look!

Do your civic duty and peruse this Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.4 Apartment Annoyances

Saturday, Jan 04, 2003 by Integral

I have this weird feeling that I have seen this place before... oh wait! They're fucking everywhere.

Everyone has to live in an apartment at some point in their lives. By this, I mean that not only is it very likely that you will live in one but also that it's a necessary and rewarding experience. It's almost a given that people have to make some sort of transition between living in a pit brimming with squalor and filth (college) and living in a crappy, tiny house that's falling apart and that has only one working sink but it's THEIRS (after they pay the bank off for the next 15 years), goddammit. It would only make sense that these places of growth and change are the rows upon rows of poorly-built apartments lining the SUV-laden streets of America's suburbs, each one more shoddily and cheaply constructed than the next. Their paper-thin walls are shining beacons of hope to the up-and-coming cubicle worker and the awe of seeing these apartments standing tall and completely identical against the sky, blocking out all five of the nearby Starbuck's coffee joints, can cause even the most smelly of antiestablishment hippies to shed their patch-pants and place at least four large USA decals on their rusted-out Volkswagen Rabbits.

There are apartments and there are apartments. Living in one of these new, cookie-cutter, labyrinthine monoliths is truly a circus of wonder and delight. This is especially true if you interpret my use of "wonder and delight" to mean that living here is the worst kind of horror I could possibly imagine. Not only are these places pits of despair and sorrow but they are also filled to the brim with annoying neighbors and inconvenient flaws as a result of their cheap construction. The people who put these monstrosities up are making a shitload, however, so it makes me feel better that my misery is helping to keep some balding fat man in brie and bacon. These places are going to fall down when a strong wind comes along in five years or so, but in the mean time people are packed in like sardines and pay up the asshole to live in a cardboard mess.

This place is a crazy patchwork quilt of annoying people. I am sure that we fit nicely into that category what with our late-night watching of bad movies on the Lifetime network and giggling loudly at them like mad harpies, but the people living around us are worse. Our immediate next door neighbors are:

- **Stoners / Heating Van Guy:** There is pot smoke coming out of their apartment at all hours of the day. Never mind smoking weed every day, these people smoke it all day long every day. They smoke it in their sleep and in the shower, if they take showers. They are going above and beyond the call of duty and smoking it not only at 4:20 but also at 3:20, at 2:20, etc. It's a pot paradise over there, and they can be heard at all times laughing moronically in their hoarse stoner voices at whatever it is that they watch on TV. The TV itself is always extremely loud and they must keep it right next to their door because you can hear everything that's on while standing in the hallway.

YO DOODZ, IT'S 3:17! TIME TO SMOKE!

The weed isn't the worst part here, however. Weed is ok compared to this. The worst part has to do with the fact that the apartment complex itself built very few parking spaces and the ones that they did build are all rentable spots that they can tow you for parking in even if you live in the nearby buildings. They charge outrageous fees to rent one dumb parking

space, but that's how they get you! There are about two spots without numbers on them that we are allowed to park in. Anyway, one of the stoners occasionally brings his weed with him to a job in which he drives an enormous van with the words, "C & C Heating: It's hard to stop a Trane!" on the side. It's enormous, and there are always pipes hanging off of it every which way. He parks this thing like a fool every single fucking day, and due to the shortage of parking spots it becomes very, very frustrating to see that goddamn van parked across the only two non-rented parking spots in the place. This becomes especially annoying when we have just come from the grocery store and we have a trunkful of TV dinners and Pepsi One to cart up the three long flights of stairs to the apartment itself. Someday we will blow that goddamn van sky high and hopefully those stoner morons are in there when we do. Then we'll put the pieces of the blown-up van back together and blow it up again.

PS. If you are reading this, heating van stoner, we found a set of keys marked "Buckwheat's Van" the other day. We assume that these are the keys to none other than your bigass goddamn heating van. Don't expect to get them back but do expect that you will come home from your dumb job installing furnaces to find your van gone. WHO KNOWS WHERE WE PUT IT? AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA AHAHAHA HAHAHA Ha ha... Heh. Hello?

Our hallway.

■ **Weirdo Garbage People / Animal Torturers:** The people on the other side of us are even more horrible but they are horrible in frightening ways. The stoners are just dumb, but these folks have some bigger problems, it would seem. One of these issues has to do with garbage. We are only allowed to put garbage outside on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday between the hours of six and nine AM. I guess the apartment people don't want this place to look like a dump or whatever. If anyone puts their garbage out at any other time, the apartment people, specifically one ornery black man (known from here on out as the Trash Negro) will LOOK THROUGH THEIR GARBAGE until they find something with a name on it. The Trash Negro will then knock on the person's door with the garbage, hand it back to them, and yell at them for at least five minutes about how they are violating their leases by putting garbage outside at any other times. He is a force to be reckoned with and king of the dumpster, so the people live in fear and obey.

HOLY JESUS

In any case, the people next door have a problem with the trash laws. They don't take their trash outside at the wrong times because they know that it would incur the wrath of a very upset Trash Negro, so they do what they think must be the next best thing, which is put the trash in the hallway outside of their apartment. The problem with this is that the hallways are very narrow and also that they wait for weeks to get rid of their garbage. Not only do they have a shitload of it but it smells terrible. Every decaying food item in the world must be in those bags. Soon the hallways is filled with the pungent stench of refuse, and soon after that the smell creeps into our own apartment through the door. Eventually, our entire place smells like a sewage treatment plant in summer thanks to the noble and selfless efforts of the crazy garbage people next door.

The other problem that these people have is that they lock their poor dog on the porch all day long. "The porch" as it is called isn't really so much a porch as it is a narrow concrete slab that sticks out of the back of the apartment building. They leave for work at an early hour (something like 6 AM), and then the barking begins. That damn dog yelps and howls and barks nonstop for the entire fucking day. When we leaned over the porch railing to try and see what the deal with the dog

was, we saw that the garbage weirdos had put chicken wire all around the porch so the dog was in a sort of cage. It was one of those little white dogs that are made to be stepped on, but still, it was obviously very unhappy. We called the apartment people to complain, but the barking continued for days and we couldn't sleep. What the hell is wrong with people? What the hell is wrong with THESE people? Nothing that a little painful death couldn't fix.

I suppose it could be worse. Our neighbors could be knife-wielding pedophile furries who like anime and attend Renaissance fairs in costume. Or they could be libertarians. As it is, there are other mysteries about our apartment life that have yet to be explained, such as the loud hammering that takes place in the apartment below us at 4 AM every goddamn morning without fail or the thumpin' booty bass that never stops. There's also the mystery apartment across the hall containing what is most likely a room full of government wire-tapping equipment. Those guys should really pick up the six phonebooks and two Chinese food place flyers lying outside of their door.

Living in an apartment is frustrating but it is a learning experience. I have overheard many an exciting domestic dispute through the rice paper walls here and I am buying a new pair of binoculars so that I can watch in greater detail the mating rituals of the two iguanas that the people across the way keep in the window. Other than that, it would really be ideal to find a crappy shed to live in so that I can count myself among the many who have survived apartment hell, but I suppose that I'm in no hurry. Sure the shower is falling apart and there are carpet tacks that poke into your feet under the carpet, but it's building character one piece of plywood at a time and $1200 per month. All that I need now is one of those way rad SUV's.

-∼Integral

1.5 Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Somewhere Else

Sunday, Jan 05, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Day 1: It's winter in New England. Well, it's winter all over the place, but here it actually means something. Specifically, it means that it's snowing. Again. Yes, as we speak, millions upon millions of tiny white flakes of cloud-dandruff are descending upon our fair streets. According to the weather reports, my entire town will be covered in the stuff by the first light of dawn. I won't know about it until I get up around noon, but I assume it will be there at dawn, anyway. I have a feeling that those of you who live in warmer climates, such as Anywhere, don't quite grasp just how serious this situation is. For instance, I know for a fact that we have a decent celebrity readership out in L.A., although they disguise their names when they email me ("Nick Jackolson" and "Gel Mibson," I'm looking in your direction), and those guys probably haven't seen a real snowfall in years. They don't understand the problem that a snowfall of this magnitude causes. They think that snow falls and everyone in the vicinity drops what they're doing, rushes outside, and engages in playful snowball fights and the building of magical snowmen that come to life and teach children the true meaning of winter. Let me tell you something about snowball fights. The only thing that ever happens is chunks of freezing cold slush smacks into your face at seventy miles an hours, then drips down your collar and melts because of your body heat. The frigid water soaks your innermost layer of clothing, which is practically a guarantee of hypothermia. As for snowmen, anyone who's seen "Jack Frost 2" can tell you that snowmen are not to be trusted, and certainly not with our children. But I'm getting ahead of myself. You see, people who live in warm places, not all snow can even be used for snowballs and snowmen. There are hundreds upon thousands of different types of snow, all of them with their own particular traits that will make you wish you were born Hawaiian. The snow we've been getting is wet and heavy, so it is incredibly difficult to shovel, and yet it somehow lacks any sort of cohesion, so the minute you do get a shovelful, it all falls off. I'm visiting my parents, and in the time that I've been home we've already had two major snowstorms. Snow like this knocks out power lines, it traps people in their houses with their own *families*, it closes schools and releases droves of snot-nosed brats upon an unsuspecting population, and it must be stopped.

Before.

Unfortunately, putting an end to snow is a more difficult task than it sounds. I got in contact with a representative from State Og, but they said that "snow encourages holiday shopping, which we need to bolster the economy until we perfect our mind-control ray," so they wouldn't let me use their weather machine. Josh says he's working on a weather machine, too, but he refuses to show anyone the design specs in any format other than an incredibly annoying flashing GIF, so that's out. Global warming is definitely a step in the right direction, but it's taking too damn long. At this rate, we here in snow country will have to shovel our driveways countless more times before the penguins even start to die off. My brother just came home from work early and said that the streets are getting bad already. For those of you who haven't driven in snow before, it's an adventure. As soon as the streets become a little slick, every time you come to a stop sign or red light you have to take a guess at whether or not the car is actually going to stop moving. Anti-lock brakes are basically useless on anti-stop streets. The way it's coming down now, it looks like the snow is inevitable. It's too late to stop this one. All that we can do now is try to contain the damage.

I recommended that we coat the driveway in gasoline, light it, and just let it burn all night. We could even roast chestnuts over it. That way, we wouldn't have to shovel in the morning. My father decided against it, saying that the fire would undoubtedly spread to the lawn, the house, and the dog. I tried to convince him that we could control the blaze by lining the driveway with oily rags,

but for some unknown reason, he still didn't think it was a good idea. At the very least, I thought we should set the cars on fire so we don't have to scrape them off tomorrow. There's nothing worse than standing outside in the freezing cold, chiseling off the stubborn sheet of ice that seems determined to prevent you from opening the car door, just so you can turn the car on to warm it up while you scrape away the ice on the windshield, windows, and mirrors. Again, my father didn't follow my reasoning. He just muttered something about "stupid kids" and "disowning," but I didn't catch all of it.

After.

Day 2: My father woke me up at the stroke of noon, just as I had predicted. I staggered out of bed a few minutes later and took a look out the window. White. Everywhere, everything was white. It was like Christmas with Ross Perot. We got hit with a solid foot of airborne nose candy. The power wasn't out, at least on my street, but with that much sky sugar sitting on the lines, it wouldn't take much to bring down some wires. As I gazed out across the pure white street in my usual noon to three stupor, I noticed a sight that was unfamiliar to me. A town sanitation department truck was parked at the end of my driveway and a sanitation guy was giving skis to my mother. I couldn't think of any reason why my mother would be getting out of a sanitation truck. Sure, I'd seen her getting out of the mailman's truck plenty of times - almost every day for a year until my father killed the mailman for some reason - but never a sanitation truck. As soon as she got inside, I found out what had happened. She was cross-country skiing up the street with the dog trotting alongside her, like you do, when suddenly she tripped and banged her tooth against one of her ski poles. The pole, being made of metal, didn't offer much in the way of cushioning. Her lip was split open and bleeding profusely, which is not the way you want to see your mother when you've just woken up. My father brought her an ice pack to keep the swelling down, but there was still one question left unanswered? Where was the dog? My dog, Nikki, apparently refused to get into the sanitation truck, which meant she was still somewhere out on the street. My day had hardly begun, and already my mother was in need of immediate medical attention and my dog was missing. You see? Snow tries to break up families.

My brother and I, neither of whom were exactly dressed for cold weather or being seen in public, set out to look for our beloved pooch, and by "set out to look" I mean, "stood at the edge of the garage and shouted." Despite our desperate cries, such as "Nikki," "Nikki, come," and "Nikki, dammit, come already," she failed to appear. We rushed back inside and threw jackets over our bathrobes with the intention of going to search for her, but as soon as we got back outside, she came bounding down the street, being pursued by another dog. We were a family again, but it was short-lived. The moment we got the dog back inside, my father rushed my mother to the hospital. Three hospitals later, she got the stitches on her lip that she needed and plastic surgery is in the works to repair her teeth.

This can only end in tears... tears of evil!

Harried by what was already becoming a long and difficult day, I returned to the window. While my brain churned with thoughts of my mother's well-being and brain juice, I watched my neighbor across the street shoveling his driveway. He's an older man, and in the past my family has pitched in to help him clear out his driveway. I considered going to help him, but I was too frazzled by the day's events, and besides, he was only clearing out a path for one car to get to the street, and it looked like he had the situation under control. I continued to watch as he

somehow managed to push all of the snow in his driveway into one huge bank at the bottom. Next he piled half of that bank onto the other half, making one huge snow bank. Then he got in his car and promptly proceeded to drive it diagonally directly into it. I laughed at this, because frankly it was funny as hell. The day was young, but so far I had managed to stay dry. Now all that I had to worry about was losing pow

Git the Shotgun Ma, the Germans is Comin'!

Hey folks, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here. It's Sunday, and that means I've got another review of a festering pile of shit that has cleverly disguised itself as a game. I wanted to give this day a cool name like "Psychosis Psunday", but Lowtax said it was a bad idea. He also called me a fag. Anyway, this week's game is World War 2: Normandy, a horrifying look at what Medal of Honor: Allied Assault would have been if it had been coded by a group of angry ex-RAF pilots who wanted to make the Germans look really stupid by giving them worse AI than the goombas in Super Mario Brothers.

> *My suspicions about the game's quality deepened when I saw the notice on the title screen that World War 2 Normandy used the Lithtech engine. They only deepened further after I fought my way through the horribly broken menu system and saw my mission assignment, which was to parachute by myself into the middle of a hedge maze and shoot a bunch of German people in the face, an activity that most people would frown upon nowadays. I guess our standards of decency just weren't as high back then. The mission briefing is followed by a white-knuckled, high-suspense cutscene that consists mostly of a still model of your guy slowly falling with a parachute on while planes fly all around him and tracers whizz by at speeds that occasionally exceed 5 miles per hour. The entire cutscene fades to black before you land (probably because showing the landing might require them to animate the model in some way) and then you are thrust into the wild and wacky world of Normandy.*

Sound exciting? You bet your stapler-resembling gun it does! Check out the review of this wholesome, patriotic, all-American game or you're on the side of the terrorists.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1.6 My Life as a Cam Harlot

Sunday, Jan 05, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I rarely waste my time and yours with updates about my personal life, my relationships, my house boat that sunk with all hands, etc. Occasionally I'll mention that, for example, my arm was torn off last week by a wheat thresher. You might have noticed that it isn't harvest season for wheat here in the Midwest United States, that's true, but I was in a farm implement museum and the damn thing just came to life like there were ghosts inside it. When I do mention little factoids like this "The Boss" (R-Lo, not Springsteen) usually goes off on how I should have my own Live Journal and write goth poetry. He does it because he wants to drive us all to suicide, but that's okay, I haven't found a pistol barrel yet my mouth didn't like but the damn things always jam on me. To completely fly in the face of what's approved of by "The Man" (R-Lo, not J. Edgar Hoover) I am going to devote this entire update to true confessions. It's going to be an honest look at my life, my many loves, and the way I tend to "keep it real" and "say it like it is".

For those of you questioning my judgment in doing this, consider for a moment that you are no doubt a very boring and bland individual, with a life roughly as interesting as watching Jello Jigglers set into the shape of a vagina. If you kept a journal about your life not a single person other than maybe your mom and someone trying to kill you would bother to read it, let alone be genuinely interested in it. I, on the other hand, am a massive Internet celebrity whose name is on the lips of many a fair maiden throughout the land. Therefore, the minutiae of my life are granted meaning for those who are not my mother or trying to kill me. My massive Internet celebrity status entitles me to go on and on about myself in unbelievable detail and expect this to somehow entertain you. I hope your lumbar-support desk chair came with a seatbelt you can buckle, because this look inside the life of Zack Parsons might just blow you out a window followed a split-second later by an exciting fireball. And baby, your socks won't be coming with you. Don't worry, at the end of my slices of life I will have a link to my Amazon.com wish list so that you can reward me for living by sending me all of the things that I tell you I deserve!

Devour the Flesh of Fallen Heroes

I am so sick of that b*tch Janice, she is always taking my makeup from me and I need it before I face the Ungaori tribe of the basin walls village. I swear if she takes it again and I see her pig face in the halls I am going to cut out her liver with a stone knife and use it to bait my fishing hook. Yesterday in the cafeteria Monica and I were totally scarfing down the brain of Ugtognuk - the tribal elder dude we killed with slings the other day - and I must have eaten part of his brain that held the memories of his battles. Just as Janice was walking past me with that "I'm hot sh*t" look on her face all of these images from Ugtognuk's past lives came flooding in to me. I saw him standing on the field of battle, snap, I was him! The blood of my enemies running from my stone axe. The bellies of the village women swollen with my seed. When I flashed back to the cafeteria I had Janice on the ground and I was trying to slit open her throat with a carrot stick. Her face was all blue and that a$$hole Vice Principal Rogers grabbed me and gave me like a bazillion detentions! Janice is just lucky it was a carrot stick and not a knife or her brains would be on the menu tomorrow.

Oh and I talked to Dylan last night on AOL. He is Keith's friend and omg he is so freakin' hot! Here's some of our conversation:

Zacky34: hiiiii Dylan
StoneCold316: sup
Zacky34: how r u
StoneCold316: cool
StoneCold316: r u audry?!
Zacky34: no silly! its Zack from 2nd period earth Sience
StoneCold316: o, u r pretty hot
Zacky34: omg
StoneCold316: lol what?
Zacky34: lol nuthin
StoneCold316: my bro wants to play games, g2g
Zacky34: ttfn
StoneCold316: l8r

It was so totally awesome and I am going to marry him I know it! We are going to make the hottest couple in the entire Idurra basin region!

- **Demonic Summoning Gone Awry**

Monica and Stacey came over last night and we totally tried to summon the dark lord Necronius from the 400th level of the abyss. First we sat on my bed, which has this totally cool leopard print bed spread that I got at Hot Topic and on the inside it says "BRAT" and it's so true because I am such a brat! We were drinking some Smirnoff Ice and things got a little crazy and Stacey dared me to make out with Monica and we started to and I was getting these really weird feelings that were like "woah" and then I stopped and we all started laughing. It was so awesome. Then I'm like, hey girls you know what would be fun? And then I said we should offer up in sacrifice Stacey to the dark lord Necronius to unseal him from his one million year torpor beneath the earth. Stacey wasn't down with that but then she totally passed out from drinking too many Smirnoff's and Monica was like giving me this look and I knew it was on.

So I dusted off my copy of the Necronomicon, you know the paperback one that you can buy through Amazon, and we started reading the incantation. Luckily I had my mom get me all the reagents necessary for opening the gateway to the 400th level of the abyss while she was out shopping at Whole Foods. So we lit a hexagram demarcated by candles made from the tallow of children and began chanting in unison. Dark energies began to swirl around us just like in that episode of "Charmed" where Phoebe got turned into a flying dildo. It was such a rush, I felt like Vin Diesel in "The Fast and the Furious" only with Satanism instead of riced out cars. Censers containing many rare and exotic materials burned at the periphery of the room and filled the air with a ghastly cloying stench. Stacey stirred as if through her fever trance she could sense my dagger poised above her virgin bosom.

Then, as the chant reached a totally awesome pitch, I plunged the blade into her breast and with dark precision cut out her beating heart and held it up in offering to the dark lord Necronius. Just as I was about to drink of the rich, red heart's wine, my dorky brother Kyle came in and totally ruined everything. He had his gay friend Jake with him and they were probably going to play Nintendo and do gay stuff but they ruined it all! I screamed at them to get out and then, it was like time for TRL so Monica and I just said forget it and we buried Stacey inside of an oil drum in my back yard. It was pretty crazy though because the next morning our entire house was encased in thorny vines and my cat Captain Fluffy had been turned inside out by dark powers.

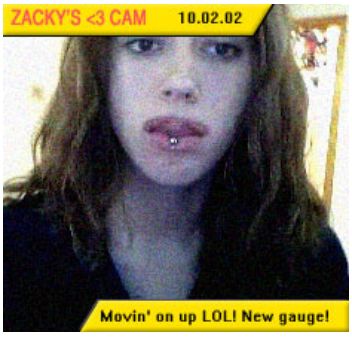
Testing Completed on My New Battle Chassis

Dylan is so hot it makes my teeth hurt and I get all sweaty when I am around him in Earth Science class. I just want to grab him and ride him like a cowboy but I don't know, people at school think I'm a lezzy I think because rumor got out that I kissed Monica. It's true but it wasn't like that, you know? We were all drunk and it was just fun. Anyway, I know Dylan thinks I'm cute so I am hoping my new Mark XIII "Praetor" Battle Chassis that I'm making for our Earth Science project totally impresses him.

I put it through its paces for the last time on Saturday and it outperformed even my most optimistic estimates. I was all like oh no because while repairing the myomer artificial muscles in the legs I accidentally disconnected a bio-fluid reservoir, but I totally fixed it without even using the auto-waldo suit. Then Saturday I activated a couple of those gay target drones and headed out into the field behind my house. The FLIR targeting system was acting up a little but when I switched to Doppler wireframe mode everything worked great! It was totally awesome, I was like vrrrrrrrrrrrreeee thump vreeeeeeeeeee thump and then I activated the fire and forget guided rocket pods and just toasted a couple of those drones. Then the last one popped up from behind cover and I used the ion-discharge cannon to blast it to pieces. The power and heat readings never spiked red, even when I was discharging ten million joules every two seconds through the ion cannon.

Dylan is going to be all over me when he sees my Praetor. I'm going to use the 30mm miniguns and just dice the girl's locker room where that c*nt Chrissy has basketball warm-ups and then me and Dylan are going to go behind the bleachers and get busy. I even put a Nelly CD into the Praetor's 6-disc changer. I'm thinking about putting a big heart and maybe the word "SLUT" on its 45mm composite armor chest plate. Then Dylan would so know that I mean business!

It's Hard to Make Peanut Butter and Jelly



OMG! Today has sucked so bad. I got up late for school because I was on AOL until 2 AM talking to Dylan and then he called me and I was trying to get him to have phone sex but I think he is shy. He is soooooooo cute sometimes I just want to explode! Anyway, when I got up my mom was already gone in the Lexus and she took Kyle to school and left me all alone. I was just going to skip out on class again but then I remembered Mr. Borden told me if I miss one more Basic Algebra class he is going to fail me. What sucked the most was mom totally did not make me any lunch at all and I had to make it myself. I didn't want to handle knives and make carrot sticks mom usually does and I had just ordered a keepsake diamond heart necklace that cost me all of my week's allowance.

I am a resourceful girl though, don't you know it ;) so I got out the peanut butter and some jelly stuff and some bread to make a lunch. The jelly part was so easy and I was rocking along and doing just fine and then I got to the peanut butter part and that was so hard. It sucked, like the peanut butter on the knife kept sticking to the bread and pulling up pieces so I didn't know what to do. I ended up just putting like three lumps of peanut butter on it like in a triangle or something and then disaster struck again! I put the peanut butter bread on top of the jelly bread and the jelly went all over the place and it smelled funny and got on my blouse! I was so mad I think I screamed. I do not deserve this crap. The maids could do it but they only come three days a week and mom told me not to scream at them but f*ck her, you know? I did not deserve it

is all I'm saying.

I sort of squeezed the peanut butter and jelly sandwich into a ball thing and put it in a ziplock bag. Then I couldn't find my car keys, but I remembered I left them next to my collection of 17th century European firearms. I had to gun my Volkswagen to school just to make it on time, and let me tell you I was pissed because my dad was working on it this weekend to install the 100 disc CD player and he DID NOT FILL IT UP! I thought I wasn't going to have enough gas to make it all the way to school but I did! I am so going to cuss him out when he gets home from work tonight.

I Found a Magical Leprechaun

This day has been totally crazy and in a cool way. I was driving home from school and I saw that there was a sale at Old Navy and I totally had to stop even though I only had 270 dollars left from my allowance. So I stopped and I parked in front of the store and put my flashers on like I would only be a second and then I went in, well when I went outside after a couple hours my car was totally gone! I don't know what happened, maybe some black kids stole it or something, there are some gangster types at the Woodpark Mall next door to the Old Navy store. Anyway, so I am looking up and I see this rainbow and I feel really connected to nature and Gaia so I was like I am going to follow that to its source. Maybe I was being a little weird but I like to do things my own way sometimes and f*ck the rest of the world! So I follow the rainbow into this wooded park and in a clearing there is this pot of gold and I look and I see this little fat bearded guy watching me from the bushes. Luckily I had my pepper spray on me so I nailed him because I thought he might be a rapist or something.

Then he starts screaming and grabbing his eyes and he is like okay I'll grant you three wishes as long as you make the burning stop. I told him to walk it off and not be a p*ssy but he says he is going to give me three wishes so my first wish was that Dylan would love me forever. He made this magical harp sound and there were some bright lights that flew around and I could sense that Dylan truly loved me! Totally awesome, okay, so I asked for my second wish I wanted to have a new purse, like a Gucci one like the nice ones that I would have to save like four allowances to be able to buy. So this purse just appears hanging over my shoulder and it was EXACTLY what I wanted. The leprechaun was so awesome because he was giving me what I wanted and I didn't even have to show him carefully lit grainy photographs of my tits.

So then he is like and what will your final wish be? And I am like, okay, so I think I know how things should be but they aren't always the way I think they should be. I told the little magical dude that I wanted to rule over a post-apocalyptic wasteland with the power to decide who lives and who dies and an unswervingly loyal army of robotic kill-droids. Sure enough, a little harp sound and some flashing lights and the earth cracked open, the rivers ran with blood, and horrible wasting plagues set upon those who opposed my new rule. From a tower built on the bones of my enemies I ruled over the ashes of civilization, the unquestioning red eyes of my kill-droids sweeping across the twisted steel carcass of mankind's creations, Dylan chained at my feet, and my makeup all fitting inside my Gucci purse. It was awesome!

My Mom Won't Buy Me Things I Want

Arrrrrrrrgh! I am so mad right now I can't even put it down into words in this journal. I just threw my glass unicorn that Kyle got me for my last birthday at the wall and when dad came and knocked on my door I cussed at him and told him I hated him because I totally do. Last night Dylan and I went on our first date and it was going really good and I looked so awesome in my new blouse

and skirt and he was soooooooo fine. Then he is all you drive a Beetle? And I am like yeah, get in good looking. And he gets in but he is all Volkswagens are kind of gay, I don't know Zack. OMG! I almost started crying right there, he didn't like my car! So we went to see "Drum Line" and it was okay and then we went to eat at this awful Mexican place but Dylan seemed to like it. All I could think about was that he thought my car was dumb. I didn't have a lot of fun even though my dreams were coming true right in front of my face! When I took him home we sat outside and made out a little and he felt my tits but I wasn't really into it so after about five minutes I told him I had to get home.

It was such a bummer to ruin that perfect date like that! I totally blame my mom and dad too, because they are the ones who bought me this stupid car!! I told my mom that and screamed at her and said she needed to get me a different car and she was just mad at me! I think maybe tomorrow I can convince daddy to get me a new car, I think I want a convertible like a Mustang or something, so Dylan will like it and he can drive it and I can give him head! That would be so awesome!

I am still depressed though because that might not happen. Maybe it would be a little better if some of you fans will buy me some stuff from my Amazon wishlist. I really think I need it or might commit suicide, I am totally for serious right now. If you buy me some stuff and e-mail me I will be sure to send you a custom picture and maybe we can get to know each other if you are a cute guy! LOL! J/k I totally love Dylan and couldn't do that, unless you bought me the 30 inch plasma TV on my wish list! Then who knows ;p

Having Sex With Jesus

So my daddy finally got me a Mustang convertible, cherry red just like I always wanted. I took Dylan out and we went to this club I know about from Monica called "Hades Pit" and it was this awful rock music they played but they didn't ID either of us. I was drinking all kinds of weird stuff and I was starting to feel a little woozy so I asked Dylan to take me home. When we got out to the car we started making out but I was really drunk and I didn't want to go all the way, but he kept pushing and had his hand down my faded-seat jeans and was all come one baby. I said no louder and louder until he finally got mad at me and said alright fine b*tch, I can wait for your ass. I was like excuse me and I was about to get up in his sh*t but then there was this bright light outside the car. We both got out because, you know, I read those web sites about alien encounters and it was just like that, like the Linkin Park remix on the radio went all weird.

Dylan is a big coward I guess because he just started running when he saw this white column of light descending through the clouds carrying a ghostly figure in robes. Since I summon demons and stuff like that with Monica (she is so Wiccan) I wasn't too afraid. Then this dude comes down right in front of me and he is all my child, I am the vessel of our lord and I am descended from heaven. And I am all well okay that is pretty cool duder but what is with all the showboating. And then he is all I can choose a mother for the child of Christ, my resurrection upon this earth, and I have chosen you for your beauty, intelligence, and leadership ability. I am like whoah that is awesome, because Monica always told me if I had sex with Jesus and he put buns in my oven I should tell her because the unborn fetus of the Christchild reborn would provide amazing power in her black sorcery.

So I am like, alright buddy I am ready for action. I was still sort of drunk so the rest is sort of a blur

but I know Jesus put it in every hole and the guy has a lot of staying power. Massive too. Like a truck carrying logs went out of control and rammed into every single orifice my body has. When he finally burdened me with his Holy seed it was like a light shined into my soul from heaven, totally apotheosis or something, just awesome. I was like okay dude, I'll make sure I deliver the baby and bring about the rapture and he did one of those finger shooter things and then winked and flew up into the sky like Neo at the end of "The Matrix".

I sure hope Dylan and I can get back together again because I still want his jock so bad. Especially after Jesus, he just turned me on even more and the idea of getting freak-ay while all knocked up is super hot. It's like a threesome or something. The holy trinity LOL!

There you have it! Excerpts from my webcam and journal from 2002, and I know you will be riveted to it because I am so cool and hot at the same time. Like a McDonalds McDLT or whatever, only all mixed up into one side! As promised I am linking my Amazon wishlist because the fact that I am sharing my greatness with you makes me deserving of all of these expensive things that I want. So please, I implore you, buy me a 3,000 dollar digital camcorder and a 30" plasma screen TV. I will make it worth your while with grainy images of me from my web cam!

DOWN WIT DA CLOWN!

Coming back from the grave like a fucking brontosaurus skeleton being ridden by Jesus, Lowtax has breathed life into the ICQ pranks here at Something Awful. Enraged over the inclusion of some Jugaboos or whatever they're called in a Cliff Yablonski update, the Insane Clown Posse fans have been bombarding us with stupid e-mails. In response Lowtax initiated a masterful prank within a prank.

Lowtax *- Hey man, did you see that shit on Something Aweful about the ICP?*

JuGGaLo - yeah man f**k that s**t, that a**hole can go suck off his gay Feminem fans

Lowtax - Yeah man, I totally think that too, I mean that shit he posted about the ICP was totally BS

JuGGaLo - yeh, u catch it from thesixth.com?

Lowtax - Yeah, I caught a lot of shit from thesixth.com man. That site is tight d00d. LOL that rhymes, maybe I should apply to be in the ICP

Lowtax - That site is tight
So bright I'll bite

and fight this kite
until MOTHAFUCKAHS REPRAZENT,
ONLY JIZZ USES THE TIFF
PNG FOR U AN ME**Lowtax** - sorry, that was a little freestyle I do, people sometimes pay me to freestyle on ICQ

Head on over and read what may turn out to be one of only twenty funny ICQ logs existing on the Internet! It is also notably the funniest thing ever related to Insane Clown Posse.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.7 My ePenis is Bigger Than Your ePenis

Monday, Jan 06, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IN LIFE IS BEING RESPECTED BY GUYS LIKE THIS

If there's anything that I've learned from being online, it's that the Internet is one huge popularity competition; a vicious, competitive, backstabbing beauty contest between Down's Syndrome victims who are being judged by outcast leper colonies. If you ain't popular on the Internet, then you ain't shit, and if you ain't shit then there's no chance of receiving the admiration from thousands of attractive female sex-slave models who logon every day, simply waiting for a man with bravado and a huge ePenis to step their way. Now don't get the terms "ePenis" and "penis" confused - whereas genitalia is simply an extension of a man is in real life, the "ePenis" *completely* defines your online existence. ePenis showoffs are like primitive mating scenes where the weak fall from the herd, are thrown to the ground, and get savagely torn to shreds by razor-sharp claws, only except instead of getting murdered by bloodthirsty animals you are shunned from an Anime forum run by a 13-year old with a 400 pixel-wide avatar. The only way to survive in this harsh electronic climate is to develop and nurture the biggest ePenis possible, swinging it around and decimating every opponent in your way until you have convinced thousands of people that you're King Internet.

At this point you might be shrieking, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, I don't know anything about growing an ePenis! What can I, -={xXx_LuV-CaT_xXx}=-, do to increase my ePenis size?" Unfortunately, I cannot hear you, as you're screaming at your monitor and I'm probably miles away, asleep in a puddle of my own drool and possibly vomit. However, I've been on the Internet for like, jeez, at least days now, so I have compiled a list of tips and tricks that will allow you, the average Internet citizen, to have an ePenis the size of a major military transportation vehicle. If you follow this handy guide, you too will become King Internet some day and will have unlimited powers like that guy from "The Lawnmower Man 2," which means you'll become Matt Frewer and get killed by a bunch of retarded kids and their flying cretin dog. God, I hated that movie.

■ **STEP 1: Get the fastest computer possible.** The first step to being an online success revolves around the speed of your computer. The faster your computer is, the quicker it can tell people how cool you are and why they should worship you because you have a fast computer which tells them to do so. When choosing a fast computer, keep in mind that you're not looking for raw numbers here; a 2.2 GHz Hewitt-Packard is a lot different than a 2.2 GHz Dell, mainly because a Hewlett-Packard will collapse into itself and catch fire within minutes of turning on for the first time. No, what you need is to build your own computer, as custom-made rigs make you, by far, much more popular with people who honestly care what brand name of RAM you purchase. Keep in mind that these are the same people who would be called a "nerd" even by fellow patrons at a Star Trek convention, but every opinion on the Internet counts. If you can't afford the absolute fastest, oxygen-combusting computer parts, then do the next best thing: buy the slowest, most inferior product and "overclock" it by using an intricate series of internal

As you can tell in this chart, the bigger numbers are often larger than the smaller ones, and that's better.

cooling devices, water pressure pump systems, and pacts with the Dark Overlord. Once you've successfully constructed your lean, mean gaming machine (which should end up costing twice the price of a factory built system and ideally critically burn at least three family members during the building process), you should tout its benchmarks, raw speed, and ability to make you orgasm simply by thinking about it. This can be achieved by slyly slipping it into conversation and bringing it to people's attention in the following examples:

> **YOU:** "Hey, did you catch that one episode of that one television show we enjoy? The one in space?"
> **VERY INTERNET PERSON:** "Wait, which one?"
> **YOU:** "I own a Pentium 2 350 OCed to a P5 3.33 GHz, 900 gigs of RAM, 38 inch diamond-studded monitor, Logitech cordless mouse overclocked to receive transmissions from 80 feet away, Abit motherboard with all the fixens, and a custom case I built out of titanium and iron ore."
> **VERY INTERNET PERSON:** *(Blinded and temporarily confused by your awe-inspiring computer)* "What?"

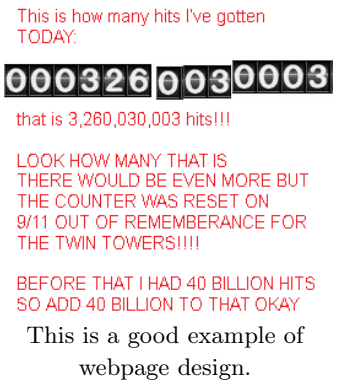
Another method is to casually insert your system specs into every post you make on every forum. This can be done by placing text into your "sig file," an online term which is an abbreviation for "sig files are for morons." Make sure that your posts NEVER exceed the length of your sig file, as then they would detract from the importance of your magnificent computer system. Here is an example post:

Actual Post:	*From: burninOC-dude@highwayfastnettechcompumachinebarn.com* yeh, lol
Sig File:	---------- ATHALON 10.00 GGZ 1.2 GHZ OF PUPKIN RAM ABIT MOBO WITH SPARK PLUGS, SERVO MOTOR, ONBOARD CUTTING BOARD KEYBOARD OVERCLOCKED TO HAVE SEVEN "G" KEYS MONITOR THE SIZE OF MY FAT FUCKING ASS SCORE ON MONSTERTUFF ePENIS BENCHMARKING PROGRAM: 738220389.828736726263447884432392929482334546

■ **STEP 2: Use an "alternative" webbrowser.** Scientific studies at Harvard University have shown over and over again that people who simply use the common "Internet Explorer" webbrowser provided by Microsoft are clinically known as "stupid faggots." As a result, you should invest all your free time testing out beta Internet software being written by one of those guys who sits in a dark basement with oscilloscopes set to the "sine wave" pattern all day. These browsers are invariably better than IE because they take up .004% less system resources, they allow you to customize the top buttons so one of them inexplicably reads "grandma" and takes you to a midget scat porn site, and (most importantly) **they do NOT endorse Microsoft.** You see, there are two types of people on the Internet: ones with huge ePenises, and ones who like Microsoft. It's up to you to decide which one you are, and if it requires you to write up bug reports every thirteen seconds, then so be

it. To find the "best" alternative webbrowser currently on the market, go to Download.com and do a search for the least popular or least downloaded Internet program, because "least popular" is a codeword for "more exclusive." If you use IE, you're in a group with millions of other slack jawed yokels; if you run Big Ed's Hardcore WebPowerBrowser v0.00002 Alpha, then you're part of a tiny elite club that only includes Big Ed and his Dungeon Master friend. Be sure to extol the virtues of this browser at every chance, one-upping those Micro$h4ft drones who are content with their crappy, bug-infested piece of crap.

VERY INTERNET PERSON: "Shit man, IE just crashed."
YOU: "I don't use IE, I use TurboSurf 200X Ultimate Pro Edition Zarg. It's never crashed on me in nine years, which is truly remarkable consider I only downloaded it last night. Only faggots use IE. What the hell is wrong with you? If you use IE, you deserve system crashes and maybe Bill Gates should just come over to your house and rape your mom you shithead, I hate you, die."
VERY INTERNET PERSON: "Okay, I'm done rebooting, what did you say?"


This is how many hits I've gotten TODAY:
000326003 0003
that is 3,260,030,003 hits!!!
LOOK HOW MANY THAT IS
THERE WOULD BE EVEN MORE BUT
THE COUNTER WAS RESET ON
9/11 OUT OF REMEMBERANCE FOR
THE TWIN TOWERS!!!!
BEFORE THAT I HAD 40 BILLION HITS
SO ADD 40 BILLION TO THAT OKAY
This is a good example of webpage design.

■ **STEP 3: Create a webpage with a hit counter.** You will never become King Internet and have a humongous ePenis if you fail to have your own personal webpage. If you're worried you don't have any creative talent and believe nobody will like you, then don't worry - I don't have any creative talent and nobody likes me, yet I've been running this site for over three years now! Besides, there are a plethora of exciting and innovative topics you can base your own personal website on, including (but not limited to):

■ A daily journal detailing your favorite foods and math teachers *(NOTE: webpage must be updated every 19 seconds or else you might lose readers who absolutely need to know what song you're currently playing in WinAmp)*
■ A rap fan site which uses colorful, 16-meg animated gifs to convey the fact that you are, in fact, "down with it." This site should include "shout outs" to all your "peeps" as well as "Javascript errors" which show you don't know "shit" about "coding."
■ A clan page for your Internet gaming gang. Your clan's name must be in that "burning fire" font and should include the neon green rotating skull graphic every page or else other clans won't fear your mystical power to make letters catch fire and skulls rotate.
■ A "fake news" site. News parody websites are currently the number two source of humor on the Internet, the first one being "disguised goatse.cx links." If you'd like to read more about disguised goatse.cx links, please refer to this CNN article they wrote a few weeks ago, http://www.cnn.com/2002/TECH/ptech/12/18/internet.subculture.reut/index.html. If you don't know how to write or make people laugh, just go to The Onion and plagiarize them, word-by-word if necessary. You still won't be able to write or make people laugh, but your webpage will now have the same layout as The Onion and hey, people like familiarity.
■ A shrine to linkwhoring. This should just be a giant, sloppy, horrible mess of a site where you simply link to random other sites and ask that they do the same. If everything goes as planned, you'll eventually get 50-100 people trapped in between your site and another, bouncing back and forth on your links like a hyperactive racquetball.
■ A "humor" site featuring side-splitting articles pointing out your Internet grudges, fictional characters who do "wacky" things, and other crap that's been done a million

times before. You could name it "SomeOfTheseThingsAreAwful.com" and could, over a period of three years or so, run the same jokes into the ground so much that the ground runs itself into a smaller ground and that ground runs itself into a zombie ground.

No matter which option you choose, you must be absolutely sure to keep a hit counter recording the number of daily hits you receive. This is the most important factor in running a website; I mean, how are people supposed to know you're popular if you don't tell them? Be sure to refresh your page frequently on slow days and brag about it on "hot news days," such as the time you update with a hard-hitting article entitled, "Why I didn't like 'Scary Movie 2'." Brag about these stats every chance you get and don't bother worrying if somebody else has more daily hits than you because there's a Trump Card you can always use in sticky situations: The "Reset Counter" Bug Excuse.

YOU: "Man, I can't believe it, I got over 5,000 hits today on my Fred Durst Fanart site today."
VERY INTERNET PERSON: "I remember when my site was getting 5,000 daily hits. That was like a year ago, now we're around 10,000 daily."
YOU: *(Furious)* "Well... well... what I meant to say was that we get 5,000 hits MONTHLY, not daily!"
VERY INTERNET PERSON: "So you actually get **less** traffic than that each day?"
YOU:*(Confused)* "I mean, no, what I meant was that... OH I JUST GOT AN EMAIL, IT TURNS OUT MY HIT COUNTER WAS BROKEN, I GOT 15 MILLION HITS YESTERDAY, WOW!!!"
VERY INTERNET PERSON: "You have thoroughly defeated me on the Internet. There is no reason for me to continue living anymore."

■ **STEP 4: Threaten to beat up anybody who disagrees with anything you say.** The beauty of the Internet lies in its inherent power to make me a 16-year old white girl from California one moment and a 6'3" bodybuilding black man the next. Sometimes I'm people you know, other times I'm people you've never heard of, but through thick and thin, I'm never who I actually am. The Internet allows you to threaten bodily harm (and sometimes even death) without the hassle of having to actually follow it up and flail your puny, bleached-white arms in somebody's general direction, forcing them to roll a saving throw against Nerd Combat. If somebody fails to support your opinion regarding gun control, abortion, 17th Century British headwear, Anime, the most "attractive" porn star to be featured in "Girls of Cumming Age 38," or anything else ever, simply inform them of their impending doom at the hands of your, well, hands.

On the Internet, you can be a badass like this guy, although I'm not sure why you'd want to.

YOU: "I think 'Star Wars: Return of the Jedi' was better than 'Star Wars: Episode II'."
VERY INTERNET PERSON: "Hmmm, well I'll have to disagree with you, because frankly I enjoyed the drama and suspense of Episode II."
YOU: "YOU GODDAMN FUCKEN FAGGOT I'LL PUNCH THROUGH UR HEAD WITH MY FIST, I'LL BEAT UR ASS WITH MY BASEBALL BAT, I'M FUCKEN TRACIN UR IP AND I'LL FIND UR HOUSE AND KICK UR SHIT, I'LL BLOW UP UR FAMILY'S HOUSE WITH DYNAMITE!!!! UR FUCKEN DEAD MAN!!!!"

VERY INTERNET PERSON: "Oh wait, actually there was a typo in that last message, I accidentally switched them around. I meant to say I agreed with you."
YOU: "I PLAY A LOT OF COUNTERSTRIKE SO I'LL HAVE NO PROBLEM SHOOTING U FROM 500 FEET WITH MY AWP, GET READY TO DIE **VERY INTERNET PERSON:** "Are you even reading what I write?"
YOU: "UR FUCKEN DEAD"

If you follow these simple four steps to success, you will soon have one of the largest ePenises on the Internet, dwarfing entire metropolitan city systems like those Japanese cartoons about the devil possessing some guy and making his dick so big that it destroys Tokyo and ejaculates all over Korea. You will undoubtedly become King Internet and the sex-starved superhot porn models will throw their heroin-addicted bodies in your direction, lavishing you with gratuitous sex and expensive gifts from their Amazon wishlists. Internet popularity and a huge ePenis is everybody's dream and ultimate goal in life, and I feel this guide will help you accomplish this and oh so much more. If you don't believe me, I'LL FUCKEN KICK UR ASS U FAGGOT, I'M 6 FOOT 9 INCHES AND I LIFT CITY BUSES AND OWN A MACHINEGUN!!!@!@!!11111

The Comedy Goldmine Presents: THE GREATEST PICTURE EVER!

If you're like me, and by God I hope you're not, you like pretty pictures. Today's Goldmine is an assortment of various images deemed "The Greatest Picture Ever" by SA Forum members. There are many greatest pictures ever here, and if I had to choose one image I would call "The Greatest Picture Ever" out of the series of greatest pictures ever here, I would probably reply, "huh?"

Head on over and find THE GREATEST PICTURE EVER! Or don't!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.8 I Am A Better Man Than You, Dean Kamen

Wednesday, Jan 08, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The other day while fist fighting a washing machine to defend my honor, it occurred to me that I'm a virtual nobody in the inventor community. Normally I accept the fact that I'm a virtual nobody and just move on, but not this time. Something told me I was being cheated out of glory, and nobody cheats me out of glory! I was as enraged as a crate full of rare spiders. I found it especially irksome that my name is unknown when I'm crammed full of so many good ideas for sound inventions. Believe me, I'm a shining light bulb piñata, and inside my soft innards are the delicious treats of untapped and unwrapped invention, of revolutionary products, and the seeds of a better tomorrow. And unlike that rat bastard Dean Kamen, my ideas aren't for some queer scooter that that uses magical Smurf gyroscopes to prevent fat people from tipping over. I stab into the black heart of necessity, feast on its blood, and then clog the throbbing wound with invention. At least I wanted to, anyway. The big problem was figuring out how to give birth to the ideas gestating inside me. My initial plan of action was both painful and disturbing, as it involved me building a Lego birth canal for my groundbreaking ideas. This idea was quickly dismissed when I realized I wouldn't have enough of those long, narrow blocks.

A light bulb went off in my head, signaling to me it was time to become an inventor. Unlike other inventors, my light bulb has a scary moustache, an eye patch, and speaks only in Etruscan.

Thankfully my inventing impasse was overcome today when I had myself one of those newfangled epiphanies all the kids are having. First, I realized that because I was a piñata of ideas I would need only to subject myself to the blunt physical trauma of being severely beaten by small children at birthday parties to cause these golden inventions to cascade out of me. Then, when I realized I live in mortal fear of physical pain, I discovered a method whereby forcing my hand down my throat, I could induce vomiting. I could puke ideas up, freeing them from my stomach lining and introducing them to a bold new world. With all that said, I now eagerly await my "World's Awesomest Inventor" medal or trophy. To show my dedication to my new craft I spent the better half of the day vomiting, and so now I'm ready to file papers with the patient office and blast the fucking socks off their hands and the snot out of their ears. Take a look at my inventions and experience a state of "WOW" that won't wash off no matter how hard you try:

- **The Buffet Desk 2000**

  It's my humble opinion that buffet table technology is the absolute apex of human accomplishment. And while it represents the ultimate in dining, it doesn't represent the ultimate in convenience and accessibility. When you're trapped in the office pinioned behind a merciless desk enslaver, how exactly do you experience the rich tapestry of food opportunities a buffet table has to offer? Sure you could leave the office, but is your boss going to approve? Not likely! But now, thanks to me, the buffet table comes to you! By combining the eloquence and luxury of an all-you-can-eat buffet style restaurant with the productivity and efficiency of your standard office desk, the buffet table transmogrifies the work environment. Now the diligent worker is surrounded by not just a food packed buffet table, but also a spacious desk! Enjoy all the food you want while never taking a lunch break! Sneeze bar sold separately.

- **Portable Sausage Maker**

  For too long people have been denied the ability to make sausage anytime they want, wherever they want. With my new Portable Sausage Maker, people will finally be granted

total freedom to make sausages when and where they want with impunity. Whether at the office, in the car, on a train, a plane, with friends or alone, you can pump out delicious sausages. No one has the right to deny you sausage when you need it most, not practicality, not sound judgment, not God, and not even the government. Great for nature excursions, long trips, or simply at home in bed. Take it from me, I'm not Hitler!

- **The Shirt Belt**

If your pants happen to be too big, you can just put on a belt and they'll magically bond with your waist. But what happens when your shirt is too big? Are you just going to let it sag like some uncivilized barbarian? Not on my watch, you scandalous Hun! The shirt belt allows you to fasten your shirt around you like a glove, or pair of pants, securing it firmly and preventing it from hanging loose around your person. Now you can roam freely in even the most epic of shirt sizes and fear not the scrutinizing looks of others, who would dare to judge you as though they were gods or robots of judiciary programming.

- **Treadlight Ghost Shoes**

These shoes will haunt the soles of your feet with the souls of the dead! You've experienced all that normal shoes have to offer; now it's time to open up to a new spiritual world of possibility. Ghosts can move through walls, float, and cause your TV to change channels randomly. Now all that power is harnessed into comfortable, easy fit shoes that never wear out as long as people keep dying. Don't worry about outgrowing these shoes either, because Ghost Shoes expand as needed by consuming the precious life energies of you and your loved ones. You also won't need socks anymore, for your feet will be protected in a rich coating of ectoplasm. Ghost Shoes will last as long as you do, but don't ever think of taking them off! **Warning!** Ghost Shoes will not work inside a church or any place sacred.

- **The Amazing Inverted Checkerboard**

Chess is a timeless game adored by people all over the world, but unfortunately the game is **RACIST**. Also, if you're dyslexic or left handed, it's impossible to play. Because of this, I have invented a new chessboard that has black squares where the white squares normally are, and white squares where the black squares normally are. This not only removes the racism from the game, but also allows dyslexic and left handed people to play as well. After all these centuries, isn't it time we finally tear down the walls and let everyone through? I think so, and I'm definitely not Joseph Stalin.

- **Incredible Hover Hat**

I strongly believe that levitation-based headwear will be the next big thing. What good is a hat that rests lifelessly on your head when you could have a hat that floats three feet above your head? Sure it sounds crazy, but so did entrusting two bad dudes to save the president from ninjas, and we still did that. And really, if that crown of thorns Jesus had to wear floated above his head instead of digging into his head, wouldn't he have been a lot happier? By purchasing hover hats, you honor Jesus and make him happy!

- **Supreme Comfort Cottage Cheese Underwear**

Like most people, I find underwear to be restrictive, not to mention cold and impersonal. That's why I've invented the ultimate comfort system. Cottage Cheese Underwear wraps the wearer snugly and deliciously inside an insolated bladder filled with cool and soft cottage cheese. Honestly, is there anything more soothing than walking around while half your body is bathed in cottage cheese? I think not, and I think not very rarely. An alternate model will allow you to use cream corn or coleslaw in place of cottage cheese. Slip into a pair of these homely cheese britches, and see how light and cool you feel. You'll be sloshing around in a pant load of heaven.

Here we see a comparison between what Will Smith would call "Old and Busted" and "New Hotness." New Hotness always wins.

I realize pretty much all of these "inventions" are just practical adaptations of things already on the market, but inventing isn't easy. Inventing is especially hard when you have to throw up so much. Once I figure out a better way of extracting revolutionary invention ideas from my bowels, I'll transform the world like some kind of crazy fascist. That probably won't happen for a while, since I have to go see the doctors about this damn eating disorder I accidentally invented.

New MP3S 4 U LOL ASL ROETFLEF!

The ARC mp3 page has been updated with a whole bunch of songs. In case you haven't been exposed to ARC, it's the music project that Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka does in the nineteen seconds of his spare time. There are now over 30 mp3 tracks just waiting for you to download and then remark, "what a bunch of crappy electronic music!" So head on over and get some free so-called "music"!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.9 USA vs. The World: Round 1

Wednesday, Jan 08, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

No Mister Bush Jr., there are only three nations in the Axis of Evil ©, not five! You have counted wrong, sir!

As each day flows by like urine under a bridge, it becomes increasingly clear that the great US of A is sincerely looking to blow up some country to HE of LL with our massive quantity of BO of MBS. After all, what's a better way to boost productivity and gain valuable brownie points from voters than by causing mud huts in some foreign country to explode? We Americans take pride in our advanced, 29th-century, futuristic weaponry which includes such wondrous inventions as "the unbelievably heavy bomb" and "the unbelievably heavy missile which is guided by a tiny robotic gnome inside the missile's warhead." Plus we have tanks that shoot exploding things, small devices which display a series of numbers (which mean something to somebody somewhere), and various other high tech gadgetry resembling discontinued products from The Sharper Image. Despite all these cool items which cause people to die, America does not yet have a concrete enemy to focus them all on, mainly because we're all too busy worrying about who will win FOX's new reality-based show, "19 Semi-Naked Females Living in a House With a Disguised Sex Offender."

As George "W." W. Bush Jr. once boldly stated in a press conference labeled "Too Hot For Television" by the producers of The Jerry Springer Show, America currently has three main enemies: Iraq, Iran, and North Korea. They have been comically labeled "The Axis of Evil" despite the fact that there's no axis running through them, and if there was, it would be a really silly looking axis. Each and every day, while we ignorantly logon to the Internet and check our favorite lesbian nurse porn sites, these rogue nations are busy threatening our very existence. To help you all know why you should be teaching your children to duck and cover once again, today we will look at each member of this horrible "Axis of Evil," evaluate how threatening they are, and roughly estimate the chance they'll cause the skulls of you and your loved ones to combust like Roman Candles in a furnace.

■ AXIS OF EVIL VILLIAN #1: IRAN

Any religious scholar will tell you that Muslims are born to have one meaning and purpose in life: blow up Americans. There's really no way to debate this, as if you'll simply open up The Big Muslim Holy Book and turn to page 4,283, you will see this nefarious message:

> *Allah is great, Allah is swell, Allah is the best.*
> *He says to explode America with bombs strapped to your chest.*

Flag burning is the number one source of income for Iranians. Unfortunately, they ran out of American flags recently and had to settle for Israeli, which are just as good but cost half the price!

As you can see, this primitive poetry inspires hateful, dangerous activities unfit for the elderly or children under the age of eight, and all Muslims are therefore evil. Many Muslims claim that their religion is peaceful and simply teaches a system of virtues that help them better their lives, but members of the "Religious Right" in America claim that's a flat-out lie. I have no reason to doubt anything the Religious Right tells me because hey, how did they get the name "Religious Right" if it wasn't for the fact that they're always right about religion? Besides, I've seen late night Christian television

shows where they expel demons from unfortunate victims simply by accepting large sums of money from that person, and if that's not just the ultimate sign of power then I don't know what is.

Regardless, Iran is yet another one of those pesky countries apparently attempting to acquire weapons of mass destruction for some nefarious reason, perhaps to destroy the moon. Some critics claim that Iran is a scant three years away from achieving their noble goal of "creating huge fucking missiles," so we must act now and immediately begin calling them names and alienating them at every possible chance (standard US diplomatic strategy). One of the most staunch supporters of this policy is Israel, the little kid brother country in the Middle East who is always getting sand kicked in his eyes by schoolyard bullies. It's our patriotic duty as god-fearing Americans to protect Israel because we know, in our heart of hearts, that if America was suddenly at war with Canada, the entire Israeli army would come to our aid within hours, assuming they have boats. Do the Israelis even have any boats which haven't been destroyed in terrorist attacks? It doesn't really even matter since the Jews have a US-supported religion ranking near the top of the charts, whereas Muslims are down at the bottom near "The Cult of Cousin Larry" and that one group of people who stabbed each other in the face because they thought the UFOs were coming to take them to Transylvania.

As far as I know, Iran doesn't really pose much threat to anybody except maybe themselves, since if they ever accidentally stumble upon the key elements to produce a nuclear bomb, they'll undoubtedly end up blowing up their sole two sources of income in their country, an oil rig and nearby McDonalds. Bush doesn't like the Iranians because they encourage terrorism and anti-American sentiment by saying things like "Go Terrorists!" and "Iran rulez; USA droolz." So instead of negotiating with their country, we have decided to simply slap on ye olde "Axis of Evil" stamp across them and maybe we'll toss a few bombs their way a couple years into the future after we've finished up all the important shit we have to do first, like wash the car and write that stupid term paper for English 302. **THREAT LEVEL:** 1 *(out of 10; they might be hatching some fiendish plot to ship crates of burning flags to America labeled "BABEY FOODS")*
CHANCE THEY'LL BLOW YOU UP: 7% *(You could take a wrong turn when looking for a Denny's late one night, end up in Iran, and get blown up when one of their crates of suicide sand explode)*

■ AXIS OF EVIL VILLIAN #2: IRAQ

A poignant political message informing us that Iraqis are "down with USA" just like us Americans are "down with OPP."

Iraq may seem like Iran upon first glance; however, after careful inspection I have determined that one has a "n" in their name while the other has a "q." Please don't ask me which, as my detailed notes regarding this phenomenon were mysteriously erased once my hand got sweaty and the ink ran off. One glowing difference that separates Iraq from other rogue nations such as Iran or Texas is their leader, Saddam Hussein, who is simply the most evil man since Hitler or Satan or the guy who writes "Family Circus." Saddam Hussein, from what I can gather, is intensely evil because he has a silly mustache and encourages his citizens to burn American flags when they can't even afford to buy them. This kind of economic shortsightedness has led to the current embargo their nation faces, one in which their main export of preciousss, preciousss oil can only be used to purchase used Band-Aids and the cheap Mexican imitation version of Nyquil.

I'm not sure what Iraq has done to make America so mad at them besides transmit crazy political speeches which make no sense. Saddam regularly makes radio broadcasts which were created by "Late Night With Jay Leno" writers who were fired on account of them being too entertaining. These longwinded, 20-hour long speeches are full of rambling, incoherent, downright goofy claims

such as the following diatribe which took place on April 19th, 2002, shortly after Saddam woke up from having a dream about a giant squid sitting on his head and impregnating his brain with golden eggs. Please excuse the poor English, as I had to use Altavista Bablefish online translation service:

> "The Great Satan US of America has repeatedly deflied our wishes and the wishes of The Great Allah ™, and has suffered for it. Allah has smashed down their precious World Trading Central Towers with lightning bolts from of all the skies. Half of America is infected with such "computer virus" which cause them death upon thems all at a enunciating rate. The America economy now has a $19 and bus spare tokens while great Iraq has enough moneys to purchase a of the whole world. America will kills all the people of the world while The Great Allah ™ will cleans your house gutters for of no service charge. Do not trusts the American lies of Jews and / or Zionists! The Americans are turning into chocolate mummies as I speak this, under terror of The Great Allah ™! Rejoice and be faithful for if this America tries to attack our great peaceful nation, Allah will personally came down with his Jet Car and shoots all of the missiles at their country and results in massive deaths! The survivors will flee into ocean and become fish which we shall be of eating them all! The Great Allah ™ has lowest mortgage interest rates in five years so start believing this now for this of your children's future! If you does believes in The Great Allah ™, then when American Satan attack comes, sand ground will be turning into an horrible monster being of epic proportions and will shoots the laser beams from eyes to destroy Evil America! The Great Allah ™ is also being friends with Gamera in addition!"

The speech went on for roughly nine more days, but I didn't bother translating it all because I keep seeing mental images of Saddam and his goofy moustache, making me laugh and forget what I was doing. Haha, what a mustache, Dorktator Hussein! That was a little play on words right there, I combined the word "dictator" with "dork" and came up with that delightful new phrase. If you ever use it, make sure to send me $10 because I copyrighted it.

Oh no, the blind man with a hairpiece under his nose is holding a rifle manufactured in 1870! Everybody run!

America's struggle with Iraq dates back to around 1953, possibly even earlier if I was less lazy and wanted to write more bullshit, when the CIA sprung a happy surprise coup, put the Shah in power of Iran and decided to split Iraq with the British, our fluoride-impoverished pals with the silly flag. About five years afterwards, when the Iraqi citizens noticed that the US was controlling their preciousss, preciousss oil, they decided to revolt and things immediately got revolting in Iraq. The filthy US / British soldiers were kicked out and Iraq teamed up with world-renowned bad guy Russia (then known as the "USSR" or "Homeland of Zangief") to do whatever nefarious things were done during the cold war, such as play Tic-Tac-Toe with Matthew Broderick. Soon Iran and Iraq began bickering about things such as "oh my God, you did NOT just look at my boyfriend that way" and "oh snap, you'd bettah check yo'self before you wreck yo'self, sister," and they started flinging explosives back and forth for a few years. Unfortunately they didn't kill each other and are instead now united under the common theme of "America fucking sucks, yo." This, combined with their preciousssss, preciousssss oil makes them a viable threat to us in some way that I don't yet understand. I think it has something to do with Israel or Gamera. **THREAT LEVEL:** 4 *(out of 10; Saddam's mustache alone raised their threat level by two points)*

CHANCE THEY'LL BLOW YOU UP: 24% *(Since we seem really keen to be throwing troops into combat there, some of them run the risk of plunging to their death after they fall off a rope from a military helicopter)*

AXIS OF EVIL VILLIAN #3: NORTH KOREA

How could we ever expect to diffuse the tensions in North Korea when men like this are in power? For God's sake, HIS FACE IS FALLING OFF.

Out of the three evil countries, North Korea is probably the only one that actually poses a viable threat to anybody outside a nine-mile radius of their nation. They already have nuclear weapons and are more than happy to use them, unlike Iraq and Iran, who just recently figured out how to make their own weather balloons. North Korea is one of the few remaining evil Commie countries with a powerful military, as Russia abandoned Communism in the 1980's and instead adopted their current political policy of being "fucking broke." I think Russia now has a total of nine soldiers, three of them unaware that they are enlisted. North Korea has about a billion Commie drone soldiers, probably armed with flamethrowers and laser cannons, massive amounts of exploding devices, and nuclear warheads capable of possibly reaching us if they stopped to refuel in a gas station during mid-flight. Naturally, North Korea is the country we pay the least amount of attention to, despite the fact that they are constantly making the news on a daily basis by calling us mean names and claiming to nuke the entire planet unless we hand over Captain Planet and his inpet squad of Planeteers.

North Korea's diplomatic strategy is one that dates back to, shit, I don't know, some time between 1900 and 2000, where the agressive Communist nation tries to force bargaining by threatening to blow everybody up if people don't start listening to their crazy demands. This procedure obviously works very well, what with the impressive economic success of Cuba and other communist nations like... uh... Cuba. North Korea is the only Axis of Evil partner whom we absolutely, 100% know has nuclear warheads, yet we don't really seem too phased by it. Perhaps they're just not close enough to Israel for us to care, or maybe all thier preciousssss, preciousssss oil magically turned into topsoil one night. Other cunning strategies North Korea has chosen to use include starving their own citizens, placing random people into prison camps, and putting to use the untapped power of impoverished child labor. Many of their nuclear missiles were in fact built by starving nine-year olds, as can be seen in photos of missiles with the words "NORK CORIA" scrawled across them in red crayon. They also lack the *"INSPECTED BY #14"* tag that many quality products these days are associated with.

If that wasn't enough to make them an actual, bonafied, card-carrying member of the Axis of Evil club, they apparently also test out Anthrax on their own citizens and dunk them under freezing water to see how long they can survive (medical reports: "not long"). All the food sent from foreign aid funds is not distributed among the poor, but instead goes to the soldiers and ruling class who, according to international estimates, now each weigh over 800 pounds. In fact, North Korea has so much excess food now that they've decided to perform scientific experiments on them, such as exposing them to Anthrax and dunking them under freezing water to see how long they can survive (medical reports: "much longer than humans"). As long as it doesn't involve feeding their own citizens, they're pretty much okay with whatever happens to the food. **THREAT LEVEL:** 8 *(out of 10; they might attack South Korea and we can't have that because our military is currently using South Korea as bases for rape training)*
CHANCE THEY'LL BLOW YOU UP: 38% *(Even if you're not a pinko Commie rat-bastard, the North Koreans probably still want to kill you, or at least inject Drano into your neck and record the results)*

So those are the three major villians America is currently up against, the Larry, Curly, and Stalin "Three Stooges" forming the nefarious Axis of Evil. I'm not exactly sure why our priorities seem

to be primarily focused on the non-threatening nations more than North Korea, but like I said, you can't really put Israel on wheels and push it a few thousand miles towards the East. Perhaps the army is planning on exploding the dirt farmers and sand queens in Iran / Iraq while we wait it out and sit patiently as the North Korean soldiers bulk up to 1,000 pounds each, at which point we'll storm in and attack with flying turkey basters. In the meantime, sit back and enjoy your lesbian nurse porn while George "George" W. Bush Jr. picks up the slack and decides which weakest Axis of Evil we should make explode first.

■ Fightin' and Rapin'

Zack "I Play Too Many Hentai Games" Parsons here with an all new Hentai Game Review. This week I have decided to test my might in the fighting arena of "Battle Raper: HYPER REALACTION". I'm not sure if thats "Real Action" or "Re-Alaction", either way, it's a 3D fighter that includes a lot of raping!

> *Just like any other fighting game you are placed in a fairly limited arena with your opponent and encouraged by a timer to beat the shit out of them. The controls for your character are very clumsy, making it difficult to know what buttons to press when. The attacks at your disposal are also limited to a mixture of punches, kicks, grapples, and a few special moves. Adding to the frustration of the mediocre controls is the fact that every time you actually do press buttons they apparently are transmitted to your onscreen persona by some sort of mounted courier or possibly smoke signal. To say the game is unresponsive is like saying that a video of your grandmother giving a horse a rimjob is not the most erotic thing in the world. While you and your opponent stiffly animate around, making attacks as if you're immersed in paste, various meters raise and lower depending on how well you're doing*

If you like fighting games and also raping games then this game is for you! Head on over and read my review!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.10 Fuck You Nintendo.

Friday, Jan 10, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey, Nintendo launched the opening "fuck you" in this shouting match.

It's not cool to like Microsoft and their Xbox System, at least not among gamer nerds and anime freaks like we tend to attract for some reason here at Something Awful. Micro$oft, as it is known by uncreative Linux proponents and people on IGN's Gamecube forum, has an often (not always) unwarranted reputation for screwing over customers and business competitors. This opinion is even more mystifying when you examine the Xbox. In an industry where Nintendo used to exert a vice like grip that would make Microsoft look like it sends bottles of gold-plated champagne to its competitors, the perception that Microsoft is "dicking over" anyone is completely unreasonable, considering Nintendo's business policies. However, this update isn't about Microsoft or lavishing praise on a giant corporate entity (WindowsME fucking sucks), it's about how much I hate Nintendo's recent business practices.

Once Sony completely corn-holed Nintendo out of the number one spot of console dominance, Nintendo could no longer exert its influence over developers, retailers, and customers to the strong-armed extent it once did. Nintendo instead turned to some of the most annoying and vile sales practices I have ever had the displeasure of witnessing. A shining example of the company's greed and apathy to consumers (as it once was in the console market) can be found in their most recent Game Boy Advance release announcemt. The only real choice for people who want a handheld video game system these days, the Game Boy Advance is a powerful and attractive system, with a massive flaw; **you can't see the screen unless you're sitting on top of the goddamn sun.** The lack of back-lighting was a major complaint amongst gamers, one that seemed fairly ridiculous given the leaps in technology that had come since the last iteration of the original Game Boy.

Instead of immediately addressing the concerns of thousands of customers who were dissatisfied with constantly squinting and losing their eyesight, Nintendo pretended to place a pot over its head and repeatedly bang the pot with a wooden spoon. Despite appearances, Nintendo wasn't ignoring consumers at all; it was simply milking them for all their cash. It absolutely saturated the market with its flawed handhelds... after all, there wasn't (and still aren't) any alternative unless you wanted to import poorly supported Asian handhelds like the Wonderswan and the twelve incoherent Japanese games currently available for it. In fairly thick secrecy (for the gaming industry), Nintendo had developed a version of the Game Boy Advance that was backlit. Naturally it would cost more and naturally it had to be tested through yet another Christmas shopping season. Only days after children unwrapped their mysteriously shadowy Game Boy Advances did Nintendo appear on high with the announcement of the Game Boy Advance SP, a version of the Game Boy Advance that was actually viewable by normal human beings. And Nintendo laughed heartily, all the way to the bank.

Having Mario do the same shit over and over again - or even better; sticking him into a game for no reason whatsoever - is the best idea Nintendo has ever had.

This wouldn't be so bad if it weren't coupled with Nintendo's fucking insanely annoying passive-aggressive sales strategy. This strategy boils down to if you buy a game for your Gamecube, you will be instantly bombarded with prompts to buy Game Boy Advances, E-Card Readers, Link Cables, Nintendo Glow Hats, CowCube, and CowCube Jr. Advance. If that's

not enough, Nintendo will dangle the carrot of dubious value-adds like ancient NES games that you already beat hundreds of times on emulators, which you can only unlock if you own the ten pieces of the electronic tri-force that Nintendo insists you must collect. You can also purchase "E-Cards," the stupidest fucking idea ever, and play "awesome" games like "Dr. Mario's Hula-Hoop" for only five dollars on your Game Boy Advance that you have to use under the intense glare of police spotlights. But hey, who cares if Luigi's Mansion had a total of two hours of generic game play?!? **YOU COULD UNLOCK THE ORIGINAL MARIO BROTHERS IF YOU HOOKED YOUR GAME BOY ADVANCE UP TO YOUR GAMECUBE AND TAPED MONEY TO A PHOTOGRAPH OF NINTENDO CHAIRMAN HIROSHI YAMAUCHI!**

If you can't tell by now, I'm just a little worked up about Nintendo and how I feel they're shitting all over people who try to enjoy their products. I own a Gamecube, an Xbox, and a PS2, so I feel I'm normally pretty reasonable when it comes to this sort of thing. To make things fair, I am going to devote the rest of my article to some insider info I've managed to scrabble together on upcoming Nintendo releases. While you're reading it I'll be over in the corner playing Super Monkey Ball 2, thankful that Sega made the game and not Nintendo.

On whatever crack-smoking moon planet the Nintendo people live, old as fuck NES games are the most hotly anticipated titles of 2004. Hurry up and make us hate you before we stop spending money!

■ **Phantasy Star Online 3: Offline**
Platform: Nintendo Gamecube
Release Date: 3rd Quarter 2003
Description: Phatasy Star Online was re-released for the Nintendo Gamecube under the pretext that Nintendo's online adapter would be available for playing with your friends over the power of the Internet. Unfortunately Nintendo only made five of these adaptors for North American distribution and when they failed to somehow sell ten thousand of them instead of just the five they released, they suddenly decided they didn't care about supporting the people who bought Phantasy Star Online. With Phantasy Star Online 3: Offline, Nintendo is planning on remedying that situation by releasing a new installment of the popular franchise that promises to be playable over the Internet. On the back of the box, however, will be a message that Nintendo has no intention of ever releasing any more adapters for connecting to the Internet. In the eternity spent waiting for the adapters to hit store shelves, players are invited to endlessly and slowly level up by fighting generic monsters and wandering around in very grassy areas. Nintendo has assured players that if they do somehow get a connection adapter, when they try to log on they will receive a "routine maintenance" login error that never goes away. This is considered "a feature."

■ **Game Boy REALLY (we mean it) Advance**
Platform: N/A
Release Date: 1st Quarter 2004
Description: Nintendo might not want you to know this, but the Game Boy SP is going to suck really hard. The controller area is going to be awkward to use and the screens are going to have a coating intentionally added to increase glare and blindness. Luckily, just after Christmas next year, Nintendo will announce the GBRwmiA. This latest and most expensive version of the Game Boy Advance will include features like "useable controllers" and "a screen that can't double as a shaving mirror." It is rumored by industry insiders that the handheld will include a new feature from Nintendo called "battery malfunction" that causes the GBRwmiA's batteries to drain after only a few seconds of use. Luckily Nintendo already has tentative plans to release either a whole new version of the GBA in 2005 or possibly a 60 dollar battery add-on that's nothing more than a

few batteries and a wire that overrides the "battery malfunction" feature.

■ **Dr. Mario's Arcade of a Few of Our Old Games**
Platform: Gamecube (requires Game Boy Advance and Game Boy Advance SP to play most of the old games)
Release Date: 4th Quarter 2003
Description: Dr. Mario is taking you on a fun-filled adventure down memory lane to relive some of the great Nintendo gaming moments of past. Okay, the games aren't all that great and there really aren't many of them you can play without using both the Game Boy Advance and the GBA SP, but hey - they are old! Remember games like "Mario's Workshop," "Yoshi Puzzle Magnet 2," and "Mario and Luigi's Maze Mania?" No? That's okay, neither did Nintendo until a janitor cleaning a locked closet on the third sub-basement of their offices in Tokyo discovered a stack of these games. Rushing to cash in on ancient shitty spin-offs of horribly diluted franchise characters, Nintendo created a spin-off of a horribly diluted franchise character and stuck all of these games on one disc! It's amazing how much fun you can pretend to have by daisy-chaining all of your accessories together just so you can play a game you never would have bought for your NES even when you were 12!

■ **Animal Crossing 2: The Animals Still Don't Understand Any of Your Letters**
Platform: Gamecube (requires Game Boy Advance and Game Boy Advance Backlit and Game Boy REALLY [we mean it] Advance to gain access to the magical island where the dragon will give you a copy of Superman64 for the Nintendo 64 that you can play one stage of).
Release Date: 4th Quarter 2003
Description: One of Nintendo's newest and most successful franchises, one that has yet to be ruined by a long series of shitty games and spin-offs, is Animal Crossing. Everyone had fun sending the letters to all of their animal neighbors in Animal Crossing! It was even more fun to read them reply in their adorable way that they didn't understand a single word you wrote even though your cock-sucking letter consisted solely of "you are nice." In Animal Crossing 2, Nintendo promises that the text parser will be so advanced that each animal will have over five letters they can reply with to inform you that they didn't understand a single one of your three words. As an added bonus, if you connect a whole bunch of useless Nintendo equipment to your Gamecube you can actually play the entire first level of Superman64, one of the most reviled games in the history of gaming! Not satisfied with that? Nintendo has big plans for Animal Crossing fans in the form of a series of spin-off games that promise to completely disintegrate any interest you had in the franchise in under a year! Look forward to titles like Animal Crossing 2 Advance (it's a sidescroller), Animal Crossing 2 Advance SP Kart (it's a kart racer), and Animal Crossing 2 Advance SP Tennis Mr. Reversi Kart Cookie (it's a sidescroller).

Enjoy the cute serenity while it lasts. Chances are Animal Crossing 2 will be the first console game ever to feature pop-up Macromedia Flash ads.

■ **The Legend of Zelda: The Coins of Gannon**
Platform: Gamecube and Nintendo E-Money Reader
Release Date: 2nd Quarter 2004
Description: Plans are already in the works to develop a sequel for the upcoming Zelda game "The Legend of Zelda: Some Gay Reference to An Item," and while Nintendo is remaining pretty tight-lipped, we've managed to discover at least one key feature of the game. It will utilize Nintendo's most advanced new peripheral known tentatively as the E-Money Reader. Apparently, to move from one section of the story to the next, you will have to collect 99 coins and then fight a boss. To gain access to the boss you must purchase a key to unlock the door to his lair. These keys can only be bought by swiping your credit or debit card across the E-Money Reader, at which

point a dollar is deducted from your bank account. If you fail to defeat the boss you will have to buy another key. Don't forget that this game's plot is just like all of the other Zelda games, only they get more homoerotic with each year so expect at least two male-on-male sex scenes that would make Legolas blush. The Nintendo 64 Zelda game "Ocarina of Time" is rumored be available within the game if you purchase an as-yet unnamed piece of Nintendo hardware which connects to space satellites (which you must purchase as well). If you buy another unnamed add-on peripheral for that piece of hardware then you can unlock the original "Legend of Zelda" inside "Ocarina of Time".

I hope you are as excited as I am about what the future holds for fans of Nintendo. I wish I could say I will be right next to you, waiting in line to buy yet another Zelda game from a clerk who laughs at me while I grit my teeth through one product plug after another. Both fortunately and unfortunately I will probably be playing the latest release for Xbox Live or driving my heart out in Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas. I wish you well Nintendo fans, you are a dwindling and abused breed, but at least note that the company doing you the greatest injustice is the very one you slavish with devotion. As long as you continue to attach your ego and, more importantly, your pocketbook to companies with business practices like this, the more you'll reinforce their shitty business policies and disgusting treatment of their fans.

Photoshop Cripples

Josh "Love Steak" Boruff and the Something Awful Forums crew have teamed up to bring us all a new installment of the fan-favorite Photoshop Phriday. This week's theme is "Handicap Accessible".

Power up your electric wheelchair and roll on over to check this one out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.11 Here's Og In Your Eye!

Saturday, Jan 11, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The always-prolific folks at trans-global-universal corporation State Og have updated their site once again, profiling the newest and most wonderful creations they have come up with since, well, their last batch of newest and most wonderful creations!

> *We here at State Og know how hard it is to find good help these days, especially for sea bound trading companies and their vessels. Don't fret though, you scurvy dogs! The State Og Pirate Platoon is here to help. For a low monthly fee, State Og will send out it's Pirate Platoon to your ships to make sure the crew is in excellent condition for seafaring. The State Og Pirate Platoon will perform three simple tasks for your crew, otherwise known as the Ship-Shape Steps:*
>
> *First: The ship in question will be overtaken by the State Og Pirate Platoon via manned cannons and intimidating Jolly Roger flags. The pirates will board the ship, and Blackeye Boneswallow, the pirate ship captain complete with parrot and State Og Infrared Eye Patch, will force three (3) of the lesser-ranked crew members to walk the plank into the hungry sharks (for an extra fee, sharks with razor sharp metallic fins) below.*
>
> *Second: Boneswallow and his pirates will ransack your ship and strip it of its valuables and rations to test your crew's survival prowess. Any life jackets, preservers, and boats will be set on fire and sent out into the ocean. As an added bonus, the pirates will offend any women crew members with lewd comments and gestures that include the popular, "Arr, you don't need oranges to get yer vitamin C if you know what I mean!"*
>
> *Third: The ship will be hauled out to the middle of the body of water and left to rot. The pirate platoon will offer their final words of condemnation and hopelessness to reduce the crew's morale even further as they set sail for your next ship. If your crew is of any worth, it will make it back home in due time through dramatic heroism or a successful rescue attempt.*

I'd buy that for a dollar! Or in State Og's case, thousands of dollars probably! Head on over to the O-G Corral!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.12 My Tank is Fight

Sunday, Jan 12, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

No killing machine ever created can match the awesome destructive power of Stone Cold Steve Austin in a stupid looking helmet.

Throughout the course of my public education I spent more than eight full semesters learning American history. I spent an entire half a year learning about great battles of the civil war. There were weeks spent over and over again, year after year, learning about the Founding Fathers in increasing detail. Apparently our teachers thought that what the person told us the preceding year about the founding of our nation just wasn't enough. We had to go back and hear it all again with some hot new info thrown in about the type of wood used in George Washington's fake teeth. I suppose that the intent was to engender a sense of national pride and a deeper understanding of American history. Instead all it created was a feeling that I was missing out on a lot of important shit that, I don't know, maybe countries other than the United States were party to. I may not be a genius, but I've known how to dress myself without my mom's help for almost five years. I'm pretty sure that everyone here in the United States with the exception of Native Americans - who we also learned almost nothing about unless we were at a moment in history when white guys were shooting them - is descended from people of other nationalities.

What I'm building up here for you is a causal link. Like a person abused as a child grows up and abuses their children, or a person who did drugs as a kid grows up and manufactures drugs in a kitchen meth lab, I hunger for knowledge about history from a non-American perspective. Okay, that really isn't a very good causal link, but it's a pretty convoluted excuse to give for lying on the couch and watching The History Channel constantly. Grainy footage of tracers flying up to greet Japanese zeros from the decks of carriers and the pulse-pounding excitement of a German tank crushing trees with fake post-production sound added is what makes my world go round. If I were more secure in my sexuality I would have a framed picture of Roger Mudd on my wall with a pink heart drawn on it. Modern Marvels! My God, I never knew concrete could be so interesting! History's Mysteries! It's like riding with Indiana Jones and a little Asian kid in that coal car through the volcano!

I feel that the magic of television has introduced me to a whole wide world of history and information, but my greatest passions are those tanks and planes from World War II. If you're a regular reader of the front page of Something Awful you know by now that I drool over finely tuned German war machines like most guys drool over cars. To them it's all about platinum hubcaps, spoilers, and NOS. To me it's all about interleaved road wheels, anti-magnetic mine paste, and liquid-fuel rockets. The sound of a riced-out Civic is as nothing when compared to the blood-curdling shriek of a diving Stuka's nose siren.

I realize my tastes aren't for everyone, but there is an aspect of this fairly useless knowledge about Germany's war machine that has a broad appeal. Namely, the crazy shit the Germans came up with towards the end of the war. With the Allies chewing on their face and ass simultaneously, the Germans were desperate for a secret weapon that would save their country from ruin. More widely known "wonder weapons" like the V-1 and V-2 rockets gave hope to the German people that their faith in the syphilitic dogma of Hitler was not misplaced. Obviously, it was criminally misplaced, but that doesn't mean that shitbar's scientific elite didn't churn out some pretty hilarious comedy in the name of winning the war. So come with me on a stroll down memory lane to a time when men were men and other men were sub-humans who were herded into camps and murdered. Women

were also men, except for the ones that were sub-humans.

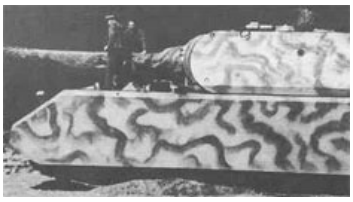
■ **Panzerkampfwagen "Maus"**

Type: Ridiculously Gigantic Tank

The "Maus" in action.

Specific Features: Weighing in at a scale-breaking 188 tons of love and measuring over 10 meters in length, the Maus is the largest tank built to this day. The M1A1 Abrams, by comparison, weighs in at a mere 67 tons. Of course the Abrams can actually move. With a top speed of only 20 kilometers per hour on roads the Maus also has the dubious distinction of being one of the slowest tanks built during the Second World War. Not to mention that if it actually drove on any road it would leave behind it a terrain of buckled asphalt. The armor on the turret's front, the thickest armor on most tanks, was almost a quarter of a meter thick and was completely impervious to any anti-tank weapons of the day. Unfortunately, it was vulnerable to direct strikes from heavy bombs, which just happened to be falling like raindrops thanks to the epic bombing campaigns of the United States and Great Britain. More importantly the Maus was vulnerable to engineering charges, throwing a tread, or being immobilized by mines, all very real risks for even much faster and more maneuverable tanks.

Even the armament of the Maus was ridiculous by any standard. The Maus mounted a 128mm main gun that would punch through enemy armor like a thrown sock punches through a wall made out of gelatin. To ludicrously augment this offensive capacity the Maus also mounted a 75mm cannon designed to fire explosive rounds at infantry. Seeing this thing on the battlefield, even just one of them, would be the military equivalent of a goddamn boss fight. Hell, if some lucky Soviets managed to blow one up I'm sure they would expect their aiming-port to start flashing and the tank to reappear twice as big and colored red.



Late war testing of the "Maus" with weapons in place.

History: Development on the Maus began in 1942 with Porsche of Stuttgart. Yeah, THE Porsche, using slave labor and dirty money to design a tank for the Nazis. Two prototypes were built and tested in 1943 and 1944. One of the tanks was believed to be completed but was either destroyed to avoid capture or destroyed while attempting to flee from the testing facility. Some amateur historians like to believe that it actually did

fight in combat, but chances are it broke down or got stuck in a ditch and was destroyed by the fleeing personnel. Thus ended the brief career of evil of one of the most brutal engines of war ever made.

■ Saenger "Amerika" Orbital Bomber

Type: Crazy Science Fiction Plane

Specific Features: One of the most "out there" aircraft conceived in a wide field of really crazy planes that often got really far in the design process, Saenger's "Amerika" bomber was intended to be capable of rapidly deploying to attack any target anywhere in the world. The aircraft was revolutionary on many fronts, from its incredible (and likely terminal) speed to its bizarre launch method, Saenger was willing to "go there". His sort of fantastical approach to science was extremely popular with engineers and scientists in Germany, sometimes producing amazing technology; other times wasting incredible amounts of resources in otherwise obvious pipedreams.

The Amerika Bomber, had it ever passed the prototyping stage, would have been propelled into the air by a massive 600-ton thrust liquid fuel rocket. Not content to simply shoot stuff into the air, Saenger wanted to use this massive booster to shoot a rocket train into the air. The Amerika Bomber was to be mounted on a monorail dolly that also mounted the booster unit. The dolly would have shot down a three kilometer long angled rail in a mere 11 seconds and lifted the Amerika Bomber into the sky roughly a mile. At this point the aircraft's beastly internal rocket thruster would have activated and lifted the plane to a low-orbit altitude of 145 kilometers and a speed of 22,100kph. The plane could have theoretically reached any location on the planet in under an hour and dropped a single 8,000lb bomb. With Germany's actual innovations in precision and wire-guided bombs this means individual buildings in major cities around the world could have been targeted by a massive conventional bomb. Other options include dropping in German storm troops, crazy battle robots, or possibly thousands of spiders.

After deploying its payload the bomber would have glided in to land at an airfield in Germany. It had only a single pilot sitting in a small pressurized cockpit at the front of the fuselage. Other than its payload the Amerika Bomber carried no weapons, relying on its speed and altitude for protection. It would have been obviously vulnerable as it glided in for landing, a flaw that marked many of Germany's real and imagined high-tech aircraft.

History: Hopes for the Amerika Bomber faded around the time Germany invaded the Soviet Union, which was probably to the advantage of the Germans as the whole thing was ridiculous. The air speed of the Amerika Bomber would have likely caused the plane to simply explode from friction before it even came close to reaching its top speed. The current air speed record from a powered aircraft is held by NASA's X-15 at 7,277kph; less than a motherfucking third of the proposed top speed of the Amerika Bomber. NASA barely kept their plane from burning up, so there's virtually no chance that Saenger would have leapt a much higher hurdle, decades earlier. The pilot would have blacked out and died if he was lucky, or been liquefied or immolated if he was less fortunate. If Saenger had somehow overcome these problems then he still had the whole "giant length of elevated track and rail car" issue as American and British bombers marauded with virtual impunity across most of Europe. After the cancellation of the project, Saenger went on to work with other developers on more feasible ramjet interceptor projects. All that remains of the Amerika Bomber are some models, designs, and an engine. *Note: Images in this segment were removed at the request of the copyright holder.*

- **"Vampir" ZG 1229 Infrared System**

Type: Evil Sounding Optic System

A Waffen-SS soldier deployed with the Vampir system alongside a similarly equipped Panther tank.

Specific Features: The Vampir was not the first German Infrared System, but by the end of the war in 1945 it was the most compact and advanced system they had. The technology itself dates back to around the start of the war, when engineers developed the first infrared rangefinder for German light anti-tank artillery. This was improved and some heavier direct-fire artillery was equipped with it as well. By 1944 the Germans had developed a version flexible enough to be mounted on the Panther tank (Germany's most technologically advanced and complex tank) and by the last year of the war were ready to issue the man-portable Vampir system.

The Vampir system consisted of a "black" spot light, one component of its active infrared system, fixed atop the impressive StG-44 assault rifle. Below this infrared light was a range finder that could detect the light emitted by the IR lamp. Since this light was invisible to anyone not equipped with the system it gave a massive edge over relying on flashlights and flares for illumination. The system mounted on the gun was linked by insulated wire to a heavy battery pack and simple control box that the soldier wore in place of his normal gear. Think of it as a very crude analog to today's "OICW" system being developed by the United States. It could transform a normal soldier it one capable of fighting in complete darkness, be it a cave or a moonless night, without revealing his position.

There is dispute over whether or not the Vampir was actually issued to combat soldiers. Some reports claim it was given to special units of the Waffen-SS for testing, others claim it was issued to crews of the similarly equipped Panther tanks (although this seems unlikely due to the unit's bulk). My theory is that what few units were combat-ready were probably issued to the ultra-elite commandos of commanders like Otto Skorzeny and perhaps in the final defense of Berlin. Chances are we will never know the exact truth as no photographs exist of troops utilizing the weapons in the field, but the system was proven to work.

Field testing the vampir system, I assume the labels were added to captured photographs or they dressed some chump up like a German.

> **History:** Of all the wacky German inventions of World War II, both failed and successful, I would have to say that none had a bigger affect on the state of modern warfare than the Vampir IR system and its variants. Few people really consider the relative level of optics technology at the time of the war, but today our lives revolve around staring at screens and let's not forget that TV got its start with a broadcast of Hitler. The German's did all kinds of really dumb and worthless shit with optics and sensors like trying to send infrared beams through the poles to view the opposite side of the earth. In fact they were behind the British in radar technology, a gap that they paid heavily for during the bombing campaign over England. Infrared technology paid off though, and even though it was never deployed in massive quantities for the troops who used it the technology made a difference. Despite the German's many evil follies, today almost every military combat vehicle is equipped with some variant of infrared optic and large numbers of American infantry are as well. Police helicopters and even consumer video cameras are outfitted with the technology, all thanks to some pioneering Nazis.

I could literally go on about this crap for days. The Germans, particularly in their late-war desperation to salvage themselves from a losing situation, created dozens of bizarre and often useless pieces of military curiosity. From a jet aircraft fueled by coal to a massive underground cannon that worked by incrementally exploding a shell out of the chamber, they treaded on dubiously useful scientific ground but occasionally came away with technology that would be used by the rest of the world for decades to come. If you enjoyed this article and are interested in this sort of thing then please let me know! I'd be happy to do something similar again in the future, but I really don't want to drive all of our readers away with war nerd info.

■ hey shitbags, it's that time again

THIS IS CLIFF YABLONSKI

THIS IS CLIFF YABsorry to break up Zack's little shitty boring ass history lesson about "shitty boring ass shit throughout WWII," but I decided to actually write something that isn't a goddamn nine hour segment from public television's "WACKY WORLD WAR" show. I have updated my computer screen page site with four pages of people I hate. you're probably on there somewhere. I fucking know Professor Zack is, because after reading that crap above here, I fell into a goddamn coma and knocked over a bottle of Jack Daniels into my keyboard and my goddamn shirt caught fire and next thing I know I was in somebody else's house and all their silverware had been teleported to my house. at least the computer machine fire temporarily kept me away from reading THE HISTORY CHANNEL ON THE SOMETHING AWFUL WEBPAGE SCREEN courtesy of professor Zack, artillery expert extraordinarre or whatever the hell he is.

if you're still awake and haven't killed yourself, go over and read my computer screen web page site, which contains 348% less dull that this computer screen you're looking at. what the fuck, if I wanted to read about tanks and shit I'd go to CNN and watch footage of American tanks running over people in Afghanistan. for christ's sake. fucking nerd war shit, get off my computer screen Professor Zack***, if I fall into another coma, my Medicare costs are going to shoot through the goddamn roof. okay why the fuck is this text darker and slanted, what the fuck is goi***

CLIFF YABLONSKI

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 So Sue Me

Sunday, Jan 12, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Chicken McNuggets - six of them make a nice snack. Ten of them make a tasty lunch. Seven thousand of them MAKE YOU A FATASS!

Unless you've spent the last few months deep below the surface of the Earth in your secret lair perfecting your doomsday device with which you will enslave all of mankind, you've probably heard about the big fat fatties whose lardsack children are so overflowingly obese that they are suing McDonalds in a big (ha ha... "big," get it? It's funny because they're fat) class action suit. Before I get too far into this particular case, let me just say that this is an article about frivolous lawsuits, not mocking the waist-deprived. Personally, I'm not the sort of person who would make fun of someone else for being a waddling blubber depository. Wait a minute, yes I am. In fact, that's precisely the sort of person I am. If you don't like it, you can just cry into your next box of Ho-Ho's, Fatty Arbuckle.

See, here's what really burns my grits about this particular legal debacle: there really isn't any sort of crime involved. McDonalds didn't break any laws by selling burgers to these people, and we're talking about a **lot** of burgers, here. I'll be the first to admit I was not an active child. I only really got up when I was forced to move to another room. Once I got a chair with wheels, my standing days were basically over. I wasn't exercising and I ate at McDonalds pretty regularly, as I still do. These lawsuit-bound kids weigh twice what I did at their age, probably because they are much more fat. Children do not just balloon up like that on a few Happy Meals; you'd probably have to inject barbeque sauce directly into their veins for that effect. So what this lawsuit is doing is basically exposing these roly-poly porkers to worldwide ridicule, hoping they can steal a dime from a giant corporation. The parents were so caught up in their drive for easy money that they forgot news only happens in America, not Australia (which is country from where I first read about this lawsuit). Nothing worthwhile has gone on in another country since World War II. As such, they have plenty of space in their newspapers and periodicals to comment on what's going on in the States. Do you have any idea how far away Australia is? Neither do I, but I'm fairly sure I can't see it from here.

Would you give this man your money? Of course not. He's a painting.

Essentially, all that this lawsuit against McDonalds is doing is forcing the plaintiffs into a corner. Either the parents have to admit that they are greedy enough to give their kids complexes that will last them their entire lives - and let's face it, they're already fat creatures, they don't need more problems - or they can face a lengthy trial during which they will have to defend turning their children into jiggling dynamos by stuffing festering beef patties down their bejowled pudding-holes on an hourly basis. But it gets better! They not only have to own up to being absolutely terrible parents, they have to - **have to** - support their case by announcing that they are the stupidest people in America. It is an absolute fucking miracle of metabolism that I'm not a bloated land-whale considering the kind of crap that I put in my body, and I've known that since I was young. You would have to be cork-on-the-fork retarded to possibly get away with claiming that you thought McDonalds' food is healthy in any possible way whatsoever.

It's not like they ate and ate and ate and stayed thin the whole time, then one day exploded into chin-toting butterchubs out of the blue. Becoming wider than you are tall is a long and arduous process. Anyone living in a moderately affluent nation during

the past hundred years would think that they need to change their diet the moment they started outweighing many major national landmarks. If the parents are honestly going to say they didn't know that eating large quantities of greasy fried food on a daily basis is bad for you, then they should have their kids taken away from them (by forklift), as they are obviously unfit to be in any way responsible for the life of another human being. Frankly, the kids don't get off much easier. They're not about to get control of whatever money this lawsuit might generate for their families. The best they can hope for is a bigger allowance to blow on imitation fudge and various meat drippings. In exchange, they have to take the witness stand to announce to the world, "I'm grotesquely fat and stupid - both at the same time, and at such a young age!"

To clarify, the following are examples of legitimate reasons to sue McDonalds:

1. Your Big Mac contained large quantities of arsenic, in the sense that there was an actual bottle marked "arsenic" between the top and middle buns.
2. The Hamburglar stole your burger, then robbed your house and raped your kids.
3. Ronald McDonald leapt out of the drive-thru window, shoved a wad of fries in your mouth as a gag, pulled you out of your vehicle, then used said vehicle to run over your family.
4. Chicken McHerpes.

If your reason isn't on the list, chances are you're just being a jackass. Just shut up and go have another double quarter pounder, Jelly Belly.

Here, we see the victims of a terrible disease - ebola. By coincidence, they're shopping.

The worst thing about the Fatasses vs. McDonalds case is that it is a major continuation of a terrible precedent. The courts are horribly overcrowded because too many of us are getting horribly lazy. We can't bog down the judicial system any further with cases that are based on pure greed and unadulterated stupidity. Despite this, scads of people make bushels of money every year by suing some company for something that was entirely their own damn fault. It must be absolutely terrifying for storeowners to think that at any given time a complete idiot could walk in off the street, do something incredibly stupid that results in some injury, then sue for ungodly amounts of money. It's only going to get worse now that shopping too much is now a medical disorder. In case you missed the recent article in *The Wall Street Journal*, scientists, the people who invented science, have developed a pill to control compulsive shopping. In doing so, they categorized a desire to shop as a mental disorder. I give it a week before some moron with a gigantic ass and a house full of pasta makers and catalogue furniture decides that she (not to be sexist, but let's face it, you broads can't resist a sale) wants to sue every store she's ever been in for exploiting her horrible illness. It's some sort of freakish amalgam of two of America's most dangerous problems - suing everybody and calling everything a disorder. Let's face the facts: if you pack away so many cheeseburgers that you sweat special sauce, you're a fatass. If you have no money because you spent it all on lawn gnomes and QVC jewelery, you're a loser who should have a trusted friend hold on to your credit card and give you a shot of pepper spray every time you try to get it back. I'm fed up with tubby idiots clogging up the arteries of our national courts.

So what do I intend to do to improve the situation? Absolutely nothing. A lifetime of sitting on my duff in front of a computer while wolfing down fast food and snacks fried in lesser snacks has made me too weak and lazy to get up and start any sort of effective protest or take any productive action. Instead, I figure I might as well get my hands on some of that free money that companies are doling

out to everybody else. I thought about suing the computer, fast food, and snacking industries, but nobody cares about individual concerns anymore. These days it's all about class action suits. That's why I've compiled a few good causes that we can all rally behind. Just let me know if one of these sounds good to you. I think we can all make a boatload of cash if we just work together.

The People vs. Big Gas

No, I'm not talking about Lowtax. Ha ha! It's funny because he has horrible gastrointestinal pain! I'm talking about those damn gas stations. If you drive, chances are you've fallen into their trap. Sure, they put gas in your car. "Oh, you're all set," they say, barely holding back their smug laughter. "If there's fuel in your tank, you're ready to go." But once you get out on the road and drive for a little while, BAM! You'll eventually have to turn around AND GO RIGHT BACK! They know exactly what they're doing, ensuring that you'll have to return over and over again until you either stop driving or die. Can you think of another product that keeps people coming back over and over again until they either go through the difficult process of quitting or kick the bucket? That's right - cigarettes. If that doesn't just shout "big money" to you, I don't know what will.

The People vs. Big Poster

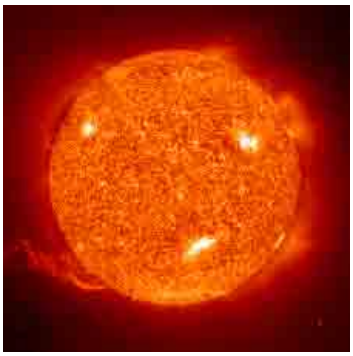
These days you can't so much as go into a poster store without being faced with hundreds of huge glossy advertisements. Their pictures entice us, and their slogans stick with us when we try to walk away. Posters of movies, bands, events, television shows, and products make it impossible for us to resist, thus draining our time and bank accounts. Posters of models and attractive entertainers refuse to fall from our walls, making the temptation to spend hours masturbating too difficult to resist, thus resulting in widespread blindness. Who knows what we could have done with our time if it hadn't been squandered by these wall-mounted infidels? We all could have ran for President - and won! Every one of us! It's absolutely un-American to let the poster giants go unpunished after the way they prey on our fragile, pill-addled minds. They must pay. Specifically, they must pay us. Even more specifically, they must pay me.

The People vs. Big Headache Medicine

Tylenol, Advil, Ibuprofen, Extra Strength Tylenol - big name companies with deep pockets. For years, we've swallowed their products, whether in pill, capsule, or gelcap, and what have they done for us? Taken our headaches, that's what! They took our headaches *right out of our very heads.* Maybe you can live comfortably with that, but I, for one, cannot. What goes on inside Greasy's noggin is my own intellectual property, and there are laws in this great country to protect that. If Tylenol and its cronies can steal your headache, what happens when they try to steal your novel idea for... well, for a novel? Who will you cry to then? Not me, I'll be busy living it up in my mansion made of twenty dollar bills that I got from my latest case against Big Mint (sorry I couldn't let you in on that one, but it was already in the works). That's why we have to send a message to the headache giants that this sort of behavior will not be tolerated any longer.

The People vs. Big Sun

For too long, the sun has sat up there in the sky, delivering nothing but empty promises. It's a gigantic ball of fire which supposedly warms the Earth enough to make it habitable for life. Yet I went outside yesterday while it was bright and sunny, *but it was still cold!* That, my friends, is a clear case of flagrant false advertising. We know that the sun has the heat, and its job is to give us that heat, but I tell you that there is **no heat!** How much longer will we allow this abuse of power to go on? It's time we sent a message to the sun: we won't stand for your taunts anymore. The sun has held it's current position for many years. It has undoubtedly built up a sizeable cash reserve. It's time we took a



The sun's always up there, mocking us. Just look at it. Not for too long, though, you could go blind. Although, then you could sue for that...

chunk of that for ourselves. After all, don't we deserve it? Okay, we don't, but are we going to let that stop us?

You smell that? That's the smell of money, my friend. Why should fat and / or stupid people be the only ones who get to reek of money-smell? We've got four foolproof cases already, and I've already got some great news. I convinced Something Awful legal expert Leonard "J." Crabs to spearhead these exciting and lucrative initiatives. Well, I think I convinced him. He really just waved a flaming tree branch at me and told me to stay away from his office cubby, but I think that's just legalese for "I'll take the case." In any event, just remember: as long as fat and stupid people are willing to humiliate themselves and their families, our courts will never be free of completely frivolous lawsuits that result in million dollar payoffs. Get yours now, before all the fat people collapse into a black hole and the stupid people wander into it.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1.14 A Robotic Romp Through the Meddlesome Middle East!

Monday, Jan 13, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

George W. "Bush" Bush, seen here imagining robots while a friendly Vulcan looks on in dismay.

For some reason that I'm still not exactly sure of, the US military is currently gearing up for a full-scale war in Iraq, sending over football stadiums full of soldiers armed with guns, bullets, and those silly colored berets which make them look like irate Frenchmen. President George "George" W. Bush Jr. seems intent on making Iraq explode regardless of the UN weapon inspectors findings, which have so far listed the following heinous Iraqi international violations:

> 1) No wheelchair / handicapped access to missile silo GH-92
> 2) Sand machine in Barqubah requires safety goggles to use, yet there is no "SAFETY GOGGLES REQUIRED" sign in immediate vicinity
> 3) Saddam's crazy moustache contains illegal immigrants

Besides that, the international weapon inspectors can't really find much in Iraq. Maybe they can't see anything because no matter where they go there's constantly 100,000 reporters circled around them and taking flash photography. Or perhaps, one night while they were sleeping, Iraq switched countries with Turkmenistan, and now the most technologically advanced piece of machinery in the country is a rock with a sign reading "BIG SMASHIN' STONE" in some crazy foreign language attached to it. It doesn't really matter at this point; all we know is that war with Iraq has been pretty much inevitable for years now and we'd better accept this fact or else John Ashcroft will come over to our house and beat us in the face with an extension cord.

The threat of war isn't anything really new and exciting, but the promise of ROBOTS IN COMBAT sure as hell is. If you've ever read our site (this site (Something Awful (on the Internet))), you'll know we are all big fans of robots, ninjas, pirates, ghosts, zombies, and other excitingly similar things. While America doesn't seem to be all that keen on deploying Zombie Pirate Troopers ("aargh! Brains! Yarrr! Brains!"), it does appear that Iraq will be the testing ground for a new breed of military robots. CNN recently ran an article explaining how America is ready to transform the battlefield into an episode of "Battle Bots," only it will last slightly longer than 50 minutes and something exciting might possibly happen during that time.

Now THIS is a robot ready for war. Notice its lack of silly tank treads. Also note that it's either very small or it is emerging from a very large, very old computer.

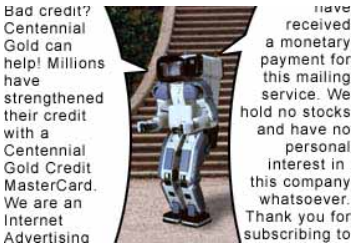
> **Military robots well trained for war -** *Yet the newest robots being developed by companies including iRobot range farther from their "masters" than did their forebears in Afghanistan. They can navigate terrain and obstacles more deftly, lay down a cover of smoke, test for chemical weapons and extend a "neck" that can peer around corners. The machines are also learning how to right themselves if they flip over as well as how to follow their tracks back home if they lose contact with their base.*

Now when I think about "military robots," the first thought that comes to mind is of a giant, 20-ton behemoth EDX-209 unloading thousands of explosive rounds at dangerous,

hostile fleeing women and children. However, the current military robots are just retarded hunks of junk that are able to travel in a straight line and occasionally turn around corners. These are not robots, my friends, these are retardbots. Why doesn't the military just grab one of those tuxedo-clad, beverage-toting Radio Shack robots, tape a knife to its carrying tray, and airdrop it on Iraq? Hell, the military can't even keep up with famous robots from the 1980's, much less make one that has the ability to do anything functional whatsoever. Here's a brief overview of robots from the past that can outperform the "metal box on wheels" that the military is pumping out and using to detect enemy lumber mills or whatever:

- **Vicki From "Small Wonder" -** This exciting robot was created by a very lonely, lonely man who decided it would be a fantastic idea to spend his life building a robotic 10-year old girl who dresses like the elderly wife of Santa Claus. Vicki could do all kinds of incredible robot crap, although a majority of it consisted of picking up the livingroom sofa and twirling it around really quickly. Literally every episode of this show featured Vicki picking up the couch and making it rotate really fast, usually for no good reason at all. Her father would peer out the window and see the wacky neighbors coming by, instruct Vicki to act like a normal 10-year old dressed in grandma's clothing, thus causing her to interpret that command as "pick up the fucking couch and spin it around for a little while." In the four years that this show was on television, I don't think that damn couch ever stopped spinning. Also, would it be illegal to rape a robot? Just wondering.
- **DARYL From "D.A.R.Y.L." -** Daryl possessed incredible robotic superhuman powers, the most important of which allowed him to play "Pole Position" at an alarmingly fast speed. If the military was able to use 1% of 1% of Daryl's advanced brain, we'd have tanks doing 120-mile an hour wheelies over in the Middle East right now. I think Daryl was also a really good baseball player as well, so we could set up an International Baseball League and then use him to cheat whenever we play Iraq. The same principle applies to an International Pole Position League. If somebody creates an International Couch Spinning League, we could call in Vicki as well.
- **Twiki from "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" -** I've already demonstrated how powerful robots in the 1980's were; it's no surprise that these bionic buddies are even more complicated in the 25th century, which, according to my charts, takes place some time in the future. Twiki was able to walk around and have lights in his eye-holes light up when something of interest happened, such as a person speaking to him or an oxygen atom colliding with him. Additionally, he had a highly futuristic "Simon Says" game built into his chest, one which glowed and flashed randomly during his monotone speeches about why Buck Rogers should be cautious when engaging the Cylons or Dragonians or Leprechauns or whatever he fought 192 times each episode.

Those are simply three shining technological beacons from the 1980's, yet now, in the year 2003 or whatever year we're in, we can't even make a robot capable of handling Daryl's jockstrap. And even if we were somehow able to create one, it'd just take the jockstrap and drive forward in a straight line until it hit a wall and fell over or was defeated by marauding hornets. Since the military finds the concept of coming up with "good robot ideas" so fantastically difficult, I have decided to compile a list of useful cybernetic machines that will give us an uncontested edge over all our enemies.


Bad credit? Centennial Gold can help! Millions have strengthened their credit with a Centennial Gold Credit MasterCard. We are an Internet Advertising
have received a monetary payment for this mailing service. We hold no stocks and have no personal interest in this company whatsoever. Thank you for subscribing to
The SpamBot in action.

■ **SpamBot -** Anybody who has ever used the Internet knows that spam is the most lethal weapon in existence. It drowns out all legitimate forms of communication, forces users to commit suicide, and is completely inescapable. You cannot hide from spam, as it will seek you out wherever you may run. You cannot unsubscribe from spam, as that simply lets the server know your email account is active, allowing them to sell your address to hundreds of other companies. By using highly advanced technology which I'm not sure exists in this dimension, the SpamBot infiltrates enemy villages and proceeds to assault them with a never ending barrage of advertisements for penis lengthening drugs, gay incest bestiality pedophile pornography, and printer toner cartridges. If a villager attempts to barricade themselves inside their mud hut or troll cavern, the SpamBot will emit a burst of spores into the air which will enter the victim's dwelling and soon combine together to form a mini-SpamBot capable of spewing 12 ads per second. If the main SpamBot is killed or harmed in any way, it sends a signal off to military headquarters alerting them to the fact that there are hostile villagers active in the area and additional SpamBots should be dropped in overnight. For every SpamBot harmed or destroyed, 10 more are sent in to take its place. Eventually entire cities will have 80 SpamBots per citizen, clogging the streets, buildings, and gay bath houses across the horizon. At that point the country's own military will voluntarily decide to drop napalm on itself, thereby saving the US from doing it for them. To serve as a scouting patrol, SpamBot Spiders will be sent out beforehand, gathering the names and home addresses of everybody in the village so the SpamBot will be able to customize its message like in the following example:

> **SPAMBOT:** "Greetings FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI!"
> **FADHIL:** "If you actually copied and pasted this text, then changed the font to read it, you're insane."
> **SPAMBOT:** "Take a survey and WIN a Fully Loaded Computer, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI! With just 30 seconds of work you could be a winner, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI! FAST and EASY! You have received this message because you, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI, live in an area which has commenced registration to receive our news updates. Register to win a FREE Cruise for two when you, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI, sign up for our New Product Alert List! Receive e-mail notifications for Huge Savings on Popular Name Brand Products. Looking for cash, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI? Get $500 by TOMORROW! Ask me about CASH! Don't fall prey to destructive viruses or hackers, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI! Protect your computer and your valuable information!"
> **FADHIL:** "Or, if you can read this, then your browser is not rendering the 'Symbol' font properly."
> **SPAMBOT:** "This is an advertisement, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI. If you do not wish to receive further information, please follow me to a room where I will leave you, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI, and 19 other SpamBots will take my place and begin following you around wherever you go. Third-party offers advertised by me are the sole responsibility of the offer originator. All questions about the offers I have featured should be directed towards my rear area, FADHIL MAHMOUD AL-MISHIYKHI. These messages are being brought to you courtesy of -"
> **FADHIL:** "I'm going to read Fark.com!" *(Shoots himself)*

■ **The TX-309 Spy Flag -** It's no secret that the favorite pastime of anti-American weirdoes is torching American flags. Did you know that over 86% of the homes in Iraq are heated by American flags? That's not really such an impressive statistic when you consider that only 2% of the homes in Iraq are heated, but that's still a lot of combusting American flags. The TX-309 Spy Flag is a robot

designed to look like a simple, burnable US flag. However, each one of the patriotic stars contains a tiny digital camera which transmits coordinates, images of the flag burners, and X-ray photography of what they look like nude. In addition, the flag has a built-in speaker which shrieks like a wounded ferret whenever it is exposed to fire. No anti-US crackpot will be able to sleep once they hear the deafening cries of pain that the TX-309 will provide! In addition, the red stripes of the flag are composed of gunpowder, turning the flag into a large, flat explosive capable of teaching people that if they want to protest against the US, they'll have to burn down McDonalds and American human beings instead of patriotic flags!

■ **The Saddaminator 3000 -** If there's anything reading *USA Today* taught me, it's that every evil non-American loves that crazy Saddam Hussein guy. It also taught me to never pay to read *USA Today*, partly because I can steal it from the neighbors for free and partly because it's a really horrible newspaper. The same survey which reports that 96% of anti-American protestors love Saddam Hussein also details how the remaining 4% approve of what Jennifer Lopez wore last Thursday to the mall. These nefarious anti-American foes are blinded by their love of Saddam so much that it occasionally blurs their view, allowing us to take advantage of them. The American military can capitalize on this by manufacturing fake Saddam Hussein robots which will roam the streets, gather intelligence, and make the copyrighted Insane Wacko Speeches that ol' Saddam gives every other hour. The Saddaminator 3000 has a large, growing vocabulary which currently consists of "America," "Satan", and "is." We'll think of adding in more words once we find a reliable foreign-language speaking person, assuming John Ashcroft hasn't arrested them all.

I did a Google Image Search for American flags so I could Photoshop one up with miniature cameras, and I found this image. I think this is funnier than anything I could ever create.

With all these fantastic ideas, I can't help but wonder why the great and powerful American military has instead opted to purchase those silly little metallic dorkmobile robots whose main feature consists of "the ability to distinguish between walls and not-walls." Perhaps one day in the future we'll be fighting wars not with people, but with exploding, screeching flags, fake Saddam Hussein robots, and mobile advertising units. Until that day arrives, I'll simply sit here and wonder if the UN weapons inspectors have thought to look under Saddam's bed for those pesky nuclear warheads.

■ All Signs Point to the Tuesday Goldmine!

Today's Tuesday Goldmine deals with a highly sensitive and racially fueled topic - no wait, actually it doesn't. It's all about signs, the signs that keep you and I from doing intensely stupid things like driving forward while we're waving backwards to our brother who is driving a truck and encouraging us to be hit by a train!

Sounds like good advice to me! Click on this here linky thing for your own safety!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

CAUTION
If Tourist Guy stands next to you, run like fuck
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

1.15 I'm Tired of All the Goddamn Panda Sex!

Wednesday, Jan 15, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

...and this is why we can't have nice things!

Look at those two, they don't even have any idea how to have panda sex! The head doesn't go there, dumbass!

Before I begin this article, let me clarify that subject line: I am **not** tired of having sex with panda bears, but rather I am tired of reading about panda bears having sex with each other. If I routinely engaged in sexual intercourse with panda bears then yes, I probably would be tired of panda sex. I suppose it would have to depend on how good the panda is in bed and if it can do that twirling nipple tassel thing I saw on a Cinemax movie about these guys who had sex with the erotic mermaids of the Baltic Sea. Additionally, the panda would have to promise to not bite through my jugular, as my doctor told me I need it to live. All this bestiality is getting me off track though; today I'd like to address my utter contempt with panda-on-panda sex.

> **Celebrity panda leaves China for love -** *Celebrity giant panda Gaogao, a television star in China, has left his homeland for a U.S. zoo that hopes he will mate with a female called Baiyun, or White Cloud, the official Xinhua news agency has reported.*

If anybody out there remembers the 1980s, and by God I really pray you don't, you'll recall the nonstop concern our great nation of chiropractors and Scientologists had with forcing two panda bears to rape each other and produce tinier panda bears which would eventually be forced to rape others. This is what nature scientist people refer to as "The Great Panda Rape Chain of Life," and they will encourage this kind of activity until there are billions of panda bears scattered throughout the globe, willingly raping each other without the aid of human technology. Celebrity pandas are considered rare not only because there are around 1,000 of them left, but the remaining few lack the stage presence and raw charisma of "Gaogao." For example, during one episode of the Chinese show that Gaogao hosts, "You Wake Up In This Pit of Real Love," he is able to drive around one of those silly red cars while juggling snowballs and mocking the Chinese contestants who were thrown into "The Forgiving Bucket" full of eels and hypodermic needles. Out of the 1,000 remaining pandas, I can't name a single one that even has a valid driver's license, so that should demonstrate just how valuable this Gaogao creature is. If he weighed over 900 pounds, I would claim he's worth his weight in gold.

Despite the lure of golden pandas raping each other in red cars, I can't help but feel sick and tired of panda sex. Honestly now, what function do panda bears serve in our society? When is the last time you commented, "you know, this (PRODUCT NAME) is good, but I can't help but think it would be better with a live panda bear!" You've probably never spoken that because who the hell says "PRODUCT NAME," especially in all capital letters? I don't even know how that's possible. All I know is that my life has never been affected by a panda bear in any way whatsoever and I intend on keeping it this way for the foreseeable future. Pandas aren't even important enough to rank on the Great Food Chain ™, and hell, everything is on that damn thing. The Great Food Chain ™ is some astronomically huge list of every living thing on the Earth, what it eats, and what eats it, like a gigantic game of "Rock, Paper, Scissors" only the scissors can EAT YOU. Now there's a disturbing thought for you to obsess over! Here's the short version of the Great Food Chain ™ in case you need to write it down on your hand for future reference:

ATOM gets eaten by **MOLECULE** gets eaten by **AMOEBA** gets eaten by **GRASS** gets eaten

by **WORM** gets eaten by **BEETLE** gets eaten by **SQUIRREL** gets eaten by **CAT** gets eaten by **EAGLE** gets eaten by **MONGOOSE** gets eaten by **SNAKE** gets eaten by **VERY LARGE ATOM WITH SHARP TEETH** gets eaten by **DOLPHIN** gets eaten by **DOLPHIN KING** gets eaten by **GIANT TROUT** gets eaten by **WHALE** gets eaten by **HUMAN** gets eaten by **AIDS** gets eaten by **ATOMS**

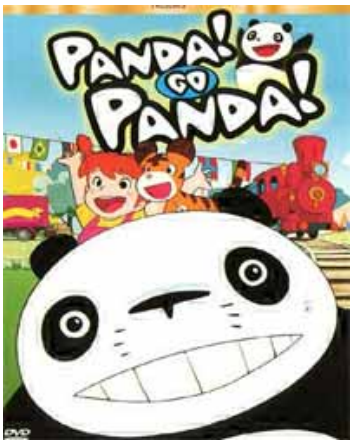
It is this moebius strip of life which keeps us all from spontaneously combusting or falling off the Earth or whatever horrible thing would happen if bugs couldn't be eaten by squirrels. You'll note that the entry of "PANDA BEAR" is not located in the Great Food Chain ™. Why is this? Simply put, nobody gives a shit about panda bears enough to eat them. Hell, they don't even eat objects composed of meat, they eat crap like bamboo or pears or mud or whatever. Yet despite all this, scientists insist on forcefully shoving male panda parts into female panda parts in the futile pursuit to create new pandas. Why? What's the lure of these fat raccoons? I did a little research and came upon this page which claims the following:

This is a very good yet very overused image displaying where a panda bear belongs: behind the driver's wheel!

> *In the Han dynasty (206 BC-AC 24) the emperor's garden in the then capital Xian held nearly 40 rare animal specials, of which the panda was the most highly treasured, and the poet Bai Juyi (AD 772-846) credited the panda with the power to prevent disease and exorcise evil spirits.*

Naturally, they decided that the disease prevention and evil exorcising forces of the panda bear could be best utilized by killing as many as possible and draping their flesh across walls. People would travel long and far to stab pandas in the head with spears, thereby protecting them from evil spirits for three years or 30,000 miles, whichever came first. Thanks to their ignorance and lack of foresight, the world now suffers from a severe panda shortage, highly affecting the thirteen weird college professors who actually care about panda bears. However, the news media still won't shut the hell up after 20 years of panda bear sex coverage, so once again we find ourselves in the midst of Panda Penetration Pregnancy Problem '03, our hopes and dreams riding on the back of animal semen like a really weird cowboy. Luckily, we here at Something Awful have been brainstorming solutions to this really annoying crisis in the hope that some day, perhaps in the future, we'll finally be able to overcome the impenetrable wall of panda impregnation.

■ **OPTION #1: Genetically engineer NeuPandas.** As the doctors once said to Ted "The Million Dollar Man" Dibiase, "we can rebuild him. We have the technology." That horribly scarred woman / man scientist creature at Clone-Aid claims they successfully cloned a human baby, leading the way to the current baby-spewing machine they've got set up to pump out a couple hundred thousand cloned kids for eagerly anticipating lesbian couples. If a private organization, one run by a woman who is the result of Yeti crossbreeding, is able to clone and produce these genetically modified humans, then why can't we do the same for a couple stupid panda bears? We'll just frame them for a crime they didn't commit, take them into the booking station, and swipe some of their DNA... you know, for "the records." We'll ship that puppy off the nearest Clone-A-Rama and bam, before you know it we'll have so many panda bears that all evil spirits and disease will be completely eradicated from the face of the planet. However, we can take this one step further.



When genetic tinkering with panda DNA goes wrong. HORRIBLY wrong.

As a famous scientist who has studied the effect of panda bears on Satan for years, I have volumes of research proving that panda bears prevent disease and exorcise evil spirits. Of course my research paperwork consists solely of the quote "*the poet Bai Juyi (AD 772-846) credited the panda with the power to prevent disease and exorcise evil spirits*" printed 140,000 times with the words "BY RICHARD KYANKA, FAMOUS SCIENTIST" stamped on the front, but that's still a lot more than you got going for you in the way of science, pal. According to my computer, and keep in mind that computers never lie, two panda bears would cure twice as much disease and evil as one. And three would cure three times as much. Once you get past four, I lose track, but you see where this is heading. I propose that we clone not one simple panda, but a NeuPanda that consists of over 70 billion pandas. I've seen zip files which compress an uncanny amount of data into a tiny space, so why can't we do the same with panda DNA? Of course this project runs the risk of destroying us all and causing the universe to implode into itself, but that's the chance you must take when dealing with pandas and evil spirits.

- **OPTION #2: Dress up shitty animals as pandas.** For every cute and cuddly panda in existence, there are at least 50 stupid and ugly animals that we'd extinguish cigarettes on their eyes if we had the chance, like Carol Channing or squid. Nobody, not even a drunken sea captain, would think that squid are anything but stupid, slimy, repulsive monsters who feast on our Lovecraftian nightmares. Squid are worthless in almost every possible aspect, and serve no purpose except to fatten people who like the taste of used condoms. Combine the amount of ugly animals with the quantity of online furries who would jump at the chance to sew together a panda bear costume so they might possibly rape it, and you've got a winning combination that can't be beat. Just zip up the squid inside their panda fursuits and soon we'll have really elongated panda bears swimming freely throughout the ocean, falling to the bottom, and ultimately dying due to their lack of swimming ability inside a costume. This may sound like a negative thing, but think about it: during that time **there will be thousands of ejaculating furries swimming into the middle of the ocean to mate with panda squid, only to gradually sink to their deaths!** The ocean will be lined with the corpses of furries from across the globe and mankind's eternal goal will finally be reached: a world without people who are turned on by humanoid shaped naked foxes.

- **OPTION #3: Mandatory panda sentencing for criminals.** I think everybody is well aware of China's tough stance on crime and the criminals who cause the aforementioned crimes. For example, the punishment for murder is a state-sponsored

> execution. Also, people accused of rape are executed as well. Oh yeah, and they'll also kill you if you steal something, threaten government officials, give away plot spoilers from a movie, or fail to leave a sufficient tip after dinner. As a result, the International Whining Committee bitches and complains that China commits all kinds of "mean" and "atrocious" civil rights violations just because it loves to kill its own citizens. By encouraging a mandatory panda sentencing for criminals, China will not only silence the incessant bickering of human rights organizations while producing a bountiful supply of panda bears. Criminals, after found guilty by some guy who's kind of related to the King of China or whoever runs the joint, will be sentenced to "become a panda" for 30 years. They will be thrown into a cell located inside a state sanctioned "Panda Zoo" and given a cute name like "Ling Long 8391-8761-0092-6352." The prisoners will not be given panda suits or anything; they'll simply be labeled "pandas" and will be forced to copulate with real, living pandas. Sure the forced sex will end up with no positive results except possibly a death in the process, but since China would eventually kill the fool anyway, it's no big loss.

Wow, with all these exciting ideas and innovations, you really have to wonder why the news media is still obsessing over panda sex. Our technology, combined with our lack of moral guidance and good judgment, can produce a limitless supply of those worthless panda bears or at least something slightly resembling something which might resemble a panda bear if it looked completely different. I don't really care at this point as long as it results in CNN shutting the hell up about panda sex for a few days.

◻ Set Sail for Romance!

Zack "Geist on Golf" Parsons here with a brand new SA Story Time. This week we have a genre crushing piece entitled "The Oiled Chest of the Scarlet Buccaneer" and oh my God am I turned on!

> *Despite her comment to the contrary the effect of contact-friction on his body's surface temperature was negligible and his caress was at best tepid. At last the length of his erect mizzenmast was revealed to her, swaying slightly in the drafty air. Before she could comment on it he sent his battering ram plunging into the depths of her fortress stronghold, where it quickly pushed aside the portcullis of her innocence and ran amok through the*

> *subterranean passages of her lust. He rode her like a goblin riding a broomstick and yelled out his every pleasure as though he were the town crier reading a list of words banned by the constabulary. Holly's cheeks were flushed and her face locked in an expression that fused pleasure and concern for her internal organs.*

I hope your will power is strong or you are completely shameless, because this edition of SA Story Time is going to command you to drop trow. Money talks and bullshit walks, so head on over and check it out!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.16 Tomorrow's Presidential Candidates

Wednesday, Jan 15, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Can he win? Sure, why not.

The race for the White House is starting to get interesting. As more people declare themselves candidates, the political future of America grows increasingly clouded. Will George Bush get reelected, or will a young, hip, and fresh face like Joe Lieberman unseat him? To be honest, I don't know. I'm not a damn psychic and I only pay attention to politics when the US is either exploding another country or being exploded by another country. I'm not really concerned with 2004. I pretty much feel that whoever gets hold of the office in 2004 will be better than whoever gets hold of the office in, oh, say, 2028. What's so important about a distant date like 2028? Not really anything, but it's not the date that's important. For you see, in the future, children will be coming to power. That's what's important.

I have made it no secret that I secretly loathe children. For one thing, I associate shortness with sinister behavior. Children are often short, as are dwarves, midgets, and penguins. When was the last time you saw any of those foul creatures doing something good? Probably the last time you saw David Duke getting honored for his lifetime of promoting AIDS awareness in Africa at the Essence Awards. The reason I mention kids again is because of a startling fact: children are our future. I don't know who came up with that stupid idea, but they pretty much doomed the world to suffer unimaginable pain, not unlike flossing with a weed whacker. There are reasons fortunetellers, prophets, the Bible, and the instruction manual to *Doom* foretell of a dark future. Children wreck things. You give them something nice, and they vomit on it, crap on it, smear snot on it, or just flat out bust it. How is entrusting the very future of all living beings to such boisterous cretins going to do any good? Like corrupt jurying at a pie eating contest, this spits holy water on the undead vampire flesh of democracy. But facts are facts, and so we must march forward knowing that some day soon we will have no choice but to accept our fate as slaves to the treacherous child regimes of tomorrow.

Seeing as how I've started things off by being totally negative, I want to do something positive now. I want to put my differences aside and profile some of these future leaders of the free world and offer some of my heartfelt guidance and commentary. For the record, these future candidates all declared their intent to run via this website dedicated to the creativity of children. I must thank SA Forum Goon SydBarrett for exposing me to this site. We really need to embrace these children, for they will eventually be making all the difficult decisions that haunt any position of power.

Democracy in action.

Carely, Age 7

One day I was walking in the woods. I saw a deer lying down. I shook him, but he was dead. I started to cry. I said, "What should I do?" I heard a gun. I followed the gun. I saw men killing animals. I said, "Stop! Stop! Stop!" The men did not stop. I called 911. The big, fat men came in a hurry. The policemen arrested the men. They

were taken to jail. The men stayed for 10 months. The men were mad because they had to go to jail. I stayed in the woods to take care of the animals. I survived in the woods. I ate the food I packed in my backpack. All of the people heard about me stopping the mean, young men killing the animals. The people wanted me to be president. I took the job to be president. My family was excited. We went to the White House to have a party.
Platform: Wandering Animal Protector
Josh's expert political analysis: While Carely will be a big hit with lunatic animal activists and environmentalists, the more conservative voters will be wary of her less than orthodox behavior. The fact that she refers to law enforcement officers as being fat also suggests she will not give proper respect and treatment to the people responsible for preserving order. One has to wonder if her love of animal and environmental causes has led her to become disenfranchised with authority, making her a dangerous choice for leader. I'm also disappointed that the only time she mentions utilizing the White House is to hold a party.

- **Taylor, Age 7**

One raging hot day, I was walking down the road in the big city and soon after that I was elected President. I jumped up and I said, "Yippee!" I said, this is the best day of my life. Then I drove to the White House. I told the person at the door, "I am the new President." Then I said no more killing and hunting animals. One day, I looked out my window and saw someone killing two deer. I yelled, "Stop!" But they did not stop. Luckily I had some handcuffs. I said, "Guards go get them up and set the deers free, but I recognized that one of the deer had a baby and I kept the deers. One afternoon, I feed the baby deer and we played for four hours. Then we went to sleep. The next morning, we jumped fences and played games. We had the best of fun. And the deer grew up to be very strong. The deer helped me when I was in trouble. I had the Presidents party and I invited my whole family and they got to feed my deer. We fed it and we had lots of fun we played and played so much that we fell asleep on the floor. The next morning, we slept until lunch time.
Platform: Delighted Animal Protector
Josh's expert political analysis: I admire Taylor's enthusiasm. He seems like he would truly enjoy winning the most powerful position in the world at random. I am, however, off put by his singular focus on befriending the deer population. True, it is commendable that he jumped into action and arrested the culprits audacious enough to hunt deer on the White House lawn, but he should have moved on to address the bigger issues. What is happening to our economy while he is jumping fences with this deer? How are we in terms of international support? I'm also concerned with the ominous reference to the deer helping him get out of trouble. I have to wonder if young Taylor is the next Caligula, perhaps appointing his trusted deer to a position of power to undermine the political order of the United States.

- **Jeana, Age 8**

One day I was sitting outside drinking lemonade and I wanted to go swimming with my kids, but I had to go to work. At work there were lots of papers on my desk. I didn't want to read the paper, but I did. I won a Nobel Peace Prize. I was so excited! That I screamed very loud. I said to the audience, "Thank you everyone for this trophy. You have all been my special friends. Thank you so much for your love and faith you are all my true friends. Thank you so much and I love being the elected President!" I got to invite a little boy to the White House. He screamed out loud. He thought it was so cool.

I said to the guards take him out. He's screaming in my ear. I want him to go home this minute. I will not have all this screaming in my ear! I hate it when people do that. I said to myself, "I hate it when people do that! Thank goodness he's out of my house." I love it when it's quite in this house. I have to go to work at 5:00 pm. Right now it's 3:00pm. I will go in two hours. When I go to work, I have papers stacked up really high on my desk. But today is my birthday. I should bring some cake to my friends at my office. That would be nice for my friends. I could also give some to my boss. I love to give people things. I also love to play with my kids. I can play with my kids after work.
Platform: Accidental Winner / Happy Puppet
Josh's expert political analysis: I like the idea of a Noble Peace Prize winner becoming president. Peace usually means people aren't trying to kill me, so I'm down with that. Her political policies seem a bit disturbing, though. She uses her position simply to invite young boys to the White House? That's kind of creepy. Notice how she quickly becomes tired of her guests and sicks security on them like common pests. How soon until she turns on America in the same fashion? I can't help but fear her reign would be threatened by her complete ignorance of the job. She doesn't show up to work until 5:00 in the afternoon and completely avoids doing paperwork by celebrating her own birthday. What kind of president is that? To make matters worse, she references some mysterious boss she works for. Who is this boss? Definitely not the American people! I suspect she's no more than a clueless puppet dangled in front of a tortured nation caught in a web of lies and deceit.

Noah, Age 6

I will help everbody call 911. I will make schools more colorful with lots of paintings. I will have bigger rooms in school. I will make sure the parks and mountains are clean. I will protect the trees. God will protect you and me. The good army will protect the people. I will take care of sick people. If people don't have houses, I will show them houses they can live in. Now that I am President of America, G.W. Bush will be my helper. He can live in my White house forever.
Platform: Emergency Help Helper
Josh's expert political analysis: Young Noah's desire to help everybody call 911 is frightening. America's emergency response services are already under funded, not to mention understaffed. Besides that, do Americans really need help dialing 3 digits? I realize we're a stupid bunch, but we're not that stupid. I have to wonder, is the president going to show up whenever an emergency occurs and physically assist people in dialing the number? How the hell is that even possible? This is just too vague and cloudy a statement to make to get my vote. I'm also concerned with these mentions of God and the good army. I fear Noah may be some kind of charismatic cult leader ready to turn us into another North Korea. It's nice he's concerned about Bush's well being, although, as the old saying goes, "keep your friends close and your enemies closer."

Aaron, Age 8

It was January. I was going to the gas station to get gas. It was $3,000.00. I had to lower the prices to $75.00 or $30.00. So, I did. The next morning the air was dirty. So, I had to break down a few factories. I wanted less littering. The next day, I hear a gunshot and I went outside to look. I saw that somebody died. I called 911. The police came. I said, "Go find who done this fast! Before he kills more people." Put him in jail. I don't want anymore killing animals or people or trees. I will put you in jail if you don't stop killing things. The next day, there was a car crash. There was somebody stuck in

the car. I tried to get them out of the car. I couldn't so, I called 911 and the fire truck came. They go him out. I said, "You are safe now." He said, "Okay." I went back to the White House to exercise. Then, I read the newspaper. It said that there aren't enough schools. So I told them to build more schools. And they did.
Platform: No More Killing!!!
Josh's expert political analysis: I think I favor Aaron most of all simply because I can truly relate to the burden of paying too much for gas. While prices aren't quite in the $3,000 range, there is no telling how high they will be tomorrow. I also like Aaron's proactive approach to stopping crime and helping the injured. Most presidents would hide behind an army of Secret Service and never actually do anything, but Aaron goes out there and makes a difference. Not only is he concerned with fuel prices and the safety of others, but he also oversees the destruction of factories. I just worry he is displacing too many American workers. That could be a crippling blow to his presidential prospects.

■ Brandi, Age 8

Americans elected him into their hearts!

On hot summer day, I was at home. I saw people. I said, "Who are you?" They said, "We are Presidents." I said, "What are you going to do?" They said, "We are going to eat chicken." If I was president, "I would change schools, help hurt people, help people clean there house, help animals, share money, and give people homes. I said, "Can I be President?" They said, "Yes." I said, "I want to do homework." They said, "Alright." And we had fun. I was the President for a long time. It was the best time. When we got back from the store, we ate some candy.
Platform: ***COMMUNISM***
Josh's expert political analysis:. You don't have to read between the lines to realize that Brandi is a communist. Just look, in her world everybody is a president, clearly indicating that there is no class distinction. Also note the emphasis on communal activities. Brandi wants to help people by cleaning their houses, sharing money, and provide equal shelters to all. She even makes her doing homework sound like a group activity. "We had fun" shows she wasn't alone in her efforts. However, there is some hint of redemption. The final passage about returning from a store suggests a renewed faith in capitalism and its healing ways. I guess any hope of Brandi becoming president rests in America's willingness to play guinea pig. We may suffer, but at the end of her reign we will have candy to look forward to.

■ Jake, Age 8

One Sunday morning when I just woke up, somebody was knocking fiercely on my motel door. I opened the motel door. I said, "Hello." The man said, "I was elected president. I said, "Yeah!" the man said, "You have a speech tomorrow. I said, "okay." When I got to New York where my speech was going to be held. I was so mad! My speech was in Canada. When I got to Canada, I saw where my speech was going to be. When I got on the stage. After my speech was over all the people stood in the stands. Then I made an announcement. I said, "I would lower, lower pollution rates, and lower crime rates. All the people in the stands went wild. At last my speech was over. I went to the White House. Then I went to bed.
Platform: Psychotic Motel Hallucinations / Nomadic Public Speaking
Josh's expert political analysis: I have a theory about Jake. I believe he's completely

insane. For one thing, when the mysterious stranger visits Jake at his motel room, there seems to be confusion about who is actually president. Is Jake president, or is the stranger? If you ask me, Jake either has multiple personality disorder or abuses some heavy drugs. The bizarre adventure that follows is fairly jarring as well. Jake and the stranger set out to New York to give a speech when in fact they are supposed to be in Canada. After some frantic last minute traveling, Jake arrives in Canada to give his speech, which is only one sentence in length. Somehow, this all sounds too far fetched to believe. In truth, Jake probably never left the motel room. He just snorted too much cocaine, and things got out of hand. I'd love to see this story adapted into a gritty movie or book.

■ Elizabeth, Age 7

If I were president, I would build a park, a new store, and a zoo. I would make an apple cider store too. I would end the high gas bills and buy my family presents. I'd plant a garden with a waterfall. I would also build a daycare center for poor people. I would build a car that they could buy. I would cook a feast for the homeless people. The end.
Platform: Apple Cider Reform
Josh's expert political analysis: I don't think we've ever had a politician play the apple cider card, and I eagerly await the results of such a daring move. I'm not such a fan of apple cider, but I'm willing to try new things, especially if it means an extra park, zoo, and store. I like the fact that she is willing to personally prepare a feast for the homeless. It shows she really understands her role as a woman. The only way this ticket could get any sweater is if she secretly prepared a feast of poison for them – not because I hate homeless people, but because I think it would be a pretty funny practical joke for a president to pull. I do think that Elizabeth should leave the car manufacturing to the experts, though.

In the end, while some of these youngsters have some decent ideas, I stand by my initial concern that children will just fuck things up. Plain and simple, children are completely unqualified to run this world, and the records don't lie. Did you know that fascists like Hitler and Mussolini got their start as children? Not to mention every Soviet dictator from Vladimir Lenin to Yakov Smirnoff. But really, it's not so much what they can become, but rather what they are. Children are the dim light bulbs that mar the great marquee of knowledge. Not that we expect standards for our elected officials, but we also don't expect them to be frolicking around chasing deer or dialing 911 constantly. Let's hope we never get far enough into the future to ever suffer through such embarrassing elected officials.

■ Go Grease Lightning!

There is a new movie review up, courtesy of Ben "Greek Lover" Platt. "Drive In," a truly wonderful sounding movie about mass murder and drive in movies gets to shine in the magical spotlight of review.

"Drive In" stands out among all the movies I've watched, in that it has the single most linear plot I've ever seen. A tubby retard watches too many slasher films so he decides to kill every other character in the movie. That's not a summary. That's the whole thing. There are a few feeble attempts at subplots, but they only exist to introduce more characters for the retard to kill and all end up unresolved because everyone involved dies. You'd think that if a movie has nothing to offer but mindless killing, the killing would at least be pretty decent. You'd be so wrong, I'd start to resent you personally. Most of the actual deaths occur off camera so as to save money on special effects and makeup.

> *Also, someone gets killed with butter. The bulk of the violence occurs in the constant clips taken from a whole mess of old Troma films, which are intentionally bad to begin with. There should be a rule that if your budget is so puny that you can't even make a crappy slasher film without stretching it out with footage from other crappy slasher films, you shouldn't be making a damn movie.*

Ding! Ding! Ding! We've got a winner!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.17 Feed Me!

Friday, Jan 17, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

CAKE!!

America is a nation obsessed with deliciousness. You can see it in our bloated shambling bodies and you can taste it in almost every pre-packaged or fast food available. If making people fat was a science then America is about twenty years ahead of any other culture on the planet. The prime offenders are not always the most obvious targets of "evil fat-makers" media backlash. You always hear about McDonalds and Burger King pouring butter-slathered deep-fried cheese burgers down the gaping maws of will-less consumers. Let's face facts here though, McDonalds and Burger King's fatty foods are obsolete, they are being supplanted by technological advances in the field of making Americans swell. Today we're going to take a look at some of the prime offenders that make a Big Mac look like a celery. Think of it as a Popular Science expose, only instead of being about some Mars Lander with "space sails" or some stupid crap we're talking about the bleeding edge of fattening food science.

■ ACT II Extreme Butter Popcorn

What They Say: "For those who really like to live on the edge, our highest-impact butter flavor is Extreme Butter."

Nutrition Comparison: 4 cups of rendered hog fat per serving.

Tubular wave dude! Catching some radical surf on Butter Bay!

Description: The packaging for this popcorn might as well just be a big warning label about heart attacks. It features a whopping total of four pieces of popcorn SURFING on a wave of butter. Apparently the target demographic for ACT II's latest and greatest popcorn consists entirely of people who have a hankering for pouring liquid butter down their throats. The use of the word "extreme" and the butter-surfing motif is a sort of appeal to the inner Vin Diesel in every corpulent body unwilling to arise from the couch. This popcorn and its wild butter flavor are totally in your face and are just for those who like to take risks. You could have a pulmonary embolism at any second from snacking on this, but you don't care, because you are just that extreme and intense!

Possible Improvements: The one thing this product really lacks is sugar. Sure there is some in there, but I just don't think it's doing quite as much damage as it could be. Hopefully ACT II will get the picture and in 2003 will release an Extreme Butter offshoot called Extreme and Sassy Butter that features sugar cubes surfing on a wave of butter. I mean really, air-popped popcorn is borderline nutritious, what the hell is the point of that? Seriously ACT II, get with the fucking program fast before these other companies release their Extreme Butter Fried Pork Popcorn.

Nestlé Pretzel Flipz

Who knew that crack-cocaine could be legally sold at convenience stores?!

What They Say: You'll flip over NESTLÉ FLIPZ! They're so completely irresistible you'll make up excuses to eat them.

Nutrition Comparison: 3 acres of sugar cane and a gallon of lard and fudge slurry.

Description: No more sage advice has ever been given than "never try Flipz". These satanic snack treats consisting of salted pretzels dipped in fudge are the most addicting food ever created. Sold primarily in oversize packages containing about six servings, each bag of Flipz begs to be consumed as quickly as possible, beckoning you to smear your face and lips with the instantly melted chocolate coating. Methadone clinics should take a page from Nestlé and start offering bags of Flipz to heroin junkies trying to kick their quaint little habit. The only down side to these things is that a prime opportunity to add more fat calories is missed when using pretzels, which are baked.

Possible Improvements: Striking an almost religious balance between addicting snack food and horrible nutrition value, Flipz still have an Achilles heel as I mentioned in the description. If Nestlé could develop a version of Flipz that replaces the inferior baked pretzels with either fried pretzels or some other fried snack food then they would achieve some sort of horrible snack food apotheosis. Since I know executives at Nestlé frequently read Something Awful I would like to take a moment to suggest their new product; Nestle Pork-Rind Flipz. The salty deep-fried flavor of pork skin would create a porous pallet for the fatty fudge to seep into and would appeal to a wide market segment that considers pretzels too "high brow" or "snooty".

Ben and Jerry's Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough Ice Cream

What They Say: Vanilla Ice Cream with Gobs of Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough! They also probably have a wad of stupid hippie shit on the packaging somewhere too.

Nutrition Comparison: A lab Petri dish of salmonella dumped into a frozen soup of cow entrails.

Description: Combining the health sensation of ice cream with the waist-watcher's favorite raw cookie dough, Ben and Jerry's has gone a long way towards creating a force feeding fetishist wet dream. When you consider the ingredient list that reads like one of those horrible weight-gain shakes you'd see Jim Belushi putting in a blender to save time in a movie about a cop gone bad you have to realize the sheer perfection in girth enhancing snack food that Ben and Jerry were shooting for. The taste of the ice cream resembles what you would get if you cooked butter, mixed in sugar, and then froze it with chocolate chips inside. This ice cream doesn't make your teeth hurt, it makes your gallbladder hurt.

Possible Improvements: Filthy hippies Ben and Jerry seemed willing to reach for that gold ring with this product, but must have rushed it through research and development before it had been refined to perfection. I suggest adding three-cheese ravioli to the flavor train wreck, a high-carbohydrate and high-fat pasta would really give those finishing touches to this Zyklon-B of ice creams. Another option would be some sort of oil. Just dump in like a cup of olive oil or something, or even heat the whole thing into a liquid and dissolve fats into it until it's a super-saturated solution.

Gummi Lunch Bag

What They Say: Everything You Need For A Great Gummy Lunch. Or, as I prefer; "You thought you were safe, but welcome to The Rapture."

O Fortuna velut luna statu variabilis, semper crescis aut decrescis!

Nutrition Comparison: A tub of gelatinized animal parts, heavily sweetened, and painted with artificial colorings that are made from cobra venom.

Description: If ever there was a snack food born of hell this is it. Conceived in the deepest torture pits of the abyss by demons of gluttony and artificial flavoring, the Gummi Lunch Bag is an abomination made form. It consists of a variety of already terribly unhealthy foods like hot dogs, hamburgers, and pizza, only made out of Gummi candy. All of the candy resembles the actual food items to a frightening degree thanks to the liberal application of a wide variety of artificial colorings. What's worse is the whole thing is marketed, somewhat jokingly, as one of those lunch kits for kids. If some parent ever actually sent their kid to school with one of these things as lunch they should immediately have their parenting license revoked and have their kids sent away to Siberia or somewhere that Gummi candy isn't sold. Just the psychological scars of eating this for lunch are as damaging to your health as any of the other products I've covered.

Possible Improvements: The one thing this product lacks is an extremely high fat content, it has pretty much all the other unhealthy bases covered. To achieve this the diabolists at the Gummi factory have two options. The more feasible of these two would be to inject some sort of lard or cream into all of the Gummi candies with a syringe. The even more effective, and thankfully technologically impossible, method would be to cook the foods that the Gummi candy is intended to represent and then use a shrink ray of some sort to miniaturize them. This would maintain all of the fat and calorie content of the original full-sized versions, providing a sort of depleted-uranium bullet aimed at the gut.

I wish that these products I've covered were far and away the worst things out there. Unfortunately, with the exception of that Gummi Lunch Bag shit, the bloat-factor of these products is all too common. For example that Extreme Butter popcorn from ACT II is just one of a number of butter overload popcorns on the market. It just happened do have the most retarded name and packaging. Flipz are certainly not unique, they just represent the ultimate realization of decades of advances in pretzel and chocolate fudge technology. They are a confluence of science and tastiness that is nearly as irresistible as oxygen or water.

Awash in a consumer market of gluttony I wish that I could claim I was the stoic rock, immune to the petulant cries of burritos demanding to be eaten. Then I could condemn all of these products from on high and not feel the hypocrite. Instead I am as weak willed as most of America, shoveling down everything I can find with "AWESOME SALT EXPLOSION" or "INTENSE CHEESE FLAVOR BURST" written on the packaging in bold letters.

Yeehaw! It's Phriday Time, Partner!

Josh "Largestick" Boruff here yet again with the usual Phriday tidings of discomfort and joy. This week brings us Variety Pack #4, which features both communism and commercialism working to-

gether for comedy. Stop on by and check things out!

Remember when I said to stop on by and check things out? Yeah, me too!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.18 State Og Calendar of Events

Saturday, Jan 18, 2003 by State Og

Hi folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here. As your seemingly friendly State Og Representative, my job is to cram knowledge you didn't know you needed into orifices you'll soon wish you didn't have. We know that abstract conceptions such as "time" and "flour" can be hard to grasp for most people. This is why we went ahead and assembled a calendar of upcoming State Og events which in some way will affect and likely ruin your life. Now you don't have to go through the hassle of figuring out what you're doing on a given day by using a sundial and complicated memorization techniques. Instead, you only have to check the calendar, and decide whether to wear radiation-safe pants or not according to that day's planned activities.

Many State Og workers lost their lives, fingers, and even keys while preparing this calendar. Considering their sacrifices, a big thanks go out to the following agents and the items they lost: Jason "Vengeance Otter" Johnson (right half of face), Gary "Gary Morris" Morris (authentic boxer shorts worn by Babe Ruth), Michael "Slash And Burn" Hollenbeck (virginity), Matt "Krang" Eckert (respect of all those he knew), Aaron "Elcybergoth" Young (two teaspoons of sugar), and myself (Slash And Burn's virginity). Let's get right to the calendar for the rest of the month of January, broken down by week!

- 1.19.2003 - State Og will be holding it's own protest at PETA's North American headquarters, in response to the several PETA led demonstrations during which they objected to our new product called the Animal Totem Pole of Life. The so-called "animal-rights" organization asserts that the act of planting a twenty-foot pole in the ground and then impaling various live animals on it is cruel, but we maintain our position that we, State Og, are the true defenders of animal-rights, seeing that we are protecting the right of all animals to be skewered alive. During our protest, several standard Animal Totem Poles of Life will be erected, but every other animal impaled will be a PETA member.

- 1.20.2003 - Og Farms celebrates ten years of unexplosive dairy products. It's hard to believe, but it's already been a decade since the inception of our guarantee that absolutely no more TNT or otherwise explosive chemicals would find their way into our delicious milk-bourne products! Our consumers feel safe in knowing that they can enjoy our "Cherry Chihuaha" ice cream without fear of it containing even trace amounts of liquid nitrogen, or at the very least any amount that would warrant any sort of "large and incendiary" explosion.

- 1.21.2003 - State Og will be holding an Open House from 8:00 a.m. to 7 p.m. at the home of Ginny & Gerald Barham, who are on a romantic vacation in Hawaii. Recommended attire is "burglar casual." Due to budget constraints, we have to ask you to bring your own hammers and incendiary devices.

- 1.22.2003 - It's time again for the State Og Three-Legged Puppy Ultimate Frisbee Challenge! Bring your horribly misshapen pets to 458 El Camino Drive (thanks for hosting this year, Suzie Littleton!) at 4:00 p.m. to compete with other puppy Frisbee enthusiasts. Remember, you'll also need to bring four packs of matches, two gallons of gasoline, a timed explosive, and at least one large Tupperware container to meet the requirements of State Og's custom Ultimate Frisbee rules.

■ 1.23.2003 - Once again the Newborn Infant Triathlon will truly define that fine line between nature and nurture as dozens of tiny triathletes race by cycling, swimming and running. Unlike every other triathlon newborn infants have no clue how to compete in such an event, and must rely on the instincts passed to them from the womb, guaranteeing an exciting and unpredictable spectacle. The first event this year will be cycling due to the disappointing performance last year when we started (and ended) with the swim.

The retired 2001 champion.

■ 1.24.2003 - At 12:35 an unexpected and certainly unplanned explosion will rock Barbera Streisand Stadium during the first annual State Og Bowl... rock it like a hurricane! The twenty thousand in attendance (who coincidentally are upcoming witnesses in numerous pending litigations against State Og) will all perish horribly, and State Og shall laugh deeply, choking on the ashes of our enemies. There will be free hot dogs, so bring the whole family!

■ 1.25.2003 - All employees who have children attending any of State Og's onsite daycare centers will be delighted to hear a new book will be featured at story-time entitled "Is Mommy or Daddy a No Good Snitch?" It's about a young child who, after a visit from Chuckles, The Secular Multi-Ethnic Holiday Monster, learns that the people who work for State Og but are in fact undercover agents for the government, media, or other companies are evil and eventually eat their own children. Chuckles tells the kid what signs to look for in order to tell if his parents are rotten snitches. Both the young tyke's parents are news reporters who are trying to dig up dirt on State Og! The tale concludes with the youth turning in his double-crossing parents (who are dismembered and eaten by Chuckles) and then flying away with Chuckles in his enchanted gyrocopter, to the magical land of Happymagictoycandycarnivalworld.

■ 1.27.2003 - Participants in this year's State Og sponsored scorpion gargling competition are reminded that the use of non-venomous varieties such as Opistophthalmus macer or Opistophthalmus capensis will result in an immediate disqualification. Contestants under the age of thirteen are also required by state law to have a parent or legal guardian present in the event of a sudden death tie-breaker, popularly referred to as "The Needle Round."

■ 1.28.2003 - Public Relations Director Burt Felk will commit suicide on the steps of the Wayler County Courthouse in protest of the monstrously unjust decision handed down by Judge Wallace Ford late last week. The decision put an end to State Og's wildly successful guerilla-marketing campaign which involved disinterring corpses from all walks of death and tying them to the backs of buses with various hip and edgy slogans burned into their rotting flesh. Heroic Mr. Felk will be dousing himself in gasoline and lighting himself on fire while abusing himself feverishly, an act symbolizing the futility of seeking true justice in the American legal system.

We have nothing to do with this. Seriously.

■ 1.29.2003 - Starting at 5:00 p.m., we will begin the annual State Og Blood Drive! Bring your entire family and join in on the festivities, and remember to give blood to your local State Og chapter. If you're hesitant, consider that the process will not hurt a bit, and that your blood will not be used to resurrect two three-thousand-year-old vampires from their underwater coffins. This is the State Og guarantee.

■ 1.30.2003 - State Og will show support for Clown Car DUI Awareness Day by getting hundreds of clowns amazingly hammered and stuffing them into tiny automobiles. The

dangers of Clown Car DUI will never be more apparent than when the streets are flooded with small amounts of wreckage and long trails of wounded / dead / creepy clowns. For the safety of the clowns, several tiny ambulances filled with dozens of paramedics will be standing by with broken gurneys and seltzer bottles.

- 1.31.2003 - State Og will be unveiling a new wing in fourteen hospitals nationwide: the Ugly Ward. Exceptionally ugly newborns, patients recovering from horrific facial injuries, and generally unpleasant looking people will now receive the special attention they deserve in the Ugly Ward. Gas chamber showers and hilariously unpredicatble collapsing beds are just some of the luxuries we've provided as part of this public service.

There's Always Room For Og!

If you've come here looking for the finest in women's underwear, then boy have you come to the wrong place. I mean, seriously. How the fuck did you read all the way down here? But if you've come looking for the finest in products and services offerred by a maniacal corporation which would very much like to skin you alive until you knock that "being alive" stuff off, then you're in the right place, because State Og has updated once again!

> *The world was a bleak and colorless place in the closing years of the 19th century. The common man was smothered in a blanket of sickly peace and prosperity, unable to break the shackles of affluence that kept him from being the best he could be. Even the lowest of men lounged about on silk pillows, eating grapes from the cleavage of nubile serving girls, who ate their grapes from the loincloths of their serving boys, and so on and so on, all the way down to the lowest of the low, the boy who placed each grape in just the right place between the first serving girl's cleavage.*

You'll never read a better arrangement of words in your entire life than the ones contained in State Og. Even if you do, it would be in your best interest not to tell a living soul. Or a dead soul for that matter, if you can speak to the dead or are a Ghostbuster, I guess. Just go read it now, and whatever you do, don't cross the streams.

-~State Og

1.19 Remember Me? I'm a Friggin' Missile

Sunday, Jan 19, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Saddam Hussein shown holding Iraq's only working gun. Also, the nation's goofiest hat!

With each passing day, more and more Americans resign themselves to the thought of impending war. In fact, we've basically stopped preparing for war with Iraq and started looking more closely at North Korea. We tend to think of the war with Iraq as being over already. Hell, we won it once, there's no reason to think we're not going to win it again. Iraq isn't really much of a country. It's basically Saddam, his cabinet, and a whole bunch of really scared Arabs running around and starving to death. Someone should tell them they'd starve to death a little slower if they didn't wear themselves out running around. The point is, Iraq doesn't offer much in the way of an enemy. North Korea, on the other hand, there's a country worth worrying about. They have nuclear capabilities and they seem to be convinced that they're far enough away from us that they could use them and not suffer any real consequences. These guys are itching to fight. They'll take any excuse they can get to start shooting people. You can't send them a birthday card without it being declared an act of war by their council of most honorable elders, or whoever calls the shots over there. Frankly, I think they're getting a little cocky for people with only half a country. We may have to go in there and smack them around a little until they learn that if the name of your nation includes a cardinal direction, you're not big enough to rumble with the U.S.

My thoughts had been on North Korea for some time, with little regard for Iraq, until this article caught my eye.

> **Iraq 'forgot' about rocket warheads**
>
> *IRAQ has denied eleven rocket warheads designed to carry chemical agents are part of a secret arms program.*
>
> *A United Nations team found the warheads at an Iraqi ammunition depot overnight, but a senior Iraqi official denied that they were chemical weaponry or banned.*
>
> *General Amin, whose agency liaises with the inspectors, said: "It is neither chemical, neither biological. It is empty warheads. It is small artillery rockets. It is expired rockets, and they were forgotten without any intention to use them."*
>
> *"They found out some ... boxes, but they are unopened boxes, sealed boxes, and they asked to open those boxes," General Amin said.*

You know, I misplaced one of these once. Oh wait, no I didn't BECAUSE THEY'RE HUGE.

I'm sorry, could you run that by me one more time? They *forgot* about eleven warheads that were built for the specific purpose of carrying chemical weapons? That's not something you forget. The formula for computing the volume of a rhombus, that's something you forget. At first I was against the war with Iraq, then I grudgingly accepted its inevitability and started focusing on other issues. Now I think we should go in there and spank them silly just on sheer principle! Where does Iraq, one of the most easily and frequently bitchslapped nations in the world, get the balls to say that they "forgot" about eleven warheads? After all the years that Iraq worked to keep out U.N. inspectors, to then uncover something like this just sitting in boxes is more than a little insulting. Come on, Iraq! You've had all this time to hide your warheads, and the best hiding place you could come up with was "sealed boxes?" For shame!

And since when was "we forgot" an acceptable excuse in international politics? If they said they were going to send Bush a free t-shirt and never did, I'd let them get away with "we forgot." Having eleven warheads stashed in a closest, that's not forgettable material. Iraq has to have some nerve to have weapons laying around like that and try to blame it on a brain fart. What are we supposed to say to that? Do they expect us to say it's okay? "Oh, they just forgot about the chemical weapon-delivering warheads they said they didn't have. Hey, it happens to the best of us, don't worry about it." Then next week we find out that they "forgot" about a laboratory deep within the earth where horrible experiments are being conducted to create a race of superintelligent, hermaphroditic gorillas and -BAM! - there's a damn dirty shemale ape planting an Iraqi flag on top of the Capitol Hill. No, we can't let them squeak by with a flimsy excuse like that. Can you imagine history if America considered "we forgot" to be a useable diplomatic strategy?

Franklin Roosevelt: "Say, Adolf, I heard something about you killing six million Jews. You don't have any death camps, do you?"
Hitler: "Uh... no."
Roosevelt: "What about those camps over there?"
Hitler: "Oh, *those* death camps! Yeah, sorry, I forgot."
Roosevelt: "Hey, don't worry about it. It's cool."

John F. Kennedy: "Khrushchev, my guys are telling me there are some crazy silo-looking things in Cuba."
Khrushchev: "Dude, there totally aren't. I don't know what your guys are talking about.".
Kennedy: "Look, I have these pictures that show missile silos and I think.... yep, they're in Cuba."
Khrushchev: "Oh, snap! Yeah, we do have silos there. I forgot. My bad."
Kennedy: "Hey, no biggie."

You'll bring this on yourselves!

Pretty scary stuff. If forgetfulness was a good excuse in those scenarios, today we'd be living in a Jew-less, post-apocalyptic Commie world. And without Jews, who would host the post-apocalyptic Commie Oscars? Not Billy Crystal, he'd be dead. That's right. Whoopi Goldberg. Every year. I wouldn't want to live in that world, would you? That's why we have to send a message to the Iraqis to get them to stop digging their hole any deeper. Luckily, I was in a message-sending mood, so I put together the following note:

Dear Iraq,

Think back to the Gulf War. I've seen tennis matches that lasted longer than you guys did once we sent in ground troops. You're not going to win this one. If I were in your position, I'd be writing letters asking America to make the ass-kicking swift and relatively painless. Instead, you're just making it worse for yourselves. It's bad enough that we found the warheads. You'll definitely get a good, solid bombing for that. But saying that you forgot about them? Now you're just being a dick. If there's one thing that you should understand about American foreign policy, it's that no one gets to be a dick but us. If we say we'll stay out of your airspace, and the next day you spot the 162nd B-52 bomber squadron doing barrel rolls over Baghdad, we get to say, "oops, we forgot." That's the

privilege we earned by whooping a lot of tail in a lot of wars. If our President gets drunk and moons your prime minister, it's too bad, because we're America. We can get away with that sort of crap. No one else can, especially you.

Love,

America

P. S., Especially you.

Now, I don't pretend to understand the minds of foreign diplomats - except for that one time when I pretended to understand the minds of foreign diplomats, but I learned my lesson from that - but I think that this letter will get the point across. Having warheads is bad. Having warheads and lying about them is worse. Having warheads, lying about them, and then coming up with a lame excuse to cover your asses is just asking for it.

Aww Shit, Here Come The Sizaints!

Taylor "Psoriasis or something like that" Bell here let you know that I have stopped living in sin and begun living every moment of my life to glorify God. I used to be a filthy nonbeliever, but then I played Saints of Virtue, which changed my mind about the existence of God, since the developers have apparently used their holy Christian powers to go back in time and steal an early prealpha build of the Doom engine to use in their game.

This is a Christian game, so instead of fighting evil imps who are bent on keeping you from saving your comrades in a moon base youï¿½re fighting different sins (represented by giant floating masks with five frames of animation each) who are heinously trying to prevent you from swearing your life over to Jesus and immediately racing down the street to make a bunch of large tax-deductible donations to your nearest church. From the front they all look pretty much the same, but each mask has a different item jammed into the back ï¿½ Vanity has a deformed boxing glove, Worldliness has a globe (Get it? Worldliness?), Self-Righteousness has a Mozart-style wig and Fear has a rusty discolored bowling ball. They dissuade you from giving your life to Christ in a very effective and persuasive way ï¿½ by floating around in hallways and spitting tiny little fireballs at you. The first time one of those things hit me, I felt all my love for God drain right out of my body before being replaced with a new desire to spraypaint a chicken casserole recipe on my local churchï¿½s wall in really big pink letters. Iï¿½m not exactly sure why I felt that way or why I decided to tell you all about it, but donï¿½t question me ï¿½ I know where you live and Iï¿½ve still got some spraypaint left, fucker.

Read the full review before I use my newfound God powers to smite your pagan ass.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1.20 It's About the Gameplay! Really!

Monday, Jan 20, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Gameplay!

The public has been demanding a high-quality volleyball simulator for years now, and finally the developers at Tecmo's Team Ninja have listened. The release date for "Dead or Alive: Extreme Beach Volleyball" is fast approaching, and I could not be more excited! The game promises to provide fast-paced and realistic volleyball gameplay coupled with extremely high-polygon player models and environments. Add this all to a casino and commerce model and you have what could be one the best sports games ever to come out for a console. Oh yeah, it somehow slipped my mind, but the game also looks like some sort of tech demo for Team Ninja's new "breast sway engine" that could revolutionize the entire gaming industry.

Hi, my name is Zack Parsons and you may remember me from reviews of games like "Battle Raper", "Water Closet", and "Snow Drop". After months of suffering through and reviewing Japanese dating and rape simulators I find myself feeling guilty to admit that, yes, I am looking forward to the Xbox's upcoming Sexy Volleyball game. Even before Lara Croft donned her first pair of khaki hot-pants, sexuality had begun to creep into the periphery of gaming. The oft-maligned "Custer's Revenge" featured rapes nearly as graphic as clouds that resemble a man and a woman running into each other over fifteen years ago. Nintendo fans around the world immediately fell in love with the revelation that Samus from Metroid was an acrobatic hottie and not a gun-toting muscle head. These two early plays on sexuality represent disparate ends of the spectrum of sex in gaming for me.

GAMEPLAY!

On the one hand you have a juvenile and demeaning game for the Atari that roughly two people played and on the other you have a massive smash hit game that kept hidden from the audience until the very end that the protagonist was female. It was an eyebrow raising epiphany for many nine-year old boys that "girls can kick ass", but once the secret was out the fanboys and their pencils flew into action drawing a curvaceous femme fatale to fit their fantasies. As the industry progressed so did this model of the female protagonist, with increasingly buxom and ass-kicking women being granted roles in games normally reserved for their testosterone fueled counterparts. It was at once dismaying and empowering. For the dismaying side of affairs the developers were obviously selling games based on sex appeal, even if they liked to pretend otherwise. On the up side ladies finally got a handful of female characters at the center of the action that broadened the audience to include more women.

Following the "pure sex object" model of high-quality games like "Custer's Revenge" is a smaller group of games, many of them quite good, which make no secret of the fact that the women in the game are there to be looked at. An example on the good side of things would be Duke Nuke 'Em 3D. It was a great game that just happened to have scantily clad stripper sprites littered throughout a few of the levels. The gyrating pixels fit with the ridiculously macho theme of the game and no one but a few mothers with too much time on their hands really gave it a second thought.

In the last few years the course of these two types of "sex appeal" games has melded almost indistinguishably. Where Bloodrayne and its vinyl vixen stop and the bikini-clad volleyball girls from Sexy Volleyball begin is hard to tell. There may not even really be a difference anymore. One is using cheesecake to sell the game and the other is using cheesecake as the main selling point, does it

really matter which tactic is being used? For those looking for ammunition in their petty and idiotic console wars the answer is definitely yes. Fans of the Nintendo Gamecube point at titles like Sexy Volleyball, make that horrible yelling sound from "Invasion of the Bodysnatchers", and expect everyone to realize that the Xbox is nothing but tits and guns to appease the Neanderthal urges of the mono-browed, mouth-breathing, NASCAR fans that play Xbox. Meanwhile, equally abrasive Xbox fans are turning the point around on them and declaring the Gamecube as a haven for childish and inoffensively androgynous characters best suited for first-graders and the developmentally disabled. It helps people feel good about themselves to hate other people for what they enjoy.

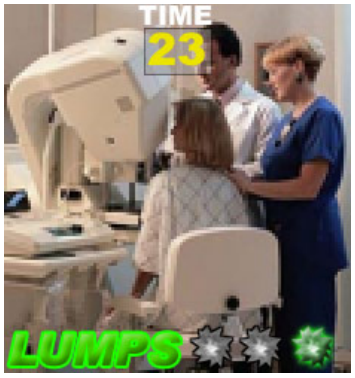
GAMEPLAY!!!!!

Getting back to the original topic, sex in videogames is fast becoming a pissing contest between rival fans and Sexy Volleyball is right smack dab in the middle of the spreading pool of urine. Personally I don't understand the problem with the game. It has incredibly good graphics that, yes, include scantily clad girls with a detailed physics model for their breasts. It has fluid animation and bright environments that are a refreshing change of pace from the dreary hell worlds of games like "Mech Assault" or "Metroid Prime". Ultimately it will succeed or fail on the merits of its game play and not the detail of the nipples straining at the fabric of the bikini tops. What effect it may have on the gaming industry as a whole is anyone's guess, and since I'm anyone, I feel confident in taking a guess.

The astonishing success of Sexy Volleyball, which will sell more copies than any game before it, will produce a long line of imitators each trying to surpass each other with questionable content. After a year of waning sales, even the chaste Nintendo will realize that the jig is up and turn its attention towards heavily sexualizing all of its games. Through the magic of forecasting technology and uninformed theories that amount to me "making shit up", I bring you three of the best-selling games of 2004.

■ Dead or Alive: Extreme Beach Breast Cancer Detection

Under the guise of a game aimed at teaching women that early detection is the best way to prevent breast cancer, DoA: Extreme Beach Breast Cancer will turn out to be one of the hottest games ever made. This revolutionary title will feature an all new advanced breast sway engine, with the most realistic sway physics ever created and characters composed of so many polygons they are almost photorealistic Barbie Dolls. Two modes of play will be available. In "Story Mode" players will have to battle through three stages of detecting breast cancer in their character. The first stage will include several environments like "the shower" and "bathroom mirror" and as the female character on screen runs her hands over her bare breasts the game will use advanced vibration techniques to allow the player to actually "feel for lumps". Once the player finds all three lumps in the breasts they will advance to the next stage.



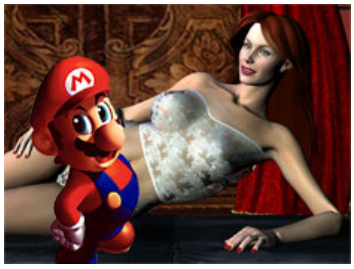
Tap X and Y to detect lumps!

Stage two will be a mammography simulator. Similar to the previous level, the player will guide his character into disrobing, placing her breasts one at a time in a mammogram machine, and then shooting mammography images of the breasts. It will be difficult to perfectly line up the breast in the machine, but skill and a lot of button mashing will get the job done as the timer counts down. Once again, when all three lumps are found with mammography

the player will advance to the next and final stage. The player will be faced with a sedated version of his character on the operating table and must tap and biopsy all three lumps marked on the bare breasts. Speed and skill are of the essence as a timer counts to down for when the anesthetic will wear off. If the player is successful a cut scene will be show with the character chosen going through chemotherapy treatment and ultimately beating breast cancer in a show of determination.

Players will also be able to go head to head in the 1 on 1 lump detection battle mode. Similar to the single player mode, two characters will be paired up with the goal of detecting lumps in their opponent's breasts by massaging them vigorously. Environments are said to include a bathtub, a wading pool full of Jello, a mud pit, and a bed, with several interactive areas for each arena and at least 3 arenas that can be unlocked through story mode.

Super Mario Brothel



Mario explains "what it is" to one of his "finest mares".

Nintendo will be the last company to throw their hat into the sex-sells ring, but they will also prove to be one of the most successful and innovative companies at doing just that. Their first title in the genre will be "Super Mario Brothel" an action/RPG hybrid that will fuse the fast-paced platforming and franchise characters of the popular Mario games with the collect and train aspects of the similarly successful Game Boy Pokemon games. Players can choose from one of four characters that include Mario himself, Luigi, Princess Peach, and Toadstool. Each of them is starting up a brothel in a small town in the Mushroom Kingdom and must travel to various villages talking to the hottest girls and recruiting them for their "stable". Prostitutes who have been collected for their respective brothels can be trained in the "academy" mini-game section. The academy will include games like one-on-one battles against rival prostitutes to attempt to bring a John to climax the quickest, button mashing contests of stamina to see if they can honor request to urinate on a client's chest, and a coat-hangar abortion simulator similar to the lock-picking sequences in Splinter Cell. In all there will be some fifteen mini-games for training the workers at your brothel.

The overall goal of the game will be to win the status of "greatest brothel in the mushroom kingdom" with a variety of trophies and prizes to accompany this prestigious award. Competing brothels will be played by the computer or up to three other human players in split-screen party mode. The most successful brothel, and the stiffest competition, will be offered by Bowser's Koopa Ranch, where the evil turtle's legions of koopas and goombahs will offer stiff competition for the realistic-looking human prostitutes Mario and company can recruit.

Caring for your prostitutes and keeping them "in line" will be an important part of gameplay as well. Each "mare" in the player's "stable" will require different treatment to ensure they remain happy and productive. Some will enjoy being coddled, given gifts, or even serviced by the player, while others will like verbal abuse and the occasional application of Mario's pimp-hand.

Jenna Jameson Pro-Skater

Jenna does a noseblunt at the factory. I don't know what a noseblunt is other than, well, that.

One of the hottest porn-stars combined with one of the hottest skating franchises will create one of the hottest games of 2004. After an abortive all-nude Madden outing, developers for Sony's PS2 console get with the program and create a skating action-sports game with a touch of pornographic class. Players will be able to choose from a wide variety of their favorite starlets from Vivid Pictures and com-

pete on the skateboard and off it. Stunts for the skating portion will include old favorites like "720 surf and turf", "2160 olliepallooza", "1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue", and "666 skate of the beast", as well as new stunts like "650,430 vortex" and the nigh-impossible "12,121,121 fractal".

Off the skateboard the player can compete for stunts in amateur porn shoots at locations throughout three virtual cityscapes. Hundreds of brand-new erotic stunts will be created just for the game, and while I don't have the time to list all of them, the amazing power of my precognition and ability to make up lists of dirty words has allowed me to get a glimpse at the future of adult action-sports gaming.

- 500 Man Gangbang
- Bukakke Rodeo
- 720 Freestyle Double Penetration
- All Girl Orgy
- Backdoor Beauty Bonus
- 1080 DVDA
- 360 Fake Bondage Video
- 720 Hardcore Bondage Fetish Video
- Bangbus Fake Amateur Action
- Cumshot Compilation
- Interracial Action
- Disgustingly Misplaced Rimjob Scene
- Curb Rider Deep Anal Fisting

That's just the tip of the iceberg with a whopping total of over 350 skating stunts and 200 porn stunts that can be performed to earn points, unlock porn stars, and complete bonus missions. Jenna Jameson Pro Skater promises to succeed where BMX XXX failed miserably.

My biggest fear is actually that Sexy Volleyball will lead to mainstream American Hentai games. I think there's a huge difference between cheesecake volleyball and rape simulators where women are crying. Do you really want the next Final Fantasy game to feature the main character having sex with his sister and then his mom? Okay, maybe you do, but I don't. I'm perfectly content to enjoy the jiggling pixels offered up by Sexy Volleyball, but if the sequel features a "water closet" and Lei Fang having to take a shit I'm going to be mighty pissed off.

Summer Movie Preview Mania with Jeff K.!

Another round of blockbuster movies is on the way and Jeff K. is ahead of the pack previewing them all, or at least the important ones.

my Naem si MY NAME SI JEFF K adn yuo might previosuly know me from my award

> *winning webpaege at Jeff K. (my webpage). BUT I am tired of writeing about video games and my TV set broke anyway when I threw a hat at it!!! OH NOS!!! But yet, so I haev decided to write up a previews page about movies comeing up in teh year 2003, in teh summar whitch it si not already and I HAVE TIPS!!! I HAVE UNDARCOVAR SOURCES IN TEH MOVIEMAKEING INSUDTRSY WHICH IS HOW I GOT ALL THESE RED HOT TIPS!!! so yuo can hand yuorself yuor own ass in yuor hands and take my pearls too teh bank gents, becuase I HAEV SCOOPED ALL TEH MAJOR MOVIE SITES WITH THES ARTICAL!!! especailly that webpaegs about teh fat Chewbacca who sees movies and then rates tehm based on how good teh popcorn and Twix were at teh movie theatar. MY PAGE IS WILL BE BETTAR THAN THAT SHIT so either leave it or lump it, flathead! AHHAHAHAHA!!!*

I can't really add anything to that, so go read it!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.21 Quick Checklist: the Things the Internet Has Ruined For Me

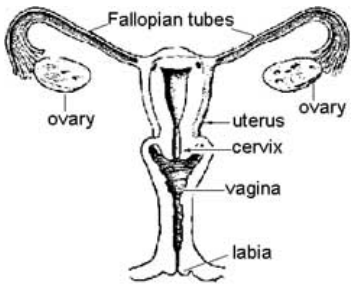
Monday, Jan 20, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I would like to take this moment to sincerely thank the Internet for ruining the following three things for me:

This is not healthy for human beings or any other living organisms.

1) My favorite childhood cartoons. I can't visit over six consecutive pages on the Internet these days without finding at least one link to an "erotic fan fiction" page dedicated to the cartoons I knew and loved as a child. Every cartoon or animated feature in the history of the world has at least one "erotic fan fiction" website, usually attached to a webring (which is thankfully either broken or dismantled) where similar self-professed artists take the liberty of adding bonus genitalia to animated creatures and placing them in hilarious sexual positions with the supporting cast. Hey kids, remember Gadget from "Chip and Dale's Rescue Rangers"? Well you'll be pleased as punch to know that she's now sexually serviced over half the planet's inhabitants, including every single character from any Disney cartoon ever made, many of whom miraculously turned into females with ridiculously large penises just for this event! Leave it up to the unbridled creativity of Internet citizens to destroy our most precious memories by slapping a dick on it and having it hump a female rodent!

Cartoons are a popular Internet target thanks to the fact that they are much easier to draw than human beings and most pornographic Internet cartoon artists have issues with actual human beings. I believe the biggest issue they have is the one that prohibits them from being able to use their mouth to communicate with other living, non-fictional human beings, but after knowing what these people place in their mouths, I'd say this is a good thing. The only time they ever come into contact with other humans is when their ISP is forced to call and warn them that posting home drawn money shots from "Doug" is not allowed on their hosting space. Additionally, each cartoon character they pump out in Paintshop Pro usually has only about 10 different colors to them, which is good because that means there's a lot of contrast between those dark colors and the copious amounts of opaque liquid which is inexplicably flying out of one of their holes like somebody unleashed a White-Out geyser. If you have any, I repeat any childhood cartoons that you remember fondly, please either agree to never use the Internet or prepare to have your memories crushed and mutilated like Randy Johnson hurling a diseased carp into industrial fan. Just accept the fact that somebody has turned your animated memories into transsexual gangbang orgies and move on.



This diagram is slightly inaccurate for images found on the Internet; the bottom four points should be stretched outwards to eight times their normal size, large enough to fit an entire spare tire.

2) Sexual organs. Before ever using the Internet, I was ambivalent towards sexual organs and their functions. I knew that horrible, dirty things involving gross body parts and foreign items occasionally happened in some odd places across the globe, but I never worried about being slapped in the face with them (both literally and figuratively speaking). Now, more than a decade after first going online, I find myself so dramatically desensitized to every sexual perversion that nothing

shocks me anymore. It's like regularly ingesting a drug that you really don't want; you start out being shocked and mortified by Ye Olde Gaping Anus (do not click), and after enough months you eventually get to the point where you aren't even phased by Ye Olde Spewing Hole (do not, I repeat **do not click**). There are simply no more sexual organs left to become disfigured and consequently horrify me; I've seen it all many times and from many angles. This goes the same for dead people pictures, "I Live In a Stupid, Shitty Country And I Got This Rare and Terrible Disease From Orally Pleasuring a Dog-Sized Maggot" photos, and Jack Chick comics.

I remember the novelty gross out sites had to me when I was young and stupid. However, as I grew up to become old and stupid, I realized that I needed something more graphic and disgusting to have the same effect on me that a simple "oh my god, what is that woman doing to her pee-hole?" image did years ago. I'm frankly at the point where I've repeatedly witnessed the most repulsive cross-section of human sexuality that doesn't involve growing brand new sexual organs and then paying somebody to ram into them with a parking cone. Every horrible thing that could be imagined by mankind has been done, photographed, and shoved into my eyesight, mostly due to the "people" in Fuck You and Die. I suppose I should thank them for amassing an arsenal deadlier than any empty chemical warheads America finds underneath Saddam's sink, as they spam images so horrible that if Japan's government knew they were allowing the exportation of such material, they would willingly nuke themselves from orbit.

Welcome to the Internet. This man will be your chaperone.

3) The English language. Now I don't want to sound like a pretentious twat here (because I'm too stupid to act pretentious correctly), but I had generally positive experiences and outlooks on the American educational system before falling into the lures of the Internet. Sure there were people at my school who protested the government's educational policies and claimed schools were underfunded, understaffed, and full of kids dumber than a bucket of hair, but I never listened to those people or hung around with them because - let's face it - they were nerds. Now I realize how lucky I was to escape my high school without being stabbed in the face or shot by somebody who uses the number "1" in place of the letter "I" when writing about his favorite *Magic: The Gathering* cards in between rounds of whatever "shoot everybody in the head with realistic weapons" game is currently popular. There are enough bastardizations of the English language currently floating around the Internet to make you think that we're living in some kind of post-apocalyptic wasteland divided up between 100 battling tribes, each with its own set of customs, language, and set of rules one must either abide by or get dumped into the arena to battle a mutant roach that shoots fire out of its eyes. Here's a quick example of Internet English Bastardizations (IEBs) scraped from the top of my brain, each attempting to write out "Hello, I went to the store, now I'm going to play a video game and go to sleep":

HIP HOP INTERNET HOMEBOY: *"yoyoyo, i wuz goin2 da sizzstore , i came bizzack and yo gonna peep dis sheeit on da fLYZ tip play me up sum vGAME, git mah game IZ-ON yo den gon katch some Zs onna bizzsammed 4 peepz yea niggah peace out."*
COUNTERSTRIKE CLOWN: *"HE*
HEY
I want to
yo, u there/
I win 2 the store
b4
hey

whas up
but Im back nbow
im gunna play sum CS
DN server with -={bL4KH4Wk}=-
l8r
hey, u there"
INTERNET GRRL: *"hey yeah *_ *.!! I ws at teh store ebfore ebut then I like sdecdied to cometi heback because I saw waI wanted to watch a ppogram on TV ^_^ but it was walll tah teh televsiion was off so I had too call mtmy mom :- and she awuz like 'April, I teotlf told yuo hawohow to tunr on the teTV yesterday girflriedn and I wuz liek not yuo didnt!!!' ^_- so sinstated ai updated this alLivejoruanl and mayeb I go to asleep in a a btielltittle bit aftera I take the mdeication."*

Those are just three of the infinite number of English bastardizations currently floating around the Internet like "authentic" Britney Spears nude photographs, but I can assure you that there are many others lurking in the shadows, mating and mutating with other disasters to produce a strain of communication that will eventually become as lethal as an injection of anthrax into your heart.

Sure there are other things that the Internet has robbed from me, but this was just a checklist of the three most basic things that I feel are missing from my life. Of course, if somebody claims the biggest things absent from their life involves cartoons, sexual organs, and the English language, you know that they obviously have larger issues they need to deal with, but I accepted that long ago.

Goldmine Time!

Unlike the above update, the Tuesday Goldmine is here and it doesn't suck ass! Hooray! Today's theme was "Photoshop Roulette," in which SA Forum Goons had to take two random images, Photoshop them together, and form... well... I'm not quite sure what they formed! But hell, it's here and is in image format, so what have you go to lose?

Far out! Smoke Goldmines every day!

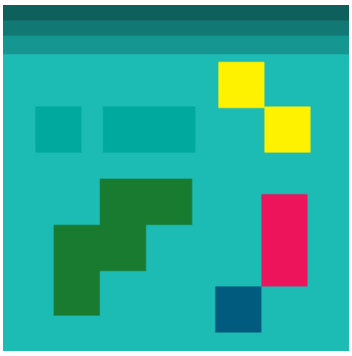
-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.22 From the Atari to the Xbox: a Descent Into Console Hell

Wednesday, Jan 22, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This man knows what's right for you and your child, and it's an ass-whoopin', not some faggy-ass video game!

Although my parents tried their hardest to prevent it, I grew up as a young nerd. They refused to cave in to my budding geek-like desires and purchase an Atari 2600 or ColecoVision, instead encouraging me to go outdoors and "socially interact" with children throughout my neighborhood. As a result, I went out and socially interacted with children throughout my neighborhood by heading to their house and playing their video game consoles. To me, video game consoles were the proverbial "forbidden fruit," a source of entertainment which required me to sneak out of my parents house, climb onto my authentic fake Street Machine BMX bike, and enter a friend's house under the guise of "hanging out." The same goes with sweet cereal; my parents refused to purchase any kind of cereal which listed "sugar" as one of the first nine hundred ingredients. As anybody with half a brain could predict, I naturally grew up as a child who loved to play video games and eat sugar-filled garbage. All you parents out there should read and interpret this as a lesson: encourage your children to be the exact opposite of what you want them to be. If you want your stupid kid to become a football player, give him *Dungeons and Dragons* presents for every major holiday. If you feel the need to make your child a doctor, forbid him to ever get injured or go to the emergency room. If you demand your child grow up as a heterosexual, repeatedly engage in anal intercourse with other men in front of him while shouting, "THIS IS HOW IT'S GOTTA BE, MY BOY!"



A screenshot from the popular Atari 2600 game, "Alien Mars Lunar Galaxy Space Mars Attack UFO Fight Mars 1999."

Regardless, I grew up loving video games. I'd creep over to my friend David's house to use his Intellivision, or if he was gone, I'd sprint over to Mike's house and play Atari 2600. This was back in the early 1980's, a time when "supercomputer" meant "a tape-driven machine which can play Tic-Tac-Toe with Matthew Broderick." Games were incredibly simple back then, as the joysticks came with only one button and the programming language only contained two commands, "VIOLENTLY FLASH RED" and "END." This simplicity resulted in hundreds, possibly millions, of games that could be crammed into the system and played without ever having to look at the title of the game, much less the instruction manual. Since video game guides back then simply consisted of "please do not eat cartridge" and "cartridge should not be used as a floatation device," there was no point to them anyway. The only things you needed to know was that pressing the huge red button made you shoot, pushing the joystick up made your character go up, pushing down made your character go down, and you should under NO circumstances allow your character to touch anything else that moved. That's all there was to games back then. Sure, you'd occasionally have a drugged out hippy French game developer who made some heap of crap where pushing to the left made your character move to the right, but those guys were driven out of business by the cold war.

Eventually my parents caved in and purchased an Atari 5200, the rightful heir to the Atari 2600's kingdom. The 5200 had infinitely better graphics and sound, but there were only nine games ever produced for it and six of those were Pac Man clones. The 5200 came with an unbelievable TWO

buttons on the controller, a feature that would've added unparalleled gameplay to any title if some engineer at Atari would've ever figured out how to make the buttons actually fucking work. The Atari 5200 joysticks were designed to break and lock up when exposed to oxygen, allowing only astronauts or Michael Jackson to successfully use them. Despite this two button trouble, gameplay still remained simple and easy to remember: keep moving in random directions nonstop while avoiding anything else that moves, which is coincidentally the same outlook I have on life.

This is why I can't play games. I don't even remember which buttons starts.

Soon the Nintendo Entertainment System crept up and, once again, my parents refused to purchase it. The Nintendo, like the Atari 5200, came with a standard two buttons, mysteriously labeled "A" and "B," presumably so gamers could learn the first two letters of the alphabet while jumping on turtles. This two-button layout was simple: one button caused your character to jump and the other made you shoot whatever stupid pink gun you were holding. The "select" button was a real mystery though, as some games it brought up an inventory screen while others caused your character to sit around and eventually be killed by deadly orange fungus toads. I loved gaming back then and the challenges it brought, however limited they might have been. I could sit in front of the television and play Ninja Gaiden, Faxanadu, or almost any other game (besides Ikari Warriors 3) for hours on end. I loved console gaming and the memories of it brings a tear to my eye. Well, not necessarily a tear, but I do feel wetness in a certain area of my body.

Cut to today: I've got a PS2, Gamecube, and Xbox system all sitting around on my entertainment center rack, yet I hardly ever turn them on. Why is this? How did I go from a Pac-Maniac to a console killjoy in less than a decade? Well, it's a two part phenomenon:

1) The complexity of the game. Gone are the days when you simply have to travel from point A to point B while defeating King C in his Castle of D. These days gamers demand complexity, a compelling storyline, and thousands of "mini-games," all of which must be beaten to attain a Chi Guia Egg that you can give to Shopkeeper Maya in return for the Mystic Flute of Horrific Pouty Ensembles. If you somehow dig up the 100 hours required to beat a game, you'll find yourself staring at what's know as the "you fucking suck" ending screen, one which penalizes you for failing to collect the 19,000 enchanted shoehorns along your journey.

Although it's my favorite game of all time, I place the blame solely on Sonic the Hedgehog for this disturbing trend. If you'll recall, the goal of Sonic was to collect all seven Chaos Emeralds in the bonus stages before beating the game. If you did so, you were rewarded with the "happy" ending, in which Sonic reunites with his long lost buddy from college and they eventually knock up some broad behind a bar. If you failed to grab every emerald, you got stuck with the "bad" ending, where Sonic overdoses on heroin and his corpse is slowly covered by child care payment bills floating down from the sky. Games these days have taken the "bad ending" idea a few hundred steps forward, basically to the point where you're required by law to get every single bonus item or else the game erases itself and one of your family members is kidnapped and murdered on national television. Hell, I can't even pass the second stage in games these days, much less beat them and spend half a month searching for every single two-pixel wide Honky Fruit that I need to retrieve so Prince Polyp can take his rightful place in the Kingdom of Hulahula.

2) The complexity of the controller. Goodbye "A" and "B" buttons; hello "X", "Y", "F", "G", "H", "Q", R1, R2, R1A, R2A, analogue joystick, digital joystick, thumb

button, WHITE BUTTON, BLACK BUTTON, KIND OF WHITE BUTTON, DARK GRAY BUTTON, QFC-89 switch, flange toggle, elbow button, and foot switch! Back during the NES era, consultation of the instruction book was only necessary to remind you which colored jellybean turned your blob into a ladder. These days the instruction booklet is considered "required reading," spans over 60 pages, and is printed in 8-pont font. They're horribly complex, easily forgettable, tremendously confusing tomes of information that only futuristic cyborgs who dedicate months of their lives to memorizing can grasp, and read like the following:

X - **Jump**	X + analogue joystick UP - **High jump**
X + Y - **Jump attack**	X + Y + O - **Crouch jump**
X + Y + O + analogue joystick UP - **Crouch jump attack**	X + Y + O + analogue joystick LEFT - **High crouch jump attack block offense turn**
X + Y + O + T - **High attack jump turn swivel return grab ass apple cow**	X + Y + O + T + analogue joystick LEFT + R1 + R2 - **Emit impotence-causing gamma rays from television screen**

I literally cannot play any games due to my poor memory and its inability to recall each and every combination when needed. Whenever I encounter the final boss of the first level (or even one of his million henchmen for that matter), I find myself pressing pause and leafing through chapter 281 of the instruction manual to determine how to make my gun shoot forward.

These two issues may make me seem like a bitter old man who can't keep up with today's games, but in reality I - well, okay, I am a bitter old man who can't keep up with today's games. I honestly have no clue how kids can be so fucking good at those crazy ass fighting games that require you to memorize and instantly produce hundreds of codes, each one with more characters than your own name. If I were to walk into an arcade right now and put in the required 12 dollars needed to play whatever current hyperactive Japanese anime ultraviolent street combat fighting game is popular, any ten-year old in the arcade would hand me my ass on a platter. Then they'd probably beat me up and take my remaining money because I made their website an Awful Link of the Day a week ago.

If you've ever read this site before, you're undoubtedly aware of the fact that we don't bitch and complain about things without offering our own unique and horribly intelligent solutions which often involve critically wounding a large quantity of people and the Pope. So, without further ado, I would like to propose the following game ideas to developers across the world (excluding France) which will fulfill my need to play simple, easy-to-understand games that don't involve lengthy periods of investigative journalism to merely figure out how to operate.

Exclusive screenshot from "The Princess is North."

■ **"The Princess is North"** *(Action / Adventure)* - Oh no! The princess has been kidnapped by a convicted sexual offender and he has fled to the Kingdom of Molestor, a place which is north of your current location! Can you travel in a somewhat straight line to rescue the defenseless princess from Gaping

Gary and his Handjob Henchmen? This game will challenge users to look at a compass and then direct their character in the direction of north (up). Occasionally there will be objects such as rocks and cactuses impeding your progress, but considering every button on the joystick makes your character jump really fucking high, they won't pose too much of a threat. The final boss encounter with Gaping Gary will require you to leap onto a button that reads "explode," causing Gary to explode. There is also a button labeled "make princess explode," but you shouldn't really jump on that unless you want the "bad ending" which is the game over screen flashing while the theme song from "The Benny Hill Show" plays on an infinte loop.

- **"SimInefficiant Evil Dictator"** *(Strategy)* - You are the premiere contractor for evil space villains and were recently hired to design a series of mobile battleships to defend an entire evil space empire from one single weenie guy in a white spaceship. It's up to you to draft and sign contracts with manufacturing firms which produce ineffective cannons, imprecise missiles, and sluggardly bullets that travel slower than a crippled sea slug. Should you pour all of the research and development money into producing a gigantic ion cannon which shoots out a deadly laser beam for three seconds and then takes nine minutes to recharge, at which point it's completely vulnerable and easy to destroy? Or should you invest your cash in a fleet of fast moving, bipedal robots that move in a straight line until they collide with each other or are blown up? It's up to you, and your financial decisions will determine exactly how long it takes for the entire galaxy to be defeated by a floating robot controlled by a 14-year old.
- **"Let's Kill Ed"** *(First Person Shooter)* - Ed has been bothering you for too long. He repeatedly comes over to your house and asks to borrow tools, clothing, and family members, only to never return them. It's up to you, as somebody who is definitely NOT Ed, to kill Ed. You are placed in a square room with a gun and Ed, and may only leave once you've successfully killed Ed, who does not know how to fight back and cannot understand why you're attempting to murder him. After you've snuffed him out for the 250th time, he begins to get a little bit smarter and learns how to move slightly to the left, but not far enough to avoid being shot. Exciting minigames include "Let's Kill Ed: A Smaller Version of the Same Game" and "Let's Kill Ed: The Dating Simulator" which requires you to date, marry, and then murder Ed. It's okay to kill him because he's obviously a filthy homosexual!

I've got a lot of more great ideas like this that I'll be willing to share with you game developers as long as you promise to give me all of the money and you're not French. Once publishers start pumping out titles like these and realize how popular simple games like these are, they'll be forced to return to the glory days of the NES and Atari 2600. Hopefully this will accompany a movement where any company who attempts to dig up classic console characters and turn them into horrible 3D disasters will be burned to the ground by angry lynch mobs (I'm looking at you, Team Sonic). Who knows; all I'm sure of at this point is that I lack the coordination, mental abilities, and patience to play games these days, and like any good American, I demand that entire companies change their business practices just to satiate me. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go grab a bowl of Pac Man cereal and "do the Pac Man," because I'm frankly so hopped up on sugar that I could chew through aluminum siding.

Here's Some Truth In Your Eye, Batman!

We've got a brand spankin' new TruthMedia Review of the hit Half-Life mod "Natural Selection" up and ready for you to set your prying eyes upon!

Natural Selection seems an interesting concept at first. The space marines of the Terran Starways Association have been plumbing the depths of space for centuries, surviving only with the aid of nanomachines. But they have finally encountered a threat in the Khalat aliens: buglike, a hive mind, and out to assimilate all in its path. If this sounds like the plot of StarCraft to you, you're not alone. Every single alien in Natural Selection is a thinly-veiled clone of a Zerg breed. Fades are Mutalisks, Lurks are Ultralisks, and Unos are Zerglings. I'm surprised Valve hasn't been sued by Blizzard for this blatant an idea theft.

In case you forgot about the TruthMedia Reviews rules, go to the main index to read over them! Enjoy the fact-filled, 100% objective review! After all, we wouldn't call it "TruthMedia" if it wasn't completely based in reality, and besides, if you read it on the Internet, it must be true! Head on over and make sure to pass out the article's link to all your friends who really enjoy this wonderful game!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.23 Saddam Hussein Has Made Me Rich!

Wednesday, Jan 22, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Just yesterday I found myself in a place I rarely ever go - my closet. I try to avoid this place as much as possible because I have yet to find a graceful means of exiting it without forfeiting my heterosexuality. But nonetheless I was in there, and I discovered something from my past that I had once tried venomously to forget. At first I was angered, but then I realized I had struck gold - the kind of gold that gets you castles full of solid gold women with diamond coated ovaries and treasure chests full of golden goblets filled to the golden brim with gold-wrapped chocolate coins. I discovered a six inch stack of Desert Storm trading cards! In my adventurous youth I remember purchasing these awesome monuments to America's noble Gulf War exploits at a dollar store for the sum total of one dollar. Now, over ten years later, these cards are undoubtedly worth millions. I'm now living the American wet dream, and I owe it all to my main man Saddam Hussein for invading Kuwait in 1990. His actions sparked a global effort called Desert Storm, and Desert Storm sparked the good people at Topps to create a truly inspiring set of trading cards. Nothing says "war is hell" and "war is the worst thing humans can create" more than trading cards aimed at kids!

I'm pretty sure this guy is somebody's World's Greatest Grandpa.

The back of this card says, "Lt. Gen. Yeosock has described his job as 'a continuous balancing and rebalancing.'" I look forawrd to doing that with my checkbook now that I'm filthy rich.

Now I'm no novice when it comes to slapping monetary values on things, whether those things be loved ones, morals, or junk I find in my closet. Hell, if need be, I could probably appraise a fine antique stool at fifty yards without even squinting. What I want to do now is talk down to you while I go over why this collection surmounts me in the halls of filthy richdom. First of all, Operation Desert Storm was a one shot deal. Unlike sports, which occur constantly and seemingly only to vex me, the Gulf War started and ended rather quickly. Peace was established and the Middle East, so there will never be need for another Desert Storm! That means the Desert Storm trading cards were a one shot deal as well, placing extra value on them in much the same way a triple word score would place triple the value on a devastating word like "zinc." Second, the war happened over a decade ago. This means that these cards have been allowed to ripen like a fine wine, becoming more delectable with each passing year. I feel like a dirty Nazi thief finally able to appreciate the art I helped steal.

To make things ever more spicy, I have a whole slew of cards featuring some of the hottest players in the game of war. Just take a gander at some of these awesome, ***awesome*** cards I have in my collection:

- 3 Lieutenant General Charles Horner's
- 5 Lieutenant General Kelly's
- 4 Lieutenant General John J. Yeosock's
- 4 General Stormin' Norman Schwarzkopf's
- 5 General Colin Powell & Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney combo cards

If that isn't an all-star line-up, then there is nothing sacred left to live for and I will gladly take my life by jumping off of Lover's Peak. Good thing that's an all-star line-up. If you take a closer look, you will most definitely note a lot of these American Heroes are retired! Lieutenant General

Charles Horner will no longer be gracing the Air Force Central Command with his excellent skills and brilliant mind. And Schwarzkopf, perhaps the second most famous military leader to arise out of the Desert Storm conflict, isn't giving any orders to the troops. He's sitting in a recliner watching TV or enjoying a good book. He could even be reflecting on his long career of military service in much the same way I reflect on my long mirror. The fact that these guys are retired only means the value of my collection grows bigger, like a malignant tumor. But my story doesn't end there, not by a long shot! I have five cards featuring two of the biggest guns in the world: Colin Powell and Dick Cheney. Both of these guys are now practically the president, so this nifty little combo card could almost be looked upon as a rookie card! Rookie cards = cash money! In addition to these hunks I have a large number of cards depicting the people, weapons, vehicles, and equipment of war.

Now I can honestly say that my only regret in life is that I didn't buy more of these cards when I had the chance. When I was just a small lad standing before that towering ziggurat of unsold boxes of Desert Storm cards, I had no idea I was securing a prosperous future. I can't even begin to fathom how wealthy I would be now had I purchased ten boxes instead of one. Oh, wait, I can. Up until yesterday I would never have even thought I would become rich thanks to the actions of Saddam Hussein and the Iraqi army. Iraq, a country thousands of miles from me seems so distant not even my imagination bothers to travel there, yet I am now indebted to it! Thankfully I'm rich enough to pay off that debt! Now instead of thinking of it as an evil place of oppression and tyrannical rule, I will instead think fondly of the good things, like when a noble native of Baghdad once thwarted a Cyclops and an army of skeletons. Good times!

Here we see a young Dick Cheney not dying of a heart attack. We also see General Powell probably declaring "USA #1!"

The only thing left for me to do now is exchange my stack of Desert Storm cards for money. I value my collection to be worth a cool five million, so if somebody wants to cut me a check for that I'll gladly hand over the cards. All I know is that I'm sitting on a pile of money seeds that need only a little water to grow into a garden of riches as wild as the untamed lawn of a crazy person. I patiently await my millions. I'll take my millions now. Where are my millions?

Letters, She Gets Letters

Our own Emily "Rhubarb Pies" Reigel is back after a brief stint in detox. She's got a new heaping helping of answers to questions written by everyday people like you and me (assuming I'm not a fictitious internet personality). Be like a vampire and sink your teeth into this:

> *Dear Emily,*
>
> Who wrote the book of love ?
>
> **I am ashamed to see that you are a lazy good-for-nothing slob and are unable to find this information for yourself. What with the amazing advances in technology and the bountiful resources obviously available to you on the internet and elsewhere, it is inexcusable for you to need my help to answer this question. Your answer is at your very fingertips! If you are not lazy then you are most certainly stupid, so you should take your pick and rectify the situation to the best of your ability. If it turns out that you are lazy you can just stop being lazy, but if you're stupid you might have to resort to more desperate measures such as huffing gasoline until you are able to see through tomorrow.**

POWERFUL SOLUTIONS TO MODERN DAY LIVING, BUT CHEAPER THAN DIANETICS!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.24 Course of the Evil RIAA Empire

Friday, Jan 24, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Until Thursday this was the face of evil.

Outside of some cackling lawyers who belong to at least three secret societies few would claim that the RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) is anything but an evil cabal bent on wringing music for every cent its worth. A lot of people use the unadulterated malice for the populace with which the RIAA operates as a convenient excuse to pirate ridiculous amounts of music. They would anyway, but they like to say they do it because the recording industry is so corrupt outside of the pure altruism of the artists; all the while they're busy screwing both the evil corporations and their beloved artists out of cash. I know, I do it too on occasion.

The reason I'm bringing all this up is that the evil queen of the RIAA, Hilary Rosen, announced Thursday that she would be stepping down. Apparently all of the artists and consumers she had helped systematically rook over the past five years had caused some sort of blockage in her diabolical endocrine system. Deprived of her glandular malevolence she had no choice but to resign and leave the RIAA in the capable hands of someone more prone to hurting animals and murdering children. That's my theory anyway, according to the press release she wants to spend more time with her family.

> *Hilary Rosen, chief executive officer of the Recording Industry Association of America, will step down from her post by the end of this year, the organization says.*
>
> Rosen is leaving to spend more time with her family, the RIAA said in a statement. She became CEO in 1998 and has spent 17 years overall with the RIAA, the recording industry's lobbying group.

Naturally the RIAA will be on the look out for a new CEO and we, being dedicated sleuths, have uncovered the short list of candidates that will have a shot at filling her shoes. With this information and a little help from our fictitious super computer that I am going to refer to as Baron Circuit Von Data, we have calculated the platforms and reigns of the various successors of Rosen. The good Baron Von Data has also projected their reasons for leaving the position with an accuracy that I am going to arbitrarily say is 100%. Okay, I'll be believable, 99.6%.

Unnamed Bear has a number of issues to address, many of which do not coincide with the normal RIAA concerns.

The Future of the RIAA Leadership

■ A Grizzly Bear and Two Mountain Lions

Period of Control: 2003-2004

Profile: Immediately following Rosen's resignation an unidentified wild grizzly bear will ascend to its rightful place at the helm of the RIAA. In short order the bear will prove to be tough on honey containing items, piles of trash, and human skulls, but be exceedingly easy on music piracy. To bolster his position two wild mountain lions will be brought in as assistants to mercilessly pursue piracy while unnamed bear concentrates

on lobbying for stricter legislation by chewing on parts of a table in his office and rubbing up against a structural column because his back itches.

Policies Enacted: During his term as the CEO of the RIAA, unnamed bear will prove to be one of the least prolific of the CEOs in terms of policy changes. However, with the help of his imaginary anthropomorphic polar bear attorney J.J. Icecap, several changes will be made.

- Bees are no longer allowed to have stingers.
- CD Burners outlawed to prevent forest fires.
- Cat give meat back.
- All interns at the RIAA are required to cover themselves in blood or have a body surface area that is at least 35% exposed fat and muscle.
- Humans shouldn't run fast or hide in small ducts.

End of Tenure: Unnamed bear's role as the CEO of the RIAA will come to a dramatic end in early 2004. While speaking at a press conference bear will mistake a microphone for a slab of human flesh and begin chewing on it, causing a short circuit and electrocuting himself. The force of the shock will not kill him, instead sending him on a berserker rampage through the auditorium where he was speaking. After brutally mauling some eight onlookers including overrated musician DJ Shadow, unnamed bear will see his reflection in a pane of glass, attempt to attack it, and fall through the glass to his death in the parking lot. Only two days later both wild mountain lions will be shot dead by a game warden when they are mistaken for other, non-executive, mountain lions.

- **ED-209**

The RIAA were nearly bid-sniped by " 0Delt4C1ty0 ".

Period of Control: 2004-2004

Profile: After watching Robocop on TNN late night, RIAA executive Donald Wiesenthal will mistake the movie for a documentary and believe ED-209 to be an actual functioning kill-droid. Two days later Wiesenthal will give a presentation to the RIAA's board of directors in which he suggests the robot as a replacement for the recently deceased unnamed bear and meet with complete approval. He will be given authorization to purchase an ED-209 unit from Omni Consumer Products and, against all laws of rational universe, will find a working version of the robot available on auction web site ebay. The seller named [OCP]dIcKjOnEs187[OCP] will have 243 positive comments and an outstanding seller rating and after the transaction Wiesenthal will comment that he is a "A++++++++++++++++++++++++ seller! Great service!" and will add "Would buy from again!!"

Policies Enacted: Despite the limited amount of time ED-209 will spend in office the robot will manage to get a single policy enacted through the sheer force of its charismatic leadership. This all-encompassing policy essentially forbids any and all activity by humans within sensor range of ED-209. If someone is spotted by ED-209 the robot will approach them and demand that they desist doing whatever it is they happen to be doing in under twenty seconds. It will then begin counting down from 20 to one, at which point it will open fire with its arm-mounted 30mm cannons. While this could potentially have been effective at stemming the tide of music piracy, ED-209 will never actually leave the RIAA home office.

End of Tenure: During its first day in office ED-209's rampage through the RIAA offices will

butcher some 106 employees and interns and wound another 200. While these statistics would be impressive if applied to the war against music piracy, the deaths of so many non-pirates will actually be considered by several people as a tragedy. Ten minutes into hour three of its rampage ED-209 will inadvertently hit a break room containing a gas oven with a spare round of depleted uranium ammunition. The ensuing fire and gas main explosion will cause the sprinkler system to trigger and short-circuit the improperly all-weather sealed droid. With a sizzle and pop ED-209's brief reign as the CEO of the RIAA will come to a close.

Active Volcano Mount Mugatuga

Period of Control: 2004-2007

Profile: One of the most active volcanoes in the Western Hemisphere, Mount Mugatuga will be the next logical choice to head the RIAA following the ED-209 debacle. Located in Peru, far away from their headquarters, he poses little risk to the RIAA and could threaten music pirates with annihilation at the hands of his choking clouds of noxious gas and rivers of searing magma. In 2004 alone he will smother an entire village of pirates with a mile high fountain of earth and hot steam. Later that same day he will deforest an area ten thousand yards in every direction with massive floes of lava in his tireless search for those who would rob the industry of revenue. Even though he will only find a single family living in a shack inside his shadow no effort will be spared in obliterating them entirely.

Not even this lego incarnation of Indiana Jones could prepare us for the terror of Mount Mugatuga!

Policies Enacted: Through the legal arm of Mount Mugatuga, a Byzantine organization called "The Cult of the Fire God", a large number of policies will be created to stem the tide of music piracy throughout the United States. Behind each of these policies will lurk the threat of legal action and the threat that Mugatuga might erupt furiously and consume those who would defy his edicts.

- The "Trial by Fire" will be created to test the innocence of accused music pirates. It consists of submerging them in lava until they admit to pirating music or somehow accidentally perish. If they do admit to pirating music they will be submerged in lava until they perish.
- In a class action lawsuit that will be held in the Smoke Hut of The Cult of Fire, EMI and Sony Music Group will successfully sue 1250 defendants. The medicine chief will rule that each of the defendant's first born should be hurled into the mouth of Mugatuga to appease the God of Fire.
- The three villages nearest to Mugatuga will be declared the mortal enemy of the spirit of the volcano and burned down by Peruvian troops to prevent incurring his wrath.
- Water is illegal in a two-hundred mile radius around Mugatuga and two rivers shall be diverted and an entire lake filled in with dirt. This will be done because water is believed to lead to music piracy.
- CD burners are to be considered false prophets and replaced with a new version of CD burners that are made entirely from magma.

End of Tenure: While both popular and successful as a CEO, Mugatuga will be forced to retire in 2007 when a government seismic survey declares him to be inactive for the foreseeable future. His threats rendered impotent by the declaration, Mugatuga will sink into obscurity until he is little more than a really big rock covered with trees and houses.

- **Lee Allen Barry**

Period of Control: 2007-2008

Profile: Intent on having a human CEO for the first time in almost half a decade, the RIAA will turn to the recently institutionalized Lee Allen Barry. Considered to be one of the most dangerous men in human history, Barry will be arrested in 2006 for a string of murders that involved farm equipment and cannibalism. In addition to being extremely evil, Barry will also be extremely fucking crazy, making him a perfect choice for the position. During his inaugural press conference he will leap over the podium and attempt to find the prizes hidden inside the skull of a reporter, only to give up and insist on systematically defecating onto every chair in the conference room.

Policies Enacted: Barry will be called "The Tyrant" by many who know him only through his numerous and often completely irrational polices while those who do know him personally call him "The Face Eater" or "Los Staberos". Insisting on writing all of his own rulings, Barry's haste to enact any policy that pops into his mind will ultimately lead to his downfall.

- CDs will be developed that will delete tracks as they cue up in your player, preventing you from even starting to pirate the songs. Once the whole CD is finished deleting the player will catch fire so that it cannot be used to pirate music.
- Listening to music will be considered a form of music piracy and after hearing a song you will be required by law to undergo shock treatment or trepanation to remove the memories related to any copyrighted music.
- A pile of tractor tires will be erected in the parking lot of every CD store to prevent software piracy. When Barry is asked to explain how the tires would achieve this he will draw a picture of scorpions emerging from a jar of mayonnaise and attempt to attach the illustration to an intern with a ten-gauge shotgun.
- All playground slides will be legally allowed for uphill traffic only unless the playground is under attack by Shiite Muslims.
- It will be made illegal to comment about hot weather by saying "it's hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk". If someone is caught saying this they will be fined ten dollars and forced to fry an egg on the sidewalk under penalty of tickling.
- Tickling will be made a crime punishable by death through elephant stampede.
- Elephants will be hunted to extinction by robotic helicopters and replaced with four gorillas tied together and placed inside an elephant costume.
- It will be legal to marry your own cousin if he or she is at least 50% concrete.
- Murdering someone by sawing them in half and replacing half of their body with a slab of concrete will not only be legal, it will be considered heroic and the president will give you a Congressional Medal of Honor.
- Knit caps and mesh-backed hats will finally be given the right to vote.
- Hospitals will be replaced by law with large warehouses containing crates that break when hit once with anything. Inside the crates will be a package of oregano, a bottle of Gatorade, or a white box with a red cross on it. Doctors will advise you to walk over the top of these items to absorb them into your blood stream to heal injuries.

End of Tenure: Lee Allen Barry's term as the CEO of RIAA will be one of the most successful in recent years in terms of number of policies made law through heavy lobbying of the legislative and judicial branches. Unfortunately, these policies will lead to mass chaos throughout the United States and will earn him the enmity of the entire RIAA board of directors. While he wreaks havoc throughout the country they will plot to undo him, ultimately taking steps to create his successor who will murder Barry in the autumn of 2008.

- **Recortor: Emperor of the RIAA**

Period of Control: 2008-????

He's the evil E-Z Bake cupcake of sinister CEOs!

Profile: When the board of directors at the RIAA realizes that Barry is out of control they will set into motion a plan to remove him from office and provide a replacement in the form of Recortor. Cloned from the genes of five of the greatest villains of human history he will embody the worst aspects of mankind and be the perfect RIAA CEO. From Transylvania RIAA operatives will attempt to recover the remains of Dracula and pour them into the clone-o-matic. Unable to locate the skeleton of a fictional character, they will fill a bag with sand and pour that into the clone-o-matic instead. Getting access to the few surviving bones of Adolph Hitler will prove almost as difficult for the RIAA, so they will settle instead for DNA taken from a man with moustache who died in a car accident in Virginia in 1978. Fred Durst, killed in a tragic grease fire will working in a Popeye's Fried Chicken in 2005, will have his corpse scraped from his casket and used to provide another component in the deadly recipe for Recortor. Insisting that all Mongols look alike, the team tasked with recovering Genghis Kahn's remains will instead shoot and kill a twelve year old with cerebral palsy and feed his head into the clone-o-tron. Finally, the greatest evil of all time will be added to the clone-o-tron to create Recortor. Serial rapist, cannibal, presidential assassin, and inventor of HIV Walt Disney will provide the final piece to the puzzle of evil. With the cloning process completed, Recortor will rise from the clone-o-tron and murder Barry to assume his place as the CEO of the RIAA.

Policies Enacted: My ability to make stuff up about things yet to come does not extend far enough into the future to see the end of Recortor's reign over the RIAA. For decades he will hold the title of CEO and Emperor, lording over his underlings and intimidating the entire world with terror squads. Much like any good dictator, Recortor will create hundreds of ridiculous rules and laws that must be obeyed, giving him a record that tops even Lee Allen Barry. We won't cover every single one of these policies, choosing instead to focus on a selection of "greatest hits".

- Following the principle of "fight fire with fire" the corpses and skeletons of pirates will be reanimated through dark sorcery to hunt down and kill music pirates.
- New encoding methods on CDs will prevent copying of tracks and, if copying is attempted, will actually cause thousands of locusts to issue forth from your CD drive.
- Copying song lyrics and posting them on the Internet will become so illegal that even thinking about the act of doing this may cause you to burst into flames.
- The gates of hell will crack open and demons will rise from the abyss to terrorize mortal men. This won't have anything to do with music piracy but it will look really cool with lightning and shit like that flying around.
- A plague will strike down all those who dare to tape songs from the radio. And women. It will also kill all the women.
- All copyrights on recorded music will be extended "until the sun dies and the universe is swallowed by the crawling chaos".

End of Tenure: It is not known when, or even if, Recortor will be replaced as the CEO of the RIAA.

I hope you enjoyed this little look at the future leadership of the sinister organization that stands up for the rights of massive corporations that milk artists like cattle at a dairy farm. Things may seem a little unstable for the RIAA for the time being, but I see predominantly good things for them

and I think we could look forward to brighter days with much less copyright infringing and a lot more arbitrary brutal punishment. Thank you RIAA for teaching us to save ourselves from ourselves!

AROOGA! AROOGA! Phriday!

Mad props, yo. Josh "Lipstick" Boruff here to let you know there is a new shipment of Photoshop Phriday in stock. You can, like, look at it. This week's topic is none other than abortion and the growing poverty gap. Seriously!

I kid, the real topic is "tech toys from hell" and features the latest high tech gadgets designed to keep you from living a normal human life.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.25 Title Goes Here

Friday, Jan 24, 2003 by Integral

I have been absent recently because of my commitments to the professional Latin dance circuit.

Perhaps some of you have noticed my absence in the past few weeks from the cutting edge humor-website scene. Perhaps some of you noticed this with utmost glee and proceeded to prance about in celebration while wearing your mother's garter belts and singing the hit song, "My Heart Will Go On" from the popular movie, "Titanic." I wish that I were able to come up with some good excuse as to why I have been gone, such as my needing to assist in the test-vaccination of hundreds of rhesus monkeys with smallpox for a top-secret government program designed to give all rhesus monkeys on the planet smallpox and then cure them of smallpox. Perhaps another worthwhile explanation would be that I have been too busy to update because I have been spending all of my time protesting in front of the US capitol concerning the fact that the ballot count for the 2000 presidential election was faulty and that Al Gore is the true leader of the free world. USA #1. GO GORE GO! An even better solution would be for me to say that I have renounced all forms of technology and am currently living in a ditch behind a 7-11 outside of Racine, Wisconsin, surviving on waste water and small edible ferns. That last one wouldn't be far from the truth, but alas, it's still not true.

I have been in my beloved homeland of Wisconsin for the past few weeks, but I have done nothing so glamorous as drinking waste water in a ditch. Why am I here in the cold and frozen North? Well, that's a long, sad story filled with orphaned bear cubs, pepperoni-flavored dog treats, and scabies. Actually, the story doesn't have any of those things in it, but it does have me in in it and I'm pretty close to an orphaned bear cub at times, especially when hungry. The fact of the matter is (deep breath), Rich "Left Eye" Kyanka and I broke up, and I've been spending all of my time on the unpleasant task of moving my shit back to Wisconsin and figuring out what I want to do with my life from here. You heard it right, folks, we are no longer a couple. We are splitsville, finished, kaput. It's over, Rover.

I won't kid myself into thinking that all y'all want to hear about my very fascinating grad school plans, so I'll skip to the juicy parts and explain why Mr. K and I decided to go our separate ways. I'll actually give you a couple lists of reasons why we are apart and from each of our perspectives, so that you may better understand what it was that finally told us that our relationship may not have been meant to be after all.

Emily's Reasons For Dumping that Zero to Get Herself a Hero

1. I eventually realized that I just couldn't be fair to Rich when I had another man in my life. Yes, it is Fordred Aran that I speak of, and though my relationship with Rich was a happy one, he could not offer me the safety and security that a level six archmage could.

2. I had a pet rock when I was younger and the novelty has worn off.

3. He kept asking me whether I would be ok having extra feet surgically grafted to other areas of my body. He also spent hours and hours just talking to my feet. When I tried to say something, he'd say, "Shh! DON'T INTERRUPT US!!"

4. He wouldn't stop talking to me in cyber-speak. When I said something funny he said, "LOL." In the morning he would ask, "Did u sleep ok, d00d?" When I announced

that I would shortly be leaving for Wisconsin, he said, "Plz tell me y u r leaving. :(" He'd actually say, "Sad-face" and make hand-gestures to indicate the letters "y" "r" and "u."

5. There are only so many times I can go to the Outback Steakhouse before wanting to kill or be killed. That magical number was passed several months ago and now I must fulfill my destiny by killing one retired sewage treatment plant worker for every time I have patronized that soul-destroying establishment and then I must find my own sweet death by means of lamprey eel.

6. Missouri had troops fight for the Confederacy (Rebel bastards) in the Civil War. Rich is from Missouri. This is unacceptable.

Rich's Reasons to Take the Money and Run

1. She wanted to do crazy things such as "go outside" or "talk to other people."

2. I need more sweatin' room, dammit!

3. If I have to hear her yelling at the TV during a Packer game one more time I swear that I'll burn this place to the ground, rebuild it out of tampons, and burn it to the ground again. After it has been burned for the second time I will rub the ashes in her face and ask her how her precious football team is doing now. How's it doing now, huh, bitch?!

4. She didn't like it when I held entire conversations with her feet instead of with her. What can I say, her feet were better company. And a whole lot better-looking to boot. Get it? BOOT?! Because I was talking about feet before, so, you know, boot.

5. That whole "12-year old boy who is a chimney-sweep in a Dickensian novel" look was ok for awhile, but I'm ready for something new. Something LARGE AND IN CHARGE.

6. I am Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. I mean. HELL-O!

Despite our break-up, Rich and I are on excellent terms. I truly believe that we will remain friends for the rest of our lives and that this fact has nothing to do with my having his credit card and threatening to use it unless he continues to talk to me. We get along amazingly well and I still wonder how we were able to put up with each other 24 hours per day for over eight months, not to mention the $600 phone bills for months before we moved in together. He's a sweet, smart, sweaty guy with a whole lot of guns and I do not doubt that he will succeed at whatever he does. This is especially true if what he does includes being nice, solving problems, sweating on things, and then shooting them.

We are as happy as this ghosty thing, which by all appearances is quite happy indeed.

Breaking up is hard to do, but it isn't so hard when both people know that a lot of things just weren't right. For us, just like any other couple of normal, fairly boring people, we came to the conclusion that it really would be better for both of us if we went our own ways for the foreseeable future. This means that I will be free to play video games, live in poverty, and study for the dumb GRE's and that he will be free to not have to deal with my constant whining. We'll both be happier people. He'll get more Flash coding done and I'll get better at Warcraft 3. Hooray!

So, here I am back in Madison, Wisconsin, and there he is in Washington. It's weird but ok. I'm

resuming my writing duties and everything is pretty much like it was before, only we're not living together any more and my crazy parents are now crazy in other ways not pertaining to our relationship. I'm trying to find a job so that I can eat, but it looks as though I'll have to settle for some dumb temp thing where I punch numbers into a screen all day while scratching my crotch. In any case, everything is ok, and although it was my duty to break the bad news to y'all, as it were, it's really no biggie smalls because everyone is happier now than they have been for quite some time, and that's including the time that we saw James Woods waddle around in a kiddie pool full of mayonnaise in exchange for a couple lines of coke.

Holy Shit, it's Fucking State Og!

Those nutty State Og folks are rip-roarin' through more helpful ways to make your life better! These tips and guidelines are chock full of ways for everyone to live life the State Og way (and is there really any other way?). Included here is information on excellent books engineered to make you smarter, making the most out of your hospital stay, self-defense tips, and how to make lemonade when life keeps on tossing used condoms- I mean lemons, your way.

> ***Problem:*** *feelings of dissatisfaction during the job.*
> ***Solution:*** *The State Og support group arrives at your workplace, serves you coffee and cake at specific intervals, and shoots anyone who bothers you during the day. NOTE: Wacky Ricochet Bullets are no longer used.*
>
> ***Problem:*** *loved one threatens divorce.*
> ***Solution:*** *We parachute down to the scene and hold your spouse at knifepoint until he retracts his statement. NOTE: Please write "divorce" legibly. It has been accidentally mistaken for "kill me whenever you get the chance" more times than we can count.*

Head on over there to see for yourself before you die! DO IT! DO IT NOW!!

-∼Integral

1.26 Avast, It Be Sunday!

Sunday, Jan 26, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's Super Bowl Sunday, so if you were expecting some of the semi-incisive, relatively topical, quasi-political commentary that has been featured on the site lately, you're fresh out of luck, Kissinger. Let me clarify for our overseas readers just how important the Super Bowl is to America. Every year, when that magic Sunday rolls around, the entire nation comes to a stop (well, except the football industry). Maybe you'll see something close to this level of cessation the day that your country finally has its first democratic election. It's amazing how one game can bring together so many people. No matter what team they root for or what city they live in, everyone loves to get together to watch the big game. Sure, a regular season football game is just a bunch of huge, steroid-addled guys running into some other huge, steroid-addled guys for a few hours. It's long, boring, and frequently preempts *The Simpsons*. The Super Bowl, however, features the *best* huge, steroid-addled guys running into the other best huge, steroid-addled guys running into one another. That, my friends, is something to celebrate.

Here we see a perfect example of... some kind of play... I guess...

Watch out, kids! There's a pirate behind you!

When I realized last week that I was going to be the one who had the shining opportunity to write the Super Bowl Sunday update for the site, one thought ran through my head: why didn't I realize that earlier? I mean, I write the update every Sunday, so of course I was going to write for the Super Bowl. A good deal of time passed, and then I was struck by another thought: I really don't know anything about football, or sports in general, for that matter. I'm not really a physical activity kind of guy. I haven't left this chair in going on three days and the only muscles in my body that haven't atrophied to the point of scientific curiosity are in my fingers. Take that as you will. My football knowledge is basically limited to the Patriots, and my Patriots knowledge is basically limited to the fact that they won the Super Bowl last year. I considered writing about the Pats, but I came to the conclusion that their chances of winning this year were severely hampered by their lack of participation in the game. Due to what must be some sort of NFL conspiracy, New England was conspicuously missing from the Super Bowl. In their place were the Buccaneers and the Raiders, two teams that I knew jack about. What was I going to write about. I thought long and hard. Buccaneers... Raiders... Buccaneers... Raiders... Buccaneers... Raiders. Then it hit me.

Our savior.

Pirates. The two teams are from opposite sides of the country, but by some strange "coincidence," both of them are practically huge, steroid-addled advertisements for the dastardly, eye patch-wearing parrot-loving terrorist of the seas. While companies have to shell out hundreds of thousands of dollars for a few seconds of commercial time during the Super Bowl, every play from the initial kickoff on will be free publicity for peg-legs everywhere. I can't make any worthwhile predictions about which team is going to win the game, but I can tell you that one thing is certain - this is just the beginning. It's clear to me, and since all that I say and do is right, it should be clear to you, as well, that today's game is the start of a pirate uprising. By tomorrow, it will be impossible to enjoy a cruise or even a day of fishing without being boarded by a marauding bunch of hook-handed ocean bandits. Coastal towns will face endless cannon attacks and occasional pillaging. The age of the pirate is upon

us. Luckily, since I have to fill considerably more space on the page in order to keep my job, I came up with a few small rays of hope. If one or more of these ideas are put into action, we may yet weather the pirate storm.

- **The New Jersey Deathninjas**

The pirates have a control over the oceans that not even the Vikings can challenge. However, extensive research done by reliable sources has made it clear that pirates do have one foil - ninjas. And if there's one thing that making up statistics has taught me, it's that New Jersey has more ninjas per capita than any other state in the Union. I don't exactly know why that last one is true, but then, there are many mysteries to today's modern ninjas. In any case, that's why it makes perfect sense to base the NFL's first all-ninja football team in Trenton. Since they are ninjas, the team would not be concerned with the glory of Super Bowl victory. Their minds would instead be as focused as their lethal strikes on their ultimate goal: eliminating the pirate teams once and for all. The Deathninjas' lightning-fast killblows will undoubtedly bolster NFL ratings while simultaneously resulting in the maiming or death of every Raider or Buccaneer in the game. Of course, the DeathNinjas can't play in the NFC and AFC simultaneously, so one of the pirate teams will have to be allowed to survive long enough to make it to the Super Bowl. Unfortunately, that means we'll have to suffer the rule of the pirates for a full year, but the utter devastation of the remaining team by the Deathninjas at the most televised game of the year will send a clear message to swashbucklers everywhere - you're not wanted here. It won't be long before the actual pirates, by which I mean the ones who don't so much play football as they do loot harbors and merchant vessels, turn tail and run. As for the ninjas, without any enemies left to battle, they will kill themselves honorably. That really works out for the best. After all, who the hell would follow a football team based in New Jersey?

- **The Ol' Destiny's Child Trick**

Here's what we know about pirates:
1. There's nothing they love more than booty.
2. They get most of their news from tavern gossip.
3. With all their plundering, pirates have little time to listen to modern music.

We can exploit this information to set up a trap that not a one of them will be able to resist. What we have to do is slip a little rumor into the pirate news circles - easily accomplished by a well-placed drunkard - that the contents of a certain building are one hundred percent bootylicious. The building in question will be none other than the home of music group Destiny's Child. I make the assumption that, like all bands, all three members of Destiny's Child live in the same house. By the end of the day, the girls' home will be swarming with every cutlass-brandishing water-bandit that ever set foot on a ship. That's when we firebomb the bejesus out of the house. Bam! No more pirates, and better still, no more Destiny's Child. I swear, if I hear "Say My Name" one more time, I'll stick forks in my eyes.

- **The Unburiable Treasure**

Sure, we all know that pirates want treasure. *Our* treasure. But what do they do with the treasure once they have it? They're thieves, it's not like they're that concerned about collecting money in order to buy things with it. Instead, the moment they get their hands on some treasure, be it a chest full of gold doubloons or a change purse, they sail off to some island to bury it. The idea, I think, is to bury treasure so that other pirates can't get it. Maybe there's some point at which all the pirates unearth their ill-gotten goods and compare who managed to get the most, like some sort of contest or

> something. I can't say for sure, I'm not a pirate. Now, with the boost that the Raiders vs. Buccaneers Super Bowl is going to give them, some pirates are inevitably going to get their hands on some treasure, no matter how much we try to fight them off. It's best if we just let them have whatever they want. In fact, I think we should set out some large treasure chests on the docks of our nation's largest ports. Now, it may seem like we'd be letting the pirates win, but we'll have an ace up our sleeves. Each chest will be equipped with a remote-controlled rocket. Since no one has any interest in space travel any more, NASA has nothing better to do than strap rockets to treasure chests, so this won't be too tough. When the pirates bury the chests beneath the sands of their hidden islands, we'll activate the rockets, sending the chests flying up to the surface and forcing the pirates to bury them again. At that point, we'll just blast the chests right out of the sand again. It's a cycle that can go on for days, but eventually, the pirates, who are too paranoid to abandon their booty, will die. I'm not sure how, exactly. Maybe they'll starve to death. I don't know, I haven't really worked that part out.

These methods aren't foolproof, but they're the best I could come up with on short notice. We don't have much time to prepare for the pirate menace. At 6:00 PM (7:00 Central time), the game will begin that will herald the end of our comfy little civilization as we know it. There's nothing left to say except to get ready for the worst. Oh, and Raiders - 24, Buccaneers - 17.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

1.27 A Guide to Living in Random US Deathtraps

Monday, Jan 27, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A typical weather forecast for Washington.

As my apartment's lease comes closer and closer towards expiring, I must once again pack up all my junk and move out of this hellhole in the search of a nicer hellhole, one with preferably less "hell" and a slightly lower amount of "hole." When I first hauled ass to Seattle a couple years ago, I thought I was a big tough man who could handle the depressing, dreary, rainy Washington weather. "It's just a little rain," I would say to myself, often as other people stared at me and gently pushed their children out of my reach. "What's so bad about rain?" In theory, rain is a neutral entity, one which is neither good or evil. However, rain is a bit different up here, something which takes on a completely new and horrible form. When folks in Seattle talk about all the rain in this area, they're not referring to the accepted weather phenomenon of liquid falling vertically from the sky until eventually hitting the ground or the neon pink dye in some goth-punk-raver-furry-alien-immigrant-rivethead's hair. Seattle rain obeys no laws of physics and has boggled the minds of scientists ever since science was first invented in the late 1940's by Professor Baron Von Science. Here's the textbook definition of "Seattle Rain" for you people who haven't had the luxury of seeing this beautiful bitch in action:

> **Seattle Rain:** *Water which descends from 29 cubic megatons of dark gray clouds in the sky, falls towards the Earth until it's 10 feet above ground, then begins to travel upwards and in some arbitrarily random direction for the next seven months or until the US military steps in and forcibly makes it stop with the use of rocket-propelled grenades.*

I'm thoroughly convinced that in the entire history of Seattle it has only rained once, way back in 1973, and that water has been simply floating around nonstop since then. This would also explain why the rain tastes like drinking the liquid that oozes from an infant diaper-changing station. However, each city in the world has its own distinctive trait or quality, one which causes you to think back and wonder "why the hell didn't anybody warn me about this before I moved into this horrible deathtrap?" Since Something Awful is all about making positive changes or positively changing positive changes or gay pride or whatever the fuck this site is about, I will now present to you, the reader, a brief guide to all the cities I've lived in throughout the 26 years of my miserable, failure-ridden life.

■ Kansas City, Missouri

WOW, KANSAS CITY BE ONE HIP HOPPIN' PLACE!

Phase of Life In Which I Inhabited This City: Larvae stage
City Description: Kansas City was once a mighty, booming city full of people who did something vaguely related to either cattle or slaves. These residents worshipped a giant entity named "Boxtor" and decided to erects hundreds of thousands of giant, empty, cubicle-shaped warehouses in his honor. These empty, disheveled, rotting monuments stand to this very day, serving as reminders of Kansas City's lost glory days. No matter where you travel in Kansas City, you will be greeted by these sprawling heaps of brick-stacked garbage, many of which are now festively decorated with graffiti that reads "KINGZ KASTAL" and "JENNY I LOVE YOU WILL YOU MARRY ME, BRAD."

Shittyness Level of Drivers: Average. The drivers here aren't very bad unless you get near Kansas, the state whose driving test simply requires the applicant to spell the word "car" successfully in 12 attempts or less.
Quality of Crazy People: Average. Most of the wackos are located in the heart of the city, and since the heart of the city is a giant concrete pit enclosed by steel beams and boulders from another dimension, they often have a difficult time escaping.
Rate of Urban Sprawl: Very high. There are strip malls growing like kudzu all over the area, choking the life out of small towns that were once solely occupied by a family of three and a water tower which had the town's name misspelled across it. Unfortunately, the sprawl consists of the cheap strips malls which are built overnight by three obese men and are designed to look like trendy concrete buildings with lovely 500-million watt lights encasing them. These complexes usually fall over when hit by a light gust of wind. I think some of them are water soluble too.
Most Interesting Memory From City: One night during my senior year of Rockhurst High School, I went to some party with a bunch of fellow seniors at a local hotel. We were just sitting around, drinking and smoking while listening to loud music and wondering if any of us would ever have sex any time in our lives, when suddenly a fellow senior burst through the door and exclaimed, "oh my god guys! I just saw Tommy Morrison downstairs!" For all you fellows who didn't follow the 1993 Kansas City boxing circuit, Tommy Morrison was the big up-and-coming boxing sensation who was predicted to take the heavyweights by storm and bring dignity to the concept of "white boxers," which is usually thought to be an oxymoron. We all thought the guy was bullshitting us until about a half hour later when there was a knock on the door. We opened it to see Tommy Morrison and his entourage (ie, "the people who hang around him and help him spend his money"). Morrison heard we were having a party so he came in and decided to hang out with a bunch of high school students who probably wouldn't seem too out of place in a *Magic: The Gathering* convention. Needless to say, he was under the influence of many exotic drugs, some of which resulted in his inability to turn off the room's radio in over an hour of nonstop attempts. One of his "managers" produced a bag of cocaine and asked any of us if we'd like to snort up with him in the bathroom. We all politely declined by staring at him, jaws on the floor and eyes aghast, resulting in his mobile party unity moving to another room, possibly one with less 17-year olds. If you're wondering where Tommy "The Great White Hope" Morrison is doing right now, he has recently been released from prison for drug charges and weapon convictions. Oh yeah, he's HIV positive as well, so it appears he's got the world at his fingertips.

- **Nashville, Tennessee**

This is literally a map of the entire downtown Nashville area. I wish I was kidding.

Phase of Life In Which I Inhabited This City: Confusing college years
City Description: According to my estimates, all of downtown Nashville could be placed inside a shipping crate and still have enough room left over to comfortably fit in Harry Knowles' ego. There's literally nothing in the city except a bar that has antlers above it and some civic arena for a professional racquetball league or Shriner's conventions or something. Oh wait, they also have the Tennessee Titan's stadium, but that's located kind of in that district full of Dennys restaurants which perforate your body with automatic gunfire upon entering. You could walk from one end of the city to the other in less than a minute, and you'd also have the benefit of ending up exactly where you started.
Shittyness Level of Drivers: Below average. The worst drivers in this city are the tourists who mistakenly read "ONE WAY ONLY" signs as "GO THE WRONG WAY DOWN THIS STREET, PLEASE." Hell, Nashville wouldn't even be considered a "country

/ western city" if it wasn't for all the goddamn bucktoothed, cowboy-hat strapped, yahoo, hick, out-of-state inbreds who make monthly pilgrimages to this dull town.
Quality of Crazy People: Above average. The homeless people randomly stumble around the surrounding 20-mile radius since downtown Nashville can only fit in one vehicle at a time, forcing the crazy bums to branch out and peddle their filthy panhandling elsewhere. One of the more insane dirt demons was a bearded psychopath who spent all his free time airing his grievances against the city board by penciling in 6-point font rambling, incoherent rants on approximately 400 yards of cardboard which he hauled around in a grocery cart from 1953. This guy would just go from corner to corner, shoving his cart of doom, occasionally stopping to hold up one of his incomprehensible protest signs and begin screeching about how the state government was staffed by "psy-vampires" who committed a moral sin by issuing him a ticket for some reason. He was one of those people who would seem a lot more normal trying to consume their own shoe via osmosis.
Rate of Urban Sprawl: Below average. People in Tennessee seem content with the limited amount of stores they're already equipped with, so you don't see too many Barnes and Noble bookstores popping up to service the people searching for the best-selling title "How To Drive Your Ugly Tractor 10 Miles An Hour Along the Highway."
Most Interesting Memory From City: One time my friend and I stumbled out of a bar, drunk as Drew Barrymore at her wedding reception, and we saw Lyle Lovette and Julia Roberts emerge from some small movie theater. We threw a glass bottle at Lovette's head (as a joke, of course), but we were so loaded that I don't even think the bottle landed in the same area code as him. That was the same night I fell into the drainage ditch and woke up in the back of some unknown individual's pickup truck.

- **Costa Mesa, California**

One of the more "majestic" areas of southern California. It only costs $1500 per month to live here!

Phase of Life In Which I Inhabited This City: Dot-Com bubble burst days
City Description: First off, let me say one thing: the weather in southern California is fucking wonderful. It's sunny and 73 degrees every goddamn day, literally the perfect temperature and climate year-round. Now if there was only some way to export this glorious weather to another state, the equation would be complete. Everything in southern California costs roughly 20 times the equivalent item or service in a "normal" state, which doesn't make any sense because the entire area is full of broke, homeless Mexican immigrants whose knowledge of the English language is limited to the drive-through sign at McDonalds. One-bedroom, 700-square foot apartments cost around $1200, two-bedroom flats average around $2000, and condominiums require monthly payments of solid gold bars minted by Jesus Christ Himself. Sure you can find apartments for under $600 a month, but those places are just large, hollowed-out pumpkins with an apartment number stapled on the outside.
Shittyness Level of Drivers: Above average. There are only two acceptable ways of driving in southern California: traveling at zero miles an hour because you're stuck in traffic or going Mach-3 because there is no traffic. You must choose either one option or the other, depending what situation you're in. If there's no traffic and you fail to travel faster than a piece of space debris re-entering the Earth's orbit, friendly California drivers will kindly remind you to accelerate by honking at you and attempting to blow out your tires with surface-to-surface missiles. I don't know how they can even see your vehicle through the 100% window tinting, but that's the magic of California.
Quality of Crazy People: Below Average. On the positive side, there is a homeless person on every corner of every street. On the negative side, none of them really seem to give a damn if you

give them a dollar of not. This might be because they've spent the past 34 years gathering up enough money to afford rent for one month.

Rate of Urban Sprawl: None. Every single inch of land has already been consumed by Shonuff, the God of Asphalt. There are simply no areas left to colonize and claim in the name of Starbuck's Coffee. Perhaps the state could find some useless area of land such as Santa Ana, pave the hell out of it, and then start setting up new strip malls offering botox injections, teeth whitening, and tanning salons. Or hell, they could just buy a giant barrel of toxic waste and offer to dip people into it for 100 bucks a pop. That would be easier and probably less harmful in the long run.

Most Interesting Memory From City: This town, despite the beautiful weather and wonderful atmosphere, probably leaves the most sour taste in my mouth because I lived there during the dot-com crash era, a time when eSweatshops were shutting down left and right and you'd have better luck finding a warezed copy of "Duke Nukem: Forever" than trying to make a dollar from the Internet. During this period of time I worked for approximately 19 million different companies, 19 million of which decided to never pay me for my work. As a result, I was stressed out all the time, working my ass off trying to pay rent, and swallowing Flintstones vitamins by the handful in a highly ineffective attempt to end my life.

- **Seattle, Washington**

Current photo of Seattle.

Phase of Life In Which I Inhabited This City: "Something Awful - The Business" days

City Description: Seattle is what's referred to as "a cool town" by people under the age of 24 who include "listening to 'The Cure'" as one of the hobbies on job resumes. As a result, there are a lot of freaky goth kids who wander around aimlessly, painting their fingernails black and sketching out their favorite scenes from "The Crow" on notebook paper. The city is moderately big and moderately dirty, broken down into distinctly different sections such as "the tourist trap area," "the crazy homeless people area," "the homosexual area," "the area full of old, giant buildings which are supposedly supposed to produce some kind of useful metal substance," and "the area full of shopping centers which cost $80 an hour to park outside." All kinds of ridiculous local / underground bands play here in clubs with names like "The Black Tear" and "Silverfish's Syko Lair." However, steam comes out of the manholes in the street, and any city that offers this feature is automatically A-OK in my book.

Shittyness Level of Drivers: Above Average. People in this city slow down for virtually any reason whatsoever. If there's an accident, everybody slows down so they might catch a glimpse of somebody with their head crammed in between the dashboard and steering column. If a vehicle breaks down alongside the road, everybody slows down so they might watch the car as it spontaneously explodes in slow-motion like in any Jerry Bruckenheimer movie. If there's a suspicious looking bush or oxygen atom floating around, everybody slows down in the off chance that the atom might metamorphisize into one of those giant Japanese fighting robots with the huge glowing swords that shoots lightning at floating alien rape skulls with laserbeam eyes. No matter what scenario Seattle drivers find themselves in, they invariably respond by mashing their brakes as if they were crushing a gigantic poisonous centipede with the face of Carol Channing.

Quality of Crazy People: Above average. These are the kinds of people who hold emotional, highly animated conversations with their hands when deciding if they should cross the street or instead begin urinating on a newspaper stand. They're nuts as hell and they're all over the place. You can't walk 10 feet without encountering a screwball mental patient who will offer to swallow an entire hammer in exchange for $50 or a pack of cigarettes. These crazies fan out to a 50-miles radius around the city, effectively spreading their crucial message of "will eat for food" to anybody stupid enough to stop at a red light with one of them at the corner.

Rate of Urban Sprawl: Above average. The strip malls are picking up and spreading like a virus to towns over 30 miles away, producing a chorus line of automotive repair shops and Michael's Crappy Art Supply Store for Elderly Women joints. This, combined with the fact that towns surrounding Seattle used to be farming land, creates a very odd cross section of residents. There are free roaming goths, ricers living life one quarter mile at a time, rednecks in their shitkicker "PRO UNION" Fords, and yuppies zipping down the road in their shoe-shaped $85,000 shrines to ridiculously excessive status symbols. It's like a cultural melting pot here, one that continues to boil at 600 degrees, causing apartments to spring up every half hour and attract people who would rather fork over $5,000 for a new car subwoofer than pay child support for precious little Tielennol.
Most Interesting Memory From City: I had a lot of great memories with my ex-fiancee Emily here, but since we decided to break up a few weeks back, these mental images have somehow become slightly less great. Oh wait, there was a time I tried to jump over a concrete wall but instead I tripped over and fell off, creating a beautiful bruise the color and size of a rotting breadfruit on my thigh.

Sorry to end my guide on a somewhat negative note, but as noted scholar and philosopher "Dana" Plato once said, "them's the breaks, hon!" Sure I'm still friends with Emily and we talk every few days, but I've got too many bad vibes in this area to continue living here. Plus I don't think I could stand the blob of 1973 water floating around any longer; it's starting to eat the paint off of my car. I hope this guide has helped you realize the pros and cons of each city I've lived in within the past 10 years so you can read through each of them and then eventually decide to move to a nicer area, such as the Demilitarized Zone between North and South Korea. Hey, why not? They have less rain there and the show "Frasier" isn't supposed to take place in the immediate area; that's two major bonuses alone.

What's Yours is Goldmine!

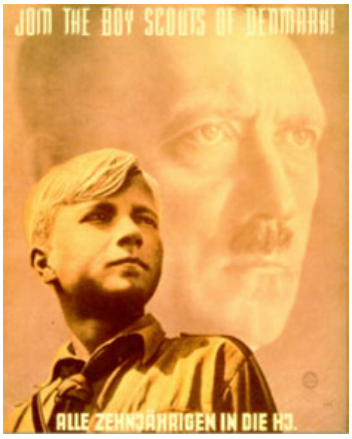
Another Tuesday, another wonderful Comedy Goldmine! Today's star-spangled Photoshopping bonanza tackles the eternal question of "what REALLY happened to John F. Kennedy?" Since a recent batch of historical archives were released to the public, the SA Forum Goons decided to take the mystery into their own hands and solve the riddle for themselves. The results may shock and / or possible surprise you!

Now that's some serious Grand Theft Comedy! Head on over and investigate for more nuggets of truth!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.28 Olly-Olly Oxen Macht Frei

Monday, Jan 27, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Way to fucking go Denmark!

Kids love to play. Even in Dickens' novels where the kids live in orphanages, pound rocks into smaller rocks, and eat rats, they'll bust out human bones they've carved into sailboats once in a while and watch them sink to the bottom of the flooded room they sleep in. Luckily most kids outside of Indochina do not live in a book written by Charles Dickens and are free to engage in all manner of frolicking and horseplay without fear of being shot in the base of the skull by a "Nike Fun-Crew Supervisor". Children in France like to play catch and ride stick-horses, kids in Japan enjoy flying kites, kids in the United States like to have anal sex, kids in Russia mostly just dance, and apparently kids in Denmark enjoy playing Holocaust-themed games of tag.

> *COPENHAGEN, Denmark - Parents of more than 100 Danish scouts were outraged over a game of tag at a scout camp in which children acted as Jews wearing yellow Stars of David and tried to escape from adults pretending to be Nazis.*
>
> ...
>
> *The school yard included a sign with the German words "Arbeit macht frei," or "Work will set you free," the infamous inscription over the entrance to the Auschwitz concentration camp in Poland.*

Hilariously enough the Danes provided volunteers to form the Freikorps Danemark, a Waffen-SS formation that served for the Germans on the Eastern Front, along with a number of troops supplied to non-Danish SS formations. In other words, Western Europeans and particularly Scandinavian countries have a pretty strong tie to the Holocaust and not on the victim end of things. I'm not going to delve any deeper into the history of the subject because it would get, unbelievably, almost twice as boring as my updates usually are. Suffice it to say that taking a semi-fascist organization like the Boy Scouts and mixing in a light-hearted re-enactment of pogroms against the Jews consisting of Aryan youngsters being chased around by adults is just a little questionable and a lot homoerotic.

Much to my amazement, the Jew-run media didn't give this news item a whole lot of coverage. Meanwhile if a senator is misunderstood when saying "bike" he gets a front page story written about his anti-Semitism. Down in the swamps they call me the "Himi-hound" because I can smell a Zionist conspiracy from three-hollers away and believe me my Jew-dar was going off with this little cover-up. The reason they ("they" being the Zionist world shadow government) didn't want you to know about this article is because this sort of thing is happening all around the globe. Children are putting away their Nintendo games and slingshots and turning to a seedy underworld of playground games based on hate and genocide. I strapped on my intrepid reporter gear that looks suspiciously like a latex-inflation fetishist costume and scoured the planet searching for the darkest stories related to children's games I could find. Folks, what you are about to read will make your blood run cold. Doubly so when you realize that your very own children, or possibly your children in the future if you haven't had kids yet, or your children in alternate timelines if a boating accident rendered you incapable of reproduction, could be the ones playing these "games".

■ **Unit 731 Dodge Ball** Unit 731 was a Japanese military medical unit during the

Watch out Liver! Try to catch the ball Testicles!

Second World War that conducted horrifying experiments on captured American, British, and Australian POWs along with Chinese men and women. These ranged from freezing the men to death, to vivisecting them, to impregnating Chinese women and vivisecting them to remove the fetus. All manner of fun and shenanigans took place in Unit 731, some of it with a shadowy scientific purpose, most of it done on a whim or out of curiosity. Combine this black stain on Japan's permanent record with the high-impact game of dodge ball and you have one of the biggest trends sweeping playgrounds throughout North Carolina.

"There really isn't anything wrong with it," said elementary school teacher Roger Carmichael as children threw dodge balls behind him. "They just toss the ball at the organ they're cutting out of the live POW. It's just a fun little game."

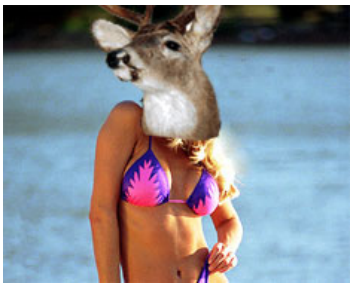
According to students the game is played by arranging a class of students in a shape roughly analogous to a human torso and abdomen. Each student will have the name of a particular organ written on their shirt or on a piece of cardboard hung around their neck. A single student will then stand behind a line called "the operating table", call out the organ he wishes to vivisect, and throw balls at the "organs". If he hits the one he called they "organ" is sent to the "formaldehyde jar" which is usually a circle marked on the asphalt with chalk. If the player misses he will trade places with the organ he called and suddenly the doctor becomes the patient.

"Sometimes we'll like do the neck to and use different colored balls for what we're doing to the POW." One student explained. "Like if we're testing bubonic plague I'll use a green ball and then if I want to do a freezing experiment I'll use a blue ball. It's pretty cool!"

Only a handful of surviving victims of Unit 731 have come forward to complain about the game, while a large Japanese immigrant community has written to schools in support of the activity. The feeling among most parents is that it teaches students valuable lessons about anatomy, the effects of injecting sand into the chambers of the heart, and how the world is an unfeeling and cruel machine intended to grind the goodness from the souls of men and turn them into callous simpletons who function in society on a childlike punishment-reward with no second thought save curiosity for the mind-shattering torment of a stranger.

■ **Torch the Fucking Village!**

Kids in France have little or no interest in games related to Unit 731, but they sure enjoy the Christ out of a game related to America's cruelties during the war in Vietnam called "torche le village foutu" or "Torch the Fucking Village". A game best suited for summertime, it involves adults throwing buckets of scalding water onto children in white dressing gowns. Needless to say the game could have been invented only the French, the



Pretty much every French schoolyard has either a woman in a bikini or a naked woman standing around.

Japanese, or possibly a few creepy guys who smell like pickles and lock the door to their bedroom when they go to work even though they live alone. The kids stand in groups of four called "huts" and the teachers take turns throwing buckets of water at them. If their nipples become visible through the sheer fabric of the wetted gowns then they have to go sit in a half-buried metal box painted black while the game finishes. If an adult manages to take out all four kids in a hut with a single throw of water then they are permitted to call in a "Nate strike". They then get to turn a hose on the remaining huts while the children in the box count down from ten and a woman in a two-piece bathing suit with a stuffed deer's head over her head gyrates off to the side.

When all of the children are eliminated they are allowed to chase the adults with water balloons while the adults flee for the safety of the "helicopter on top of the embassy". These are usually a few simple rectangles market out on the asphalt or ground. No one in France is at all concerned about this game and its bizarre anti-American sentiment and sexual themes. France is full of philosophical heathens who close their eyes and see a demonic image of Uncle Sam cracking the globe open like an egg and pouring its bloody yoke into his distended mouth. I could also make some joke about France surrendering but FARK has driven that so far into the ground that it came out the other side of the comedy planet, shot into the air a hundred miles and then collided with some magically floating other ground to be driven into.

- **Japanese Jihad**

My Japan-centric mind couldn't keep me away from that quaint island nation and for my last stop on my "shocking playground activities" trip I flew to Nippon where I knew I would be in for a wild ride to top anything Mr. Toad could ever offer. Much to my horror I discovered that one of the most popular games Japanese kids are playing these days is based on the September 11th terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center. Children will link arms and will yell "Oh no, the plane can't stop!" followed by the name of one of the students who is portraying a plane. The kid will run as fast as he can at the line of linked kids and attempt to break through their arms. If he succeeds then the two children he broke through "collapse" and are removed from the "building". If he fails to break through then he has to join the linked hands for some reason that has no logical explanation in the event of September 11th.

There are many other interesting games being enjoyed at playgrounds throughout Japan. They're not necessarily hate related but since they came from Japan I am going to go ahead and assume they actually are and include them.

- **Ancestor Spirit's Enema** - Intended to simulate the act of administering an enema to a ghost.
- **Look Out! The Horse is on Fire!** - An imitation of an accidental fire at a horse barn.

- **Goodbye Negro** - A game that models the forced deportation of unwanted blacks to Africa.
- **President Kennedy Is Wife** - Based on the concept that John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald were married and Oswald assassinated him for buying too many outfits on Oswald's Visa by putting on poison lipstick and kissing him.
- **Jellybean Magical Gift Man** - Game intended to debase the homeless in which children offer them money at the mouth of a dark alley and then beat them unconscious with wooden sticks called "jellybeans".
- **Uh-oh, Environment!** - A game based on the plot of every Japanese console RPG in which nature battles industrial mankind. In the game nature is represented by the fattest kid in the class and industrial mankind is represented by all of the other kids forcing themselves to vomit on his chest.
- **Hentai Rape Explosion** - Known in the United States as checkers.
- **Tora! Tora! Tora!** - A bukkake and Pearl Harbor simulation where the children spray "Emperor Yamamoto" in the face with hot glue guns and then he staggers blinded to a riding lawnmower and drives over as many cats as he can before the mower runs out of gas.

Not surprisingly Japan proved to be the source of many of the hottest playground trends to corrupt the minds of children throughout the world. Some of the games that are just starting to become popular, like "Abortion By Rape" and "ShoeAss", are so heinous that I can't even force myself to describe them here. Rest assured you'll have a chance to experience them all firsthand in a few years when they finally trickle over to the United States or whatever God-forsaken country you might happen to live in. Robocop help us all when we find out what the generation of playground games after that is.

Come to think of it I can't figure out why the Zionist World Government would bother pulling all of these strings to keep the playground antics so hush-hush. Maybe there's just some rule in the Jew Overlord Sky Castle that states when anything happens referring to Nazis it has to be covered up as much as possible. Either that or maybe there isn't a Zionist World Government, but then that would mean all of those rightwing conspiracy Geocities web sites I read constantly were lying to me. Then my reality would crumble.

Who You Gonna Call?

A new week and a brand new "Ask Emily" from our very own Emily "Infra Gull" Reigel, the supreme queen of answers to usually really dorky questions. This week she serves up a main course of sound advice with a side of that special brand of sass we like to call "cruelty".

Emily,

I am a novice wizard on a trek laden with both dungeons AND dragons and I am considering venturing forth to the hidden desert tomb of the mad mummy king, Malhotep. What spells would you recommend I prepare for this dangerous task?

Additionally, get another hobby besides pen and paper RPG's, you dork. I am not going to spend a lot of time trying to answer your dumb RPG question because if you are sufficiently nerdy you will be able to answer this junk for yourself instead of dragging me into your pocket protector nightmare. Perhaps your geek-friends will be able to tell you what magical store to look

in in order to find a "bag of holding" so that you can look inside and hopefully meet your none-too-soon doom.

Go and read it now! Why are you still reading what I have to say? GO!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

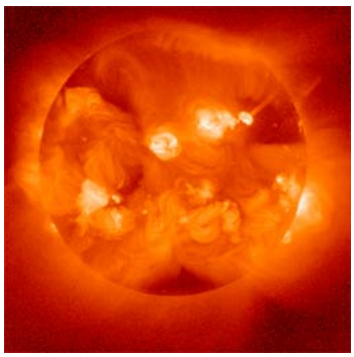
1.29 A Slice of Lunar Pie, BURNT TO A CRISP

Wednesday, Jan 29, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

For as long as clowns have been smiling, the moon has been serving as Earth's little buddy in the cold, desolate frontiers of outer space. This sacred bond between the Earth and the moon is one of the few things in this universe we can truly appreciate. Through good times and bad, the moon has been our stalwart companion and faithful friend as we sail through the vacuum of space. I can think of no better friend to man than the moon. Dogs? Forget them! Take them out and shoot them all! How dare they be so naïve as to cast themselves in the same precious light as the moon! One of the good things about our celestial roommate is that it belongs to no single man. It's sort of the communal property of the human race, and everyone – save for those deranged mole men from the Earth's core – has equal chance and privilege to gaze upon the moon.

This is the best picture of the moon I could find. Unfortunately it contains a slight innaccuracy: gigantic space owls don't actually exist. Everything else is spot on.

Some of you will argue that I'm living in an idealistic fantasy world, probably because I still believe in mole men. My feelings and beliefs on this matter run a lot deeper than even the Earth's core, though. I'm not saying that the moon is some prized treasure that should be looked at but not touched, because that would just be stupid. I'm saying it's something we should all conquer together, with guns blazing. The moon is a valuable resource ripe for exploitation, and the sooner we start exploiting, the sooner we all start benefiting. The point is that we should be doing this together. The Native Americans once held that the lands belonged to everybody, and they could no more be owned than the air we breathe or the sky we pollute. In time, we taught them the value of the dollar. Now it's time we repeat that lesson again with the moon, and unlike last time we won't leave anybody behind. If we stand united to do one thing as the human race, let that one thing be ruining the moon.



The sun makes everything possible, including birthday parties and go-carts. Now's your chance to claim a big scolding hot chunk!

Unfortunately somebody had the audacity to begin turning the moon into a pile of money for selfish gain and without the rest of us. A Dutch entrepreneur, Rene Veenema, was recently arrested for illegally selling plots of land on the moon.

> *Veenema, who goes on trial next month, was quoted as saying he made thousands of people happy before his business turned sour. He claims he sold plots for around 1,500 euros ($1,600) each through the U.S.-based firm Lunar Embassy.*

I don't know about you, but I for one can't even find the country of "Dutch" anywhere on a map, so it's clear he hasn't stopped being a scoundrel even while in jail. I find it most sickening that he was selling these plots to individuals. What are they going to do, build houses there? The moon is for industry, not for living. What's more amazing is the price people were willing to pay for a small chunk of real estate on a virtual stillborn of the cosmos. There is something to be learned from this, and that's that people are stupid and much easier to exploit than the moon itself, even though the moon is nothing more than a giant rock.

In sprite of his legal troubles, I can't deny that Rene Veenema made some good money selling dumb people things they cannot see, touch, or ever experience first hand. He was definitely onto something big. I too would like to make money tricking people. My dream has always been to either become a dastardly railroad baron or travel the country conning the elderly out of their life savings in an elaborate pyramid scheme straight out of Ancient Egypt. Of course selling people the moon is a pretty big cracker of deception salted with lies and intrigue. As big a ruse as it is, I can do one bigger.

I hereby announce Sun Plots, the premiere real estate agency selling quality land on the surface of the sun. The sun is not only much bigger than the moon in size, but is also the star of our very solar system. And yes, the pun is all over your face, fatty. Before I sell you the sun, I'd like to give you an honest look at what some other real estate agencies are offering in terms of outer space land. Let's start with, oh, I don't know, THE MOON.

THE MOON!

Pro: very close to Earth, making travel relatively painless once commercial space travel becomes a reality.	**Con**: commercial space travel won't be available until 2073. Sadly, all space travel will be done by climbing into the ass cavity of giant space traversing turtles from Mars.
Pro: the moon has millions of diligent, solar-powered workers living underground in the massive moon factories. These workers are willing to work for ridiculously low sums.	**Con**: they're extremely vulnerable to parasol attacks. The mere sight of a parasol sends them scurrying into the labyrinthian depths of the moon.
Pro: the moon is a great place for peace and quiet.	**Con**: the French Space Program, still under the impression that the moon is made of cheese, routinely sends dirty Frenchmen on exploratory missions. These Frenchmen will be stopping by to visit you.
Pro: finding level ground to build a home on is no problem; the moon has lots of flat terrain.	**Con**: your new home will be turned into a crater shortly after building it.
Pro: Great view of Earth, if you're on the proper side.	**Con**: you'll be suffocating as you look at the Earth, because there is no atmosphere.

As you can see, there really isn't much point in investing in the moon as in individual. The sun,

however, is better suited for you! Allow me to show you the benefits of buying sizzling hot land from the same honest, objective viewpoint!

YOUR NEW HOME, THE SUN!

Pro: always warm no matter what time of the year.	**Con**: hotter than the ovens Hitler used to bake his famous holocaust pies.
Pro: the sun is the biggest body in the solar system, not to mention the very center. Plenty of open space and the vanity of being at the heart of it all.	**Con**: THE SUN WILL MELT YOU ALIVE IF YOU GET ANYWHERE NEAR IT!
Pro: never worry about gas prices or shortages again! The sun is a gigantic ball of gas! Your SUV will finally prove to be a sound investment!	**Con**: THE PAIN OF MELTING IS UNIMAGINABLE!
Pro: getting the perfect tan has never been easier!	**Con**: THERE IS NO CON TO HAVING A PERFECT TAN, EXCEPT FOR THE FACT YOU WON'T HAVE ANY FLESH LEFT TO TAN YOU STUPID FOOL! WHY DID YOU EVER GO NEAR THE SUN?
Pro: sunspots are beautiful to look at, much like the aurora borealis.	**Con**: WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR EYES? YOU DIDN'T OPEN THEM, DID YOU? WHY GOD WHY?
Pro: there is plenty of air to breathe; after all, fires can't burn without oxygen!	**Con**: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD STAY AWAY FROM THE SUN.

As you can see, the pros clearly outweigh the miniscule cons. The time has come for you to get with the hot ticket and purchase land on the sun. Don't think of this as a vanity purchase, think of this as in investment in the future. One day man will have no choice but to leave this world and colonize other planets. Stars are like planets, too, except they're on fire! So too was Wilt Chamberlain when he scored 100 points in a basketball game or the Human Torch when he helped defeat Doctor Doom. And really, buying land on a star is a lot like sharing the credit for Wilt Chamberlain's historic performance. Let's get down to brass tacks. I'm selling valuable sun soil at the low cost of $1,000 for 500 acres. That's cheaper than dirt! For an extra $500, I'll print out a certificate stating that your plot of land was blessed by both the Pope and the late Orson Welles. I'm also offering discounts on

bulk orders. We here at Sun Plots have a saying, "the sun is hot property!" We really say that, and even though we're laughing at you when we say it, we really do mean it. ACT NOW! SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED!

Middle Aged Men Groping Each Other

Our very own Taylor "Psychic Cheese" Bell took a break from abusing drugs and alcohol to abuse himself in other ways, notably with "WCW Wrestling," a classic body slam from the past.

> *When you start up a game and see an abominably ugly title screen accompanied by this sound effect, the game might as well be screaming at you "HELLO, I AM A SHITTY GAME THAT WILL WASTE LOTS AND LOTS OF TIME THAT YOU COULD USE PURSUING BETTER HOBBIES, SUCH AS CUTTING NINTENDO CHARACTERS OUT OF INSTRUCTION MANUALS AND USING THEM TO PUT ON EROTIC PAPER DOLL PUPPET SHOWS AT THE LOCAL LIBRARY. BYE!" Although this most likely won't apply to everyone (for example, I prefer putting on my erotic Nintendo puppet shows at the zoo) the first six words should hold true for anybody legally recognized as a member of the human race.*

For the rest of his essay on erotic puppet shows, as well as a link to the sound file he mentioned and a full review of "WCW Wrestling" click on the link that appears at the end of this sentence if I ever both to end it, which I am kind of scared to do now, but okay, I better do it because I think things are getting unstable. Shit, I forgot the link, so here it is!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.30 They're Out to Get Us All!

Wednesday, Jan 29, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Oh no! "TOP SECRET UFO"! That sounds either evil or "too hot for television!"

It's no secret that the world is full of deranged, insane, babbling lunatics who are more than happy to share their opinions regarding their incomprehensible conspiracy theories. Although a good portion of these people go on to lead a happy and fulfilling life working at Radio Shack or hosting their own conservative AM radio talk show, some slip through the cracks and find their way into the seedy underbelly of the general public. After a matter of time, these psychotic individuals begin explaining their whacked out "what they don't want you to know" stories to every unfortunate individual they encounter, occasionally at gunpoint. It's all downhill from there; soon they're avid Art Bell fans and are using Tripod's homepage creation software to construct animated gif shrines devoted to exposing the secrets of the universe that they (and only they) know. The Internet has become a breeding ground for the mentally depraved conspiracy theory nutcases, as the basic nature of this electronic medium encourages building communities, despite how justified we would be in taking a flamethrower to them and calling in artillery strikes just to be sure.

Throughout my pointless journeys across the Internet, I've encountered any and every conspiracy theory possible, many of which used the scrolling text function to prove key points. These wacked out webpages invariably fall into one of two obsessive subjects: aliens and the government.

■ **ALIENS -** Conspiracy wackos think about aliens more often than aliens think about themselves. In their wildest dreams, these magic creatures inhabit the hollow Earth, live underneath the ocean in the semi-lost city of Atlantis, are currently flying in from different dimensions, and are routinely visiting us every other hour because they're trying to get to Neptune but are too embarrassed to ask for directions. Earth is apparently a very popular destination for aliens due to the fact that their home planet lacks the exciting and wonderful inventions of mankind such as that new green-colored 409 cleaning spray. If we were to believe what conspiracy wacko people on the Internet think, we wouldn't be able to move five inches without casually bumping into some bulb-headed, slant-eyed, horrendous foreign creature (no, I'm not talking about French Prime Minister Lionel Jospin). These nutbags are obsessed with aliens because they already know there isn't a single human being on the planet who doesn't either hate them or think they're a raving lunatic; maybe there's a remote chance that in some filthy corner of the universe there exists a race of highly intelligent, physics-defying creatures that would love nothing better than to visit a man who hasn't bathed since the Carter administration. These mysterious space creatures have the following characteristics and qualities:

Three aliens look on as flash photography is used to take a picture of the artist painting their portrait.

■ They are apparently all very bored and have nothing to do on their home planet. This would explain why they travel zillions of light years to visit our stinking, rotting, filthy planet for the sole purpose of drawing circles in corn and cramming high tech thermometers inside fat white people's asses. I've often wondered what crucial information there is to glean from some farmer's backyard and the anus of his toothless son, but I can only assume it's some really crucial stuff and is so

advanced that our feeble human minds wouldn't be able to understand it even if somebody used a colorful flowchart and one of those pointy stick things. Maybe they're researching how to grow poop plants.

■ Despite being thousands of years beyond our current technology level, aliens have not yet figured out how to mass produce a spacecraft which doesn't resemble a dog's chew toy. Although these unbelievably advanced interstellar ships can successfully avoid radar detection and turn invisible at will, they can still be captured by gritty, blurry cameras manufactured by Korea in the late 1950s. Sometimes they shoot a thick length of string straight up into the air above them in an attempt to look "fake" or "like the work of an eight-year old."

■ They come from many, many different exotic places and locations. Some aliens prefer the mild, dry climate in the center of the hollow Earth, while others prefer to exist in different dimensions. Sure you've got the plain-vanilla aliens that live on the planet of Grabualsa 9 and use a boring old UFO to travel here every day on their commute to work, but these aliens aren't very popular anymore. The hot and popular breed of aliens these days inhabit secret areas of the Earth or float around in an ethereal plane of existence which floats somewhere above Milwaukee.

■ World peace is the number one message on their agenda, although they don't prefer to spread this message through traditional means of communication such as talking to people or writing things down. Instead, they beam their thoughts directly to humans who they deem worthy enough to be one of, if not the only, "chosen prophets." These prophets make up a small minority of people who have the ability to relay the important messages from our friends in Dimension Q, announcements which usually ask us to stop polluting, give dolphins positions of power, or blow up the government.

AREA 51
TOP SECRET RESEARCH FACILITY
WARNING
Restricted Area
It is unlawful to enter this area without permission of the installation commander.
While on this installation all persons and the property under their control are subject to search and seizure.
Photography Prohibited
It is unlawful to make any photograph, film, map, sketch, picture, drawing, graphic representation of this area or equipment at or flying over this installation.
Use of deadly force authorized

If the government didn't have anything to hide, they'd let us all into Area 51 now wouldn't they? Oh, and they should also turn it into a theme park and let us visit any military site any time we feel like it too. UNLESS THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE, OF COURSE!!!

■ **THE GOVERNMENT -** Another big winner with our neurotic Internet buddies is the ever-so-evil government. I have never seen a single conspiracy website which described the government as being anything but pure, unadulterated Satanism. They're 20 pounds of evil in a two-pound bag, only without the bag and with an extra serving of evil sauce. Despite the fact that the government only exists because of the money we give them, they apparently have no qualms with slowly killing us all through highly exciting and experimental methods. Here are just a few of their nefarious schemes:

■ Something incredibly evil and incredibly vague involving the North Pole. I don't know what the hell is up there or why the US government found it appropriate to travel thousands of miles out of their way to get another people-killin' scheme rolling, but that's probably because I haven't been formally trained in "Conspiracy Nutball Theory" by the Utah University School of Keep Your Goddamn Evil Zionist Money, You Clueless Zombie Drone. If I remember correctly, the North Pole contains a lot of snow and is located to the north of everything south of it, so it's got that going for it, which is good. All you need to know that the North Pole has a lot of nasty things going on, so if it's in your vacation plans for the upcoming holiday, perhaps you should reconsider travel agents.

■ Electricity. Much like "Project: North Pole," the government's dastardly plans involving electricity and the injuring or death of over a million people is somewhat difficult to understand. From what little cohesive information I've been able to glean, electricity is being used to corrupt our brainwaves and destroy vital organs in our head that we would normally use to become psychic and talk to dolphins and aliens. Electricity, in conjunction with the dangerous setup of government gear in the North Pole, is responsible for creating deadly magnetic waves that helped empower Adolf Hitler and the people

who produced "Kangaroo Jack."

- Something involving the Jews. By nature, Jews are evil. I'm not exactly sure how or why, but that's not important in a conspiracy-minded person's agenda. You just accept the fact that Jews are evil and then move on so you may unearth the Jewish / one-world government connection. I believe the Jews' reign of terror began sometime around that whole Son of God thing, back when Jesus would run around smiting people and changing gold into lumber or whatever He did. The Jews did something evil to Jesus like give him a stick of gum that claimed it was peppermint flavored but actually tasted like red peppers, and as a result, their religion has been downright dastardly ever since. They're always up to some evil plan with the government (which is wholly owned and operated by the Jews much like TNT is run by Ted Turner), so next time you spot a Jewish person pretending to mind their own business, you should walk up to them, stare right into their eyes, and exclaim, "I'm on to you, Jewey." You'd better strap on your cobalt-enhanced bicycle helmet when you go to sleep the following night, as the Jew Ray Beams will be especially concentrated on your house in a terrible act of revenge.

- Mind control. A good majority of the government's plans revolves around turning us all into lifeless zombies incapable of thinking for ourselves, addicted to absorbing electronic rays that are regularly broadcast through our homes, and obsessed with giving our money to faceless organizations. I think I pretty much already spelled out the joke in that last sentence, so I've got absolutely nowhere else to go with this point.

There are many other targets of the conspiracy theory minded Internet nutwad, but I don't have the time nor energy to go into depth with each one. Here is a brief overview:

- **The Yeti -** Otherwise known as "Bigfoot" or "John Kruk," the Yeti is believed to be some alien that lives in the woods and refuses to shave, even for important job interviews.

- **Jesus Christ -** He's the best. If you're not down with Jesus, then you're going to hell. Jesus communicates to us through selected conspiracy wackos, light sockets, and by allowing his facial features to appear on a cinnamon roll made in Nicaragua.

A sketch of the evasive creature John Kruk. No, wait, that's the Yeti. No, actually that is John Kruk. Sorry, I was confused by the lack of tobacco.

- **Dolphins -** Everybody knows that dolphins are the smartest creatures this side of the sun. So what if they don't do shit but swim around and get killed all day? Dolphins are somehow the most intelligent, passionate, and creative animal in existence! To truly live in harmony, we must make friends with the dolphin... *really* good friends, if you catch my drift, sailor.

- **The Face on Mars -** Leading scientists claim it's just a heap of Martian dirt, but smart people know better: it's an ancient alien temple used for teleportation! If you look directly into the eyes of the Face on Mars, you will either turn to stone or you will get a mysterious phone call and promptly die within seven days.

- **The Bible / Nostradamus -** Both accurately predict the future and when we'll all die in a horrible, fiery apocalypse, which was scheduled to take place in 1967, then 1969, then 1971 followed by 1973, 1978, 1981, 1981 (again), 1985, 1992, 1993, 1995, 1994 (we were going to travel back in time in the year 1995 to get killed in 1994), 1999, 2000 (many times), 2002, and the upcoming destruction of 2012. Make sure to dress appropriately.

For more information on how to be completely out-of-your-brain crazy, stop by Art Bell's website and learn about the secrets THEY don't want you to know about! "They," of course, meaning "the government organization in charge of making sure you never obtain a firearm."

Critical - 1, Zack - 0

Hey folks and folkettes, Zack "Gordon Schumway" Parsons here with an all new Hentai Game Review. This installment is the hottest title from 1998 called "Critical Point". It features a pole huge pole rammed through a guy's dick, a re-rape, and a robot that cries all the time. As usual when I describe a Hentai game, I fucking wish I was kidding.

> *While the evil couple were locked in the heat of illogical passion the stern head engineer shot the technician and her male "rape accomplice" to death with her pistol. Naturally, since your character was investigating strange incidents, he chose to do nothing at all. I don't know about you but if some woman with a head like a watermelon with two glistening chunks of coal stuck in it tried to rape me, raped some other guy instead, and then both were shot to death, I would probably turn on my heel and speed-walk to the nearest overhead beam that would allow me to loop my belt around it and hang myself.*

This game was a lot of fun for me to play and I hope you enjoy reading my review. In other news today has been officially declared opposites day, and also, fuck you! Head on over and suffer with me!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.31 My Tank Fires Bullets That Weigh a Ton

Friday, Jan 31, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The secret weapon of the SS: sassy lips.

Earlier this month I ran an article detailing some of the wackier inventions of the Nazis during the World War II. I thought it was an interesting topic but I was unsure that the readers of Something Awful would really enjoy that sort of thing, so at the end of the article I left a link to my e-mail address and invited people to let me know what they thought. Much to my surprise I received a total of zero completely negative e-mails about the article and over two hundred encouraging me to write more on the topic. With a nearly endless list of crazy World War II inventions to draw from I have decided to reprise the subject at least once.

It's interesting to follow the curve of German technological advance during the Second World War. Before the war and near the beginning the German military-industrial complex was calmly producing tanks, aircraft, and weapons that were good but grounded in the fundamentals of real science and engineering. Somewhere around the tail-end of 1941, when the first offensive into Russia started to lose steam, apparently a bunch of scientists and industrialists got together in a locked room with Hitler and huffed paint all day long. They then staggered out back to their usual jobs and began churning out reams of technical diagrams for vehicles and weapons that the world wasn't really ready for. Partially due to the destruction of war, and partially due to the fact that these concepts were just so fucking desperate, most of them were doomed to die a stillbirth on the drafting table.

Luckily for us all the Nazis were about as desperate for a way to save the country as the scientists were high from all the paint fumes, and frequently they wasted massive amounts of resources developing things like the Amerika Bomber and the Maus that had no real use by 1944. Probably thanks more to sheer odds than anything else a handful of these technological funnovations actually paid off and managed to catapult the crumbling Nation of Germany into a state of advancement probably almost a decade ahead of the rest of the world. Sure, it might have been almost impossible to get enough to eat and survive the bombs constantly pounding on your city, but somewhere in the forest a Nazi space missile was getting ready to begin zooming towards London! In this exciting episode of "Nazi Rocketmen Will Save Us All" we'll take a look at three technologies either deployed or developed by Hitler's Third Reich.

- **Heinkel "Wespe" / "Lerche II"**

Type: Vertical Take-Off and Landing Craziness

The Lerche II in flight as done by Mario Merino.

Specific Features: Looking more like a submarine or a high-tech Teutonic dildo, the

Heinkel "Lerche II" was a German attempt at creating a VTOL interceptor. The Germans had pioneered the development of practical helicopters earlier in the war, but what few of these were built generally filled the role of a more flexible observation platform or courier aircraft. With bombs raining down all over the German homeland there was more than a little need for an interceptor force that could be based at minimal facilities near important factories. You know, to protect the slave labor that the Nazis were forcing to build moon lasers and whatever the hell else they had cooked up. Building on some of the basic concepts of rival designer Focke-Wulf's "Triebfluegel" VTOL aircraft, Heinkel began work developing their own "Wespe".

A ghastly beast, the "Wespe" project evolved into the more-streamlined and even more cocktastic "Lerche II" interceptor. Equipped with massive variable-pitch contra-rotating propellers on the center of the fuselage, the aircraft's propulsion was essentially a giant warning to the pilot not to even think about bailing out. The aircraft would have launched standing upright like a rocket, but instead of using a blast of fire to take off the pilot would have simply adjusted the thrust and pitch of the rotors as with a helicopter. To land the vehicle this procedure would have been reversed, only with much greater difficulty since the fucking thing rested on three ridiculously small feet. The pilot's unenviable task was to lay prone in the cockpit, fighting enemies face-first with a bullet-proof canopy the only thing between him and a bloody end. The armament for the Lerche was a pair of 30mm cannons, one mounted on each side of the fuselage near the cockpit; adequate but certainly not spectacular.

Don't get your hopes up, this is only a model of the Lerche II by Dan Johnson.

History: Work began on developing the "Wespe" in 1944 and continued on to the "Lerche II" in 1945. A familiar story repeated itself as advancing Allied armies put the kibosh on any further work on the project. Had the "Lerche II" ever flown it likely would have been an interesting but ultimately ineffective design. It would have been difficult to land under the best of circumstances, totally outgunned when going up against multiple fighters, and fast but with poor maneuverability. All three of these features were key ingredients of many of the Nazi's late-war aircraft like the Komet rocket-plane. Also like the Komet, which was prone to fuel explosions if a bullet so much as looked at it (and even more prone to exploding on landing), the "Lerche II" would have left the pilot very vulnerable to any attempt to shoot the aircraft down. The massive props might have survived a flyby from a P-51, but the pilot would have probably been blasted to pieces inside his glass bubble. On the upside the cockpit could have been filled with water and artificial snowflakes and then resealed to provide a particularly grisly snow-globe on the desk of some 50 foot tall American general.

■ Sturmmoerser Tiger

Type: Gigantic Rocket-Assisted Mortar Tank

HOW ARE THOSE TWO SOLDIERS JUST HOVERING IN THE AIR LIKE THAT!?

Specific Features: One of the most fearsome and effective German tanks of World War II was the Panzer Mk VI, or Tiger as it was better known. The Tiger mounted a long-barreled 88mm gun specially designed for it, unlike the later King Tiger and Jagdpanther which mounted modified full-size versions of the 88mm anti-tank gun. The Surmmoerser Tiger, or Sturm Tiger, was based on the effective Tiger chassis but replaced the turret and 88mm armament with an enclosed superstructure and a massive 380mm rocket-assisted mortar. The rocket activated shortly after firing and exhaust often backwashed down the stubby barrel of the Sturm Tiger. To counteract this potentially catastrophic effect the gun barrel had a ring of gas vents so that exhaust would vent outwards from the barrel.

The projectile, larger than most naval artillery, was capable of leveling a building in a single shot or penetrating through 2 and a half meters of reinforced concrete. The Sturm Tiger had a surprisingly large internal magazine given the size of the rockets, carrying 15 in total. For replenishing the magazine a special hatch was built into the roof of the superstructure and a loading arm and pulley system was attached to the back. Since the rockets weighed about as much as that gold plated helicopter from an episode of "GI Joe" this system allowed the crew to stand outside the tank and "hand" shells in. When the mortar was utilized it was almost always fired over a "flat" trajectory, meaning that unlike conventional mortars this one was also intended to be fired straight at the target and not lobbed in an arc.

A good shot of the Sturm Tiger and one of its mortar rockets.

History: Proposed in early August of 1943 as the Germans were once again mounting an increasingly desperate summer offensive against the Soviets, the Sturm Tiger was championed by Panzer Leader Heinz Guderian. He clearly saw the limitations of even heavy tanks when it came to urban fighting and wanted a weapon that could roll in to support the infantry and route the enemy from the toughest positions. The armament was derived from a secret project of the Navy to develop a means for submarines to bombard shore positions. The Kriegsmarine abandoned this project but it proved perfectly suited for the Sturm Tiger and was adopted with modifications. Unfortunately for the

Germans, by the time the first of only 18 Sturm Tigers had rolled out of the Alkett plant in Berlin-Spandau a slow-moving anti-bunker tank was of dubious value. Despite this the Sturm Tiger performed well, proving adequate at anti-tank and infantry engagements in defense of the rapidly collapsing Reich. I'm sure in a rusty filing cabinet in some buried SS dungeon there's a record of the damn thing actually being used to blow up a bunker somewhere.

- **Leichte Ladungstraeger "Goliath"**

Type: Suicide mini-tank

The original electric-powered Goliath mini-tank that appears to have a piece of Swamp Thing's body stuck to it.

Specific Features: I spent a lot of time in this article and my previous article about crazy German weapons of World War II dealing with the gigantic, the fast, and the far-fetched. For once I'd like to focus on something a little more simple and practical, but none-the-less very interesting. Measuring about five feet in length, the Goliath was a tracked demolition vehicle powered by two electric motors. With a screaming top-speed of six miles per hour the Goliath wasn't going to be winning many races against tanks, but it wasn't intended to. The purpose of the Goliath was to carry a 60kg demolition charge into place and detonate it immediately. Unlike the Japanese the Germans had almost no vehicles that actively encouraged the pilot to commit suicide. Even their plane designed to ram into bombers featured the slim safety measure of a detachable cockpit. To this end the Goliath was essentially a remote controlled bomb on treads

As the Goliath advanced it would spool out a control wire onto the ground, allowing an operator to guide the vehicle from the safety of a trench or bunker. Later versions of the Goliath utilized a motorcycle engine in place of the electric motors, could carry a heavier demolition charge, and were slightly faster. The early 1942 versions of the Goliath were prone to small-arms fire, so in the 1943 version the armor was upgraded along with the engine. While anything bigger than a rifle would make short work of the Goliath it was never intended for use in a running battle. It was designed with one purpose: to explode!

This later gas-powered Goliath can be identified easily by the air-intake on top of the chassis.

History: Development of the Goliath began in 1940 after the Germans utilized the much larger, slower, and more cumbersome "Borgward" for minefield clearance. By reducing the size of the vehicle from 1.5 tons to a little over 700lbs the Germans created a remote-controlled demolition vehicle that could be towed into position and then manhandled

> without much difficulty by a crew of four or five men. While I'm sure you're entertaining fantasies of some Nazis cackling maniacally as a Goliath drives up to Stalin and explodes, the unit had a range of only 650 meters and was used almost exclusively for blowing holes in minefields. By the end of the war over 7,000 Goliaths had been produced and certainly a number of them were used offensively, but this was not their intended purpose. Given a few more years however, the Germans may well have deployed their Goliath Mk III, which featured a rotating saw blade and wedge-shape perfect for flipping over Soviets. The Goliaths served most notably at the battle of Kursk, where a number of the brave robots were used to clear a way for advancing German armor through the deadly minefields. Some attempts were made at using a TV camera mounted on the Goliath but these proved largely ineffective and the concept was abandoned.

There you have it! Three more examples of why the Nazis will probably always be the single most entertaining source of villainy. If you can manage to forget about little details like the murder of millions of Jews, communists, and homosexuals you can sit back and enjoy the Nazis for what they really are; the best target imaginable for a haymaker from Indiana Jones.

Photosynthesis Phriday

Howdy folks, Josh "Liverspots" Boruff here with the usual tidings of Photoshop Phriday magic. This fine new edition features some delicious foods sure to cause immense pain and suffering if you attempt to eat them. Here is a free sample:

Head on over for some more laughs! RIGHT NOW! THIS INSTANT!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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Chapter 2

February

2.1 Teleport into Tomorrow

Saturday, Feb 01, 2003 by Integral

Awesome. I can't wait for this... large thing with cables sticking out of it, whatever it is.

Mankind is speeding headlong into oblivion and turmoil with every jack-booted step, or maybe he is just speeding in general because he's a Speedy Pete who flirts with disaster and runs amok, etc. It's fairly hard to tell these days, but it is obvious that a lot of the visions from back in the day of what the Future would be have not exactly come to pass. I know that I tend to talk about the Future a lot, but it is a constant source of misery and disappointment to me that we are not yet in hovercrafts and that I still have to worry about growing old and dying in this day and age. It's 2003, for shit's sake, people. This stuff was supposed to be taken care of three years ago, at least. Not only do I refer to the fact that there are no robots in every home and no flying cars glittering in the night skies; I also speak of simple things like no disease, perpetual youth, and maybe the complete absence of Wiccans, because the existence of Wiccans is a clear token that man is taking enormous steps backward on the evolutionary scale. Regardless of these inaccuracies, I would think that we could have at least come up with some better ways of moving around by now.

Even just on a transportation scale, why is it that we are no longer happy riding horses from place to place, driving cars at high speeds at which man was never meant to move, or even flying in jet planes high above the land, and yet we have not done anything truly noteworthy to improve our mobility methods? We now turn our focus to bigger and supposedly better things to move us from place to place. These are the vehicles of the Future, but it is not the brilliant, sparkly Future that was predicted for us. It's more like a gerbil being moved into a slightly larger cage that contains a little running-wheel and is cleaned of it's gerbil-poop on a more regular basis. Our own two (or in some circus cases, three) legs aren't good enough for us, but we haven't really come up with any good alternatives that don't have at least some very large drawbacks.

I can't wait to drive this car with the giant metal anus on the back of it.

Remember when companies would come out with "Future Cars" every year and people actually cared or paid attention? In the 1950's and everything, those cars of tomorrow were always enormous, curvy boats with the headlights in strange places and hoses coming out of them this way and that. People didn't give a second thought to fuel or natural resources, but boy howdy, they liked those big-ass cars. The car companies never really sold those things, though. It was more of a, "Look what you will get to purchase from us if you keep living!" idea. Eventually folks realized that gasoline wasn't really a good fuel source, but this really didn't start happening until the 1980's when some smartish people realized that we were fucking up the Earth on a grand scale and if left to our own devices would deplete our natural resources in a very short amount of time, leaving us to revert to a hunter-gatherer society and live out of the wrecks of abandoned gasoline-powered automobiles. I don't remember that stuff very well because I was really pretty ignorant when they made the first gasoline / electric hybrid car and the first solar powered car came out before I was born (1977). I do remember that those cars that they claimed would soon be all over the roads of tomorrow were really curvy and looked like a sort of fucked-up waterslide bubble-things rather than a vehicle, and that everyone who ever tried to drive them said that they sucked. Needless to say, they haven't caught on. Maybe people want to go from speeds of 0 to 60 in less than five minutes,

who can say.

I'm not sure what the problem is with concentrating our energies on finding a better way to move from place to place. This is a pretty big world, and I would think that because we all have to go places that the people in charge of researching new methods of transportation or improving upon old ones would have come up with some better things by now that ye olde gasoline-powered engine. I don't doubt the capabilities of scientists in this day and age to make neat transportation stuff, but that whole Segway thing was pretty lame, and not much has happened since then. That thing was hyped way too much for a dumb upright scooter. Ooh, wow, it's a two-wheeled thingy that goes 30mph and doesn't tip over very easily. That's great, guys, way to invent useful things. I can get to the store on the other side of town in two fucking hours now. World peace is on the fucking way because of this thing. It only weighs 65 pounds, too, so that means that I can portage across the river with it on my back and continue on my very slow way on the other side of said river. I am so lucky to have been born in this modern time of ease and prosperity.

Cool.

Luckily, there is hope for our doomed race of monkeys. I was fairly surprised to see and/or hear recently that scientists in their top secret science labs somewhere on our planet recently teleported some light particles a distance of over a mile. Now that's progress! I am sure I am not alone in saying that it would be extra super-rad if people figured out how to teleport objects and other people from place to place. Not only would Gene Roddenberry rise up from his nerd-encrusted grave to gloat over us all and force us into lives of slavery on the moon, but hot damn, we'd be able to instantly move from point A to point B in no time at all. Not only that, but we would officially be living in The Future, which I personally have been waiting for for a hell of a long time. After teleportation, all that would need to follow are flying cars and those crazy outfits made of shiny metal. Soon, cyborg cops will follow and humanity will launch itself into the Future in an official and very satisfactory fashion.

Teleportation could be used in any number of very interesting ways, all of which would make our lives easier and more full of Futuristic devices. No longer would people be forced to lift their arms repetitively, sometimes causing stress-injuries and soreness, in order to move food into themselves. The food could be teleported directly into people's mouths, or even better, directly into their stomachs. Perhaps the fatties would actually lose weight that way because they wouldn't be tasting all of that yummy cake that they shove into their gaping maws. Not only that, but teleportation would mean that, upon installation of a small teleportation unit in your toilet, you could send your poop instantly to somewhere of your own choosing. Imagine the satisfaction of eating a large burrito dinner and then sitting down to shit, knowing that your feces would soon be landing upon the head of Barbara Streisand as she drunkenly belts out a song from the hit musical "Cats" in front of 50,003 overweight housewives and gay people. That'd be pretty neat. I'd pay good money to see that let alone being able to live in a time where such things are common place. People that I didn't like would be sent to the moon or other non-fun places (such as England) in a flash! It'd be great. I'd be the most popular kid on the block until someone sent me to the moon or to England themselves. If my head didn't instantly blow up when I was on the moon, I would teleport back right into their head so that their cranium exploded with a great blast of gore. Everyone comes out on top.

All of those poor pedophiles posing as 13-year old girls on the internet would have problems to deal with, because the person that they are talking to could just teleport into their house in the hopes of getting some omg hott pre-teen love action. The days of internet anonymity would come to a sweaty, furry-filled close. Think of all of the "replacing" you could do with a teleporter! You could exchange things for other things like there was no tomorrow. I am not just talking about

your average small-scale replacement of pickles instead of onions on the hamburger you ordered at "Hardee's." I am not even talking about replacing your whiny, bitchy mother with a nice and subservient one who cooks and cleans for you (the way a woman should) and who gives you money. I am talking about large-scale havoc that could easily be wreaked upon the unsuspecting masses with the help of a teleportation device. You could take over the world! The first step to taking over the world would be simple as a very simple thing. One would have only to--

Rad!

You know, before I go on for ever about this, I'd like to say that I'm sure that I could sit here for hours and come up with use after use that teleportation could be applied to, but that might get a little dull and then I'd have written one of those updates wherein I just make a big list of things instead of actually discussing anything. To prevent and evade that end, I'll leave off here by saying in summation that I am happy to see some progress in the Future transportation department but am disappointed that more progress has not been made to date. There really is no excuse for slacking off and failing to produce flying cars by now and it is also depressing that human beings have not yet found a way to travel at ridiculously high speeds, but a teleporter would be an excellent start. I hope that when modern science does invent something cool like reliable teleportation for people and such that it won't have a bunch of annoying regulations that keep people from killing each other or putting milk into the lactose intolerant guy's coffee, because that would be a great loss for all. I can't wait for the Future. Good thing I am being forced to wait as the slow, slow minutes tick furtively away into the dawn of my own lonely demise.

State Og Declares War Is Bitchin'

This is your State Og Representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting in, hoping to show you the latest and greatest in Og technology, and kill you in the process. I meant inform. Inform you in the process. This week, State Og has been called upon to provide military products for the upcoming war Desert Storm 2: Desert Hard With a Vengeance.

> *Today there is a new era of artillery with the launch of State Og's Orbital Bombardment Platform. The $167 trillion satellite employs all the latest sensor, targeting and maneuvering technology to be the most accurate weapon in existence.*
>
> *The awesome power of the Orbital Bombardment Platform is truly realized when one considers its payload: 12 wooden sticks, all sharpened to dangerous pointiness. The system has already been used to jab spacewalkers in the ribs, an experience they described as "really annoying", and they asked us to "cut it out."*

If you don't go inform yourself right now, I swear I'll cut you. I'm probably kidding, but the only way to keep your fingers and face intact while in the presence of an Og employee is to do what he says, so go check out the latest State Og.

-∼Integral

2.2 Osama bin Laundry

Sunday, Feb 02, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

First and foremost, I am like the article title *king*. "Osama bin Laundry." Ha! It works on so many levels. You see a title like that, you know you're going to read the article. I mean, how could I possibly top myself? I must have had one tall glass of funny juice this morning, boy howdy! Well, anyway, today's insane, paranoid, crackpot theory that preys upon the fervent 9/11-driven concern about the safety of our nation and her sparkling morals comes courtesy of not some phony-baloney news source, but from your local place of public laundry. Be it a dry cleaner, laundromat, or just the laundry room in the basement of your building, there is a clear and too often overlooked threat emanating from the very places where you yourself may clean your clothes.

Bum bum BUM!

I was not aware of this threat for many years, because I was at home, where we had our own washing machine and dryer. Then the day came, as it must eventually come in every person's life (many of you may want to take this to heart) when he must leave home and go out into the world on his own. For some, that journey takes them into the cities and their own apartments. For others, it takes them to college. For still others, it takes them into a deceptive world of intrigue, false perceptions, betrayal, and ultimately violence, where Al Pacino is their teacher, but the previews make it seem like he may actually be a bad guy who trained them just to act as unwitting double agents in a diabolical chess game. I went to college. While there, I made the personal decision to wear clothes on a daily basis. Now, here's where it starts getting tricky, so bear with me. Not only was I going to wear clothes, but I was going to wear different clothes each day. I know that this is a difficult concept to handle, but I think of the readers of this site as possessing an above-average caliber intellect, so I have faith that you can follow me on this. Now, my original plan was to wear all of my clothes once, then just buy more. As you can imagine, I was quite surprised when I found that the owners of clothing distribution centers in the vicinity of my college expected fairly large sums of monetary compensation for their goods. Being on a tight budget, I came to the difficult conclusion that I needed to make the clothes I had last. To that end, I decided to try some sort of cleansing ritual to make my old clothes wearable again. This worked satisfactorily, and so trips to the laundry room in the hall adjacent to mine became a fairly frequent addition to my weeks. I know, I know, it sounds absolutely insane, but my friends I am telling you that it gets stranger.

You see, during my visits to the laundry room, I noticed certain trends. Let me give you the layout of this facility, so that you can more easily understand the massive scope that the threat I am slowly revealing actually affects. The layout is something like this:

Over Here	**Over There**
Four (4) dryers	Four (4) washers

Got it? Good. Eight machines total - some for making things wet, some for making things unwet. The harmony of it all seems perfect. The key, though, is the word "seems." Without it, the preceding sentence would have been a fragment, and sort of a confusing one at that. However, I noticed that the machines refused to work in unison. There has been no point since my very first day at college that all eight machines have been functioning properly. Some weeks, a washing machine would upchuck a hearty blue gunk. Others, a dryer would stop producing any heat whatsoever. These

contraptions are meant to service the laundry needs of more than eighty people. Whenever one machine breaks down, which, I will reiterate, is always, the symmetry of the laundry system is thrown off. Someone inevitably ends up having to leave their wet clothes sitting around for half an hour or more until a dryer opens up, but by that time, the clothes are too wrinkled for any mere dryer to make presentable. Entire loads of laundry are lost to the twin demons of Dampness and Not Having a Dryer Available.

This man does not want you to look your best.

At first, I dismissed the phenomenon of precisely one machine being down at all times as simply a quirk of my particular laundry room. Conversations with people from other parts of the campus, however, revealed that the problem was far more widespread. Everyone had their tales to tell of one machine being broken in their own laundry rooms. Coincidence... or conspiracy? For the sake of this article, conspiracy. A conspiracy that I now know does not stop at the snow-covered borders of my campus. In all my travels, which for some reason have always included fact-finding trips to laundromats, I have *never* come across any clothes-laundering facility that could boast one hundred percent functionality. And it's always one machine, or occasionally some other odd number, never one washer and one dryer. The supposed "malfunctions" never fail to leave a disparate number of operational washer and dryers.

Surely none of you have any qualms with my assertion that this problem is widespread. I'm an internet writer. I speak only truth. Also, I am staggeringly attractive. I can see, though, how you may be wondering just how this problem is in fact a terrorist attack on our beloved country. Jesus, I have to spell everything out for you people. Think about it. What do the terrorists hate about our country? The posting or troops on holy ground, imprisonment of their leaders, massive sanctions upon their people, and our arrogant international strategies? Hell no. They hate us because of our good-looking citizens. We have so many gorgeous people in our country, we can fill twenty hours of every day of television with reality shows that focus on anybody willing to do something even remotely interesting. But when those same cameras that capture America's beautiful people boxing one another out of desperation for another few minutes of media attention turn to the peoples of, say, Afghanistan or Iraq, there's not a sparkling white smile to be seen.

Have you taken a look at these people? Outside of a James Bond movie, have you ever seen an attractive terrorist? I thought not. What do you think it does to a person's psyche when he uses his one remaining eye to peer at himself and his countrymen and realizes that there isn't a looker in the bunch, then he sees a billboard for Fox's new special, "When Porn Stars Take Their Clothes Off" and realizes that he will never be able to have sex with anyone who looks like that? Suddenly, the anti-American mentality doesn't seem so hard to understand, does it? Clearly, the terrorists are of the mindset that if they can't sleep with gorgeous people, we can't either.

Please heed this article, or this dweeb will never get laid.

To that end, the terrorists have their beady little eyes on our laundry machines. It's so simple, it's no wonder no one noticed it before. If we can't wash and dry our clothes properly, we will have to be reduced to wearing wrinkled, damp, static-laden, clothing. Without our fly threads to attract potential mates, we are less likely to copulate and produce staggeringly attractive offspring. Slowly but surely, the al Qaeda/Maytag conspiracy is thinning our ranks. It's a subtle attack, one that could have possibly gone undetected altogether. Fortunately, I noticed that I've been getting suspiciously less ass of late. I only had to trace the conclusions I could readily make back to their logical source, and this horrific attack on our nation became clear. Of course, there is only one real defense against this assault. We have

to stop judging people by their clothing and start making more sweet, sweet love. Remember, you won't be doing the hibbidy dibbidy for your own pleasure, but for truth, justice, and the American way - which, ironically, is doing the hibbidy dibbidy. Go forth and get some, or the terrorists win.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

2.3 Security Shenanigans

Monday, Feb 03, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Bill Gates poses with TECHNOLOGY!

Some of you may have noticed that your computers are not working as well as they should be, are experiencing a lot of errors, or are attempting to slit your throat while you take a nap in a hammock on your porch. Chances are you probably have a virus, and according to a number of industry insiders who have really long and tangled beards and Linux stickers on their car, Microsoft is to blame. For its part Microsoft has accused consumers of laziness for not constantly refreshing the security patches portion of their web site. In an exciting turn of events Microsoft managed to make itself look like an even bigger cabal of jackasses when their own computers became horribly infected with the "SQL Slammer" worm virus. Obviously they didn't think it would help them develop security patches to protect from viruses any faster if they actually patched their own computers to protect them from viruses.

> *Microsoft admits making a mistake with the SQL fix and has "egg on our face" over being hit by the worm, Miller said. "What this demonstrates and what we readily acknowledge is the patch management process is too complex," he said.*
>
> "Microsoft is committed to reorganizing our patch system and delivering high-quality patches in a streamlined way."

Miller did not comment in the article about the fact that virtually every Microsoft program, from Outlook to that fucking Paperclip thing, is hideously susceptible to viruses. By spreading a lot of glue on a piece of plywood and dropping some Cheetohs and Yugi-Oh cards on it I was able to trap and interrogate one of the previously mentioned "industry insiders". He referred to himself as Admiral Cronjob, smelled like the inside of a video card box that someone had put sweaty socks into, and drank Mountain Dew Code Red like it was oxygen. Despite and appearance that closely paralleled that of the profoundly retarded he managed to give me the scoop on Microsoft's 2003 software catalog and the expected security efforts by the company. Tough talk on fighting viruses aside, Microsoft's 2003 library looks to be even more riddled with security holes than last year's. Microsoft's response to the viruses designed to take advantage of these holes grow increasingly pathetic as the year progresses.

- **Microsoft Outlook Message Bucket Product Description:** Outlook Express is bundled with every Windows operating system and includes such features as "inability to export data without crashing" and "will execute code from e-mails no matter what your security settings are just to mock your name". The full version of Outlook is included with Microsoft Office and is targeted at businesses, but many have complained that it just isn't cumbersome enough and that many of its useless features can be easily ignored. Microsoft promises to address these issues in 2003 by releasing the "Outlook Message Bucket". This software will work with either Outlook or Outlook Express and will require the program to be open at all times. It will then randomize the order of functions in the menus whenever you maximize Outlook from the taskbar. Whenever you check your e-mail Outlook Message Bucket will bring up a "Message Reading Wizard" that will force

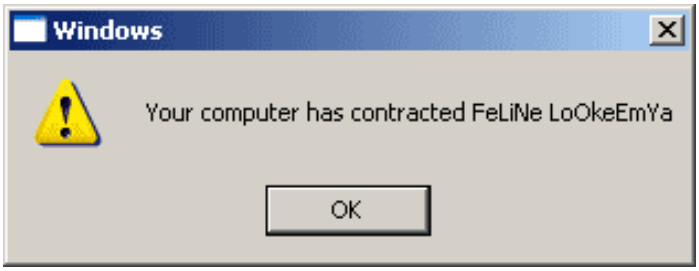
Our "industry insider" demands more Code Red!

you to enter incredibly detailed personal information including your credit card number and then send this in a message to a random address in your address book. It may or may not then allow you to read the message you have received. If you have installed Outlook Message Bucket and are not running it the Outlook Message Bucket Shield will detect this and constantly open browser windows with gay porn until you open Outlook Message Bucket.

Security Alert: Outlook Message Bucket will seriously reduce the overall stability of your system and, since most virus software is automatically deleted by Outlook Message Bucket when you install it, make it much more susceptible to viruses. Already virus developers are working on a Trojan that will take advantage of the Message Reading Wizard and allow hackers access to your system. Fortunately, all the Outlook Message Bucket Shield will allow intruders to do is reformat your hard drives.

Security Response: Two days before the first viruses are released that exploit security holes in Outlook Message Bucket, Microsoft will make a patch available that seals up the major holes and opens a backdoor for other Trojans. The patch will be released through the entertainment section of Microsoft's website as an executable that runs after playing a WMV file. In this case it will be the new Spin Doctors' video. When the Trojan is announced Microsoft will lash out at users for not appreciating the Spin Doctors adequately.

- **Internet Explorer 7.0**



Uh-oh, looks like another animal disease infected our computer thanks to IE 7.0!

Product Description: The most widely used Internet browser will be getting a new version in mid-2003. One major component will be a graphic overhaul to make it, as Bill Gates says, "virtually indistinguishable from something you would see on a Macintosh". Unlike a Macintosh, enough people use Internet Explorer for virus developers to bother to create a way to exploit security holes, and IE 7.0 will have plenty of those. One of the

most devastating features of this version of IE is that it will include Microsoft's upcoming "Virtual Firewall" software. What this does is add a really awesome animated GIF of fire to the toolbar in IE. Other than that it does nothing, unless you have a hardware firewall, in which case it will open all of the ports and share all of your drives. For those of you worried about choosing the right security settings in IE to allow you to safely browse the web but not miss out on great content like furry-themed Macromedia Flash animation, fear not! The new security setting assistant in IE will guide you through choosing the setting that are right for you, and the best part of it is that they're all meaningless anyway! IE 7.0 promises to execute more malicious code than all other browsers combined.

Security Alert: Pretty much any existing virus that could, at one time or another, exploit a security hole in past versions of IE or Outlook will now work with IE 7.0. Microsoft has maximized the virus compatibility of IE so well that if you even go to a web site with the name of a virus written in plain text your computer will actually become infected with that virus. It will even infect your computer with cross platform viruses including those that exploit vulnerabilities in Macintosh and Linux operating systems. Microsoft will eventually release a patch that closes that security loophole but opens your computer to a variety of animal diseases ranging from rabies and mange all the way up to parasitic worms.

Security Response: In addition to the patch that secures IE 7.0 from Macintosh and Linux viruses Microsoft will release a second security update in October of 2003. This patch will be available only by calling an unlisted phone number in Gary, Indiana and saying "the nail that sticks up will be hammered down" into the receiver. Two days later an unmarked package will arrive on your doorstep containing a key to a rented storage locker in Gary. Inside will be a stack of update CDs. Once installed this security update will secure IE 7.0 from all computer and veterinary viruses. However, it will also copy child pornography to a folder on your computer and contact the police.

- **Mechwarrior 5: Kernel Commandos**

Hohoshi Mohohoshi prepares to do battle with the Ghost Bears' elite "Burned ISO Install of Crimson Skies".

Product Description: The latest installment of the smash-hit Mechwarrior series for PC will feature copy protection so intrusive that it has been worked into the plot of the game. The story centers around Hohoshi Mohohoshi, a young noble from the Draconis Combine who must grow into his role as a Mechwarrior and do battle with the forces of the Clans to secure the ancient Windows Kernel. This vault of Comstar technology can only be opened with a relic that Clan Ghost Bear has in its possession. Hohoshi must dare to travel with his lance deep into enemy territory, recover this relic, and open the Windows Kernel so that its secrets may be transmitted to Microsoft headquarters. Throughout the game you will do battle on over ten worlds, from the frozen wastelands of "Pirated MP3 Files" to the burning sands of "Multiple User Serial Number for Office

XP". All enemy worlds must be freed so that the elite forces of the Inner Sphere's DCMA Copyright Attorneys can be dispatched on a holy crusade.

Security Alert: The copy protection for Mechwarrior 5 will systematically delete any files flagged as "illegal" by Microsoft as you progress through the single player campaign. In addition to this process the system will open a port from transmitting data to Microsoft that will also allow hackers access to your computer. On top of all this the game will feature pay-to-download "Mech Packs", each consisting of a single mech for 4.95. When installed these Mech Packs will re-scan your system for illegal files and, if any are found, the game will hire a private detective to entrap you into sex with a prostitute in Thailand and then use photographs taken of the act to blackmail you.

Security Response: When Microsoft realizes that installation of the game can compromise your system's security it will roll over bleary-eyed, look at the alarm clock for a few seconds, and then moan something about "five more minutes" and fall back asleep. Repeated requests to address the issue will coerce Microsoft into stumbling out of bed unshaven in a bathrobe. It will then shamble over to the computer and send an e-mail to Attorney General John Ashcroft requesting a secret court be set up to try and execute those who bother Microsoft with technical support issues. Then Microsoft will crawl back into bed and sleep until mid-afternoon.

This is just a detailed sampling of three of the most widely anticipated titles to be released by Microsoft this year. I tried to get a comprehensive list out of the "industry insider" but he demanded no less than eight cases of Code Red and a lifetime subscription to Bang Bus. While we all are waiting for the next hot product to come out of Redmond, I suggest writing a javascript that constantly refreshes the security patches section of Microsoft's web site. You never know when you'll need some extra security holes punched into your operating system!

◘ It's Time To Wait and/or Bleed

Hey kids, Taylor "whatever word goes between these here quotes" Bell here to ask you a potentially life-altering question. Do you know anybody who proudly calls himself a "maggot" and enjoys going to concerts and moshing while a group of high-school dropouts in big pointy clown masks stumble around the stage snarling, punching their guitars and spastically pounding on drums at a tempo that has to be measured in beats per nanosecond? If so, then be sure to point that unlucky soul toward the new TruthMedia review of Slipknot's album "Iowa".

Unfortunately the best vocals in the world can't compensate for badly-played music, and ol' Rossie isn't quite able to pull the album out of the gutter. The riffs are played too slowly by amateur guitarists who don't sound like they quite know what they're doing. In

> *certain tracks you can distinctly hear a few guitars that sound flat by at least half a note, and they frequently stumble over each other, producing unpleasant-sounding 2nd and 7th intervals. It isn't easy to get a nine-member band in tune, but they clearly didn't even try, showing once again a lack of concern for their fans. The guitars also tend to drown out the lead singer, possibly due to the fact that out of the seven members of the band, each of which has an alias numbering from 1 to 7, numbers 3-7 are equipped with bass guitars.*

I made a passing reference to Slipknot in a recent ROM pit review, and shortly afterward it occurred to me to try a Truthmedia review of one of their albums to put the stupidity and gullibility of the hardcore Slipknot fanbase to the test. Click here if you're not familiar with the noble mission of Truthmedia. Otherwise, be sure to pass out this link to Slipknot forums and any Slipknot listening friends you might have. If you don't I'll lock you in a closet and force you to listen to a looped two-second clip of their vocalist snarling for all eternity.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.4 Safe-T Rider Is Going To Kill Us All

Tuesday, Feb 04, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I'm A Heap of Trash

I'm feeling about as vastly uncreative as I possibly can right now, and all my attempts at writing resemble even more of a train wreck than usual. I'm a merciful person, so I'll spare you all the hard-boiled pain eggs of a bad update where I talk about robots like some common lout with an overwhelmingly unhealthy fixation on Mechanized Americans. There, I just turned this situation sunny side up instead of scrambling your nerves. Sorry for all the talk about eggs, I know I must be one omelet you just want to throw away like yesterday's children or a poached rat.

Ask Her Questions, Damn You!

Emily "Interceptor Drone #468" Reigel is back with another round of her famous game of questions-answers. Why here is an example!

> *Dear Emily,*
>
> I'm a member of the Army Reserve, and my unit is being called up to go fight in some place with a lot of letters in it's name, and where Nintendo is not just uncommon, but nearly non-existent! Also, there is a chance that I may get a hot lead injection while strutting about in that Godless land. I was wondering, what's the best way for me to avoid being on the business end of some dude's powerful, flaming assault weapon.
>
> **If I were you I'd adopt a rule for your conduct over yonder that would ensure your personal safety to the best of my ability. This rule would basically state that in any situation wherein there were people of any other than American persuasion even within vague proximity to myself, I would shoot them.**

Good golly, talk of murder! If you wish to see more adventures in the deep, murky depths of the human psyche please go jam a spoon into your skull. But if you want to read questions and then see the very questions you just read get answered, follow this link.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.5 You Got a Problem, Yo, I'll Solve It (Part I)

Tuesday, Feb 04, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If this weird guy is worried about the world's state of affairs, by God, you should be too!

As any God-fearing, tax-hating, burger-chugging, red-blooded American is well aware of, our country is firmly entrenched in the WWF (World War Federation) grudge match of the century: the patriotic and holy United States verses a tag team of evil: Iraq, North Korea / Dakota, and the other country whose name I can't remember. It's that one place that has a really high unemployment rate, tons of Muslims, and an undying hatred for America - you know, **that** one. Since I frequently find myself watching CNN in between commercials for perscription narcotics these days, I am well informed of the conflicts we're facing throughout this giant spinning orb of plastic and contaminated dirt we dub "The Earth." According to all major news outlets and the government, the Three Stooges of World Domination must be feared and blown up because they're highly evil and do dastardly things like blow up people that we either don't want blown up or wanted to blow up before they could. I was gradually learning to grasp and deal with my overriding fear that, at any moment throughout the day, the entire country of Iran could suddenly move to the apartment complex behind mine and begin listening to rap music even louder than my current druggie neighbors. However, in a shocking turn of events, I was recently notified of even more deadly threats throughout the world! Yes, you read that right, there are countries besides Iraq, Iran, and North Korea with horrible problems that involve previously living people becoming more dead. Oh my!

> **Conflicts rage across the globe -** *Iraq and North Korea have dominated the world's attention in recent months, yet in countries and regions around the globe, strife smolders with sporadic notice. Civil war. Mutilations. Threat of nuclear deployment. Human trafficking. Starving babies. Those are some of the seeds and harvest of conflicts in Africa, Asia, Europe and South America. Neglecting these conflicts is dangerous, said Arthur Helton, director for peace and conflict studies at the Council on Foreign Relations, a national think tank and publisher with headquarters in New York and offices in Washington.*

Just when you thought the threat was over... BAM, here comes 10 more countries that are just powder kegs of strife, hatred, chafing, and that smell you get on t-shirts which won't wash off no matter how many times you douse them in detergent. Now I would be lying to you if I claimed I wasn't frightened by the conflict currently taking place in Uzbekistan and Burundi; I think everybody reading this page is fairly aware that I'm well-versed in the daily affairs of Uzbekistan and Burundi. However, I didn't know I should be afraid - *deathly afraid* - of the affairs taking place in Uzbekistan and Burundi until CNN informed me that neglecting starving babies is "dangerous." According to Arthur Helton, the "director for peace and conflict studies" at the Council on Foreign Relations, there are 10 hotspots throughout the world that you and I should be concerned about and bring up every chance anybody mentions the Axis of Evil. Next time somebody walks up to you and says, "man, that shit with Iraq is crazy!" you are legally required to reply, "oh yeah? Well what about the internal conflict within Uzbekistan and Burundi, huh asshole?" Then you should shove them to the ground for being so stupid and ignoring the words of the director for peace and conflict studies.

Since we are noble, upstanding citizens, we here at Something Awful have examined the 10 problem countries and have used our think tank, which is an actual tank (mass manufactured by State

Og) that thinks about killing us around the clock, to brainstorm possible solutions to these global conflicts which could result in an increasing amount of nuclear starving baby traffic mutilation if left unchecked. Here is our list of the first five trouble areas, presented on a country-by-country basis:

Angola

Country Description: Angola is located somewhere on the Earth. I don't know where. It has a capitol, but I don't know what it is. I'm guessing their country is overcrowded and fairly dirty. I'm really not in the mood to enter the word "Angola" into Google because their country's name sounds like a venereal disease and I don't want to see the search results it might produce.

Threats from another universe never fail to unite us stupid Earthlings.

Problem: Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) and National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) began fighting for control of liberated country in 1975. About 1.5 million people have been killed in the past 27 years; 500,000 refugees; 130,000 people mutilated; 100,000 orphans; 4 million internally displaced people.

Solution: As you can see, Angola has two liberation groups are fighting each other and killing innocent citizens in an attempt to free these dead innocent citizens from each other. I assume one of them eventually plans on building an army full of Angolanian zombies hell bent on revenge. Regardless, these bickering two groups must join together and form a bond of friendship, leaving their differences behind and uniting for the sake of peace. If there's anything that I've learned from watching the movie "Independence Day" on continuous play for twelve consecutive weeks, it's that nothing brings together warring nations like the threat of an alien attack. I also learned that Bill Pullman should probably be elected President because, hey, that guy can do just about anything! The US should invade Iraq and capture their entire army by constructing a gigantic crate reading "FREE AMERICAN FLAG BURNING COMPETITION." Once we've rounded up a few thousand of them, we should glue alien masks to their faces and spray paint their bodies green. In the dead of night, we will parachute these scary looking soldiers into Angola territory, thereby creating a Martian menace and forcing both the MPLA and UNITA to merge and form the MANIPULITA, an army dedicated to eradicating the alien menace from their sacred land of dirt and fired shell casings. After murdering the last Iraqi alien, the two groups will see how silly their little conflict was and they'll agree to have a united Angola, one based on freedom and love and syndicated "Family Circus" strips that deal with grandpa's death and his subsequent ascension into the clouds where he proceeds to look down upon Billy and make endearing comments.

Possible Problems With the Solution: I don't think Iraqi soldiers know how to speak Martian, so we'll have to invest a lot of money in language translation service while they're in the giant flag-burning cargo crate and being spray painted.

Burundi

Country Description: Burundi is located to the west of Tanzania, which is where the lovable Warner Brothers cartoon character named "The Tanzanian Devil" character originates from. They have a large amount of natural resources which include peat (used to make peat moss), nickel (used to make nickels), and cobalt (I don't know what that is). 67% of them are Christian, so America should naturally really begin caring about them or else Jesus will stomp the shit out of us just like Jack Chick claimed.

Problem: Ethnic battles waged between majority Hutu and minority Tutsi, who control military, in 1990s. Hutu president assassinated in 1993. Hutu refugees massacred in 1995. Tutsi leader staged successful coup in 1996. Recent army massacre of civilians reported. 200,000 people killed, 400,000 made refugees and 600,000 internally displaced by ethnic strife. More than 20,000 Congolese refugees have arrived since October 2002.

The laser light show may be great in Burundi... great at CAUSING DECEPTION!!!

Solution: It is obvious that their army is to blame here. According to my inside sources, a country's army is supposed to **PROTECT** their citizens, as opposed to **REPEATEDLY SHOOTING** them. This is the major error that the Burundian folks in power are making. I can understand how the President of Burundi might've failed to notice when the first 50,000 civilians were killed by his army, but once you start passing the 100,000 range, there really isn't any good excuse. Perhaps there's some breakdown in communication between the leader and his army. Like he'll be playing golf and call up his general and ask, "hey, how are things going?" and the general will reply, "great, we just killed another 25,000 people today!" and the president will think the general said "great, we just thrilled another 25,000 people today" because he recently spent the entire year's budget on a really complex and exciting laser light show to amaze the country's citizens. What we need to do is encourage communications companies such as Sprint PCS and Verizon to expand their service to Burundi so they may experience less communication breakdowns. Oh yeah, and if the Burundi folks ever start pissing us off or giving us sass, there should be a way to make their cellphones explode.

Possible Problems With the Solution: Cellphone engineers may find themselves so mesmerized by the Burundi Laser Light Show that they'll become entranced and refuse to leave the country, instead opting to spend the rest of their lives mining nickel in a giant rave.

■ Indonesia

Country Description: Indonesia consists of a whole bunch of islands floating around in the Indian Ocean. Near one of the islands is the word "MOLUCCAS" which enigmatically floats above them and kind of bends to the right on this map. They are located north of Australia, but then again a lot of stuff is located to the north of Australia, so don't think they're particularly special or anything.

Problem: Indonesia annexed West New Guinea, also called Papua, in 1969, and renamed it Irian Jaya. Papuans have waged a low-intensity struggle for freedom since then. Population influx to Papua marginalizes indigenous Papuans. Reports of human rights abuses are common.

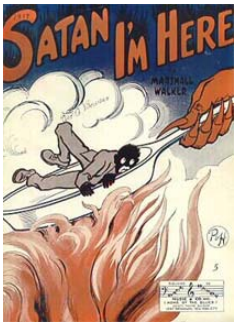
This woman has had her human rights abused, as well as her face. But that's okay, because according to her drunken husband, "the bitch deserved it!"

Solution: While Indonesia is no Burundi or Angola on the scale of "dead people living there," I guess it apparently has a good selection of problems. Apparently Papuans don't like Indonesia or vice versa and people are moving from one island to the next while having their human rights abused. Abuse is something that "just isn't cool" according to The Lifetime Network, a cable channel dedicated to financing the entire "woman gets abused by husband, woman gets revenge and husband dies" movie genre. America must export

millions of television sets and Lifetime Network cable subscriptions to Indonesia so we may teach them the errors of abusing other people. Soon they will learn that if they choose to abuse somebody and their inalienable human rights, they will eventually end up falling out a 15-story window, getting shot by an ex-lover, or being stabbed in the face by the person who they abused.

Possible Problems With the Solution: As previously mentioned, Indonesia is a bunch of islands. Islands usually have volcanoes, and volcanoes usually have Lava Gods. We must be sensitive to the needs of the Lava Gods by carefully screening all aired material to make sure it's non-offensive towards Lava Gods.

Balkans



Now I can't guarantee that Satan's administration will be 100% problem free, but - OH HELL, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN THIS IMAGE?!?

Country Description: This is one of the 70-billion countries that formed when Yugoslavia broke up in 1991 after their "Wykked Storm" tour (where they lost their lead bass guitarist). If you try to look up "Balkans" in a search engine, you'll soon realize that this country is also known as "Serbia," "Bosnia," "Herzegovinia," or "YOUR NAME HERE FOR $10 A DAY."

Problem: Yugoslavia broke up in 1991, creating several smaller states that subsequently experienced various degrees and lengths of warfare, as power-hungry leaders manipulated ethnic and nationalist tensions. Post-war vacuum of legitimate political authority and economic opportunity enabled criminal syndicates to amass power, undermining ongoing reform efforts. Breakup led to civilian casualties, large refugee populations and ethnic cleansing during 1990s. Unemployment, criminalized economies, drug and human trafficking, and a potential for political extremism and terrorism are current problems.

Solution: The Balkans need a strong, intelligent, charismatic leader to pull them out of this season-long slump. They need somebody who knows how to get things done, somebody who is a people-person and knows how to make things work. Therefore, I suggest they elect the Anti-Christ to the seat of presidency. Many conspiracy wackos are firmly convinced that when ol' Scratch rises from his grave and begins his plot to conquer the world, he will take on the form of a popular world leader. This would be the perfect country for him to get his start in, as he has a lot of material to work with. Once he reforms the economy and unemployment by converting ethnic cleansing into paying jobs, he'll be able to list "I fixed the fucked up country of the Balkans" on his resume and soon he'll be able to expand his reach into surrounding territories. You know, because we all know the devil just really wants to take over Bulgaria.

Possible Problems With the Solution: Many people, including some major religions, could possibly express opposition to electing the Anti-Christ as their leader. The United States will have to walk a tight rope, carefully balancing out their pro-Satan propaganda while simultaneously appeasing fat white guys like Jerry Falwell.

Kashmir

Country Description: Kashmir is located in between China, Pakistan, and India, which is just about the worst fucking place anybody could ever be (with the possible exception of standing between a buffet line and Harry Knowles).

Problem: British withdrawal in 1947 created independent states of Pakistan and India. Kashmir,

a Muslim-majority kingdom with a Hindu ruler, failed to join either, leading to first of several India-Pakistan wars over the territory. Pakistan supported militant anti-Indian groups and sent Islamists to fight in region, while resentment of Kashmiri Muslims to presence of Indian army was rising. India and Pakistan acquired nuclear weapons in 1998. Radical groups in Kashmir allegedly contribute to terrorism. Religious divisions have hardened, and 50-percent unemployment aggravates tensions. Crises now involve risk of nuclear war. Human-rights abuses by Indian army and pro-Pakistan Islamic groups reported, including incidents of acid mutilation and beheadings of unveiled women by Muslim fundamentalists.

Solution: Dude, they're fucked.

Possible Problems With the Solution: After China, Pakistan, and India get done flinging nuclear warheads at each other like paperclips, the post-apocalyptic wasteland they create might not be the one envisioned in many Sci-Fi Channel original movies. This could possibly result in a class action lawsuit against the Sci-Fi Channel, robbing them of their hundreds of dollars in savings.

Some problems just can't be solved.

Whew! What a tremendously informative and political update! See, when you read Something Awful, you've got your finger on the pulse of the world, feeling it slowly flatline. While other, more inferior websites out there blabber on about video games or tits or the newest incest-themed trend in Japan, Something Awful is providing you with hard-hitting content that lets you know what you should currently be deathly afraid of! You know, just like in the news, only with more ass jokes! Stay tuned for Part II of "You Got a Problem, Yo I'll Solve It" where I tackle problematic places Uzbekistan, Venezuela, Zimbabwe, Colombia, and the Phillipines. Trust me, you can't afford to miss Uzbekistan!

The Goldmine Presents... a Trio of Terror!

Another Tuesday, another exciting episode of everybody's favorite Comedy Goldmine! On the familiar note of conflict and major battles, the SA Forum Goons have amassed a collection of trading cards entitled "Gulf War 2: The Reckoning," which can be purchased at various stores selling Slim-Jims.

Blurry Satellite Photo
9
FACTORIES
SILO
PIE?
Artifact
While card is in play, all criticism cards do no damage
3 : Tap target legislative body.
Sacrifice Blurry Satellite Photo: Return all economy enchantments to owners hand
"Clearly from this photograph, someone is hiding something somewhere."
By: LS!
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

Now that's a powerful deck! Mosey on over and see for yourself!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.6 You Got a Problem, Yo, I'll Solve It (Part II)

Wednesday, Feb 05, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Independent thinking can sometimes be an icky feeling! That's why you should let the news media think for you! All you need to feel is fear itself!

In the previous episode of "You Got a Problem, Yo, I'll Solve It," I pointed out how the award-winning, population-scaring news outlet CNN recently attempted to raise the National Shit Your Pants Alert Level by informing us that we should not only fear the Axis of Evil, but additionally the Ten Trouble Territories of Terrible Terror. Yes, that's correct, the media has once again decided that we aren't sufficiently frightened enough and we should either immediately become very scared or decide to watch CNN more frequently than we already do, whatever option ends up generating them more money. After all, the entire goal of the news industry these days is simply to make us realize how powerless and vulnerable we all are - unless, of course, we decide to depend on the the news media like a newborn baby sucking milk from its mothers, uh, whatever they call it. Boob gland, I guess.

In today's episode of "You Got a Problem, Yo, I'll Solve It," I will take a brief look at the remaining five countries we should all worry ourselves to death over: Uzbekistan, Venezuela, Zimbabwe, Colombia, and the Phillipines. Actually, I'm not going to even bother discussing Colombia and the Phillipines because I'm fairly sure my next door neighbors would shoot me in the balls if they found out I was insulting the company where their father's cocaine and dead baby-producing factory resides.

Uzbekistan

Country Description: Uzbekistan's name derives from two words, "Uzbeki" meaning "we're very cold here," and "stan" meaning "sincerely, Stan." It used to be part of Russia back when the Russian government could afford to hire people to conquer plots of land larger than an average hot tub. Unfortunately, the Soviets decided to simply plunder this country for all its precious cotton and grain resources, leaving it a barren, bleak, desolate wasteland with a significantly less amount of cotton and grain. Uzbekistan is located to the west of Kyrgyzstan and Tajikistan, and if you can locate either of these god-forsaken hellhole countries on a map then you should probably try out for "Jeopardy: Smarty Pants Edition." Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan, Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, Afghanistan, and Pakistan are all part of the "Stan Land" block of countries, a gigantic portion of land which used to be considerably larger before the collapse of Russiastan and Mississippistan.

A computerized simulation of the Berlin Wall, something which honestly has nothing to do with Uzbekistan.

Problem: *Living standards plummeted after Soviet Union collapse in 1991. Authoritarian government has stifled democracy and human rights. Some Uzbeks have joined radical Islamic movements, seeking relief from social and economic problems. Political climate suits radical and terrorist groups. Contaminated groundwater and toxic dumps endure because of lack of funds and effective cleanup programs. Birth defects linked to environmental degradation, especially in the Aral Sea region, are on rise. Assassination attempt made on President Islam Karimov in 1999.*

Solution: The economic downturn of the Soviet Union and ultimate dismantling in the early 90's had a broad affect on the entire world. For example, the Zangief Wall Cleansing Service was

forced into bankruptcy after their main source of income, scraping "WE ENJOY FREEDOM" spray paintings off the Berlin Wall, disappeared with the remaining 13 cinder blocks that were carried off by pro-anarchy football hooligans. Although the Berlin Wall technically had something to do with Germany, many notable historians (*read as: "retarded webmasters"*) often consider Germany and Russia to be pretty much the same country in the 1980's and early 1990's. The financial crisis that Uzbekistan is currently going through reflects Russia's economic crisis, which Wall Street Journal experts dub as, "Russia be one broke ass bitch niggah." Here are the three leading sources of income in Russia:

1) Crime
2) Crime
3) Leaving Russia

Since Uzbekistan has already been so heavily influenced by Russian politics, their government should adopt a "pro-crime" platform. Every citizen will receive a check for $100 each month. If a thief successfully manages to steal somebody's check, they criminal will be awarded $100. However, the government will have a "$100 Crime Tax," which will deduct $100 for every $100 stolen. This will create a steady flow of revenue through both the private and public sector while simultaneously providing an exciting new set of statistics for future historians to look back upon and collectively sigh.

While Uzbekistan lacks the precious natural resources of cotton and grain, they do have a bountiful supply of nuclear waste lying around. These contaminated deathtraps could be converted into "Superhero Mutation Camps," based off the popular comic book scientific fact that standing in radioactive waste with a nearby animal will give you all the beneficial powers of that animal. Citizens would be charged $10,000 to stand in nuclear waste with a deadly tiger, $5,000 for a menacing porcupine, $1,000 for time with a particularly mean turtle, and $15 for Drew Curtis. Before leaping into the "Superhero Mutation Chamber," which is simply a filthy bathtub full of toxic waste and gasoline, the applicant must sign a contract which has the following line of fine print: *"NOTE: Governmental studies have shown no direct correlation between radioactive waste and mutating into a crime-fighting superhero."* Nobody would bother paying attention to this line because who the hell in Uzbekistan can understand English? After a few brief weeks in the Superhero Mutation Chamber, the customer will be given a spandex cape and set of matching leotards, as well as a heroic name reflecting their new superpower, such as "Dying of Cancer Man" or "Oh God, the Burning, the Burning Pain Man." I'm not really sure how this would spur the economy, but perhaps it would involve the Information Superhighway in some fashion.

Possible Problems With the Solution: After the first hundred or so people come out of the Superhero Mutation Chamber with no visible superpowers besides the ability to spread radiation poisoning, I think harmful gossip might spread regarding this new service. The government should crack down on these anti-radiation activists and place them into "Government Dissident Rehabilitation Camps," which are Superhero Mutation Chambers with friendly spikes lining the bottom.

■ Venezuela

Country Description: Venezuela, named after famous South American pitching sensation Teddy Higuera, is a moist and humid nation parked alongside the Caribbean Sea. The citizens have been battling their arch-enemy, the rainforest, for decades now, and are finally conquering them through the creative use of slashing and burning techniques. The rainforest is the only thing blocking the Venezuelans from obtaining the precious, precious oil beneath them and the precious, precious cocaine across the border in Colombia. Once this country has free access to both oil and cocaine, who knows what they'll do? They'll probably invent a gas station that funnels drugs into your nose

while you pump gas into your car!

Former Philadelphia Phillies star John Kruk, who honestly has nothing to do with Venezuela.

Problem: *Dissatisfaction with President Hugo Chavez's rule, especially failing economy and autocratic tendencies, culminated in failed coup attempt in April 2002. Strike at state-run oil companies, which account for 50 percent of Venezuelan budget, called in December 2002 in effort to force referendum or Chavezs resignation. In early 2003, price of petroleum leapt from international trading average of $25 per barrel to more than $30. Possibility of martial law raises potential for more violence. Economic losses due to strikes estimated in the billions of U.S. dollars.*

Solution: Anybody with half of half a brain can obviously see that Venezuela's dependence on oil is causing all kind of domestic turmoil, most notably the chance of "martial law" where the citizens are subjected, under military rule, to marry each other. In addition, 96% of the country is Roman Catholic, which means drug dealers have to wear gold crucifix Jesus neck chains while selling heroin. The solution to this problem is simple: the Catholic Church must proclaim oil to be "Satan's Moisturizer" and declare it against the religion. If the Catholic Venezuelans fail to stop fucking around with their oil, then they will go to hell. If they switch religions, then they will go to hell as well. The only chance they have to survive is by giving up the oil industry and deciding to exploit another natural resource. According to my research, they can begin raping the land of the following precious, precious items:

> 1) Natural Gas - This is different from oil in the fact that natural gas explodes, while oil just catches fire. Remember that scene from "Phantasm 2" where Reggie blew up the house because it was full of those little Yoda creatures? That was natural gas at its best, my friend! This resource is not limited to blowing up your house, as it can also heat it and kill your loved ones when it begins leaking.
> 2) Bauxite - Many people don't know what bauxite is, even if they were being beaten to death in the middle of the street with a sizeable chunk of it. Although it sounds like an alien race, bauxite is simply aluminum ore and is used to create things which are composed of aluminum ore, which is also known as bauxite. Such items include pots, pans, dishes, foil, and other cooking tools which are necessary for Ron Popeil to assert his horrible dominance over mankind. According to something I read on the bathroom wall at Denny's, many road signs are also created from aluminum, so next time you speed by and ignore a stop sign, you're speeding by and ignoring a little part of Venezuela my friend!
> 3) Hydropower - This is the mysterious and shady science of converting water to pure energy. I'm not sure exactly how this works, but I imagine it has something to do with how the wizards could create all those goddamn Water Elementals in *Warcraft*.

If Venezuela ceases their silly, unholy pursuit of oil and instead follows this advice, soon they'll be the world's leading exporter of exploding houses, "YIELD TO PEDESTRIAN" signs, and horribly murderous water creatures. Quite frankly, that's a step in the right direction for them.

Possible Problems With the Solution: Water Elementals tend to spontaneously explode at times, so people who order them overseas may not receive anything but a cargo crate full of water by the time it arrives at their doorstep. Additionally, I'm not sure how anybody could order natural gas from Venezuela over the Internet, as I don't think most computers support the transmission and

upload / download of natural resources. Blame Microsoft.

■ Zimbabwe

Country Description: Located in southern Africa, between Zambia and South Africa (I know, that doesn't make any sense to me either, but that's what the webpage said), Zimbabwe is a country that is deeply rooted in strife and confusion. For example, this country used to be named "Rhodesia" before the state of Rhode Island sued them for trademark dilution. Zimbabwe was forced to change their country's name overnight, dumbfounding their 11 million residents, who were already dumbfounded to begin with. Their largest national export is birth defects and AIDS.

An obese, naked, African American individual fleeing from a rollercoaster composed of food and clowns. This may or may not have something to do with Zimbabwe.

Problem: *Economic and political turmoil rose after country gained independence from Britain in 1980. Political violence raged throughout President Robert Mugabe's two-decade tenure. White farmers were forced from land during redistribution scheme in 2002, which fueled economic crisis. Since 1999, economy has shrunk 15 percent and inflation has risen more than 100 percent. International investment has fallen during Mugabe's rule. Severe drought and land-redistribution program put 46 percent of population at risk of starvation. European Union and United States imposed sanctions, further isolating regime.*

Solution: Apparently there is some kind of racial problem going on down there, and if Russell Simmon's "Def Comedy Jam" has taught me anything, it's that all racial barriers and blockades can be broken through the sheer power of African American comedy. Black comics have the ability to tackle any and every racial issue without being labeled a racist because it's scientifically impossible for black people to be racist. Therefore, I believe we should adopted a bartering system with Zimbabwe: for every displaced white farmer they send us, we'll give them one African American comedian who specializes in a particular theme of racial comedy. We'll get some moron who harvests corn, and they'll receive a black guy who points out how uptight white people are when harvesting corn. Then, through the powerful medium of laughing at sweeping generalizations which may or may not be based in reality, Zimbabwe will soon find themselves devoid of meddlesome white farmers... and chock full of laughter! Their government will eventually take the hint by disassociating themselves with the genocidal, murderous, warring tribes, and instead appointing hilarious, cutting edge, sassy American African-American comedic geniuses! The amount of red tape and stabbed citizens will be slashed as each and every governmental meeting will turn into a loving laugh-in!

> **PRESIDENT MGBVUMNDBSE:** "Greetings staff members. I have called this meeting so we may discuss the current economic problems our dear country of Zimbabwe is facing."
> **AMERICAN AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMIC #1:** "Staff? You talkin' bout staffs? Then you talkin' to the right man, cus us black men got some big STAFFS, if you know what I'm talkin' bout!"
> **AMERICAN AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMIC #2:** "See, now white folks, they get all nervous when they see a crazy niggah like me in the urinal next to 'em. They be trying not to look over an shit at me cus they know if they try to look over, they gonna get a big eyefull of my beautiful black rod, you know what I'm talking about!"
> **AMERICAN AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMIC #3:** "Us black people we all cool and shit when we peein'. White people, man, they actin' like peein' is some kinda BUSINESS, they all like 'ERUMPH, HRUMPH, let me call this meeting to order, Mr. Johnson, you are now at the head of the table.' Us niggahs, we just pee, you know what

I'm sayin?"
PRESIDENT MGBVUMNDBSE: "I wish the next coup would hurry the hell up."
AMERICAN AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMIC #1: "Coup? Yeah, thas coo', we black people are all coo' an shit, we be sittin' round and just relaxin', but white people, man, they be some crazy folk!"

Possible Problems With the Solution: With all the African American "observational humor" comedians deported, we will be left with an abundance of white "observational humor" comedians who will incessantly rattle on about airports and people who use cellphones. This means we will have to deport those white comedians as well, preferably to the bottom of the ocean or the center of the sun.

Whew! I have solved all of the planet's problems in two days, something which will look really good on my resume when I eventually get enough courage to apply for the tech support job at Bonzi Buddy. Well, I've solved every problem except whatever the hell is going on in Colombia and the Phillipines. I'll leave that one to my neighbors, whom I assume will brainstorm something that involves getting a few 30,000-watt subwoofers to play the latest "MC Magic Marker" CD at 4:30 AM every goddamn morning. They'd better not fuck up Colombia; I'm going to need the drugs.

A Killer Inside Me!

Zack "Gap Irrigator" Parsons here with a spanking, gleaming, pulsating new edition of SA Story Time. I know it requires a stretch of "ye olde attention span", but head on over and check out this serial killer themed installment entitled "Seven Deadly Seasons".

"Whatever!" Screamed Chief McMillan. "You're a loose cannon Armstrong and you're going to get me fired with your crazy shenanigans. You may think the ends justify the -"

Chief McMillan paused and looked at an index card he withdrew from his pocket.

"Oh shit," he laughed. "Sorry Dirk, that second part is for Detective Mayer. You're not retiring and you're not a loose cannon, but you're still getting a new partner. He'll be down here later this afternoon."

Dirk sighed with relief and the chief began to walk away. When he was roughly three steps from the door of his office he spun on his heel and stomped back to within an inch of Dirk's face.

"DIIiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiirk ARM STRONG! What the cuntwhore of a motherfucking Christ beast did you do to my birthday cake?!"

I think my fingers are bleeding from writing all this EXTREMELY SEXY PROSE! I suggest you set course for aritcle ID 1250! All ahead flank!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.7 Iraq Must Be Destroyed!

Thursday, Feb 06, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Save the best devastation footage from prime time!

There are maybe a dozen Americans right now who aren't in their innermost thoughts salivating at the soon-to-be-live war in Iraq. What exciting name will our government give this great patriotic crusade for freedom and democracy? What will CNN call their war coverage? Showdown in the Gulf? Crisis in the Gulf? War in the Gulf? These questions are in the hearts and minds of the American populace, not some pitiful attempts by filthy pacifists around the world to keep us from exerting our God-given right to grind other nations into ash beneath a satellite guided boot. In all seriousness Lowtax and I are both pretty moderate, with me falling to the left and him falling to the right. I don't know about him but I think this war is hideously ill-timed, all the same my war-fetishist is excited at the prospect of seeing all new footage of buildings blowing up and tracers arcing into the sky at our aircraft, as likely to shoot them down as mailing letters to the DoD that read "Please crash your planes into the ground outside Baghdad".

While most are optimistic that our futuristic military will make short work of the Iraqi armed forces, I have more than a few misgivings that thousands of our soldiers are going to lose their lives. Let's not get ridiculous here; the Iraqis have about as enduring a reputation of military prominence as the French. This won't be another Vietnam, but anyone who has experienced the hell of urban combat will likely tell you that even a high-tech military is bound to get their nose bloodied a few times. Sure, in a decade or so we could just drop a couple thousand spider-legged kill droids into Iraq and have them inject acid into the skulls of Baghdad's soldiers and officials. Until we can exert the dread influence of the Decepticons we have to rely on flesh-and-blood soldiers to go in there and fight their way to the objective.

Being a die-hard supporter of the military if not the politics that often put it into action I have taken it upon myself to consult the United States armed forces for some of their inside strategies for the upcoming campaign against Iraq. Seeing as how I wrote those two articles about weird Nazi shit they immediately handed over dozens of highly classified documents for me to review. I promised I wouldn't ever tell anyone about them, but I am horrible at keeping secrets and I just have to spill the beans on some of these faboo plans that the Pentagon has for the invasion. Submitted for the review of all of you armchair generals out there are four of the hottest, sauciest, and downright naughtiest plans for the invasion. You won't be finding these plans on FARK, CNN, or Fox News, because only we here at Something Awful have the connections inside the Pentagon to really get the scoop.

> **Operation: Fifty Legions of Sardaukar Operational Plan:** Deep beneath the shifting sands of Iraq glide the gargantuan sandworms which protect the spice that so compels the great houses of the landsraad to battle for control of the Gulf region. Without this life-prolonging substance all travel throughout the world would grind to a halt and whichever nation controls the spice so controls the universe! For the good of the United States the spice must flow, and so Emperor George W. Bush the second has provided fifty legions of his Sardaukar terror troops to occupy the spice rich Iraqi capital of Irraqeen. Bush and his generals have dismissed the threat of various nomadic tribesmen spotted by mercenaries in the deep desert and know that if they destroy Seitch Baghdad that all resistance in the region will collapse. No expense will be spared in ensuring the security

Long live the fighters!

of International spice mining operations and if necessary the Emperor is prepared to authorize a campaign of genocide; the extermination of all life in the Gulf region.

Possible Threats: The Emperor may have dismissed the nomadic tribes of so-called "Fremen" in the region as little more than a nuisance, but many military analysts predict their numbers to be much greater than those recorded in a cursory Imperial census. A few CIA reports circulating even hint that these desert dwellers are capable of riding on sandworms, which they refer to as "The Maker". If the Fremen opposition were to materialize in large numbers and mounted on the backs of those creatures they might seriously disrupt spicing in the region. While the Emperor arrogantly believes that his forces can shelter behind the massive rock of the Shield Wall it is rumored that a rogue house might provide the Fremen with atomics. With such terrible weapons, or possibly through the interaction of a las gun and a Holtzman shield, the Fremen could blast a hole in the Shield Wall and they and their hideous sandworms could annihilate the Emperor's forces. If the International Auto Industry Guild feels that the flow of spice for their SUVs is in danger of being cut off they will force the Emperor to concede defeat and deal instead with the Fremen.

Estimated Casualties: Imperial strategists estimate minimal casualties among the Sardaukar troops and allied forces of Baron Tony Blair and House United Kingdom. However, many independent observers suspect that tens of thousands of Sardaukar and all of the forces of House United Kingdom could be neutralized in a protracted campaign of guerilla warfare.

Operation: Beach Blanket Massacre

Ya'll gonna make me ac' a fool, up in here!

Operational Plan: Arab cultures are often considered overly conservative by Western standards. The women are usually forced to wear restrictive garments that cover their entire body, the men are usually almost as reserved with their feelings, and dance contests are banned throughout the county. Despite this not even a fundamentalist Islamic upbringing or an oppressive secular regime like Iraq has can quench the thirst in the human soul for a good beach party. Relying on this fundamental human need, the United

States will deploy its elite Delta Force disguised as the hottest rump-shaking babes in thongs this side of Miami into the Gulf region. Just inside the Iraqi border they will gather to have the biggest beach party in recorded history. Five DJs, sponsors ranging from Motorola to Molson, hundreds of bodacious babes, rap stars Nelly, Lil' Romeo, Lil' Kim, Lil' Lil, and Reall' Lil' Pete, and a state of the art wave machine will be just a few of the hot attractions. The Iraqi armed forces will have no choice but to lay down their weapons and get jiggy, only to be brutally gunned down by Delta Force snipers.

Possible Threats: None. This is the soundest plan ever developed by military strategists.

Estimated Casualties: Hundreds or even thousands of Iraqi soldiers will either by killed or captured and rapper Nelly will probably be shot in what a military tribunal calls a "tragic friendly fire accident".

Operation: Desert Shiv

Operational Plan: In a rare move that combines foreign, military, and domestic policy, president Bush plans to solve the problem of Saddam Hussein and the problem of prison overcrowding simultaneously. During the Gulf War in 1991 we roundly crushed the Iraqi military every time we ran into them. Our weapons, our troops, and our training were all years ahead of what Iraq could field and since that war the gap has only widened. However, waging a way is an extremely expensive endeavor, requiring the expenditure of billions of dollars in fuel and ordinance. Operation: Desert Shiv will reduce these costs by transporting 500,000 convicted felons serving time in prison to Iraq, arming them with crudely fashioned shivs, and sending them against the Iraqi military en masse. Casualties are expected to be high, but felons can't vote in many states so they're certainly no good to George W. Plus if a few thousand of them die in the process of crushing the pitiful Iraqi military then maybe those peace-loving faggots will finally shut up about how one American dies for every 500 or more of the enemy killed in combat.

Possible Threats: The greatest threats to the United States from this plan are the prisoners themselves. Many long-term inmates have sought spiritual guidance in the teachings of Islam and they may simply run away to join Al-Qaeda. Naturally a massive land invasion of an Arab country is going to strengthen terrorist groups in a major way no matter what, so a few hundred stupid Americans make no difference. A greater threat is that the prisoners, instead of charging forward to pillage Baghdad, will start killing and raping each other as soon as they are armed.

Estimated Casualties: Casualties are estimated at 70,000 to 200,000 prison inmates and 100,000 to 250,000 Iraqi men, women, and children.

Operation: Winnuke

Watch out for Korea!

Operational Plan: One of the most vulnerable areas of Iraq is its weak technological infrastructure. Still largely in a state of disorder from the constant US and British bombing campaign against Iraqi communications centers, the Iraqi computer network is vulnerable to attack. One US plan calls for a multi-phase operation conducted largely within the framework of the recently unveiled International Community Messenger. This computer system allows world leaders to communicate one-on-one over the Internet. Phase one of the operation will involve a coordinated effort by George W. Bush to get all of the world leaders supporting a war against Iraq online at the same time. He will tell them all to start innocuous conversations with Iraq and that when they see the warning level of Iraq rising on their contact list they are to begin warning Iraq until the nation is logged out of the Messenger service. If executed properly phase one will prevent Iraq from rallying sympathetic nations to its cause after phase two has struck.

Phase two will begin with the United States beginning a conversation with Iraq over trivial things. At some point during the conversation the US will send Iraq a seemingly harmless video file that actually contains an annoying virus script that will deadlock the Iraqi computer system, making it both difficult and embarrassing to use. As mentioned, before Iraq can retaliate or request aid allies of the United States will warn Iraq until it is temporarily banned from the service. To help you better understand how this operation will go down we have modeled it using advanced computer technology called "Microsoft Notepad".

US_of_A[NATO] Hey d00d, what's up?
+Iraq[AoE]+ not 2 much fag
+Iraq[AoE]+ u got the UN resolution u want me to sign lol
US_of_A[NATO] yeah man, check this out 1st, it's a krad video of this crazy Koreen kids dancing
US_of_A[NATO] wants to send you the file Dance_Routine(Funny!).wmv.vbs.
+Iraq[AoE]+ ok its downloadin
US_of_A[NATO] cool when its done run it
+Iraq[AoE]+ ok
+Iraq[AoE]+ WTF its opening gay pron popups
US_of_A[NATO] pwned
You have warned the user US_of_A[NATO]
You have been warned by the user US_of_A[NATO] Warning Level is 10%
You have been warned by the user UK[NATO] Warning Level is 25%
You have been warned by the user Spizzain[NATO] Warning Level is 50%
You have been warned by the user iTaLy[NATO] Warning Level is 75%
You have been warned by the user Canada[420TreesHitter][NATO] Warning Level is 100%
You are being temporarily logged out of International Community Messenger*

After this Iraq's computer and communication infrastructure will be isolated from the world community and Iraq will be vulnerable to further offensive operations.

Possible Threats: North Korea is constantly online and attempting to send the United States viruses through ICM. Technical specialists are usually able to persuade to the president not to open "Sexyjapaneselass_Vs_Playboy.scr". However, President Bush has already infected some 400 government computers with various e-mail and ICM viruses, and if alone may do so again. In the right North Korean hands this could compromise the security of the entire operation.

Estimated Casualties: Pretty much everyone in Iraq's tech-sector is expected to be

summarily executed by Saddam if this plan works. Other than that no casualties are expected.

I'm really hoping that we can get this thing going before March sweeps starts. I don't want to be stuck watching crap like "Will and Grace", I want to tune in to some nice wholesome live footage of humans being shredded by fragmentation bombs. Oh yes, deploy those fuel-air bombs, use a zoom lens so I can see their lungs rupture from the overpressure. Go for something artsy composition wise like a close-up of the glassy eyes in a severed head reflecting a burning bunker in the cool desert night. RADICAL DUDES!

Paranormal Pandemonium!

Strange things are happening throughout the world and even history, but don't worry, it's just those wacky SA Forum Goons and Josh "Load Stuck" Boruff with a new installment of Photoshop Phriday! This weeks theme is to import the paranormal into the normal. Check it, yo!

The power of Christ compels you to immediately go and look at this! Go now! Christ is getting angry!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 Whoops!

Friday, Feb 07, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Apparently Emily "Integral" Reigel either didn't feel like updating today or she died. Some of us apparently have great communication skills here at Something Awful! Sorry for the inconvenience, folks!

More Og For Ya!

Like clockwork, the boys down at State Og have their weekend update fresh and ready to go!

> *The big problem was that unlike other enemies of the state like the undead and those bloodthirsty moon men, it can be very hard to differentiate between a drooling, filthy communist and the rest of the drooling, filthy population. That's why State Og put someone's nose to the grindstone and its shoulder to the wheel and came up with a brilliant idea: a hat that screams as though in excruciating pain whenever a Communist or bumblebee was within fifteen feet.*

> *In a whir of effort that showcases the immense power of predatory greed, the boys in the lab slapped together a few prototypes and delivered them posthaste to the valiant men who held vigil against the ravening communist hordes. Its initial use revealed a thousand times more communists than previously expected. Further use revealed that it didn't really work at all, but not in time to save loving grandmother Ada Schlitz, who was put to death in the electric chair in August 1953, eliciting a torrent of protest from her twenty-seven cats. While also linked to an epidemic of one-eyed flipper babies, no conclusive proof was ever brought to authorities before we had a chance to bribe them.*

Read it now... or ELSE.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.9 The Patriot Act II: Electric Boogaloo

Saturday, Feb 08, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

First, a quick anecdote about our national military:

Scaring terrorists and small children everywhere.

I have a friend who is in the National Guard. He received his EMT certification some time ago and has been working for an ambulance service in the downtime between stints at various bases for drills. Recently he was called up to take a class for EMT training during his next drill. He explained that he was already an EMT, but was told that he had to go anyway, as the course would supply him with new training and certification for a new rank. So, this weekend he shaved off his beard, trimmed his hair down to military standards, got up bright and early and drove out to his base. Once he got to the class, he mentioned that he was, in fact, an EMT already. They sent him home. That's the story. Not too exciting. I just want you to bear in mind that this sort of precision and efficiency is what our tax dollars go to support as you read the rest of this article. Thank you for your time and attention. I now return you to your regularly scheduled content already in progress.

If this act doesn't pass, a horde of imps will fly up the Statue of Liberty's dress... I guess.

Just when you thought it was safe to do anything whatsoever, YOU WERE WRONG BECAUSE IT IS NEVER SAFE TO DO THINGS! DON'T YOU WATCH THE NEWS? THERE ARE TERRORISTS EVERYWHERE, INCLUDING BEHIND YOUR COUCH AND IN YOUR CHAIR, YOU TERRORIST! If there's one point that John "Geist Editor" Ashcroft and his team of winged monkeys want to hammer home, it's that everyone in America is at the most ten seconds away from being annihilated by terrorists and their assorted death rays. Ashcroft recently upgraded us to "condition orange," which means apparently means that everyone who lives in an apartment is going to die. Our own Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka found himself in grave danger, or so the official notice on his door would have him believe. Terrorists are everywhere. When you take a shower, there are terrorists waiting to stab you through the curtain. When you get in your car, there are terrorists waiting in the back seat to stick an icepick in your skull. When you sleep, there are terrorists under your bed waiting to pull you into their twisted underworld, where you'll have to hang out with Howie Mandel and play pranks on neighborhood children. Terrorists love to wait, especially if it means that they can hurt you, and you specifically. They hate you and your family on a very personal level simply because you happen to live in America. And the only thing standing between you and the slobbering hordes of terrorists who want to do nothing more than pull out all of your hairs one by one, knit a sweater out of them, and then smother you with it, is the United States Government.

That being said, I was browsing the always entertaining and surprisingly affordable SA forums yesterday when a particular news item caught my eye (thanks for bringing this to my attention, Tiresias). It seems that our beloved government (motto: "If you're not absolutely terrified at every single moment of every single day, the terrorists win") has been kicking around a little piece of legislation that has been affectionately dubbed the Patriot Act II. Of course, you remember the good ol' Patriot Act, which the Bush administration whipped together after 9/11 in order to humiliate, alienate, and generally piss of every Arab person within U.S. borders. The Patriot Act led to fun things like secret tribunals, arrests without explicit cause, indefinite imprisonments without

trial, and a whole range of other goodies that served to basically scare the bejesus out of everyone. Having a dimwit for our President is lots of laughs until that dimwit gets a concept of just how much power he wields. Ashcroft apparently interpreted America's general fear and mistrust of him and his policies as fear of terrorists and said to himself, "Johnnyboy, things are going great! People are shitting their pants over these terrorists. But we don't have quite enough support for our needless and massively hypocritical war on Iraq yet. Better drum up some more panic." To that end, he drafted a new bill that was kept entirely secret from any major media source until the last few days.

Justice Dept. Drafts Sweeping Expansion of Anti-Terrorism Act

DNA - the new turban.

Let the Constitution-slashing begin! This new legislation, which is officially called the Domestic Security Enhancement Act of 2003, must have been what our founding fathers feared when they said, "Oh shit, we'd better make a system of checks and balances!" It's essentially one big "screw you" to the judicial branch and the American people. Observe:

Section 301-306, "Terrorist Identification Database"

This bit calls for the creation of a DNA database of all suspected terrorists on U.S. soil, including people who are possibly associated with terrorist groups, people who are possibly associated with possible terrorist groups, and most members of A.A.R.P. I'm not too sure what this would actually accomplish. The only way this could possibly be useful is for helping to identify which terrorists were behind which attacks. But since we've declared war on all terrorism, does it really matter who did what? We're going to try to blow them all up eventually, anyway. Beyond that, the DNA database is really only useful for the times that the FBI busts into a suspected terrorist's house and doesn't find anything remotely incriminating. Now they can say, "Aha! He has a penny that was once handled by Mullah Omar! He must be evil!" Thus another raid can go down as a success.

Section 312, "Appropriate Remedies with Respect to Law Enforcement Surveillance Activities"

I really love this one. This calls for the elimination of all state law enforcement consent decrees that don't directly conflict with civil rights legislation. In other words, if the Patriot Act II passes, the police will be able to spy on anyone they want. So basically black people are safe, because that would be racial profiling. However, Arab-Americans people are still a go for a healthy dose of being fucking spied on, since the original Patriot Act called for the monitoring and investigation of any "suspicious-looking" individuals. Of course, the consent decrees were originally put into action because the police abused their power to a tyrannical level. But hey, in a country where paranoia toward one's friends and neighbors is encouraged by the government, there's no way that any police would ever abuse their power to spy on anyone who isn't white, right? RIGHT?

You want to get out, fatstuff? Then you shouldn't have stolen the President's ho-ho!

Section 405, "Presumption for Pretrial Detention in Cases Involving Terrorism"

Ah, sometimes the old standards are the best. This doozy would allow the government to hold anyone they suspected of terrorist activity without bail automatically for as long as they want before any sort of trial. Now not only

can they hold you without accusing you of a crime and keep you in prison without trial, but now if they do accuse you of suspected terrorist activity, there's nothing you can do about it! Yippee! Throughout the legislation, special emphasis is placed on the ability of the Justice department to designate groups as terrorist. Hmm... so they can declare your organization to be related to terrorism, then use that to lock you up without bail, then keep you there without trial. I tell you, these policies are so friendly, it's a wonder that John Ashcroft teddy bears aren't sold on every camera-monitored corner.

Section 501, "Expatriation of Terrorists"

This one starts with something that totters on the edge of actually making sense, then takes a flying leap over the precipice of stupidity and a tumble down the long staircase of abuse of power. There was formerly a rule that if someone officially declared their intentions of relinquishing their U.S. nationality in order to join a noted terrorist organization, we could expatriate their ass. Makes sense. If they don't want to be here, we don't want them to be here, either. The Patriot Act II says that an American citizen can be sent packing if they have intentions of leaving and so much as *supports* a group designated as terrorist. And those intentions would no longer have to be declared. Instead, the intent can be "inferred from conduct." I have to imagine that supporting a terrorist organization monetarily would be considered conduct that would fall under that category. And remember, the government gets to say which organizations are terrorists! Crap, I'd better cancel my subscription to *Mad Magazine* before they crack a joke about Bush and get labeled a terrorist organization, or I'll be banished from the land! I don't know what I'd do with myself if I had to live out the rest of my days in some desolate, godless hole of a country. Well, I'd probably do the same things I do now, only with a funny accent.

The most disturbing thing about the Patriot Act II is that we're just hearing about it, and unofficially, at that. If this thing passes, it will have massive consequences. There's no way to stand against it without looking like a terrorist supporter, especially if it is introduced to Congress once we've gone to war with Iraq. Well, I hate terrorists with a passion - they take all the fun out of the word "terror" - but I'm using this site as a forum to say that I think this act is a frightening step toward the sort of fascism and dictatorship that this country was founded to oppose. I generally try to avoid taking strong stances on anything other than whiny fat people and how I like my steaks, but this thing scares me. It's too Big Brother-y for my tastes, and I'm a guy who likes his Big Brother. This act is unconstitutional in the truest sense of the term. I'm saying it now, because if I say it once the act passes, I could be arrested, and my tender behind would see more visitors than a Six Flags in prison.

◘ You cannot stop us. We have this ROM.

Hey fruitflies, Taylor "fundamental mental derangement (as schizophrenia) characterized by defective or lost contact with reality" Bell here with an all-new, in-your-face, too-hot-for-TV, excessive-use-of-hyphenated-words ROM review. Enjoy the Winter Olympics? Well, you won't anymore after you play this.

> *Every 2 years we have the Olympics, and they demonstrate a spirit of camaraderie and sportsmanship as countries from around the world unite while athletes compete fairly and honorably in contests of strength and skill. However, I refuse to believe the Olympics are in any way a good thing, simply because they spawn some of the most godawful games I've ever had the pain of playing and the joy of throwing in front of moving cement trucks. But rather than review one of the more recent calamities like Sydney 2000 for the Dreamcast I decided to review one of the older examples, so that we may reveal the root of this evil and determine a solution. Personally I recommend sterilizing and/or*

euthanizing any game company employee who is caught saying "Hey, let's make a game based on..." followed by the name of any recently popular movie, TV show or event. But I'm relatively young and I won't be able to do that for at least another few years, so for now I'll do the next best thing, and that would be warning people about the four stupid, stupid minigames they managed to pack onto one stupid, stupid NES cartridge. So enjoy this horrifying glimpse at what Caveman Games would have been like if it hadn't been any fun whatsoever.

Sounds like fun, doesn't it? Yeah, I don't think so either, but it is fun. And even if you don't think so, all the cool kids are doing it, so cave in to peer pressure unless you want us to tell your girlfriend that you aren't part of the "in" crowd anymore.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

2.10 Do It Stupid!

Sunday, Feb 09, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

BRING ON THE COFFEE CUPS!

In our continuing effort to merchandise every imaginable thing Something Awful is proud to present the 100% official Something Awful coffee cups! No more drinking coffee out of those shitty Chinese knockoff Something Awful coffee cups, these cups are certified to have been looked at by Lowtax himself! They contain hot fluids with incredible accuracy and the amazing "no drop" handle makes them almost ten times more difficult to drop on your lap than conventional handleless coffee mugs. Why aren't you buying one yet? I can't answer that question because there is no logical reason why you wouldn't be buying one RIGHT NOW!

Just look at these motherfuckers! Is your mind blown? Well for only $10.45 plus shipping we will be including another side to the cup ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE! Only if you buy now! I think I am going to pass out. I need to lay down or something because this amazing deal is giving me hot flashes. Avoid my predicament and buy while supplies last. Less than 300 remaining in stock! ACT NOW OR THEY WILL GET YOU IN YOUR SLEEP!

Do it Stupid!

Much like this man I find the world to be a dangerous and confusing place where I often end up poorly layered over images of burning buildings.

I consider myself a reasonably intelligent individual. I am capable of bathing and dressing myself, I can cook at least three different things, I know how to do my laundry and only ruin on average one shirt per load. Despite these incredible feats of raw intellect I have an almost aggressive lack of common sense. I instinctively approach solutions from the most backwards and counter-intuitive way possible. Usually this approach fails to get me the desired result or even worse, it works, and I end up doing this task like a moron for the rest of my days.

I was attempting to make toast yesterday by holding slices of bread over a disposable lighter when I realized that I am a vast untapped cautionary resource. I am a living example of how to do things stupid. At the urgings of Michelle I inserted the toast into our toaster oven and began to formulate a comprehensive list for our beloved readers that might allow them to rule out the worst way to do something. If you're a lot like me you may already be doing many of these things the same way I am, but it doesn't have to be like this! Learn from my example and change your ways! Deny that cruel genetic heritage that makes so many of us otherwise relatively functional morons fall prey to our instincts and attempt to parallel park a car by driving at top speed into a space and hoping we fishtail into position.

Three Cautionary Tales Without Common Sense

- **Cautionary Tale One: *Smoking Cigarettes*** Smoking cigarettes is a bad decision to begin with and the logical side of me recognizes this fact. Unfortunately for my lungs, vascular system, and pretty much every other part of my body other than maybe

I can't even start a car without setting myself on fire.

my skeleton, my stupidicular system overruled common sense once again and I took up smoking. Even among those who have defied logic and started puffing on OMG CANCER STIX, there is a certain degree of common sense. You take a cigarette; you put it in your mouth, light it, and inhale the smoke until it gets close to the cottony filter. At this point you stub the cigarette out in an overflowing ashtray that resembles nothing so much as a blooming onion from one of those chain steak restaurants. I've managed to reach that point after years of practice, but my first foray into the seedy underground culture of smoking was not so successful.

I went to a gas station where the finest cigarettes are sold and purchased a carton of a type called "Marlboro Lights". These are basically starter cigarettes for men. Women usually start with something similar but involving the mysterious element "menthol". With my box containing smaller boxes which in turn contained a total of 100 "Class A" cigarettes I returned to my postage stamp sized studio apartment to enjoy a night of smoking the likes of which God has never imagined.

Lacking written instruction on how to smoke I started by removing all of the cigarettes from their packaging and, using my experiences growing up in rural Illinois, shucked them like ears of corn. This involved tearing off the filter portion of each cigarette and heaping them on a non-stick oven sheet. Once I had all 100 cigarettes piled into a mound I took a bottle of lighter fluid and liberally doused them all. Then I covered my head, shoulders, and the oven sheet with a blanket and lit the pile. A few things happened all at once after that, I have some difficulty remembering. Basically the fumes from the lighter fluid had collected inside the blanket apparatus and the instant I struck a match a fireball exploded inside. Fortunately my face did not catch on fire, although I did lose a good portion of my eyebrows. Less fortunately the blanket and pile of cigarettes did catch on fire. I threw the blanket off my arm and into the sink, and then rushed back to the pile of burning cigarettes to try and get my money's worth. Waving the thick fumes of acrid smoke into my face I inhaled deeply and promptly vomited directly onto the pile. Luckily the puke extinguished my bonfire of nicotine. I say "luckily" because immediately after puking I passed out.

Other Things that Could Have Gone Wrong:

I could have accidentally purchased the elusive "Class B" cigarettes which contain radioactive elements that gradually transform you into a hideous mutant with super strength. A concentration of "Class B" cigarettes of that magnitude would have surely transformed me in that first deep draught of their gamma ray smoke.

During the time at which I began to experiment with cigarettes I was drinking enough alcohol daily to preserve entire corpses. I was a walking human pickle on most days, and it is just fortunate I was not on that particular evening. My alcohol rich vomit could have spewed across the fire and ignited a napalm-like substance on the floor of my apartment.

I could have been arrested for starting a house fire intentionally. Then, vaguely remembering some stupid thing about speeding tickets I read on the Internet, demand that the cop show me the radar gun. Obviously the only recourse of the police at that point would have been to beat me to death.

- **Cautionary Tale Two: *Health and Hygiene***

Case closed granny!

I mentioned earlier that I am fully capable of bathing myself, but this was not always the case. I mean I have always, in the end, walked out of the bathroom smelling fresh and clean and sanitized, but years ago this involved long hours of difficulty. What's worse is that I have a terrible record of caring for my health. I once shattered my knee and then assumed it was sprained and hopped around on one leg for roughly two months. When I finally went to a doctor he slapped me in the face and told me that I was lucky my leg hadn't dissolved like a vampire caught in sunlight out of pure rage at its mistreatment. This sort of occurrence was all too common in my youth, but I will now combine some of the "greatest hits" so to speak in a cautionary medley for all of you common sense impaired readers out there.

- Do not attempt to brush your teeth by attaching steel wool to an electric razor. The razor will not sufficiently agitate the steel wool to brush yours teeth, the steel wool will bloody your gums and lips, and the interaction of the blades of the electric razor with the steel wool may spark sufficiently to start a house fire. If, in the process of doing this, your arm catches on fire DO NOT douse it with the nearest bottle of liquid as that liquid may turn out to be rubbing alcohol.
- Shampooing does not necessarily have to involve dissolving an entire bottle of shampoo into a bottle of boiling water and then throwing it on your head. According to the bottle of "Suave" shampoo the actual procedure is to massage your hair covered with the shampoo into lather. After experimenting a little, and depending on the volume of your hair, I discovered that a tablespoon or so of shampoo works best when massaged by your fingers as opposed to an electric massager.
- The seat on a toilet can actually be raised to allow for a man to urinate while standing without making a mess. Conversely I have personally verified that it is possible to stand directly over a toilet with your genitals angled down and urinate into it without urinating all over the seat. Whichever way works better for you.

Rumsfeld is a secret brother-in-arms of mine when it comes to common sense.

- When walking on a damp log if you feel yourself about to slip you should obey your reflexes and throw your arms out. This is much more favorable than the "throw your mouth out" as I have discovered that the mouth, while effective at softening an impact, is far less durable than the hands. If you do unintentionally use your mouth to catch yourself while falling I would have to recommend against extending your tongue between your teeth. Studies conducted by me on slippery logs at the age of five, logs that I had no reason to be running on, empirically revealed that it is far preferable to land on your hand than it is to land on your mouth with your tongue sticking out. To verify my results I actually conducted this study twice and a related study at a swimming pool that involved the inside of my lip.
- If you're really drunk and absolutely have to ask some sobbing girl to punch you in the face, at least request that she take her class ring off first. Also, try to stand more than a foot away from a brick wall. While most girls lack the strength or conviction to punch a man in the mouth hard enough to knock him over they do generally have the strength to slam your head into a brick wall and chip your tooth with their class ring. Before you start writing me e-mails about domestic violence and deserving it, I didn't even know the girl's name and I was making fun of her and she got mad and I told her if it would make her feel better should punch me in the mouth. Owing to my lack of common sense I did not expect her to take me up on this offer.
- Deodorant/antiperspirant sticks are invaluable components of everyday hygiene. One might not realize that "invisible gel" deodorant actually is not invisible at all when applied in incredibly large quantities. In fact if anything a large volume of "invisible gel" deodorant applied to the underarm resembles a particularly tenacious circle of armpit sweat. Applying way too much is doubly recommended against if you have the habit of placing both arms on top of your head whenever reclining in a chair. Signs indicate that someone who does this may earn the temporary nickname "Juicy Pits" or "JP" from coworkers. Not me though, seriously, uh, not me on that one.

There are hundreds of different hygiene and health mishaps I could give you, but most of them are unique situations that even the most common-senseless person would be unlikely to reproduce. One final note I would like to add to this cautionary medley; never shit your pants when your preschool class is lining up to go out for recess. This experience will probably scar you for life and reduce your ability to function in society without a slight yet constant sense of shame.

- **Cautionary Tale Three: *Cooking With Zack***

They're laughing now, but soon a stream of obscenities will be pouring from their mouths that would make a sailor vomit into a gutter out of sheer horror.

I consider myself a fairly capable cookeryist these days, but it was not always so. In fact, as little as a few weeks ago I was still struggling with the concept of using more than two ingredients in a recipe. Much like with my "Health and Hygiene" section I have accrued a vast knowledge of how you absolutely should not fucking do things in the kitchen.

- Prior to cooking be sure you have all of the items and ingredients needed to make the recipe you have planned. If you have no common sense like me it is suggested that before you even start thinking about recipes you go into the kitchen and label every single utensil and cooking machine type thing. Then place them all in a tub labeled "food stuff for making food" and place this on the kitchen table. Then whenever you need something for a recipe you can dig it out of the tub and arrange it on the counter top and look at it with pride. Then put it all back in the food tub because you're still not ready for cooking.
- Start small. Cheese sandwiches may seem simple but they often involve not only three different pieces minimum, but also the use of a knife. Cold cereal is a good baby step but if you were to say, make a bowl of cereal containing mealworms and not realize it until the last bite you might find yourself discouraged from the world of cookery. Find a strainer and place the cereal in this before placing it in a bowl. That way you can be sure that it doesn't contain any bugs. If you're doing this with Grapenuts instead of regular cereal then crush each handful of Grapenuts before putting it in the bowl. This will at least kill any insects hiding within and prevent their evil from spreading inside your body. The next step is to add milk but milk is dangerous and the date stamps are often confusing. The first few times try making it with water, once you feel comfortable with this step then move on to using milk.
- Screaming at tomatoes will not make them easier to cut.
- Never cook rice. Cooking rice is the most difficult task a human being can perform in the kitchen unless they are assembling nuclear bombs over the sink. If you have a recipe that calls for cooked rice then you should order takeout and have someone more knowledgeable cook the rice for you. Whatever you do you shouldn't call your Asian friends and ask them to come over and cook rice for you, they get offended by this for some reason that I'm still investigating.
- Pre-heating an oven involves more than just turning the oven on while you unwrap the frozen pizza. I'm not sure why or how but if you turn an oven to the temperature setting it may take several minutes for it to actually be "pre-heated". Also be aware when cooking frozen pizza that the instructions on the box are always wrong. The pizza will never be done even at the high end of their estimated cooking time. Unfortunately, frozen pizza is either undercooked or burned, there is no "lightly browned toppings" state. It's sort

of a Schroedinger's Cat deal. The pizza is perfectly cooked inside the oven until observed. When you turn on the oven light or open the oven the pizza then either reverts to an undercooked gooey mass or is blackened until it resembles a coal miner's face.

- Contrary to the old saying a watched pot does boil. It just takes really long and is fucking boring, but if you're like me and always overfill pots when cooking it pays to endure the boredom to prevent a boil-over from extinguishing the pilot light and causing an explosion. It's important that you never attempt to cook with grease or oil unless you are oblivious to painful burns and know how to operate a fire extinguisher. If you're a giant pussy who couldn't operate a fire extinguisher if he was being chased by a lava monster like me then avoiding grease and oil is probably a good idea.
- If you decide to impress your girlfriend by making an "old family recipe" you should probably try to get the recipe from the family instead of selecting a similar recipe from the Internet. Things will only get worse if your girlfriend gets there before you are finished and is treated to ten minutes of you shouting swear words at a food-processor full of puréed vegetables. Luckily most girls can actually cook things and she may come in and save your attempt. You'll lose points but you'll at least get to eat. Unfortunately she may not, choosing instead to run into the kitchen and scream swear words at you while you scream swear words at inanimate objects containing parts of food. This night ends tragically with a thrown wine bottle, a slippery log, and a bloody mouth.

Pretty much any time I go into the kitchen my common sense flies right out the window. I could walk to the refrigerator to get a fucking soda and end up with a shard of glass stuck in my eye or a part of my body on fire. It's like entering into a magical world of pain that contains everything you desire most.

I would like to dedicate this article to all of the common-sense impaired out there. We may be sweeping your floors, fixing your computers, or curing your cancer, but whatever it is we're doing don't trust us anywhere near the kitchen. Hell, don't even trust us when we're alone in a room reading a book. Someone is going to get hurt, and it's probably going to be ourselves.

Surviving RPGs!

Roleplaying Games for consoles and computers can offer up difficult realities to exist in. Fortunately R-Lo and Corin Tucker's Stalker have teamed up to give us all a survival guide for these brutal realms of adventure and spikey hair. It's just what the doctor ordered!

It's also worth noting that almost every form of liquid is extremely helpful. In fact, any

status or effect can be fixed by drinking a beverage of some kind! Most shops carry the "confusion-causing purple rattlesnake of upper west side Pittsburgh" antivenom, despite the fact that there is no Pittsburgh in the game. If there was, however, you'd be able to laugh that purple rattlesnake in the face as you shrugged off its only attack! Even death can be cured by a potion, so the only way a wizard could really fuck you up is by casting his "close mouth" spell on you. Luckily, in that case you'd be able to respond with the powerful "..." counterattack.

If you find yourself enduring the slight inconvenience of death in your latest roleplaying game excursion, then take heart! Lowtax and CT's Stalker can make sure you get the right power up you need to defeat the lobster monkey fire king of weapon blade. Head on over and find out how!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.11 Welcome to Dork Neck, Alabama, You Stupid City Folk!

Monday, Feb 10, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Yeah, this looks like a REAL safe place to flee to in an unknown, hostile town.

I've been watching a lot of "small town" horror films lately, mainly because John Ashcroft has scared the pants off me with his "Level Lemony Yellow" Terror Alerts he announces every other hour. I'm not exactly sure what I'm supposed to be doing during this current terror alert, but I know I'm not supposed to talk to strangers, eat candy I find on the ground, get near vehicles which look "suspicious" (ie, they are being driven, they have four wheels, etc.), or fail to report any individual who looks like he is currently occupying a location that he should not be occupying. I don't have enough cellphone minutes to go outside and start calling the Department of Homeland Security and Lovely Cookware every ten seconds I see something which may or may not be affiliated with a person who may or may not be affiliated with a guy who once talked to a person who saw a movie about terrorists. That's probably for the best, as I think John Ashcroft is tired of me calling him at 3:30 AM shouting, "JOHNNY BOY, I SAW A TRUCK OUTSIDE! J-MAN, I THINK I SAW SOME DUDE WITH A TURBAN! MC ASHCROFT, I SMELLED A STRANGE GAS COMING FROM THE PANTS OF A MAN ON THE BUS WITH ME!" So once again, everything is working out for the best, just as long as I never forget 9-11.

All national security jokes aside, the television networks and movie stores seem to be promoting some kind of "National Dangerous Redneck Town" month celebration, as every film I watch consists of people traveling from point A to point B and getting stuck in point X, some horrible white trash town full of deadly inbred yokels who have the collective intelligence of many famous doorstops. Now I don't know about you, but when I plan a road trip, I tend to stay on the major highways. For example, here's a handy little guide I made for you to reference before embarking on any tedious cross-country road trip:

GOOD ROADS TO DRIVE ON:

- I-5
- WA-591
- Interstate THIS IS A TOLL ROAD, PAY ED $30 TO DRIVE THRU

BAD ROADS TO DRIVE ON:

- Route 173
- Crawdaddy's Korner Overpass
- Dead Nigger Boulevard

As we all know, people in movies are completely oblivious to logic like this, and will invariably choose to travel through a town named "Hell's Blowjob, Arkansas" than even consider taking an alternate highway which adds a whopping extra three miles to their total journey time. This could also be explained by the "Universal Movie Law of Cities," which dictates that a person's IQ is inversely proportional to the amount of people inhabiting their city. Them folk all the way from fancy-pants New York City may have a purdy car and expensive suit, but if they were so damn smart then why would they keep falling prey to a bunch of toothless greasehogs in a town whose main industry consists of "standing around the gas station and picking your teeth with a wood splinter"? Obviously, the white trash hickmachines in Slopsville know a lot more about survival techniques than the two prissy clowns from Big City USA could ever hope to learn.

"AH WANT CHEW TA MEET MAH STINKY STICK!"

These cliched horror movies have taught me a lot about the groupthink mentality powering many

violent redneck cities. For example, if my car ever breaks down near Bloody Pig, Texas, I know to never call the Police, as the town sheriff will simply write down my location and talk to me in a very condescending fashion while he adjusts his utility belt and tries to grapple with the enormous folds of fleshy lard attempting to burst through his uniform. I know that if I ever see a diner, more appropriate a diner named "DINER," I should expect to find a pay phone there, but it will either be out of service or mysteriously cut off when I'm 20 seconds into the call and about to issue critical information to my city-folk friend on the other end. I am aware that every auto mechanic in every small town is evil in its purest sense, more than willing to steal my money, knock me unconscious, and do unspeakably horrible things to my anus which have only been seen on certain Internet sites. I can assure you that the bitter, twisted old man who lives in a shack in the middle of the woods with his six drooling sons and barren wife has some mysterious, inexplicable influence over the entire town and all its citizens, commanding them to terrorize and eventually haul in the "city folk" so he can finish up their well-deserved torture. I am also confident that each one of his brandead carcass sons will be wearing grease-stained overalls and wifebeater shirts when they attempt to hunt me down through the woods at midnight, randomly discharging their shotguns in between shouts of "wooweeee" and "wes cumin' fer ya, city boy!" These are simply facts, and there's no way you can dispute them unless you want to be branded a liar and thrown into the gulag for a few months.

However, this murderous small town mentality can also be used for a tool of good, not evil. Well, what I mean by that is it can be used as a tool of good for me. It's pretty much a given that when I say something is good for me, it will pretty much fuck over everybody else in the known world, but that's your problem, not mine. I propose to purchase a large amount of dense forest in the middle of some worthless, unused portion of land such as Alabama, and then quickly begin plowing down sections of woodlands to erect a shantyville full of poorly constructed box buildings, stores, and homes. I will petition the state government to grant me a "178A-09.28B License to Declare a Tiny Redneck Town," and immediately label my area of land "Dork Neck, Alabama." If I really want a lot of city folk to end up trapped in my hellhole town, I will petition to name it something that could be a popular typo in Mapquest, such as "Atlantea, Georgia" or "Littel Rock, Arkansas." However, I'm partial to Dork Neck, so let's stick with that. Naturally, I will take the position of the bitter, shriveled up little man who sits at home all day cleaning his guns and engaging in animated conversations with the television set or a crude mannequin dressed up as my wife. Since I don't really know much about being a redneck but I do know a little bit about computers, I'm going to try to make the town of Dork Neck be the most hardwired cesspit of inbred idiocy this side of Cookesville, Tennessee. Here are the positions I'm looking to fill in my town:

This is the Sheriff's office. No more than $23 should be spent constructing it. The rest of the money should go towards making an IV drip tube that continually releases a stream of Twinkie juice into the sheriff's bloodstream.

■ **Corrupt Sheriff / Deputy -** This position requires an obese, unkempt man, so any of you Linux systems administrators would be perfect for the job. You will be in charge of lying down spike strips across every major (and minor) road that enters our beautiful hellhole. Once the city folk call you up and ask for assistance, you should drive over and say to them in a soothing and comforting voice, "whatschootalkinboutyercarblewatireyersparelahksjesfine" while the scrawny deputy stands in the background with his arms crossed, looking smug and very pleased that he's hiding behind the massive girth of the sheriff. Naturally, you will not be there to help the foreigners; your only function will be to scope out their car, see how hot the guy's wife is, and let us know any crucial information regarding them, such as how photogenic they would be if we were to force them to engage in oral intercourse with a mule while uploading and selling the pictures through our town's website, "dorkneckhotcumporn.com". You should also stall them by asking worthless questions such as "what're city folk like ya'll doin' so far outside yer city?", "shouldn't yeh city folk be back near a city?", or "city folk bad, fire good, me eat rocks and burnt twigs." During this stalling period, I will be gathering my braindead, idiot sons to head over to the location and begin tormenting the couple once you and Deputy Slackjaw depart.

■ **My Braindead, Idiot "Sons" -** You don't really have to be my sons, as my sperm is far too stupid to ever successfully find a female's egg, thereby making it impossible for me to impregnate any living creature - and I do emphasize ANY CREATURE. However, you must live in my filthy basement with all my other idiot "sons" and be willing to assemble and tramp out into the woods whenever the "City Folk" alarm sounds off. When this occurs, you must quickly put on a "CHICKS DIG MY TARBALLS" shirt, mount your camouflage-colored Segeways, and head out to wherever the intruders from a popular city are located. Once you find these trespassers, you should start giving them a hard time by calling them names such as "lamers" and "HPBs." This will introduce them to the ways of our town and our feelings towards outsiders, which isn't particularly optimistic.

■ **The Nine-Toothed Auto Mechanic Who Either Never Works or Works Approximately Sixteen Minutes a Day Per Year -** After being mercilessly teased and harassed by my braindead, idiot sons, the city folk will undoubtedly flee to you, praying that you'll fix their Audi. You should respond by claiming you'll need some rare parts that are only manufactured in the Bermuda Triangle, and it could take up to three decades for such magical parts to arrive. While the city folk are waiting in your "customer service" area, a 12x12 foot room that has copies of *Wee Wisdom* magazine from 1978 chained to the wall, you should go through their car and locate all valuables. If you find a Palm Pilot or some sort of handheld device, you must sabotage it by installing OS2 / Warp on it. If they have a digital camera, waste all the memory by taking read-only images of your psychotic droolhound Maggus attempting to chew through a metal barrel. You must also find a way to "accidentally" break their cellphone by running over it 20 times or so with your pickup truck.

■ **The Crazy Woman Who the Stupid City Folk Think Might Help Them, But Turns Out to be Evil Like Everybody Else -** This will be a difficult job to fill, mainly because there are only two females who read this website and one of them is my mother. I'd nominate her for the job but she'd beat me silly if she read that I was referring to her as "old." She's fine with "crazy" though, I would assume. If my next update is from the state hospital, let's suppose my assumption was invalid. At first, The Crazy Woman should befriend the city couple, offering them to come into her run-down antique house, offering them a cup of whiskey tea or motor oil or Gatorade or whatever the fuck people out in the sticks drink. She'll nurse the female city folk's wounds by applying a moist

towelette to any bleeding holes in her face while brushing back her hair, thereby providing us with a nice lesbian sexual undertone. After softening up the couple, The Crazy Woman should go into the other room to "turn on the computer so you nice kids can email for help," but they will soon learn a horrible surprise - SHE'S USING LITESTEP AND HAS SOME HORRIBLY UNINTUITIVE ANIME LAYOUT WHICH NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND! Additionally, her email client is a Taiwanese piece of freeware junk that she grabbed from Download.com, based solely on the fact that it was released in 1996, has 13 total downloads, and hasn't been updated since its release. Once the city folk realize that there's no way in hell they'll be able to contact anybody for help through her computer, she should begin laughing maniacally and shouting, "YER JES LIKE ALL THA OTHERS! COME GET EM, BOYS!" and my braindead, idiot sons will burst through the door wearing t-shirts with Monty Python catchphrases printed across them.

- **The Hideously Deformed Killer -** Despite all the menacing job opportunities mentioned above, there is only one true killer in each small town. Ideally, you should be some hairy, disfigured, socially inept halfwit, so any of you Windows NT systems administrators would be perfect for the job. You will be chained to a concrete post inside of a tool shed for a good portion of your life, but you will get one of those nice Titanium laptops which cost $19,000 because Apple Computers makes all of their systems from the Lord Jesus Christ's holy pubic hairs. Once you are let go, you will be given a GPS tracking unit to hunt down the fleeing city folk so you may engage the whole murdering thing I briefly touched upon above. Don't worry if you have never murdered somebody before; we'll periodically send you SMS messages over your cellphone giving you step-by-step instructions.

An image of the ideal crazy woman. Some FreeBSD knowledge would be required. NOTE: This may or may not actually be a woman.

Now I'm aware that there's a good chance these insipid city folk may escape Dork Neck, Alabama and flee to safety, as I am not a rich man and cannot afford that much land for my fabulous town. According to my bank statements, I am eligible to only purchase approximately 200 square feet of land, and I'm not sure if many people who read this site could even fit one of their ankles into this area. However, this is where the genius comes in: I'm asking my dad to buy land in the surrounding areas, so once the idiot city folk escape Dork Neck, they'll find themselves right in the middle of Yablonskiton Falls (emphasis on the "falls" part) or Whoops This Is the Town Where We Shoot You With the Guns City. If I get the bank approval I'm aiming for, soon we'll have a whole franchise of evil small towns lined up and ready to sabotage the vacation plans of any moron from a "big city" with their classy plays, expensive automobiles, and luscious boob jobs. Hell, the male city members of Dork Neck, Alabama will have bigger tits than any California model trying to pass through, AND we'll also have easy access to the 1,000 nude photos of them floating around newsgroups. Er, nude photos of the model, not the Linux administrators. Shudder...

Time For The 'Mine

It's Tuesday and you know what that means! SEMEN IN YOUR CEREAL DAY! No wait, that's not it. Oh yeah, today is the day when we break out the brand-spankin' New Comedy Goldmine! Today's feature challenges the SA Forum Goons to come up with conclusive proof that Iraq is in fact engaged in various nefarious, underhanded, evil things. And boy howdy, did they do that in spades!

Make with the clicking right here or else a level 12 Elf will bite your rotten greasy nose off!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.12 Cleaning Up Al-Qaida

Tuesday, Feb 11, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

These men support terrorism by dealing drugs and driving SUVS. Just kidding - they murder people!

The global war against terrorism - also known as USA versus the entire world - isn't going anywhere anytime soon. Still, it won't last forever. Before long the diligent men, women, and children who have dedicated their lives to destroying America and other members of the Western Devils and Zionist Powers super groups will be needing a new source of income and inspiration. There are a number of possibilities for Al-Qaida to pursue, so their future is far from a post-Jihad wasteland bleak in both hope and quality living. If America's history of sound Middle East foreign policy has taught us one thing, it's that if Al-Qaida waits patiently and doesn't kill any more Americans than absolutely necessary, they have a pretty good shot at becoming future US allies. Now that won't be easy, as they stung us pretty bad, but it's certainly not impossible. All they have to do is prove themselves to either be trustworthy and truly sorry, or the enemy of whoever the next big Middle East dictator to piss us of is. If I know my Nostradamus, which I don't, it will probably be somebody pretty wicked who has the ability to rain fire from the sky and black out the moon with ash and soot. I don't mean to read between the lines of my own inaccurate words here, but the next scourge of the free world will either be a level 30 wizard with a Staff of the Apocalypse or somebody with access to weapons of mass destruction. If Al-Qaida aligns itself against this forthcoming mage of the terrorist arts, they will look like pretty spiffy allies when it comes time to defend democracy where it's not wanted. Then again, they may just seek to redeem themselves with honest work.

Assuming they go the route of hard work and fiscal responsibility, I've taken the time to come up with some potential possibilities for the entire Al-Qaida workforce. Let's face it, a group of people that motivated and that willing to die for an insane cause would probably do pretty good at anything they put their minds to. You may note that I'm talking about the members of Al-Qaida as a whole, and that's because I've seen too many made-for-TV movies where orphaned siblings are separated and forced to live with different mommies and daddies. That kind of stuff just colonoscopes my heart, mostly because I wish they would put something better on worth watching. That, and there seems to be a certain synergy between the various cells and members of the Al-Qaida terror machine that shouldn't be tampered with.

- **Al-Qaida Express Dry Cleaning**

  Imagine if you will the most organized and systematic dry cleaning franchise possible. It would be spread throughout the land, with convenient locations distributed in areas of vital significance, such as near or in soft target shopping centers or close to residential districts and hospitals. The company as a whole would be highly decentralized, and each individual storefront would be capable of operating in the event of a regional catastrophe or crisis. In addition, underground supply lines would be able to ensure that each establishment is properly supplied with the latest anti-stain weapons and munitions. Customers can rest comfortably knowing that any garment they bring in will be put through a rigorous jihad of cleanliness. Special operatives will employ the latest in chemical and biological stain fighting agents leaving no trace of unwanted spot incursion. This is one dry cleaning conglomerate that will stab into the black heart of the infidel's filthy clothing and cleanse it in the name of mighty Allah. Welcome to the new age of asymmetrical stain fighting warfare.

■ **Recording Industry Association of America Anti-Piracy Enforcement Agency**
Everybody knows that the RIAA is having one hell of a time trying to round up all the scurvy Internet seadogs downloading illegal copies of Celine Dion's latest piece of shit attempt at singing. All their efforts, no matter how noble and courageous they are, fail miserably because people just don't want to spend money when thieving is just as easy. In fact, it's easier. Rather than adjust and adapt to this change in consumer spending habits, it's more easy to fight a bloody and hopeless war. It just so happens our friends at Al-Qaida have a lot of experience in this particular line of work, and would probably be glad to align themselves with a rascally organization like the RIAA. With a little corporate sponsorship, Al-Qaida could quickly become the premiere anti-piracy fighting force, tracking down illegal song swappers at their homes and killing them like the bastards they are. Hey asshole, you have to pay for those Eminem MP3s you downloaded, or else! Should you manage to survive the suicide bombers and trained assassins, you'll still have to contend with an army of lawyers eager to shoot legal laser beams into your most tender regions, in particular that flashing red spot on your chest you leave vulnerable during your repetitious movement patterns of attack, attack, laugh, attack, recharge. In the end, the RIAA will restore its tarnished reputation and exploited music artists will finally be treated to an all-you-can-eat meal at the Justice Buffet.

Stop in for delicious pizza and a truly unique dining environment!

■ **Dine, Infidel! Family Pizzerias**
If there is a dirge of one thing in this world, that one thing has got to be quality family pizzerias. I don't know about you, but most pizza joints I go to seem to cook their pizzas in the ass of a dead rhinoceros. Good taste is something that just doesn't seem to be able to survive a proverbial rhino ass oven. That's where Al-Qaida can make a difference. These people are absolutely fanatical about their cause, and that's something you don't see a lot of when it comes to pizzeria employees. For every unsatisfied customer, an employee's child will be murdered in the floor of the restaurant while you dine. The deliciousness of your pizza is ensured in the blood of Allah's children, and that's a covenant you can really sink your teeth into. The only drawback is the lack of sausage and pepperoni, but pork isn't very healthy anyway. The thick crust of the intifada will overpower the thin crust of the western Zionist pigs, and the cheese of victory will cover the bloodied like dirt. The prices aren't are bad either!

Al-Qaida's options are far from limited to these exciting possibilities, but really, it's highly unlikely that they will even pursue a decent and respectable path. I've always been an optimist and something of a loose cannon career counselor who doesn't play by the rules, so I remain hopeful that they will follow my advice and clean up their act. Terror can't last forever, especially when it stops becoming terrifying, so the longer they stay in the game the harder it will be to learn a new skill.

■ **Holy Polonia!**

After a brief absence from the movie reviewing game, I, Ben "Greasnin" Platt, have returned! You know, with a movie review. This time around, I took a look at "Bad Magic," a new one from the diabolical team of Mark and John Polonia. The Polonia Brothers are the record holders for most movies reviewed on Something Awful, and for that distinction, they have my undying hatred. I hated this movie so much.

> *Most of the movies reviewed on Something Awful have a wonderful, if brief period of doubt where I get the simple pleasure of saying, "Hey, this isn't too bad, at least so far." Not so with "Bad Magic." This one rockets the audience right into a realm of unfathomable stupidity from the very first line. The movie begins with indescribably shitty narration, courtesy of our protagonist, Renny. At the risk of appearing racist, Renny is the reason that black people have had to struggle for equality for so many years. Evidently no one told him that he's allowed to use the entire alphabet on film, as his speech is generally confined to about twelve letters. It's fairly obvious that he's reading from his script as he stutters about voodoo and devil worshipping, which makes it even more embarrassing when he loses his place.*

Believe me, it's a lot less painful read my review than to actually endure this movie. However, once you've read my review, you can tell people you saw the movie, and they'll think you're tough. You want people to think you're tough, don't you, tough guy?

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.13 Capitalism Cops: In Color!

Wednesday, Feb 12, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This man is probably a conservative.

It's no secret that money makes the world go 'round, preventing us all from flying off the planet and into the moon where we would promptly be attacked by the lecherous, horrendous Moon Devils. Extensive scientific studies have conclusively proven that over 99% of the homeless population lack a large source of income, while nearly 100% of all wealthy people possess a significant sum of monetary funding. The only difference separating the poor from the rich is one thing, money, and this makes all the difference in the world. The lack of detailed conversations with street signs is another quality which separates the wealthy from the poor, but this has nothing to do with capitalism unless you look at it from the angle that no matter how persuasive and determined you are, a street sign will never give you its wallet. Capitalism is one of the three major world economic systems, each having its own set of pros and cons so if somebody were to make a realtime strategy game about it, they would all be balanced gameplay-wise.

■ **CAPITALISM -** This is one of the most popular economic systems, one which is responsible for the success of such companies as Microsoft, IBM, Enron, L. Ron Hubbard, and the place that manufactures those giant foam hands which allow other people to know that you feel your team is "number one." The main idea behind capitalism is that some jerk somewhere will start selling some item, people will buy it, and then he'll keep on selling it until the government determines it causes testicular cancer in 100% of its buyers, including women. This "free market" ideally exists with minimal government interference since the longer the government meddles in something, the greater the chance they'll start launching missiles at a bunch of people who have AIDS and can't read.
PROS: It's really easy to start your own business and start making serious assloads of cash under this system. All you need is grit, determination, and a bunch of "TOO HOT FOR TELEVISION" stickers to put on your product. Conservatives are a big fan of capitalism because without this very important economic system, the government wouldn't pay them jack shit to perform their "I'm a Big Fat Know-It-All and You're Stupid" AM radio talk shows for 17 hours a day.
CONS: Many liberals hate capitalism because it awards rich people for being rich and doesn't reward poor people for being poor. Additionally, many liberals lack job skills which would allow them to obtain a better position than "person who grows their hair out long."

■ **SOCIALISM -** The arch-nemesis of capitalism, socialism is associated with such class acts as Karl Marx (whose side project "Marxism" featured the one-armed drummer from Def Lepperd) and the Britain Labour Party, a collection of elderly (possibly mummified) gentlemen who have discovered an amazing scientific secret which allows them to pack 28 hours of arguing about remarkably dull crap into a 24-hour day. There was also some guy named "Lenin" who did something fairly major regarding socialism, probably involving the award-winning game Tetris. Socialism dictates that the government should be in charge of distributing wealth, jobs, and positions of power to whomever they feel like at the time. Many famous Russians or possibly Germans embrace this form of government because, hey, they don't have any money to begin with, so what's there to lose?
PROS: Poor people are given bucketloads of money so they can become middle class. Wealthy people lose bucketloads of money so they can become middle class. This results in one large, trustworthy, equal society who live and love in peace while the bucket

industry flourishes beyond imagination
CONS: It never works.

- **CLEVELAND, OHIOISM -** While this economic system hasn't seen much action or support outside of Cleveland, Ohio, many experts believe this is probably for the better. Cleveland, Ohioism supports the theory that neither the government nor private sector should own or distribute any amount of money. In fact, no money should be allowed anywhere, and citizens living in a Cleveland, Ohioistic state should spend all their free time sitting around and hoping that the barter system makes a big comeback in a hurry.
PROS: Nobody gets into arguments about money because there is no money to argue about.
CONS: If the government starts slacking off (which they probably will since they have nothing to do all day except stare at the ceiling and attempt to remember the lyrics from "Sweet Child of Mine"), there is a chance that somebody with money might mistakenly stumble into the city. This would ruin the economy by immediately creating an economy, which is the opposite goal of Cleveland, Ohioism.

These people are probably liberals.

America, which used to be known as "The Great Land of Freedom" before certain people began overreacting to planes flying into buildings, naturally embraces the culturally superior system of capitalism. Some claim our society is so great at being capitalistic because, at heart, we're all greedy assholes and greed fuels this economic model. Others simply assert that our government is too incompetent to take a dump without direct supervision, so therefore socialism is currently impossible on many different levels. To this date, capitalism is working pretty well, especially when you compare it to the economic systems of places like China (they're so broke that they can't afford Guinea pigs and use humans instead) or Scandinavia (I don't know anything about Scandinavia, but Zack claims they're socialists; all I know is that their entire economy is sustained by sales through Pier-One stores across the United States). However, there are times when capitalism goes a little bit too far and pushes us over the edge like a monkey in a speeding go-cart with no brakes on top of one of those floating levels from that stupid new "Toejam and Earl" game for the Xbox. One example can be seen in the popular canceled cartoon "Captain Planet," an objective, educational, informative cartoon which taught children to gun down possible conservatives or large business owners at every opportunity. It also displayed how the greed powering capitalism could lead to things like disgusting pollution, deforestation, dead dolphins, more pollution, world sickness and disease epidemics, even more pollution, the near-fatal injury of flying gay men, and lots of pollution. Luckily for all involved, the people responsible for "Captain Planet" either went broke or quit to join a filthy hippie commune years ago, so we don't have to deal with that any more. Unfortunately, a new ugly head of capitalism is appearing... and this time, it's the law.

> **Texas towns signing up for $1 police cars with ads -** *Cars plastered with company logos may soon be cruising the streets of this upscale bedroom community, but they won't be headed for a NASCAR race at the nearby Texas Motor Speedway. Trophy Club has signed up for four police and two fire vehicles covered with ads because the vehicles each cost a dollar.*

Now I fully support the police and fire-fighting forces of America. If there weren't any cops in the world then there wouldn't be anybody to give me speeding tickets, and if there were no fire-fighters then I wouldn't have the fear of some fat guy spraying me with a hose each time I wanted

to light myself on fire. However, I think this rogue advertising scheme is a really bad idea for all those involved and our country in general. To begin with, who the hell would honestly want their legitimate business associated with crime? I could understand if Senor Lopez's Cocaine and Modified Assault Rifle Hut asked to place ads, but I'm not sure it would ultimately be in their best interests - or *anybody's* best interests - in the long run. In fact, I can't really think of a single company who would be proud to have their logo emblazoned across a vehicle that regularly transports child molesters, wife beaters, and mailbox rapists from one location to another.

For the sake of argument, let's assume the police figure out some way to trick companies into advertising on their vehicles. Once these corporations agree to this retarded idea, they'll naturally choose the cop cars which will have the most positive association and publicity, such as all those rich, snooty, upper-class whitebread neighborhoods in California that require all residents to have multiple nose jobs and an entire legal team to represent their pet Terrier. The inner city police stations won't be able to grab a dime from this flawed revenue model, as The Sharper Image won't give a flying fuck if some Detroit minority hopped up on crack sees an ad for their magical ionizing fan while he's being handcuffed and hallucinating about giant flying pregnant sharks. Police forces will soon be broken up into different quality categories based on the wealth of their corporate sponsors:

UPPER CLASS COPS

Sponsors: Botox facial injection therapy, Gucci clothing, Sterling Caviar, Rolex wristwatches.

Police Service in Area: Police will respond to any service call within seconds, armed with rifles that shoot diamond-plated bullets which home in on "dangerous" minorities or ethnic folk who don't appear to be taking care of a white person's lawn or taking out their trash. Once a suspected criminal is apprehended or murdered until they die, the police will leave a mint-flavored chocolate on the potential victim's pillow and place a hot towel on their face while reassuring them that whatever crime they thought happened will never happen again. Any criminals who somehow escape death are captured by the police and dumped into caves inhabited by bears and centipedes, where the victim may visit them at their leisure and jab them with sharp sticks for consecutive five-year prison sentences until they die.

MIDDLE CLASS COPS

Sponsors: Wal-Mart, RC Cola, Spencer's Gifts, Hot Topic, QVC order-by-phone jewelry.

Police Service in Area: While not completely negligent, the police will not be expected to immediately respond to each and every call. After all, there are a lot of crimes in middle-class residencies, and not too many people are willing to take a job that requires them to be shot at while driving a car advertising the latest Slipknot t-shirt. If you call in and request service, the police will send out a unit within the next hour or you will receive 15% off your next major crime. The cops will chase a suspected criminal for up to 50 yards (on foot) or 20 miles (by car). If they are traveling by vehicle, in hot pursuit of a guy who was spotted doing something shifty around lawn furniture, the shoddy condition of their cars may cause one of the hubcaps to fly off. If this happens, the suspect is automatically considered "innocent" and the officers get the rest of the day off.

LOWER CLASS COPS

Sponsors: Turbo Dog malt liquor, Jack In the Box, Val-U-Save Authentic Fake Potato Chips™ .

Police Service in Area: "911" police service is not available, and all crimes must be reported by either physically going into the police station or pulling into one of the six drive-through police report stations throughout the city, which are open from 10:00 AM until 3:00 PM. Many stations will not have a large enough budget to afford more than one officer on call throughout the day, so the remaining vacant police positions will be filled by high tech robots stolen from Sears or Radio Shack. These mechanized law enforcement droids will have the ability to travel two miles an hour in a straight line for 100 feet before their AA-battery runs out or the unit catches fire. Criminals will be asked to voluntarily turn themselves in, under the threat of "a really guilty conscious."

As you can see, although capitalism may be a generally great economic system, it will most probably fail when it comes to the police force and residential protection. I think we're better off with the socialism-based police system we've got set up for us now, and I'm not just saying that because I have a deathly fear of being arrested and placed into a car with X10 NINJA 2 TILT AND WHIRL AND PUKE SPY ON QUASI-NUDE CHICKS HANGING OUT ON YOUR FRONT PORCH CAMERA ads plastered across it like a Geocities site. Wow, and to think our country's economic systems are so well balanced, just like the opposing forces in "Command and Conquer." Too bad socialism gets the horrendous Moon Devil unit.

More Horribly Disguised Child Pornography From Japan!

Zack "Molest Editor" Parslongs has made yet another thrilling addition to the always beautiful Hentai Game Review section: a little gem entitled "Kango Chicyauzo." It has something to do with marrying your mother or being a nurse or fucking a giant panda of some kind. I don't know, I'm afraid to read the review because I think that wacko Japanese crazy shit is contagious.

> *Alright, there's no getting around this part so I'm going to come right out and put it on the table here at the beginning of my review; in Kango Chicyauzo you have forced anal sex with your bound and gagged mother while a nun assaults her vagina with a strap-on dildo. More on that wonderful revelation later since it's actually far worse than that one sentence description.*

You know, that's all I'm going to quote. That's it. If you want to press your luck and try to choke down the review of Anime gaming at its finest, be sure to head on over and take a look at the god-awful review. Well the review isn't god-awful, the game is. I think. I don't know, but I do know that the people from "Jast USA" are now sending Zack free games to review and paying us to put ads for their company while we trash and mock them nonstop, so at least there's something good coming out of this horrid mess. If anybody else wants to pay us to make fun of them, be sure to contact us at once.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.14 I Will Survive!

Friday, Feb 14, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The United States is on a heightened alert for terrorist attacks, and while this happens almost any time someone swarthy mentions going to the post office, the frenzy of media coverage has really gotten me concerned. The government is now offering guidelines on how to survive various forms of terrorist attacks, including using duct tape to seal your windows and vents. Most analysts believe these precautions to be barely more than a placebo for the worries of the public and I would tend to agree with this sentiment. With klaxons blaring and people with megaphones in the street shouting "red alert" and spinning in circles the last thing we all need to do is slap duct tape on our window frames. I am determined to survive this vague wave of terror attacks threatening to envelop our proud nation. I have put all of my team of researchers, including myself and the esteemed Diet Dr. Pepper, to the task of developing realistic and productive methods to avoid the fate that may or may not be in store for us.

First of all you folks need to fully understand the warning system. According to the chart they keep showing on the news we are at red alert, the highest level of civilian warning possible. What you might not understand is that the civilian warning system is only part of the full spectrum of potential terrorist warnings.

- **Green (Low)** - Terrorists are either napping or have taken a vacation to one of the countries in the Axis of Evil.
- **Blue (Guarded)** - Terrorists may attempt to rob a convenience store or drive recklessly on the Interstate.
- **Yellow (Elevated)** - This is normal, terrorists are roving the streets looking for cars to break into and vandalize. They may be planning to fly hang gliders illegally off of tall buildings or participate in anti-war protests.
- **Orange (High)** - Someone at the Department of Homeland Security just woke up after having a nightmare about the attacks on the World Trade Center and hit the orange alert button. National Guard F-16s have been scrambled to menacingly sonic-boom over population centers.
- **Red (Severe)** - Dark-skinned men were spotted either boarding an airplane or attempting to purchase a firearm at Wal-Mart. You should immediately report to a small pox vaccine center so that the government can insert a tracking microchip into your body.
- **Yellow and Black Stripes (Danger!)** - The Russians have just misplaced another fifty kilograms of weapons grade plutonium that were part of a parade float about nuclear energy in Moscow. Citizens should break out panes of their windows with a revolver and fire wildly out at the street while yelling "Arrrrribbaaaa".
- **Hot Pink (Fabulous Alert)** - Ninjas have kidnapped the president. If you are a bad enough dude to rescue him then you are to proceed immediately to fighting them on top of trains and moving cars.
- **Psychedelic Colors (Whoah Man, I Can See Time)** - The terrorists have deployed chemical or biological weapons against our population. You are advised to shut yourself into your house and die. Please assist corpse recovery units by stripping naked

and laying in a bathtub. For those not affected by quarantines you should immediately start rioting while troops in black gas masks watch you from the tops of tanks.

The Department of Homeland Security's system for rating the various terrorist threats isn't really all that complicated but it is of dubious value. My advice is to be prepared for those terrorist attacks that are surely coming, and I don't mean to do something retarded like duct tape your vents. I've got the real scoop on how to survive the onslaught of terror in the United States, and being such a caring and generous guy I am willing to share these secrets with you.

There are essentially four categories of potential terrorist attacks, and each category can encompass a multitude of different methods for causing terror. Fortunately each of these categories has methods that will address any attack within that category. All you have do is learn how to identify an attack when it's happening, react as I have suggested, and your chances of survival will improve dramatically.

Conventional Terrorist Attacks

If you can hear screaming in Arabic over the sound of gunfire then you might be in danger.

Sample Attacks: Hostage taking, truck and car bombs, suicide bombers, shooting sprees, loud colors, irreverent scuttlebutt, anti-war protests, ramming various vehicles into people/other vehicles/buildings, golems (stone, mud, or crystal), hypnotic break dancing, and Oprah's Book Club.

How to Identify Attacks: Conventional terrorist attacks are almost always preceded by someone yelling in Arabic. If you hear someone yelling in Arabic and it isn't coming from your TV or your "Learn to Scream Arabic" CD then immediately begin following the Survival Tips listed below. Just because you don't hear screaming in Arabic doesn't mean that gunfire is just someone hunting geese in the Israeli airline terminal. Sometimes the terrorists will forget to scream in Arabic or may be mute or shy, which means you need to look for other key identifying features. In the event that you did not hear screaming in Arabic you are advised to look for any of the following:

- A burning United States or Israeli flag.
- Crazy hats.
- Non-Christian facial hair.
- Oprah Winfrey.
- A Jewish wizard being coerced at gunpoint to create golems.
- An unmarked truck or van with a lit fuse coming out of the back.
- Signs that profane the name of George W. Bush.
- Colored People.

If you see one ore more of these identifying features you should immediately begin to follow our Survival Tips.

Survival Tips:

If Something is Exploding then you should leap immediately towards the nearest window, breaking through it and being chased by a giant fireball that misses you by inches. When you get up and are essentially unharmed you should dust yourself off, look

back at the damage, and make some witty comment about how narrowly you escaped. If there is no window to jump through then try diving behind an inanimate object like a park bench, automobile, hobo, or crate of explosives.

If You are Being Taken Hostage then shit your pants and begin trying to dry hump the terrorists. Unless you have happened upon a terrorist with a scat and retardation fetish they will either release you or kill you mercifully.

Terrorists Are People Too with as many interests as you have. One of their hobbies just happens to be enacting a fundamentalist Jihad against the imperialist scum of America. Try to talk to the terrorist, feel them out and try to determine what other interests they might have aside from making you die. If you can discover a common interest then you should convince the terrorist to take a break from his Jihad and enjoy this interest with you. Most terrorists are known to enjoy burning flags, screaming in Arabic while wildly waving a gun, playing Magic: The Gathering, and writing letters to their pen-pals.

Sticks and Stones May Break Your Bones but 7.62mm assault rifle rounds will penetrate up to two inches of soft metal. If the terrorists have already opened fire or are exploding there is little chance you can reason with them. The best way to survive at this point is to remove yourself from the potential target list. You can disguise yourself as a mailbox, a caterpillar, a crystal golem, a hardback copy of "The Bridges of Madison County", or even another terrorist, and simply blend into your surroundings like a chameleon.

■ Nuclear Terrorist Attacks

Sample Attacks: Dirty bomb detonation in urban area, suitcase nuke exploding in the Holland Tunnel, Golden Gate Bridge being leveled by an atomic bomb at rush hour, a rogue state launching an ICBM at our West Coast, Plutonium being dropped into the water supply and turning everyone who drinks the water into brain-eating mutants.

Don't let the intimidation factor make you afraid of a nuclear attack, not all nukes are that big and scary.

How to Identify Attacks: Identifying most nuclear attacks is as easy as turning towards the giant incandescent ball of heat and radiation expanding through your city and burning out your retinas. If the explosion does not burn out your retinas then it's either a conventional explosion - nothing to worry about - or you are sufficiently far away to avoid permanent eye damage. As the all consuming burst of sun-hot death destroys buildings, liquefies steel, turns flesh and blood into vapor, and scatters fatal clouds of radiation throughout the area, you can survive by remembering our Survival Tips that follow. Sometimes the use of nuclear weapons need not be so dramatic, as is the case with a "dirty bomb", which exposes those nearby to the effects of radiation but not to an atomic blast. You probably won't know that you're under attack from a dirty bomb until your hair and teeth begin to fall out and your pores ooze blood. Similarly a radioactive contamination of your city's drinking water supply won't become apparent until the citizenry begins to transform into hideously mutated monsters with an insatiable lust for hot human blood.

Survival Tips:

Duck and Cover is absolute bullshit. The best way to survive the force and heat of a nuclear blast is to submerge yourself in a bathtub full of water. The metal of the bathtub

will protect you from debris and the water, as it is rapidly boiled off into steam, will provide you with a small amount of protection from the heat. This may only agonizingly prolong your life, forcing you to endure three or four seconds of incomprehensible pain as your blood boils and your skin rips open to vent steam from bursting organs, but it may just save you too!

Stock Up on important items like bottled water, dry foods, bottle caps that can be used as currency in the post-apocalyptic wasteland, and firearms unless you are a colored person and then you will be arrested for creating a terrorist arms cache. Additionally for your radiation prevention needs no better item can be had than the Something Awful Polo Shirt. Not only are these stylish and comfortable garments 100% insulated against more than eight types of radiation, the chest grenade logo can be easily used as a symbol for your retro-futuristic warlord fiefdom.

When In Rome succumb to your twisted genetic need to devour the brains of living non-mutated humans. Even if it was just a regular old nuke detonated in your area there will still be plenty of trace radiation to spawn a legion of super-strong mutant killers. Get in while they're recruiting. Try attaching a fake mannequin arm to your torso with duct tape and then following their marauding war bands into the desolate streets of your city to corner, murder, and eat any humans foolish enough to be out after dark. Know your local sewer system well! It may be the only place that offers a safe haven for you during the daylight hours when the angry eye of the sun will bake your flesh.

Geiger Counters Are Invaluable noise-makers to have around at any post-apocalyptic rave party. They run on their own internal power supply and the sheer volume of radiation in the air should make them constantly emit a catchy clicking sound. It is guaranteed to get your booty moving on the floor. As an added bonus the radioactive illumination provided by glowing body parts is about 50 times cooler than a lame glow stick. No raver drugs are even needed to get that PLUR feeling going! Everyone will be living in a constant irradiated fever dream of torment and agony, grinding to the arrhythmic beat of the Geiger Counter as it ticks away the minutes until your rave is stormed by a mutant raiding party and you and your loved ones are carted off to fill the larder of a ten-foot tall cannibalistic warlord.

Chemical Terrorist Attack

You may be at risk, but luckily the soldiers of the National Guard are not!

Sample Attacks: Releasing nerve gas into a crowded subway, spraying an urban area with concentrated organophosphates, releasing canisters of cyanide into a large building's ventilation system, replacing Glade Plug-Ins with packages of heat-activated chlorine gas, and placing a giant fan next to Gary, Indiana.

How to Identify Attacks: If you suspect a chemical attack may be imminent you should begin by surveying your surroundings. A good first warning sign is if you see clouds of gas billowing from a canister, vent, or unmarked van. Sometimes chemical weapons are invisible and you may not immediately see them, but you can watch for the effects of chemical weapons. If you see more than one person collapse, begin foaming at the mouth, or start screaming "WAaaaaaaaaaa IT BURNSS!!!" then you are probably in dangerous proximity to chemical weapons. Many people would begin to panic at this point, but you won't, because you will be fully equipped with our Survival Tips. Calmly proceed away from the people who are screaming and convulsing while following the guidelines we have provided.

Survival Tips:

Chemical Weapons Are Like Ghosts that follow you and haunt you wherever you may go. Many are invisible to the naked eye, which makes them even spookier and may cause people to run screaming from them. It's pretty much impossible to hide from a chemical weapon and as their deadly payload expands it will wreak havoc on the populace. To this end you should proceed quickly away from poisonous gasses and to a trash can. Retrieve a plastic bag from the trashcan and tie this tightly over your head with a shoelace or belt wrapped around your neck. You may feel like masturbating at this point, but the purpose of the plastic bag is to insulate your respiratory system from toxic fumes not play into your auto-erotic asphyxiation fetish. Some gasses are tissue-permeable so attempt to cover all of the exposed skin on your body by submersing it into candle wax or an iron smelter. Eventually you might experience dizziness. That's okay; this is just the plastic bag working to protect you. If you feel like passing out then go ahead and take a nap and wait for the authorities to wake you up when it's all clear.

If You're Indoors then the terrorists have already done half the work of protection for you. Should the attack occur while you are in your home then simply follow the instructions listed above and shut yourself in your bathroom. If the attack happens while you are in a large office building then things are even easier. Most offices are kept to code and include an isolated, fire-proof stairwell that is separated from the building's ventilation system. Sprint to this while shoving aside anyone that might stand in your way. Once you reach the stairwell seal the door behind you and proceed to seal the doors for every other floor. People trapped inside the poison clouds circulating through the rest of the building may pound on the doors and scream desperately for you to let them out. If you were to do this you would be immediately killed by the poisons. It can be traumatic to watch your coworkers die in agony, but if it makes you feel any better then imagine them as sentient muffins screaming as they are being roasted alive in a giant oven. When that poison finally clears out you will have a whole building full of delicious muffins ready to snack on!

Don't Let All the Dying Ruin Your Trip. Many are those who succumb to various types of neuro-toxin not because of the poison itself, but because they totally freak out when they start hallucinating. It isn't uncommon to see someone exposed to NeTox-11 gas begin to claw their eyes out, chew their fingers and hands off, or even smash their brains against a wall. If you find yourself seeing the world around you dissolve into a surreal nightmare vision of pulsating shrieking tentacles, rivers of blood and bile, and giant metal turtles with penises for eye then you should immediately sit down. The effects of NeTox-11 will wear off in two to three years of intense medical therapy, but the effects of going berserk usually prove fatal. Try to regulate your breathing and concentrate on the beating of your heart. NeTox-11 will be attacking your autonomic nervous system so concentrating on keeping both body functions up and running should be your number one priority. Try to see if you can feel a burning sensation on your neck and chest. If you do then you've actually been exposed to NeTox-12. In that case your lungs will probably slowly emerge from your throat as they are inverted and forced out by painful muscle spasms. Try to push them back in, I know you'll see a lot of blood and the blood will be talking to you about secrets, but you've got to stay focused. When the world is bathed in a painful glowing light your trip on the NeTox bus has almost arrived at its destination. Lay down on your stomach with your head turned to the side. You will begin vomiting up blood as your entire body is wracked with agonizing spasms. That's okay, that's your body getting rid of the evil. Whatever you do, do not pass out no matter how much blood you vomit up. If you pass out and stop consciously controlling the beating of your

heart then you will immediately die. Oh, also this way of surviving NeTox only works if you're a Buddhist Monk practiced in death-like trance states, so start taking those Buddhist Monk classes at the YMCA now.

■ Biological Terrorist Attacks

Sample Attacks: Sending anthrax through the mail, infecting food or even public places with small pox, releasing rats infested with bubonic plague-carrying fleas, hastening the spread of HIV by sending a really attractive bisexual person to America, giving Shredder access to the secret of the retromutagen ooze, writing bad checks around town that happen to be seething with microscopic brain worms, or even infecting Ripley and Newt with xenomorphs and then sabotaging the freezers of the surviving marines on the return flight to Earth.

He's protected by plastic and will slay the plague with bullets!

How to Identify Attacks: Biological attacks can take many forms and can be even more insidious than radiation or invisible poison gasses. Noiseless, invisible, and gradually acting they will spread slowly at first, but exponentially as their infectious payload is deployed from person to person. The best way to determine whether or not you are at risk from biological weapons is to read a medical textbook or look up diseases on the Internet. It should only be a matter of minutes before you are CERTAIN you have everything from ball cancer to Amazon Skull Crabs.

Survival Tips:

Most Diseases Are Species-Specific and obviously the ones being used against us by terrorist would be human-infectious diseases. One of the easiest ways to avoid infection from these illnesses is to simply stop being human. If possible cocoon yourself in a corner of your house and transform into a sentient insect. This might frighten your friends and neighbors, but hey, you're not going to scare a bunch of corpses after those plagues kill off the population! Should you experience difficulty morphing into another life form then you should consider using other methods to evolve into a higher life form. This may take several hundred generations, but if you're like me and only live for 48 hours you may just be able to accomplish this before the terrorists attack.

Alcohol is Sterile and in addition to being sterile alcohol happens to also be a total fucking blast! Woohoo! As soon as you know you're infected with some dreaded biological weapon you should empty out your cabinets and start chugging like there's no tomorrow. Did you know that rubbing alcohol can be made non-lethal to drink if you dilute it sufficiently? Now you do, so after you've poured everything with a proof rating down your gullet head into the medicine cabinet and down some isopropyl and cough syrup. If you're a chronic alcoholic we don't want you to have to start that 12-step program from scratch! Head on into the laundry room and start pounding shots of liquid bleach. It may burn your esophagus out and make you puke up the lining of your stomach, but it beats dying from leprosy! Once you're in a toxic coma the booze will begin its "alco-action", fighting with those nasty germs for dominance of your blood stream. If you're lucky then the forces of Jim Beam will defeat those nasty invaders and let the partying continue on through the end of civilization!

Purge the Unclean wherever they might be encountered. You may even encounter them before a biological attack is apparent, but that doesn't mean you should let your guard down. If you encounter anyone exhibiting symptoms of exposure to biological

weapons you should immediately kill them and cremate their remains. Symptoms may include; coughing, extreme perspiration, skin discoloration, complaints of head or back ache, or slight limping. The police may give you a hard time at first, but once they realize that you were doing your patriotic duty to defend the homeland I'm sure they'll let you off the hook.

Feed a Fever even if it's caused by a biological weapon. If you've tried to purge the disease from your system and a house full of hooch just isn't cutting it then it's time to turn to plan "B" and gorge yourself. Infectious weapons are much like unborn fetuses only much harder to abort, they crave all manner of wacky foodstuff in vast quantities. The type of food you should be eating depends on the type of disease you have contracted. Please consult the following chart.

Anthrax - Buttered popcorn and jelly.
Small Pox - Deep sea squid that has been fried in whale lard.
Rheumatic Fever - Sugar cane that is hand fed to you by a laughing Jamaican.
Bubonic Plague - Dolly Madison Fudge Cakes and concertina wire.
Hepatitis C - Hepatitis B with mayonnaise.
Flesh Eating Bacteria - Travel books about the Ruhr Valley in Germany.
Parasitic Amoebas - The Prima Guide for Tomb Raider III and ice cream containing your own semen.
Alien Chest Bursters - Spaghetti and meatballs.
Clawitis - Homespun humor and riddles.

Once you've filled yourself to bursting with the appropriate food you should lay inert in your bed, possibly lifting your head slightly with a wedge of pillows so that you can view news reports about more deaths over your swollen gut. Eventually your body will produce a legion of antibodies to fight off the attacking disease. Fueled by the food you have gorged yourself on a veritable army will be unleashed and hopefully defeat the sickness. If not, well, you're fucked.

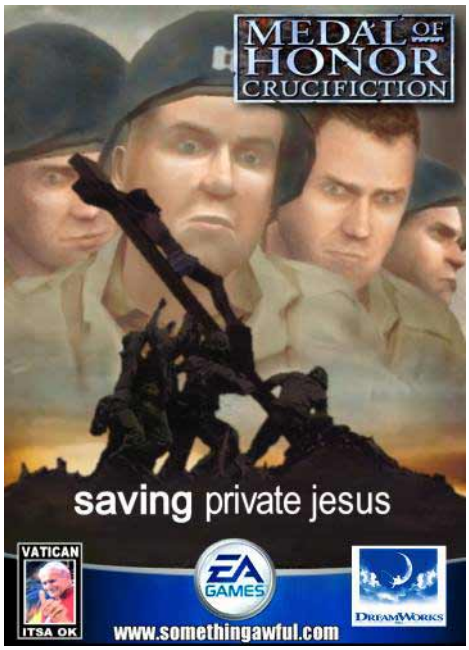
Just having some good information to work with has relieved me so much. I feel prepared to take on the world, so much so that I intend to smuggle a nuclear weapon into my apartment and detonate it in the name of Allah. Whoops! Haha! I mean stock up on canned food, of course.

Even More Phake Games!

Jock "Lovestack" Bodriff has updated his journal of Photoshop Phriday's with the help of the Something Awful Forum Crew! This week's theme is a return to the plentiful well of fake games in a collection appropriately entitled "Phake Games 2". There may be some electric boogaloo involved, the jury is still out on that one.

Go there, partake of the Photoshops my son, and be strong in the face of our Lord. For he who has sent down, oh fuck it, I don't know where I'm going with this, just go have a look you fag!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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2.15 A Beginner's Guide to Farming

Saturday, Feb 15, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings online Internet user! I am new at the computer Something Awful update machine, so forgive me if I make any grave transgressions during this maiden voyage. I happened to be writing for *Copper Miners Quarterly* in northern Michigan when I got the call from Mr. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. He was looking to give Something Awful an exciting new "rock n' roll" edge that would bring back the energy of the mid 60's without having to pay any money whatsoever. Money was an issue since I have car payments, random gambling debts, and a gram a day coke habit, but we worked out a deal where I get 5% profit from every white extra-large polo shirt sold. So please join me as I take you on a magical carpet ride of wonder and whimsy, most likely killing you and / or a loved one due to the fact that carpets can't fly. Enjoy!

Introduction to Farming

I have no fucking clue what's going on in this picture

In this guide to the basics of farming, I shall cover everything concerning this little known world, giving you all the facts from an insider's point of view. I know a lot about this subject, as I grew up on a farm in rural Michigan and slept in a barn during the summer months. This enables me to show up at fancy gatherings and put my muddy boots on the silk tablecloth, prompting the hostess to scream, "what are you doing, were you raised in a barn?", to which I smugly nod, causing roaring laughter and guffaws among the guests and improving my social standing with the important lords and ladies of high society. Yes, farming truly is the backbone of this great country! Farms keep the belly of the industrial giant called America full of corn, wheat, pork, and tobacco so it can get on with its busy day of making guns and masturbating in the tub. When you go into a store and put a box of Fruity Pebbles into your cart, how do you think they got there? The Fruity Pebble fairy? The Koreans? Nope; some farmer somewhere in America got on his hands and knees, picked some rice out of the ground, dyed it an assortment of fruity colors, and put it in a box priced at $3.89. Every single package of Corn Flakes, Grape Nuts, Cool Ranch Doritos, Milk Duds, and Circus Peanuts is delivered by farmers from mother earth's fertile vagina. As you can clearly see, farming is a pretty important subject that needs to be passed on to younger generations, especially to the "Internet crowd" who regards nature as their most hated foe and tend to scream "WTF!" when a ray of sunlight touches them. It is the goal of this handy guide to teach the masses of bloated, pale youth how to live off the land with nothing more than their hands and a Bible, because they're going to need it when Y3K rolls around and turns their precious Internet into a barren wasteland like in "Mad Max" but with less guys sporting mohawks on dune buggys. This is probably the most important thing you will ever read in your entire life, and if you just skim it looking for the juicy love scenes, you will die a horrible death that I can only imagine has to do with not knowing about farming.

How to Start Farming

Employ small black children for best results

I've learned from experience that before you start farming, you must acquire a plot of land. I've also learned firsthand that the plot of land must be flat with mineral-rich soil, not a mosquito infested swampland located in Florida that you purchased from a random e-mail message with the promise of quick riches or more hair through farming. Once you acquire a piece of land, you must build a farmhouse and a barn. The farmhouse is for you to live in of course, but the barn is the most essential. Often called the "heart" of the farm, the barn is the place where you will keep your equipment, animals, bales of hay, and porno magazines. As far as equipment goes, you might want to buy a hoe or a plow or something. I'm not "hip" with the newfangled robots tilling the earth these days, and frankly I think their evil Jap circuits are plotting a hostile takeover of God's America by seizing the food supply and shooting it into the sun. But I'm old fashioned; for a good start on your animal herds, you should purchase 24 piglets (pink), 40 chickens with four roosters who will get a shitload of action, eight cows and a bull, and a monkey to keep you company during the long winter months. It's also a good idea to get a shotgun for shooting trespassers like those sassy Hobbits who steal your crop and go on magical adventures. Here are some of the things you want to do when starting a new farm. Trust me on this, I'm an expert.

- I'm no expert, but if you just randomly throw seeds all over the ground, there's not a great chance of success when growing plants. You must dig rows in the dirt field and place the seed in the rows exactly your penis length apart. So like for me that would be 14 inches, give or take 13 inches. But that's not all, plants need food to grow. You should eat as many White Castle hamburgers as you can, then fertilize the seeds with your enriched droppings. Months later your crop will be as tall as Manute Bol in high heels and ready for the eating, like Manute Bol in high heels. Naturally they will taste like your feces, but they are very good for you. Oh, I almost forgot, you need water too. So make sure your farm is in Seattle or Portland or the ocean.

- Chase the piglets around the farm with an axe while screaming. This will not only build their muscles and make them strong for the winter, but it is also a hoot and a half. If they stop running from you when you chase them, this means they no longer fear you, and a bloody revolt is brewing. Unless you act quickly, they will rise against you, perhaps even in secret alliance with the chickens or cows. If this happens, your farm and life are forfeit, so you must find the leader and drive the an axe into it's skull in front of the other pigs, effectively scaring them back into their respective places in the farm community.

- Erect a scarecrow in the middle of your field using hay and old clothes. The purpose of the scarecrow is to scare crows away from your crop, but the crows have grown wise over the years and no longer fear it. That is why you must install a SAM missile battery underneath the scarecrow to intercept any rogue birds that enter the no-fly zone that resides over your farm. Once a few antiaircraft missiles incinerate some crows, they will learn to steal from another farm without a missile defense system. Of course another option is to use a real dead body, like that kid whose dirt bike keeps scaring the chickens.

- Store all bomb making equipment in your barn for safety and handy access during the Michigan Militia meetings. It's a good idea to have the whole farm wired up to blow if you are raided by the FBI or ATF, although I speak from personal experience when I say to never leave the bomb detonator out in the open. One day ole Spanky (a pig) hit the trigger with its nose, blowing Uncle Cecil straight into the air without his arms or

legs. He then landed in a big willow tree where he remained until the end of his days a few months later when we shot him for being annoying by screaming so loud.

- Don't forget to use animal euphemisms like "I'm as nervous as a six-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs", or "I'm more confused than a three-legged pig at a square dance." This is how people know you're a farmer.

I had another real good tip about farming, but I can't really recall any specific examples at this moment. My memory hasn't been that good since I dropped some brown acid a hobo gave me. Hopefully I'll remember by the end of this update.

FARMING TIP #1: *DON'T TAKE BROWN ACID FROM STRANGE HOBOS*

A True Story About Farming

Let me take a quick time out here to tell you a true story that really happened to me on my farm a few years back. My brother and his two kids lived with me and everything was going great, but one day a crop circle appeared in our cornfield. Then crop circles start appearing all over the world. I started questioning my faith in God, then I heard reports over the radio that every major city was being attacked by aliens. Thankfully I destroyed the aliens with a large stick and a cup of water. I went on to sell my story to a major motion picture company for millions (of dollars). You too can become rich like me through farming through a combination of hard work, dedication, and alien invasions.

FARMING TIP #2: *WATER KILLS ALIENS*

Some More Shit About Farming

When you are planning to take up a career as a farmer, you have to ask yourself: "Why the hell am I doing this, and what do I need to know? What is it all about? Where the hell am I?" Those are all excellent questions. When you get down to the hardcore fundamentals of farming, you only have two things: plants and animals. Lets go into a little more detail about these things so you can get a grasp of what you will be dealing with on a daily basis. Take my word for it, I'm a professional.

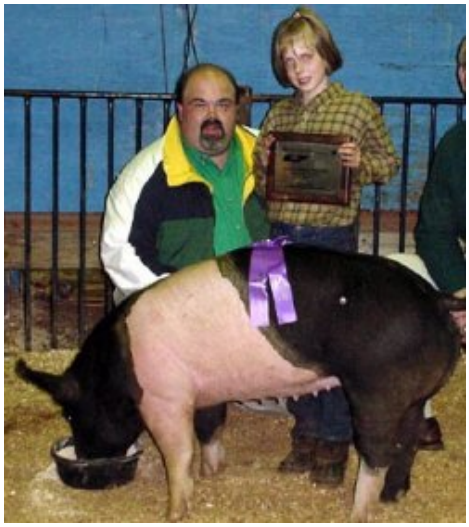
Harvesting corn elevates you to the level of a GOD.

- **Corn -** I'm not a professional farmer in the least, but I do know that corn is the most important plant in the fruit kingdom and it grows from the ground. It's used to make a lot of stuff like popcorn, cornuts, canned corn, corn on the cob, cornbread, and that candy corn stuff that tastes like ear wax. It is the most wholesome and American of crops, although around 1840 during the Battle of Waterloo, the secret recipe was stolen by the Mexicans and bastardized in taco form. Remember the Alamo? I don't, I was too young at the time.

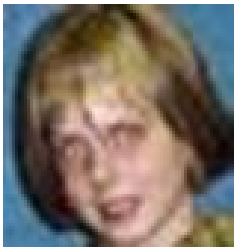
- **Chickens -** To grow chickens, you must feed them the corn. And then when they are fat, you eat them, defecate in the field, and grow more corn. It is all part of the farming circle of life. Chickens are terribly stupid, even more than most animals. I once cut one's head off and it still ran around for like 30 seconds. They are so dumb that they don't even know that they're supposed to die when their head is cut off! Chicken meat is used to make roasted chicken, broasted chicken, and toasted chicken.You can also make fried chicken (I'M NOT GOING THERE).
- **Potatoes (Po-tay-toes) -** The second most important plant is kind of hard to grow but it sure is tasty. Although they have eyes, they cannot speak, therefore you may

commit your crimes of passion before your field of potatoes without fear of them telling the proper authorities. They are used to make McDonalds french fries, Burger King french fries, and to a lesser extent Wendy's french fries. As I mentioned before, be on the lookout for stupid fat hobbits, for they crave this food and may steal some to eat whilst on their magical adventure.

- **Pigs -** Who are they to say a relationship cannot be forged between man and beast? The cretins are ignorant of the fact that the union can grow and blossom, turning into true love, something nobody can take away from you, no matter how many citations and warnings they hand out. If the state tries to take Jennifer away, I swear to God I'll take them all with me in a glorious explosion.
- **A lot of other plants and fruits -** There is tons of stuff you can grow, but I can't really get into it right now for personal reasons I'd rather not get into over the Internet (bathroom problems).



Here's me winning a ribbon for my prize pig and lover, Jennifer. Then this crazy zombie child steals my award. What's up with that?



FARMING TIP #3: *BEWARE OF ZOMBIE CHILDREN STEALING YOUR HARD EARNED AWARDS*

Conclusion About Farming

I hope this "Farming for Complete Retards" guide was helpful in some way. I think it's really important to keep educating the new generation of computer jerks about this wonderful lifestyle that puts the food on the table while they download their furry porn and Bit Torrent the entire "Sanford and Son" series. The news for the farmers has been nothing but woe for the last 20 years. With

banks foreclosing on private farms across the country and corporate farms taking over like a one eyed hog at a Polish rodeo (farmer euphemism), it is up to us, the next generation, to keep this great tradition alive. We are the future of tomorrow or something to that effect. Think about it, won't you? Happy farming!

State Og Would Like a Word With You

Hello you pink and somewhat sentient readers, this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting in. As your State Og Representative, I'm here to spread the word about our new update and possibly spread diseases with funny names while I'm at it, like scabies and scurvy. Oh scurvy, you crack me up with your purple swellings, bleeding of the gums, and whatnot. I think it's in your best interest to hurry up and take a look at our newest update before you catch something:

> *Our Ministry of Food Research has come up with an innovative new way to eat healthy: Negative Cholesterol Eggs. Unlike low cholesterol eggs, our eggs actually remove cholesterol from your body. How is this possible? Negative Cholesterol Eggs don't come from chickens, they come from the demon lord Massh'knarrth! Once inside your body, His undying spawn awaken and wage fierce war on all cholesterol they find. With razor sharp claws and teeth, the tiny army will tear right through fat, muscle and bone to get at undesirable cholesterol, then ignite it and dance around the tiny bonfire.*

The only excuse for not reading State Og is if your Og Tech computer monitor suddenly bursts into flames and releases a thick fog of nerve gas, then you discover that the State Og Gas Mask which came with the monitor is somehow filled with tapioca pudding, which is not a breathable substance last we checked. Head on over and read State Og!

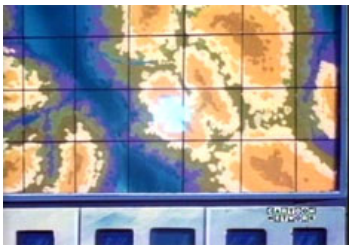
-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.16 Cobra After-Action Report for Twenty Questions

Sunday, Feb 16, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

Many are the websites good and bad that have taken potshots at the incompetent planning of operations by the international terrorist organization known as "Cobra". While these articles often heap ridicule upon Cobra and its many ineffective schemes to achieve everything from world domination to frightening a few GI Joes they miss out on the facts. Using my keen sense of military knowledge and my years of training from watching the History Channel I have begun a massive undertaking to review and catalog Cobra's many failed operations. Hopefully this will assist future generations of megalomaniacal half-snake terrorist leaders in their efforts to conquer the globe.



This Cobra map displays the Chemical Warfare Arsenal which is the target of their operation in "Twenty Questions".

Despite their winning record, GI Joe isn't exactly led by the finest strategic minds ever turned out by the mysterious GI Joe academy. Equipped with the best weapons in the arsenal of Democracy and Freedom, GI Joe still often struggles to overcome a foe that's using Nazi-like super science to look for the skeleton of Dracula. I will catalog the many missteps of GI Joe as well, in the hopes that with a fair and balanced hand I will aid the forces of good as much as the forces of evil and prevent calamity from befalling all those who would live free of Cobra's oppression.

For this first outing I will be analyzing Cobra and GI Joe operations from the episode entitled "Twenty Questions". This episode serves as a perfect example of Cobra's tendency to engage in unnecessarily complex plans that span multiple fronts and expend countless dollars for minimal gain even if the mission is completely successful. Let's start this by looking at things from the Cobra perspective. Not everything can be known about their planning and intelligence just from watching the episode, but much can be inferred with near-certainty.

A massive cavern was excavated and entire buildings were constructed in a hollow mountain. Was this really needed?

First of all the operation was headed personally by Cobra Commander and assisted by The Baroness in a covert infiltration role. Notable is the absence of Cobra tactician "Destro" and other high-ranking cobra leaders, suggesting the plan was cooked up by Cobra Commander and possibly assisted by Zartan, leader of the thuggish gang of Dreadnoks. In a nutshell the plan consisted of stealing a large number of gas cylinders from a military base in the Rocky Mountains. Many of these gasses, which included "Laughing Gas" and "Itching Gas", were seemingly readily available on the open market. However, Cobra Commander was especially specific about getting the "Explosive Gas" which is apparently a highly deadly and completely illegal substance that has properties identical to propane sold at gas stations. While Cobra moved in company strength to capture these gas cylinders, The Baroness was tasked with infiltrating a nearby GI Joe base disguised as a man and accompanied by a camera crew from a TV News program. Her job was to attempt to subvert government funding for GI Joe by proving that Cobra doesn't actually exist.

Before we begin to discuss what happened with the operation, let's talk about what went wrong

before the operation even started. Cobra Commander, in his infinite wisdom, deemed it necessary to move more than a hundred troops and support personnel into the mountains prior to the attack. Not only did he relocate this sizeable force undetected, but he proceeded to construct a vast base the size of a small city inside of a hollow-mountain with the help of several armored drilling machines designed specifically for this purpose. The cost of creating and manufacturing these machines pales in comparison to the cost of constructing an airport with a launch hangar beneath an artificial lake, building an entire dock for several light assault ships for no discernible reason, and creating not one but two separate command and control centers. Sprinkled throughout the mountains and tied to the secondary command and control center, which was being manned by Zartan and his Dreadnoks, were several multiple-launch SAM sites.

This all seems like overkill if your purpose is to set up a base of operations, but when your purpose is to simply go into a compound and steal something the amount of waste is completely insane. Without Destro around to nix these extravagant and worthless plans, Cobra Commander had wasted what must amount to several billion dollars on stealing a few hundred bucks worth of propane. Perhaps Cobra Commander's intelligence report about the defenses at the compound was wildly inaccurate. As we will witness, once the operation gets underway the entire base is guarded by two unarmed US military personnel, a testament to the low value placed on the cylinders of gas.

All of this aggressively stupid wastefulness would be little more than a footnote in a successful Cobra operation report if not for the fact that Cobra Commander insisted on dispatching The Baroness on a secondary operation that could serve absolutely no benefit to his immediate plans. Cobra Commander and most of the other leaders of Cobra have an extremely bad habit of further complicating an already Rube Goldbergesque scheme by tacking on a secondary mission which has little chance of success and an extremely high risk. Think about it this way: he's sitting there in his underground city, ready to capture his precious explosive gas, Cobra shock troops amassed in overwhelming force, and he sends The Baroness out on a mission and WAITS for her to complete it.

This ugly, annoying, and overbearing nerd is actually none-other than leather-clad hottie The Baroness in disguise.

With all of these troops poised like a tidal wave ready to wash over a certain gas storage facility, The Baroness is dispatched with a camera crew from the TV show "Twenty Questions" to investigate the Cobra-started rumor that GI Joe is wasting taxpayer dollars. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black, the irony of this mission is lost on everyone but the viewer. The Baroness is disguised as a hideously ugly and annoying nerd screech-factory that clutches a briefcase to his chest to conceal the generous swell of The Baroness's fine Eastern European bosom. This is all a fairly intelligent and devious plan, if it weren't for the final phase that involves leading GI Joe directly to their motherfucking base for no reason whatsoever. Maybe this was The Baroness taking the initiative, but I would like to think that with her leather bodysuit, glossy black hair, full red lips, and scholarly glasses, she would never be so foolish. Not to mention this side operation should have been saved for a time when Cobra, you know, wasn't doing something that proved that their carefully crafted lie was just that.

Now that we have all that asinine plotting out of the way, let's take a look at the numbers. From observing the footage of the battle I have put together a pretty good list of Cobra assets that were available throughout the operation. The GI Joe assets I have left intentionally vague to demonstrate Cobra's lack of concrete intelligence data, although you will read about various units swinging into action to address the Cobra threat.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** Special Forces Agent "The Baroness"
- **Company Level Resources:**

10+ "Rattler" VTOL Ground Attack Aircraft
6+ "Water Moccasin" Assault Ships
4+ "Ferret" Assault Buggies
6+ Armored Drilling Vehicles
Multiple SAM Launchers
Two Platoons of Generic Cobra Infantry
Zartan and the Dreadnoks

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

2 US Military Guards
A Fence
Nearby GI Joe Base
A Wild Panther

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Recover Large Quantity of "Explosive Gas"

- **Secondary Mission Objectives**

Recover Large Quantities of "Tear Gas", "Itching Gas", and "Laughing Gas"
Subvert Government Funding of GI Joe

Against my better judgment I look at the tale told by these figures and think to myself that with such a straightforward objective and so fucking many soldiers, it couldn't possibly go wrong.

- **198X, SUMMER, 9:23 AM**

Shipwreck gives a candid interview.

A disguised Baroness is deployed with the crew of "Twenty Questions" to a location overlooking the GI Joe proving grounds near the Rocky Mountains. While a number of Joe soldiers train in mock battle involving laser shock pistols and firing bags of flour from tank guns, "Twenty Questions" reporter Hector Ramirez asks the bold question to his audience "Does America real need [GI Joe]?" The presence of civilians less than five feet from the battlefield is eventually noted by someone and the mock engagement is halted. After a confrontation with temporary base commander Flint, the reporters are led to an office at the base to await a tour. In the privacy of the hallway Flint instructs Alpine to find a tour guide, which is strange since minutes later we see Flint himself find a tour guide in the form of the always annoying Shipwreck.

- **10:00-11:00 AM**

Still unaware of a nascent Cobra threat in the region, Shipwreck takes The Baroness and the camera crew on a tour of the base, showing off such exciting facilities as "a few planes scattered around" and "an obstacle course" to prove the validity of GI Joe. Still unsatisfied, Shipwreck takes them into a room with a sign on the door reading "Top Secret" and begins messing around with the computer inside. The Baroness validly suggests that all this money being wasted could be better spent curing world hunger, a suggestion scoffed at by Shipwreck. Just then the computer detects "Cobra Scouts" at the "Chemical Warfare Arsenal" in the mountains. Apparently the advanced GI Joe computer classifies a giant underground base as "Cobra Scouts". Recognizing the threat of Cobra getting their hands on a government chemical weapons arsenal Shipwreck immediately does the logical thing and steals a helicopter to take the crew of "Twenty Questions" and prove that Cobra is real.

Meanwhile, back at the base, Covergirl and Gung-Ho are searching for Shipwreck. Unable to find him they learn from some Joe pilots that Shipwreck has taken a helicopter, and that the computer which he has conveniently left on displays his likely location in the Rocky Mountains. Back near the "Cobra Scouts", Shipwreck has crashed his helicopter while attempting to evade an anti-aircraft missile launched by the Dreadnoks. After some good-natured humor directed by Alpine at the stereotypically native-American Spirit, the Joes launch the most minority-heavy rescue operation in history. Led ostensibly by Covergirl, the team includes Gung-Ho, Spirit, and Alpine, each flying a helicopter towards the site of the "Cobra Scouts".

Curing world hunger? Nah, these advanced computer systems are much better put to use offering up invaluable intelligence information like this.

11:20 AM

While Shipwreck and the camera crew search for the missile launcher that fired on their helicopter, the flight of choppers led by Covergirl arrives on the scene. Proving that Cobra has much better communication than GI Joe, Zartan immediately notifies Cobra Commander that the Joes have arrived and prepares to fire on the latest group of interlopers. Just as the launcher swivels and readies to fire, Shipwreck manages to disconnect its power supply, thereby deactivating the Surface to Air missile battery. Since Zartan was smart and told Cobra Commander a backup means of intercepting the Joe helicopters is deployed. An artificial lake is drained of water revealing an aircraft hangar that opens and disgorges four "Rattler" attack aircraft. These aircraft have been demonstrated in previous episodes as being capable of taking off and landing vertically, which makes the need to build an underground runway and hangar all the more ridiculous.

Four, no wait, five Cobra jets are launched from the hidden hangar.

The instant the Rattlers move to engage the helicopters Alpine demonstrates defeatism by saying "save yourselves" before the first shot has even been fired. His helicopter is immediately hit and Alpine makes the ill-advised move of leaping from the cockpit of his spinning helicopter. Miraculously avoiding the deadly rotor he parachutes to safety. Spirit manages to dispatch two of the Rattlers with ease but the remaining two, I mean three I guess since a fifth has appeared out of nowhere, remain in hot pursuit of the Joe helicopters. Realizing the gravity of the situation, Shipwreck plugs the missile launcher back in and somehow wills it to shoot down the three remaining Cobra aircraft. Unfortunately, he is immediately captured by the omnipresent Zartan and taken by elevator to the main Cobra base in the hollow mountain. For some reason The Baroness maintains that Cobra is fake, even though they are in the midst of a giant Cobra base, and even though seconds later she removes her mask and makes fun of the reporter for believing her. Yeah, her portion of the plan turned out to be even more idiotic and worthless than Cobra Commander's scheme to get the "Explosive Gas".

11:45 AM

Cobra Commander orders Zartan to lead the attack to steal the explosive gas while boats zoom dramatically in the background. Mounted on buggies and followed on foot by about eight Cobra troopers, Zartan leaves the mountain base and heads for the Chemical Warfare Arsenal.

Back at the GI Joe base, Duke returns from whatever shitty and worthless thing he was doing and is briefed on the situation by Flint. Finally, after almost an hour and two groups of GI Joes have been dispatched to investigate, Duke orders a "Cobra Alert" to be sounded. A light flashes between the

words "Cobra" and "Alert" painted on the wall and then generic GI Joe soldiers run down hallways and get into helicopters and tanks. Cobra must be stopped, but is it too late?

12:00 PM

While Zartan and the Dreadnoks head towards the Chemical Warfare Arsenal and GI Joe forces rush towards the Cobra base, Cobra Commander prepares to execute Shipwreck and the two "Twenty Questions" reporters with one of his drilling machines. Just as the Baroness is about to guide the whirring drill into the weak flesh of the trio, savvy reporter Hector Ramirez shouts that he would like to interview Cobra Commander. Never able to ignore an appeal to his vanity, Cobra Commander stops the execution and brings the reporters to the command center. The Baroness is tasked with standing with her back towards the untied Shipwreck outside. The Cobra troops who were gathered to watch the execution return to their duty of piloting boats at high speed around the underground lake for no reason.

Shipwreck and Ramirez can hardly believe their eyes as that annoying nerd transforms into femme fatale The Baroness.

Covergirl and her Rainbow Coalition happen upon the downed Cobra pilot Wild Weasel who is hanging by his parachute from a tree and being menaced by a strangely out of place panther. Apparently the jungle cat is a leftover from some previous ill-advised Cobra mission that involved breaking deadly predatory cats out of a zoo. Always the opportunist, Covergirl gets Wild Weasel to tell them how to sneak into the Cobra base in the mountain. Since he's absent later when they actually do sneak in I'll assume they either executed him or released him. Given GI Joe's proven track record of willingly letting Cobra escape, I'll lean towards the latter.

12:15 PM

Supported by three Rattlers which bomb the base, Zartan mounts a successful assault on the Chemical Warfare Arsenal, easily overpowering the two guards before they can sound the alarm. Again GI Joe's failure to communicate within itself and to other allied organizations causes injury and possibly loss of life. Shipwreck shouldn't have taken the camera crew for a joyride, he should have notified Flint about the attack. Covergirl and her team shouldn't have gone after Shipwreck without notifying Flint about the attack. Duke shouldn't have ordered troops into the area without fucking picking up the telephone and calling the base that's about to be attacked. The two generic US Military soldiers who actually try to send out a warning are blown from their guard tower before they can even push a giant red button. Zartan returns to the Cobra base triumphantly, bringing truckloads of gas that include laughing gas, itching gas, tear gas, and the frequently mentioned explosive gas.

Cobra Commander is interviewed much to his delight.

With Cobra seemingly on the cusp of victory it seems implausible that their entire plan could unravel completely in a matter of minutes. Unfortunately for them, it does.

Shipwreck overpowers the Baroness just as Covergirl, Alpine, Gung-Ho, and Spirit repel down ropes from a ventilation shaft into the Cobra base. In a running firefight with the Dreadnoks that leaves no one injured, Covergirl and her team seeks cover in a truckload of explosive gas. Despite the fact that no Cobra troops are within several dozen meters, Zartan and his men do not fire back for fear of hitting the gas cylinders. Mysteriously absent Cobra forces similarly withhold from shooting at Shipwreck as he commandeers a drilling machine and breaks open the cylinders of laughing gas, itching gas,

and tear gas. It should also be noted that at this point The Baroness has disappeared completely. A lot of laughter and itching ensues as Joe and Cobra alike succumb to the clouds of gas circulating through the compound. One unfortunate Cobra trooper on "pointless high-speed boat driving" duty is so overcome by itching and laughing that he crashes his ship into the other moored boats, starting an explosive chain reaction that begins destroying every single thing in the base.

As the base begins to fall apart around them, the maniacally laughing Shipwreck uses the drilling machine to escape to safety. Zartan leads the Dreadnoks, Cobra Commander, and the suddenly present Baroness to safety through another route. The remainder of the Cobra forces who were not fortunate enough to have ejected from planes earlier in the episode are surely crushed to death as the ENTIRE MOUNTAIN collapses.

With all of the tactical sense of a Doom enemy Covergirl leads her team into a truck full of explosive barrels.

12:30 PM

After all that anarchy and all those explosions the artists have exhausted nearly their entire production budget, which explains why Duke alone greets the escaping team of Joes. Still guffawing, Hector Ramirez descends from the drilling machine, babbles about getting the scoop, and kisses Duke on the cheek. Even in Cobra Commander's blackest nightmares there could not be a more gay and ignominious ending to this operation.

Hhhhhhhhhappy birthday...mister presi-dent.

Another militarily unsound, overcomplicated, and economically wasteful operation by Cobra completely fails. While the Joe victory in this episode seems to be total, upon closer examination Cobra has unintentionally inflicted incredible damage to the national sense of security. By capturing the explosive gas and then losing it in a firestorm within their base, Cobra managed to destroy a mountain in the scenic Rocky Mountain Range. Such a massive symbol of America being completely annihilated would rank right up there with the World Trade Center attacks. Surely dozens, or even hundreds, of innocent civilians were killed by the destruction of the mountain and the avalanches its collapse would have propagated across much of the rest of the Rockies.

In the end the goals of Cobra were not met, horrible losses of men and material were sustained, but the victory of the Joes was pyrrhic at best.

Jeff Yablonski?!

Our very own resident computer hacker JeffK has risked life and limb and hacked into the web site of Cliff Yablonski to update without his permission. In this world gone mad can one teenage hacker stop the plans of a cranky old war vet? Apparently, he can!

> ***OLD MAN TONGUE LICKING MAN HAS A TASTE OF BALLS ON HIS BREATHE, AHAHAHAHAHA GO RUN A LAPS YUO ELDER FAGOTBERRY, RAPE A BIRDBATH***

Let us all pray that this brave youngster does not meet his end at the hands of Mr. Yablonski. I, personally, have been on the receiving end of several beatings courtesy of Cliff. I do not envy Jeff K's

position at this moment. While we wait to see if Jeff washes up dead on the shores of the Appleton Reservoir, let's kill some time by laughing at the ugly folks.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.17 Shave and a Haircut

Sunday, Feb 16, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

There comes a time in everyone's life when they suffer a moment of doubt. There's a brief period where a person's dignity, self-respect, and common sense simply can't win in the fight against doubt, poor judgment, and stupidity. For me, that moment was just a couple nights ago. It's not surprising that it happened just before Valentine's Day. A lot of people must feel a bit worse about themselves when that annual lovey-dovey Hallmark fest comes along and they don't have anyone to be all cute and disgusting with. In my head, I thought that by Valentine's I'd have someone special to buy those little rock hard candy hearts for. We'd spend hours just reading the mushy writing on each one, then chipping the holy hell out of our teeth by trying to bite them. It would be great. Alas, reality has always been a harsh mistress to Greasnin, and not the fun, porno kind of mistress. It became abundantly clear to me that I was not about to spend Friday being caressed by nubile co-eds, and I began to despair. And in my hour of darkness, I picked up a razor. Then I did something very, very stupid.

Bald by choice.

Specifically, I put the razor in my friend's hand and let him shave my head completely bald. None of this crew cut crap that so many angsty youths end up with when they say they're going to shave their heads; I'm talking right down to the skin. My hair was never all that long to begin with, but I've certainly never had anything like this before. Now, I know what you're thinking. Why shave my head? Why not express my frustration over the complete lack of any that I've gotten lately in some other manner? What could possess me to turn this sexy beast into this goofy bastard? Alright, well first of all, I object to the term "goofy bastard." Sure, the second picture isn't as good as the first, but you have to bear in mind the differences in lighting and angle. I mean, that first one is a great picture of me. I am sex in that picture, but it's not because of the hair. There are plenty of bad pictures of me with hair, such as this. But that's beside the point. I'm still a sexy beast, if not an even sexier beast than I was before. Now that my hair has grown back in a tiny bit - sort of a whole head stubble - I actually really like it like this. Even beyond that, though, shaving my head was my way of thumbing my nose at genetics, and you know how I like to thumb my nose at abstract concepts.

Bald by nature.

Baldness among the males in my family is a pattern in the sense that "1, 1, 1, 1, 1" is a pattern. I've been using extra-strength Rogaine since I was seventeen. Now, I'm not knocking Rogaine. They make a terrific product and I wish nothing but the best for everyone involved with the company, but that stuff is one of the most disgusting substances known to man. It used to come in these little spray bottles that you could use to give the target area a few quick spritzes in the morning and evening. That wasn't so bad. Sure it stung your eyes and breathing it in left the taste of nail polish remover in your mouth for an hour, but it got the job done. Then they discontinued the sprayer, which left only the eye dropper.

As a mist, Rogaine isn't the most pleasant thing on Earth. As a liquid, it's almost like it's designed to punish balding people for their deformity. "Take this, bald people," it seems to say. "You were fools to go bald! Now you will have to drop an ounce of freezing cold, sticky, disgusting liquid on the top of your head twice a day **for the rest of your bald little lives!**" You apply it to the balding area, and it immediately dribbles to safer ground. Rogaine is smart. it knows that if it stays in the bald spot, all out in the open like that, it's at

the mercies of the sun, wind, and rain, not to mention any curious birds. "Forget this," says the Rogaine. "I'm not staying up here on top of Mt. Baldy. I'm heading for the shirt." And it does just that, making an immediate beeline for the collar. Of course, the only response you can have to all this nasty, frigid liquid going down the back of you neck it to swat at it and try to stop it before it goes all the way down your shirt and settles in your pants, where you decidedly do **not** need more hair.

Naturally, that just pisses off the Rogaine. "Ooh," it declaims. "Baldy McWantshair's got himself an attitude!" Being the smarmy bastard that it is, it decides to show you a thing or two by getting all over your fingers in truly astounding qualities. You can touch the tiniest drop of Rogaine and it will soak your entire hand in sticky, foul gunk. If you try to wipe it off on something, let's say your shirt sleeve, as you might do with water, the Rogaine will actually go through some kind of mitosis. The shirt sleeve will be smeared with the stuff, which does not soak into fabric at all, and your will still be completely drenched. Nothing gets Rogaine off your hands other than a few minutes of vigorous scrubbing with soap and water, and even then you can't be completely sure. Chances are pretty good that sandwich you have for lunch is still going to taste like rubbing alcohol and ink if you had the gall to touch it with your hands.

Not actually bald. Actually an eagle.

So am I done with Rogaine now? No, I suppose not. If I have intentions of growing my hair back and I don't want to have an unsightly thin patch, I'll have to keep using it while my head is shaved. However, it's a lot easier to get the stuff on the target area and have it actually get into the scalp when you don't have any hair. So Rogaine and I are on fair terms right now. I don't have to worry about it to much, and it's good to me in return. As far as male pattern baldness is concerned, though, it can kiss my ass. You hear that, genetics? You think you're going to catch up with me? Ha! I don't even *want* hair! What do you say to that? I look good without it! I don't mind being as hairless as those cats everyone hates. It's not the prospect of being bald that used to burn me, it's balding. It's one thing to have a receding hairline. Until it gets pretty well along, you can play a receding hairline off without too much trouble. When the balding patch starts in the back, though, that's just unsightly. If I was tall enough that no one could see the top of my head, it would be one thing. I'm a short guy, though. People see the top of my head whether they want to or not. I wasn't about to pick up chicks with a head that looked like my skull was trying to escape.

So now my once lovely locks are gone. Actually, they haven't gone far. A guy down the hall has all my hair in a little ball. It's pretty much the freakiest thing I've ever seen. I'm fairly certain he's going to use it for voodoo. Well, if I turn into a mindless zombie slave and end up killing one or more of you, I apologize in advance. In the meantime, I'm enjoying my bowling ball-headedness. Everyone wants to rub my head for luck, which frankly is more action than I've seen in a while. Sure, February in Connecticut is cold as a witch's teat, but it's worth the suffering if it'll impress the ladies. So ladies, if you feel yourselves becoming impressed, let me know.

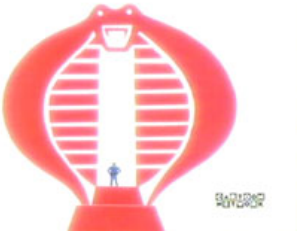
-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

2.18 Cobra After-Action Report for Cobra Stops the World

Tuesday, Feb 18, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

Monday I brought you the grim saga of Cobra's attempt to steal explosive gas from the government and put it to vague use. Despite massive expenditures of money and overwhelming numerical and qualitative superiority, Cobra's efforts were thwarted. Even though GI Joe won the day, not all ended as rosy as the laughter and happy music that lead into the credits would have you believe. Hundreds of civilians were killed and an entire mountain in the Rockies was destroyed. Today we will examine a much more epic plan enacted by Cobra and presented in the documentary entitled "Cobra Stops the World". Never, or at least not since a couple episodes ago, has the world teetered so near the brink of annihilation.



Cobra Commander's flare for the dramatic would make even Joseph Goebbels proud.

The first thing that is immediately apparent about this latest scheme of Cobra's is that Destro was directly involved. Say what you will about Destro, but when he has a hand in Cobra planning things tend to escalate both in scale and in the amount of damage done to the enemies of Cobra. This latest plot to achieve no less than total domination of the world is perhaps one of his most daring and simultaneously most conventional and unconventional plans.

You see Cobra has recognized what many other governments have, and that's that oil is the lifeblood of this modern world. While international terrorists have worked hard to create a hostile environment for the exploitation of oil fields throughout the Middle East, Cobra's plot goes one step further. Cobra commander wishes to destroy the world's oil production capabilities and stockpiles, and then hijack the remaining supply of oil. Once this has been achieved he intends to ransom it to the world governments in exchange for a united declaration that Cobra Commander is the supreme ruler of the world.

Cobra troops destroy an oil refinery in the Middle East.

The first phase of the plan is to conduct a series of lightning strikes around the globe at ALL of the world's oil production and storage facilities. How Cobra could manage to establish air bases from which to launch all these strikes is never really explained in the episode. Without any real explanation or evidence I don't want to speculate, but if I was forced to I would have to say it involves a giant Cobra base either on the moon or at the center of the earth with a huge machine that can teleport troops around the globe. Once all of these production facilities have been destroyed and the world is relying on a single fleet of tankers in transit from South America, Cobra Commander will swing into action with Phase Two of his diabolical plan.

In classic Cobra tradition Phase Two is unnecessarily convoluted, even for such a massive undertaking. With a single fleet of oil tankers carrying the remainder of the world's oil, not even close to enough to power a single Western nation for a week I might add, the easiest method to seizing control of these oil tankers would be to drop a few dozen cobra troopers on each. Instead Cobra Commander has set up a huge base in South America that's shaped like a Cobra head - not exactly inconspicuous - so that he can exploit a village of natives to mine diamonds for him in the jungle. What does diamond mining have to do with stealing oil tankers, you might ask? Well, if you're

using a diamond-powered beam weapon that reflects off satellites to make things invisible then you might need a steady supply of diamonds. Yes, Cobra Commander intends to make the fleet of ships invisible for seemingly no reason. Then he intends to televise the destruction of one ship per hour until the leaders of the world convene to declare him their new master. Should they fail to make the wise choice of new ruler that Cobra Commander has envisioned then they will suffer the consequences of not being able to drive their cars for another hour before the world descends into a new dark age. Then Cobra will seize control of the world using brute force.

Let's take a look at the shockingly small force Cobra Commander has assembled to achieve total domination of the world.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

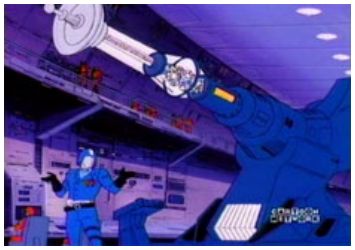
- **Theater Resources:** Cloaking Beam and Explosive Detonator
- **Corps Level Resources:**
12+ "Rattler" Ground Attack Aircraft
6+ "Hiss" Main Battle Tanks
1 Village of Loincloth Clad Savages
10+ "Fang" Light Attack Helicopters
Corps Strength Infantry Assets (roughly 40,000 infantry)
Unidentified Bearded Man
A Go Table
A Television
Major Bludd
A Pit of Snakes
- **Known Opposing Forces:**
GI Joe
All of the Governments of the World
- **Primary Mission Objectives**
Destroy or Disrupt Oil Production Globally
Hold Ransom the Four Remaining Oil Tankers
- **Alternate Mission Objectives**
Destroy Oil Tankers and Seize Power Through Force

Not to second guess the esteemed tactical duo of Cobra Commander and Destro, but their plan has some serious flaws even if it is successful. The biggest problem with the whole plot is what the living fuck is Cobra going to do if they blow up all of the world's oil? Did Destro modify all of their vehicles to be powered by diamonds? Throughout the episode we see three different Cobra bases with a sizeable Corps-strength deployment of Cobra infantry. Despite this impressive show of force if this is the total number of troops Cobra plans to use when occupying and dominating the entire world then Cobra will find a tough road ahead. Even if the Armed Forces of the United States had to switch to using horses and bicycles they're still going to have millions of bullets they can use to shoot at and kill Cobra soldiers.

All told, this ranks up there as one of the most poorly thought-through Cobra plans to take over the world. I'll withhold judgment just yet though; let's see what happens when the plan is set into motion. Come on Cobra Commander, this is your big moment, dazzle me!

198X, 9:00 AM

Cobra Commander interrupts your regularly scheduled programming to bring you a shrill description, complete with filler footage, of a series of Cobra raids on the world's oil production facilities. Offshore oil rigs, Mid Eastern refineries, and even the Alaskan oil pipeline are shown dramatically exploding. Cobra Commander then reveals that the only oil left is onboard five oil tankers, which he proceeds to make disappear by firing an energy beam from his diamond-powered laser cannon. He ends his diatribe by menacingly proclaiming, "Surrender your nations to Cobra or face the nightmarish prospect of a NEW. DARK. AGE!!!"

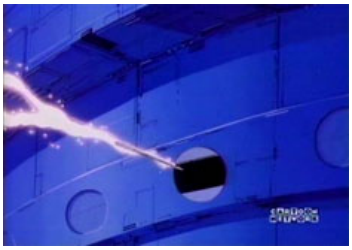


The incredible diamond-powered invisibility beam!

GI Joe communications expert "Sparks" proves unable to trace the transmission to its location despite a computer with a whole lot of buttons and a backpack that he wears even while sitting down. Duke, who is flying aimlessly around in a jet, asks Sparks if he knows where the tankers went. Sparks thinks they "evaporated", but Scarlet, who has been busy driving through traffic in her form-fitting leotard yet somehow managed to watch the Cobra broadcast, has already gotten to the bottom of what happened. Apparently Cobra is using a beam of some sort to make the tankers invisible even to GI Joe's "most sensitive instruments". How this beam also renders Cobra's giant snake headed fortress similarly invisible is never explained. Luckily Cobra isn't using this magical beam on a safe house, and Duke instructs Scarlet to go investigate. Duke then sends Torpedo and Deep Six, the "Aquaman" of GI Joe, to destroy a floating Cobra base and search for clues.

Duke is under the impression that two guys in a flying submarine can destroy a heavily armed Cobra base by themselves. If I were Deep Six or Torpedo I'd tell Duke to go fuck himself, but they are both so excited to actually have something to do in an episode that they hurry towards the floating fortress.

9:10 AM



Torpedo's incredible harpoon shot defies physics to destroy a Cobra base.

Flushed with victory, Cobra Commander compliments Destro on providing him with the means to achieve total domination of the world. Never one to let his emotions get control of his common sense, Destro turns the hose on Cobra Commander by reminding him that the whole world is now pretty pissed off and GI Joe is on his case. Cobra Commander, for his part, cackles and says "first they must find us", which would be really funny and true if you hadn't built your base as a GIANT FUCKING COBRA HEAD. Good job once again on that strategic planning. Destro compliments Cobra Commander on his cleverness that I'm apparently missing, but chastises him for celebrating before victory has actually been achieved.

Meanwhile, Deep Six and Torpedo take their flying submarine in a dive on the Cobra floating fortress. They pointlessly fire lasers at it and swoop around while discussing strategy, something they probably should have done before attacking. It should be mentioned that this Cobra base may be the biggest one I've ever seen. It consists of an entire city that's floating on a platform with a glass dome over the top that makes it look like a giant snow globe. Since Cobra has no fucking idea what the word "covert" means they have emblazoned a hundred-foot high red Cobra symbol on the side.

Deep Six eventually gives in to Torpedo's suggestion to drop him in the water and does just that before swooping around some more and scaring some Cobra troopers into jumping hundreds of feet to their death. Under the surface Torpedo comes under attack from a number of torpedo launchers built into the base of the pedestal on which the fortress sits. Demonstrating an amazing ability to resist the forces of hydroschock from underwater explosions, Torpedo evades the torpedoes. In a design decision that can only be called asinine, the magazines of volatile torpedoes have been placed directly behind the tube aperture. Defying the laws of physics, water somehow does not flow back through these tubes, yet Torpedo manages to fire a single harpoon through the tube, blow up the magazine and destroy the entire base.

Before Deep Six and Torpedo can investigate they are assaulted by this sonic beam weapon that causes slight headaches.

With the Cobra troops fleeing from the sinking fortress, Deep Six no longer has streams of laser fire to frolic in and joins Torpedo underwater. As they are about to swim inside of the sinking fortress they are accosted by a trio of Cobra frogmen who deploy a devastating sonic weapon that causes minor headaches. Baffled that someone could resist the incredible power of this weapon the Cobra divers float motionless as Deep Six swims towards them and then punches each of them in the face. Proving that they are completely worthless, Deep Six and Torpedo swim inside the fortress and find absolutely nothing, which they immediately report to Duke.

9:30 AM

A particularly unsportsmanlike Rattler pilot shoots up Duke and Ace's parachutes.

Duke and pilot Ace have problems of their own as they waste precious fuel flying above the jungle. Two Cobra "Rattler" aircraft swoop down to attack them. Making Tie-Fighter sounds as they fly, and firing missiles that make Star Wars laser sounds, the Rattlers force Ace to fly into a ravine. Unwilling to give up the pursuit, the Cobra fighters are outmaneuvered by Ace and end up crashing into the canyon wall. Just as things seem to have calmed down, another Tie Fighter roar is heard and a third Rattler appears around the bend, firing a missile and causing Duke and Ace to eject. In a fairly uncharacteristic Cobra act of brutality the pilot flies back to shoot apart the parachutes of Duke and Ace. Luckily there is a river beneath them and they fall into the water unharmed.

No Cobra plot would be complete without leading horridly captured GI Joes to their base, and Major Bludd ineptly does just that. Immediately after hauling themselves from the river, Duke and Ace are captured by Bludd who is leading a patrol of six underdressed tribesmen that are armed with bows and Cobra laser rifles depending upon the whim of the continuity editor. As Major Bludd leads Duke and Ace towards an easy means of destroying another Cobra installation he explains that the tribesmen have allied themselves with Cobra in exchange for weapons.

Back in what is probably the United States, Scarlet has finally gotten around to checking out that Cobra safe house. Knocking on the door disguised as an old woman, she asks an unidentified bearded man to let her use the phone. He refuses and she shoulder-tosses him into the yard, rips off the disguises and bursts into the house to pose dramatically in the doorway. She is greeted by a number of Cobra soldiers who were busily sitting around, playing Go, reading books, and making snacks. Angry at their Cobra youth group meeting being disrupted by a redhead in a leotard, the Cobra troops throw snacks, Go tables, and a lot of gunfire at Scarlet. She dispatches all of these with her crossbow and a few well-placed punches and kicks, leaving only one Cobra trooper standing.

She invites him to surrender, he refuses and pulls a hidden lever, dropping her into a pit concealed beneath a pit-shaped carpet. He then walks to the edge and taunts her while she climbs out and kicks him in the face. During a vaguely sexual interrogation session the Cobra trooper provides Scarlet with no useful information.

Her interview is cut short by the latest broadcast from Cobra Commander being piped over the rumpus room TV. Cobra Commander shows the first of the tankers being exploded by a remote control device that features a large button and two equalizer sliders. Before he has even finished his latest diatribe Scarlet dashes out of the safe house, no doubt allowing the Cobra troops she just beat unconscious to escape.

Look out! They're armed with a board game!

Sparks and Colonel Hawk have also witnessed this broadcast, and Sparks excitedly proclaims that he's been working on a "remote control detector" that may allow him to trace the device being used to explode the ships back to Cobra. The Colonel advises him to hurry, since Cobra plans to detonate another one of the ships in an hour.

10:05 AM

Bludd is accompanied by a vague number of vaguely armed natives.

In the jungle Bludd continues to babble on about Cobra's plans. Ace fakes an internal injury and risks being shot execution style to double over in mock pain. Instead of simply emptying Ace's brainpan out onto the jungle floor, Bludd has two of the native warriors drag Ace and prod Duke over to the mouth of a pit full of poisonous snakes. Just as they are about to be thrown in, Ace shrugs off the men carrying him and Duke grabs the laser rifle of the one that the artists decided would be holding a gun in this scene. After a brief exchange of gunfire, Duke manages to shoot a tree branch and knock Major Bludd into the pit, although he manages to grab on to the rim. Two of the native warriors disappear from existence, but the remaining four charge Duke and Ace and are quickly defeated in a fist fight. Duke and Ace flee, Bludd hauls himself out of the pit and orders the now five natives to pursue the Joes.

Sparks continues to work on his "remote control detector" but is experiencing a little difficulty, perhaps due to the fact that he refuses to take off that goddamn backpack. As the Colonel pressures him to hurry, Sparks manages to blow up what looks like the inside of a TV set. Things aren't looking good for GI Joe!

It's a good thing Cobra had this plane they NEVER use sitting around!

Back in the sultry jungle, Duke and Ace arrive at the native village and find it turned into an airport for Cobra Rattlers, Fangs, and wedge-shaped aircraft never seen before or since. Crimson Guard troopers are supervising the natives in their efforts to mine diamonds for the cloaking beam. Duke and Ace begin to sneak into the village but are forced to accelerate their timeline when Bludd and the tribesmen arrive behind them and scream "intruders!" Easily dodging gunfire and then punches, Ace capture a Rattler and heads skyward while Duke chooses the wedge-shaped aircraft and drives it into the entrance of the mine while a lot of Cobra troopers watch. The plane explodes sending debris flying directly into every single aircraft parked along the runway. The Cobra troops are so stunned by this change of

fortune that they do not even fire on Duke afterwards, nor do they attempt to stop him from getting in the plane with Ace as it flies down to pick him up.

10:58 AM

Backpack wearing sadsack Sparks watches his hard work go up in smoke.

Sparks is still working on his "remote control detector" back at GI Joe headquarters. Scarlet and the Colonel are speaking with Duke when their conversation is interrupted by the latest message from Cobra Commander. Another hour has passed and the leaders of the world still haven't capitulated to him. Rushing to the control room, Sparks manages to hook up his tracking device just as Cobra Commander pushes the button on the remote detonator. Amazingly, as a second fuel tanker explodes, you can plainly see in the background that there are five other oil tankers. In fact it appears as though Cobra is replaying the footage from their previous destruction of an oil tanker. Since Sparks actually is able to trace the remote detonator this time it can only be assumed that Cobra replayed this explosion because of a problem with their camera equipment near the tankers, but did in fact destroy a second ship.

It turns out that the Tankers are 200 miles east of the Falkland Islands, you know, next to that giant fucking Cobra head base. A GI Joe assault force is mobilized under the orders of Duke and the leadership of Scarlet, and this force sets out to attack the base where the diamond powered cloaking laser thing is hidden.

11:40 AM

No! How could GI Joe find my secret base?!

Growing tired of the fact that the world hasn't surrendered in under three hours to Cobra's demands, Destro and Cobra Commander bitch and moan and then decide to blow up the rest of the oil tankers. With the remote control firmly in his hand and his finger poised right next to the detonator, Cobra Commander is interrupted by the shaking of missile impacts against his secret base. He immediately begins shrieking at the inconceivable notion that GI Joe had found them, while the much more level-headed Destro scrambles the troops. Fang helicopters and Hiss tanks issue forth from hangar doors that open in the neck of the cobra. Amazingly the helicopters manage to shoot down Scarlet, but ground troops mistake Duke and Ace in the Rattler for one of their own. When they realize that the Cobra jet is diving on their position with plans to attack the Cobra troops immediately abandoned their position. Almost as an afterthought Ace goes ahead and launches a couple missiles to destroy their vacated vehicles. The Cobra troops run around a corner and surrender to a pair of GI Joe troopers armed with rifles while Duke and Ace land, rendevouz with Scarlet, and infiltrate the base.

By now you would think Cobra Commander surely had detonated the other tankers. Instead he waits until Duke is in the room, gloats, gets the controller knocked from his hand and then screeches in anger. Before Duke can take Cobra Commander and Destro into custody Cobra Commander shoots smoke out of his neck and he and Destro flee into an elevator. Even though the base is now swarming with GI Joe troops and aircraft patrol the area the Joes give up trying to prevent them from escaping.

Shortly afterwards Duke and Scarlet are alone in a Joe aircraft over the United States, where it's business as usual even though the entire world's remaining oil reserves are on three tankers in South America. Scarlet comforts Duke about Cobra Commander and Destro escaping, even though it was

defeatism and criminal incompetence on the part of GI Joe that allowed them to get away. Then, looking particularly square-jawed and glossy lipped, Scarlet suggests that Duke take her to dinner. I hope that stupid cocksucker has a barbecue because power is going to be out over most of the world in about half an hour.

Duke honey, will you take me out to dinner as the world burns around us?

Lord only knows where the world goes from there. With the oil production facilities destroyed the global economy would be decimated and many parts of the world would descend into anarchy. Sure, oil production could probably be restored within a decade, but that would require having the fuel to set up the facilities in the first place. I would expect that Cobra efforts to take over the world probably set back technology and the progress of civilization at least 50 years, maybe even more. Millions would starve as food distribution failed. Population centers powered by nuclear and other non-petroleum methods would be swarmed with pitiful masses of refugees. Riots, devastation, and plagues spread by the rotting corpses of the starved and the murdered would spread across the nations of the world.

Hey, but GI Joe won right? At least Cobra isn't in charge of this festering cesspit of destruction thrown back in a single day to the coal-burning steam age. Don't worry Duke, I'm sure you'll catch Cobra Commander and Destro another day, using your jet powered by Roadblock and Gung-Ho riding bicycles.

This ROM's For You

Hey slugfuckers, good old Taylor here to let you know that we've tossed another burning log on top of the flaming funeral pyre of failure that we call the ROM Pit. Today's showcase is a sad, forgotten Nintendo hero who never got any love or attention. Maybe it's because his game sucked.

> *I wasn't able to beat the boss of level one, which just might be the reason I never got to level two. When you get to the end of the level, the enemies all mysteriously disappear while a guy in some kind of construction vehicle drives in from the right side of the screen. He then proceeds to shoot at you constantly while driving back and forth and swinging at you with some kind of ball-and-chain rig. Even my tremendous jumping abilities were no match for this foe, so after he shot me a few times and ran me over, I used my awe-inspiring superhero vocabulary to call him "a big jerk."*

Read the full review right away. It just might save your life.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.19 Mothers, Let Your Kids Grow Up to Be Lawyers!

Tuesday, Feb 18, 2003 by Leonard "J." Crabs

Mothers, Let Your Kids Grow Up to Be Lawyers!

This is not actually a courtroom you see me standing before, but this was the address where my case was supposed to take place, so I spent hours arguing with the homeless resident who lived in the stairwell and claimed the government put insects under his skin! I eventually found him guilty - guilty of being one great friend!

A hearty hi ho to you from your favorite legal representative, Leonard "J." Crabs, or as my close friends enjoy calling me upon repeated demand at gunpoint, "Leonard J. Crabs 2: The 'J' Stands For 'I'm a Lawyer!'." Although I haven't shown my charming visage around these parts recently, I can assure you that I have been serving up an impressive heaping of good ol' fashioned American legal justice the hot and spicy way, often choosing to show up in the courtroom wearing a colorful tank top which displays either my pride in America or in Valvoline motor oil, depending on how many jurors I'm attempting to impress with the collection of yogurt company tattoos across my upper arms. Don't foolishly believe the rumors floating around these parts, claiming that my recent absence has been due to the contraction of a certain disease which I will not name, but rhymes with "herpes" only it begins with the letter "h". I have been quite the busy bee lawyering the hell out of opposing legal storm troopers sent by the government or some other nefarious organization bent on destroying my credibility by spiking my Hawaiian Punch with drugs that make my hair slowly thin out. Sometimes it's a grueling, tough life being one of America's most pioneering legal pioneers, but once I've wrapped up a successful court case and the judge gives me that look as if to say, "Leonard, I'd like you to come over tonight and file my legal briefs," I can't help but feel like I've made a difference. An *erotic* difference.

Over the past six months or so, I've been involved (either directly or indirectly) in an assortment of heated legal battles, often as an attorney. The sheer number of court cases overwhelms me sometimes, as any untrained eye could see by simply gazing upon the towering stacks of legal documents scattered across my desk / workbench, many of which have highly lawyeriffic stuff written on them like "in regards to" and "payment due." I recently purchased a laptop computer to help me sort through and organize all my court cases, but this defective piece of faulty equipment instead lured me into "cyberspace" and attempted to entrap me by stealing my identity and using my credit cards to purchase images of unsavory gentlemen sitting on the faces of various shapely females. This is one of the many reasons why I try to stay away from this god-awful technology and the fine web of lies used to forge its cruel metallic pieces! Did you know that the game "Space Invaders" was based off true events? I lived through that deadly moon massacre, so I should know! However, I digress; I am not writing to inform you of the many heroic activities I engaged in during one of the many times our cruel alien overlords have attempts to conquer our planet and use us as human bait for the Creatures Living Inside the Sun. Let me take a moment to recall some of my most famous courtroom brawls I've been involved in during my last period of absence:

- **The Brooding, Sullen Dark Overlord Damien vs. General Electric -** Although this was not my first case representing a creature of the undead (see "The Corpse of Roddy McPhaerson vs. Shady Pines Cemetery" or "The People of Raccoon City vs. The Horrific, Abominable, Deadly Zombie Plague"), it certainly was my first involving a vampire. The Brooding, Sullen Dark Overlord Damien has been a vampire ever since

he was 15 and claims he was bitten by "a bi / curious high school senior" who was definitely a vampire because he "hated to play basketball and also thought the jocks sucked." Damien has a very popular Geocities site regarding his vampiritic activity and exciting daily events which include writing some kind of poetry about black bats (the flying kind, not the baseball kind) and using gray text so I have to squint frequently in order to determine if he is writing about Frankenberry or Count Chocula (it is usually Count Chocula). Damien developed very light-sensitive eyes from his transformation into a vampire, and as a result, he can not enjoy certain things that we humans take for granted, like running naked in our neighbor's flood lights and staring directly into the sun until it reveals its precious secrets. Due to this genetic flaw, Damien has to stay out of direct light at all costs or else he makes this really high pitched shrieking sound which I can only describe as "a weasel having its genitals scraped off with a sandbelt." At least that's how I described it to the jury, shortly before submitting a tape recording I made in my basement of a weasel having its genitals scraped off with a sandbelt. Damien would flee to darkness while muttering something like, "cursed rays of light, scorching my flesh without plight, destroying my eyes and tearing free my sight" before I'd tell him to kindly shut the hell up by forcefully introducing the end of my Legal Beating Stick to the front of his face.

We filed a lawsuit against General Electric for failing to place "WARNING: LIGHT AHEAD" signs 500 feet before any and every source of light provided either directly or indirectly through them. I must admit that this particular case was a long shot, but we eventually settled out of court. GE's legal team offered me a $300 savings bond if I would "just make Damien shut up and stop reciting that damn poetry," but I was able to negotiate them to a $302 savings bond and one of those hilarious chattering teeth gag gifts that I always wanted. Have you ever seen those teeth go? They're remarkable! I put them on my desk and just laugh for hours while watching them do their thing. Sometimes I call in assistants and demand they "watch ol' Leonard's teeth go crazy" until 5:00 rolls around and the state forcefully makes me let them go home. I don't know what happened to Damien after I decided to settle out of court without consulting him, as I frankly got sick to death of sitting next to the little idiot after the first 20 minutes of the court case. He's probably either still in the courtroom or planning a school shooting somewhere.

What is the mystery behind this delicious meal? I certainly do not know, but I do know this: it does NOT involve yeast, vinegar, and styrofoam, which I blended together in a futile attempt to mimic KFC's award-winning delicacy!

- **Leonard "J." Crabs vs. Kentucky Fried Chicken -** One night I awoke to the startling realization that KFC is only popular for one reason and one reason only: people

pay them money in exchange for their products! Now I had to ask myself, "Leonard, why can't you be that person who people pay money to in exchange for delicious chicken?" I couldn't think of a single reason why not, so I consulted my wife who lives down the street from me and claims she's not my wife (as part of a little game we play called "Who Are You and Why Are You In My House?"). Like always, she replied by waking up her fake husband, some guy who looks like a hairy boar only without the charming sexual prowess, and he stormed over to the window in order to give yours truly a good knock to the noggin! I escaped in time and beat a hasty retreat to my Legal Hut, which had previously been under attack by birds with severe indigestion problems. After a few lines of brainstorming, I came to the incredible conclusion that if I, Leonard "J." Crabs, were to somehow get ahold of KFC's original recipe, I too would be able to sell chicken for money! I represented myself and sued KFC, claiming that keeping their recipe a "patented secret" was against the Homeland Security Bill. Unfortunately, the case did not turn out how I expected it to, which means that the judge's head did not explode after I stared at it furiously and started shaking, hoping that I could produce the same effect as the misguided gentleman from "Scanners." I did, however, get the rare pleasure of calling myself to the legal stand and questioning myself during a pivotal point of the trial. Here's a particularly exciting excerpt that the court stenographer Stacy recorded and I edited for various purposes:

> **LEONARD "J." CRABS (AS ATTORNEY):** "Mr. Crabs, is it not true that you are a handsome devil?" *(Leonard then ran into the chair where people sit down when they're being asked questions in court, I forgot the name of it, like the Big Truth Stool or something)*
> **LEONARD "J." CRABS (AS PLAINTIFF):** "Yes sir, I'd like to think of myself as a somewhat dapper and dashing man!" *(He then ran back to where he was previously standing)*
> **LEONARD "J." CRABS (AS ATTORNEY):** "And is it not also true that you once saved a orphan from a burning bear?" *(He ran back to the legal chair)*
> **LEONARD "J." CRABS (AS PLAINTIFF):** "Yes it is."
> **DEFENSE ATTORNEY:** "I object, your Honor! Mr. Crabs is obviously making no sense." *(The Defense Attorney was ugly and stupid and smelly. He also spit when he talked)*
> **LEONARD "J." CRABS (AS JUDGE):** "Objection overruled, I find you in contempt of court, you jerk. You will now be sent to Russia and serve 15 years in the gulag."
> **JUDGE (AS JUDGE):** "I think I will dismiss this case."
> **LEONARD "J." CRABS (AS JURY MEMBER):** "Hey judge, I slept with your harlot wife."

At this point, I was forcibly ejected from the courtroom, unable to even pick up and take my briefcase containing all those used pairs of panty hose I found in the Motel 6 the previous evening. Since it was clear that my chances for a fair, successful lawsuit against KFC were slim, I decided to tackle another industry giant: Coca-Cola. I immediately filed a document demanding Coca-Cola release the patent-protected secret recipe for KFC's chicken or else I would sue them back into the middle ages. Coca-Cola claimed they had no way to disclose KFC's recipe, as they were not directly affiliated with each other, so I sued Coca-Cola for failing to be directly affiliated with KFC. Unfortunately, a rather large tornado swept through my legal offices that week and I lost all paperwork during the ensuing confusion (but on a positive note, a rather large tricycle flew into my livingroom and still resides there). I think I can safely claim victory on this one though,

since I didn't outright "lose" the case, I was merely delayed by the heinous crimes of that floozy Mother Nature.

Hello youth of today! If you decide to become a famous legal desperado like myself, one day you'll be able to sue people like this! I can think of twelve reasons to sue these two individuals, possibly even more if I were able to see what exactly is going on between them underneath the table!

As I have demonstrated, I am clearly a force to be reckoned with when it comes to wrangling legal bulls in the dusty arena of the law. However, I couldn't help but notice that the number of active lawyers in America has dropped from 153,182,261 to 153,180,973 this last year, and it truly worries me to think that the youth of today may not aspire to become freedom-defending lawyers such as myself, only without my patented "lack of pants" legal tactic. I recently stopped by a local high school to observe their policy regarding the promotion of professional lawyering as a viable future for their students. I was simultaneously shocked and surprised when I learned that the school did not offer a single class devoted to aggressively brainwashing teenagers into becoming law students! How do citizens of the United States of the US expect our students to develop into socially acceptable, carbon-based creatures when we don't actively encourage them to join the legal industry by monitoring their brainwaves and sending a series of electric shocks to their genitals whenever they experience a negative thought regarding the judicial system? This, my dear friends, is why kids these days are growing up to lead unproductive, filthy lives as drug dealers or amateur film makers! I will attempt to counteract this lack of moral guidance by pointing out just a few of the many, many reasons why you teenagers should herd yourselves into a legal college right after you somehow manage to not fail out of high school.

1) Lawyers get all the chicks. I've had at least 17 wives, sometimes many at once! Let's face it; women lust for brainy, argumentative guys like me. I can't visit the grocery story or proctologist's office without women thrusting their loins upon. Do women have loins? I hope so, because there have been plenty of loins in my face lately, and I'd hate to make the same mistake I did years ago during that birthday party I'd much rather forget about at this point.

2) Lawyers are rich. You know that scene from "Duck Tales" when Scrooge McDuck leapt into that giant room full of gold coins and proceeded to swim around in them and generally bathe himself in other people's filthy, germ-encrusted money? Well as a prestigious lawyer like myself, you too will have a chance to experience a similar scenario; you'll get to speak to various animated ducks who mysteriously appear in the middle of trials and try to draw your attention away from the matter at hand by promising you the opportunity to swim in their ill-gotten coin vault! You must resist this offer at every chance, as their sole motive is to create holes in your legal argument by allowing the defense to claim you're unfit to practice law just because you're speaking to "imaginary, cartoon, talking ducks wearing suspenders." Nobody ever said the American legal system was perfect, and such a gaping flaw perfectly illustrates my point.

3) Lawyers have a lot of political influence. A few days ago I decided to place my vote for George W. Bush Jr. as President of the United States, and guess what - he ended up winning years before! I have so much political influence that I can effectively change historical events in the past, thereby altering the present and future. The only thing keeping this world from being ruled by cyborgs is me and my abstinence from voting on the bill proposed in 1983 entitled, "should we spend our nation's entire budget on constructing ultra-intelligent cyborgs which will murder us all?" You may personally

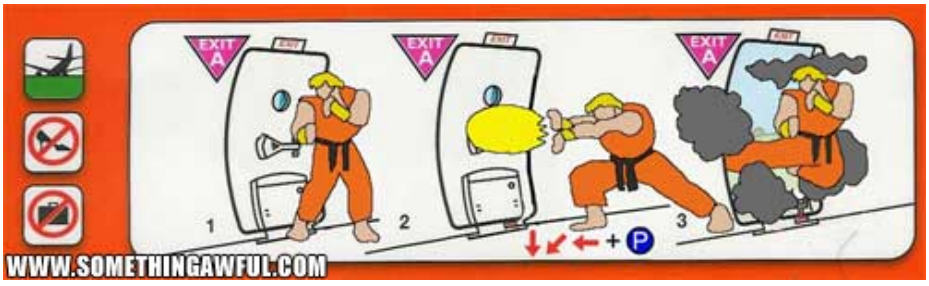
express your gratitude by writing me large checks (that is, checks for large amounts of money, not those gigantic checks that people who won the "Publisher's Clearinghouse Contest" are given). I do not have any space to store such large checks now that I have the tricycle in my livingroom.

4) Lawyers are well respected. Why just the other day I was driving through the local Wendy's when the disembodied voice on the speakerphone kindly asked me, "would you like to Biggie-size that order?" These attentive folks were obviously "on the ball" and were aware of my courtroom clout, thereby granting me special privileges and favors not meant for common man. I chose not to "Biggie-size" my order, as I heard various rumors that agreeing to this causes testicular cancer, and while I certainly have enough "Little Leonards" in reserve (at my request, I have had over 13 testicles grafted on me to ensure that, if I were ever to lose one in some kind of brutal paper cut, I would have ample backup), it was not something I was particularly excited to enter into.

So to all the teenagers and youth of today, please look upon my exciting legal experiences and seemingly outlandish claims and please consider attending the legal college of your choice so you too may carry on the proud tradition of wearing a suit in court and beginning every sentence with the phrase, "and is it not true that". There will be many obstacles in your way, ranging from judges who hold irrational grudges simply because you vomited in their vehicle's glove compartment, to those hurdles that cause your character to trip and fall over when you fail to successfully leap over them in the smash hit Nintendo game "Track and Field," but your dedication will eventually prevail and you too will soon find yourself at the shiny end of a sturdy legal stick of justice. Just make sure you never, ever drink the Hawaiian punch at a pre-lawsuit party, under the risk of watching your hair plummet from your head in golf course-sized divots.

You've Got a First-Class Ticket to the Goldmine!

Like clockwork, assuming your clock only works on Tuesdays, the SA Forum Goons are proud to present the newest episode of the Comedy Goldmine: "Plane Common Sense," a feature which deals with the very serious subject of air travel and safety. This is no laughing matter, folks, as I once saw a very serious movie about airport security named "Airplane!," and let me tell you, it scared the bajeezus out of me!



Now that's the way to go out! Speaking of going out, go out and read this side-splitting feature or else I'll come over to your house and split the sides of your pets with a letter opener!

-~Leonard "J." Crabs

2.20 The Gang's All Here!

Wednesday, Feb 19, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Even emo fags can form their own gang! If they can do it, how hard can it be?

As you undoubtedly know, many world-renowned economists and bearded old guys with cushy college tenure are solemnly declaring our current economic situation "grim," "bleak," and "too hot for television" these days. Although some of the more cynical readers out there may believe they say such things simply so they'll see their scraggly faces on CNN, that's dead wrong; some of them also do it so they also have a chance to promote their upcoming book, "The Grim, Bleak American Economy: A Romantic Comedy Murder Mystery," which has a foreword written by esteemed insurance broker and fake spy Tom Clancy. The job industry does look rather hopeless to many people, particularly college students majoring in either liberal arts, communications, computer science, or any degree short of a mega-doctorate in Nuclear Physical Nanotechnological Computational Jeffries Tube Electrical Medical Quantum Theory Engineering For Jerks. Since only two of those degrees are granted each year and both are awarded to Malaysian students that the US imported along with a box of textiles and phone cords, it's no wonder that many college students have entered deep stages of depression and are engaging in uncharacteristic behavior such as drinking large amounts of alcohol and engaging in pre-marital sex.

That's why we're here today to tell the unemployed and generally repulsive, undesirable citizens of America to cheer the fuck up! Just because you don't have any marketable job skills for an economy that currently has less than eight job openings doesn't mean you can't find your way to filthy stinking riches beyond your wildest dreams! As my mother used to tell me, "Rich, if you can't find work, then you *make* work." She also frequently reminded me, "Rich, if she's dead, she can't call and report rape," so let's take my mother's words of wisdom with a grain of salt. While it's true that the job market isn't as great as it once was, many people are inadvertantly dismissing a wonderful career opportunity which has a potential limited only by their lack of hand / eye coordination: **being in a street gang.** We've tackled the exciting world of street gangs in various updates I'm too lazy to look for, but I feel the current economic crunch warrants another look at this profitable and hopefully deadly business. The street gang industry is flexible in the fact that there are many, many different types of gangs out there, all actively recruiting members to become "top dog" of this "dog eat dog world," which means they want to ultimately become canines and consume themselves, which is kind of fucked up no matter how you look at it. However, that's just one of the tradeoffs you must accept when joining a gang. I will now proceed to list the most "popular and dynamic" gangs so you, the unemployed wretch, may choose one which fits you and your inevitable tendency to fail at everything.

■ The 1950's Pasty White Teenager Gang

Key Job Opportunities: Guy who smokes cigarettes and stares at people suspiciously, guy who has a pack of cigarettes rolled up in his shirt sleeve and pushes around guys carrying books for no reason, streetcar racer who drives a 30-ton Ford that goes from 0 to 60 in roughly under a decade, person who loiters outside of malt shops and drug stores until the owner chases them away with a broom or dirty towel, really sarcastic person who attempts to intimidate rival gangs by intercepting their punches with his face.

Requirements: You must be white, pasty, and a guy. The tendency to develop cancerous growths and a big potbelly after a few years is a plus, although not required. Aggressiveness caused by the insecurity of premature balding or thinning hair is encouraged. Weekends must be reserved for gang

activity such as "crossing your arms and smoking a lot" and attending "Sock Hops," which I think is slang for "methadone clinics." Minorities are welcome to join, just as long as they're white.

Members of the rough-and-tumble "Street Weasels" gang loiter mercilessly!

Description: While the 1950's Pasty White Guy Gang isn't as popular as it was in, oh, let's say the 1950's, they are still looking to recruit members and reemerge as one of the premiere American gangs. Gang members must wear white shirts and leather jackets which display their gang name on the back in a clear, legible font. Popular gang names include "The Crazy Aces," "Jokers Wild," and "The Nine of Diamonds," because many gang members' educations consist of playing poker with their father shortly before he broke a bottle of gin over the dog's head. Each gang also has a tell-tale logo which represents their collective persona, such as an image of a man smoking while clearly jaywalking on a busy street, or a piece of candy with cartoon hearts and "I LUV JESUS" bubbles coming out of it. Gang meetings are usually held after school in the basement of the gang leader's parents' home, where Coca Cola and potato chips are expected. If any rival gangs try to approach their "turf," gang members should assemble together and face off with the other gang by walking in circles and, ultimately, singing songs to each other until one of the gang leader's parents find out that they're breaking curfew and demand they return home at once. The remaining gang members may then go to the malt shop and talk about some girl name "Roxie" and a group of people dubbed "Communists." All gang members must be between the age of 28 and 45, despite the fact that the word "teenager" is in the gang's name. Back in the 1950's, 30-year olds were often considered "teenagers" and were not adults until they either retired, got drafted, or molted into a more complex life form.

- **Crazy Breakdancing Negroes**

The "Crazy Breakdancing Negro" gang willingly accepts people of any race, skin color, or gender - just as long as they're willing to "get down" for "the hood!"

Key Job Opportunities: Guy who turns on the boombox, guy who turns off the boombox, guy who stands in the crowd and claps to the rthym but always seems to be off by a bit, the actual breakdancing negro, angry person who gets up in the police's face once the racist pigs show up to harass them for no particular reason, actual person who does the breakdancing and wins some highly important contest which will provide enough money to support the bankrupt inner-city hospital that is treating his dad for some kind of silly disease that makes him moderately sleepy all the time.

Requirements: One of the benefits of the Crazy Breakdancing Negroes is that most members don't need to know how to breakdance. In fact, some Crazy Breakdancing Negro gangs don't even require applicants to be African-Americans; there are usually a few spots open for a token white and Latino guy (although these positions pay very low and do not ever have any active role in the gang's hierarchal structure). You must, however, be willing to relocate to "the hood" (or "da hood" as it's called by people who enjoy abusing the English language) and sleep on a bed mattress which has springs poking out of it for no real reason. Additionally, a certain attraction to specific primary colors is preferred, as many gangs of Crazy Breakdancing Negroes prefer to adorn themselves with a particular colored sweatband / wristband / Swatch watch.

Description: The Crazy Breakdancing Negroes actually have a cause and purpose to their gang, in stark contrast to The 1950's Pasty White Guy Gang, whose main goal is to "eventually throw some

eggs at the principal's car." This gang is often breakdancing not for the fun and joy of the glorious dance itself, but often to practice for an upcoming competition which will give them a chance to selflessly win a prize for their community. This prize could range from money (used to support the neighborhood's decaying school system) to winning a bet made by an evil rich white guy who wants to take over the inner city yet decided to give its inhabitants one last chance by accepting their challenge to a breakdancing competition. Many multimillionaire businessmen like to purchase large plots of land inhabited by people, then run the risk of losing their investment by giving the residents "one chance" to win their freedom. This is because rich white people are very, very retarded, and the only reason they have more money than your average Arby's combo meal is because cash has been floating in their family ever since that one dead relative of theirs sailed across the Baltic Ocean to discover America in 1872 and was rewarded with riches and jewels from the Queen of the United Kingdoms. Unlike these greedy white folks obsessed with money, the Crazy Breakdancing Negroes are simply interested in putting on a great show and entertaining people while moving one step closer to saving their inner city hospital / school / orphanage / grain silo / rocket ship. The defacement of public property is encouraged, just as long as it involves using spray paint canisters to replicate the gang's logo (usually a crown) on a wall. Out of every gang, the Crazy Breakdancing Negroes are, by far, the friendlies and most personable, as they live to do "the worm" while "busting a move" and "keeping it real." They're very good at "keeping it real," so if you have experience in the upkeep of reality, you should really consider joining their ranks.

Pirates

Key Job Opportunities: Guy who raises the sails, guy who lowers the sails, guy who tells the previous two guys to either raise or lower the sails, guy who tries to figure out why they even need to raise or lower the sails in the first place, angry captain, incompetent sea cook, guy who does something with oars and stands in the background looking angry whenever something important happens, person who is in charging of administrating the "stabbins," parrot.

If you decide to join a pirate gang, be sure you're comfortable having a boss who looks like this and often drinks his own urine. Or yours.

Requirements: Unlike most gangs, this group demands a large amount of travel and mobility. Pirates do not have any land they call their "turf" or "pissing grounds," but instead patrol the seas in their pirate ship, a mobile, leaky, wooden gang headquarters. Applicants with a wife and children are strongly discouraged from applying for this very reason, in addition to the fact that their wife and children will most likely be repeatedly raped before their interview process has completed. You must be comfortable with the concept of wearing rags and losing up to two crucial limbs during any of your required functions, which range from "raiding a land lubber's cargo" to "raping your own damn filthy wife."

Description: Out of any gang, pirates are probably the ones facing the most work-related accidents and fatal injuries. This explains why walking into any reputable insurance agency and asking about "pirate insurance" will result in a tremendous amount of laughter at your expense. Pirates are notorious "plunderers," which means they will often see an object that catches their eye, such as a chest full of booty or a golden mummy, and they will proceed to "plunder" it, which is pirate lingo for "rape and then steal, although not particularly in that order." Pirates have one group leader who decides their rape targets and course of action, often the individual who has "keel-hauled" the most "scurvy-ridden bilge buckets." This responsible person will have a name and made-up rank such as "Captain Feltchworthy" or "Deputy Dog" or "MC Hammer." As a pirate, your job will limited to basically following his orders exactly, or else you might find yourself staring at the headless remains

of your body as it floats across the ocean in the opposite direction of your head. This is inferring that he would cut off your head, not that your head would voluntarily fly off and decide to start watching your corpse slowly die, a fear that I wrestle with every morning I successfully wake up. There are a few minor differences between the "pirate" workplace and "corporate America," as shown in the following helpful chart:

CORPORATE AMERICA:	**PIRATE AMERICA:**
Getting fired	Getting stabbed
Getting a bonus	Not getting stabbed
Writing business proposals	Getting stabbed
Teleconferencing	Getting stabbed

An ideal applicant must make the distinction between these two business cultures before deciding to join a gang of pirates or else he might end up making a mistake that he will regret for the next 20 minutes as he is made to "walk the plank," which is pirate jargon for "getting stabbed" or "walking the plank." Although pirates collect a sizeable fortune of gold, you will not see them showcasing this jewelry as the Crazy Breakdancing Negroes do; pirates instead prefer to shove all their prized possessions into a chest and bury it under a sand trap along a popular Las Vegas golf course. A "treasure map" will be created so one lucky individual may hunt down and reclaim this rare fortune, but the map should be so ambiguous that the landscape and major monuments could be confused with the land on Jupiter.

The Yakuza

The Yakuza find it very disrespectful when you hand them a piece of paper with six horizontal lines drawn across it! Now your wife is dead and your house has been burnt to the ground.

Key Job Opportunities: Guy who always lurks in the shadows smoking a cigarette and then vanishing at random times and appearing up to 500 yards away, person who can use his hands or head to cut through a bunch of wooden planks (just in case if their gang is being attacked by a hostile housing district), gang leader who sits in a chair and only gets up to laugh menacingly or ask where his sacred sword of the dragon is, toadies who shoot automatic machine guns at limousines while grinning, masked guy who hits things with a stick or some other kind of potentially dangerous item besides one of those prop candy canes you see at a Christmas nativity scene.

Requirements: Well, you can't be American. Or Russian. Or German. Or Italian or Canadian or anything but Japanese. Even if you're Japanese, you probably won't be able to become a full fledged member of the Yakuza, as they have strict quality control standards and I'm still not even sure how you become a member. I think you have to cut off one of your fingers just to complete the entry form. If you make it in, then you have to chop off your foot to demonstrate your dedication. Every year after that, you have to remove a various bone or joint from your body to convince them you're still a "team member." This allows the entire Yakuza organization to get governmental benefits and great parking spaces through Japanese disability laws. Oh yeah, you also have to have gigantic murals depicting a robotic bald eagle shooting laser beams at a tiger riding on a jackal tattooed across every inch of your flesh, including that horrible area of land between your man-parts and your man-hole.

Description: The Yakuza are a very tough but fair organization of Japanese mobsters. If you owe the Yakuza $5,000 and forget to pay them, they'll come over to your apartment and beat your wife to death with a chair leg. You might find this a bit "tough," but in all honesty it's pretty "fair"

because, let's face it; your wife's ugly skull wasn't worth $5,000 even if it housed a bunch of golden maggots inside. The Yakuza is the high tech, Slim-Fast, Japanese version of the mafia, and show this contrast in a variety of different ways. For example, the mafia is composed of a bunch of old, fat, incoherent Italian guys who drive gigantic cars. The Yakuza is composed of a bunch of young, skinny, incoherent Japanese guys who drive those goofy motorcycles which look like toys an eight-year old would try to shove in his mouth. However, there's no eight-year old dumb enough to try and shove an entire member of the Yakuza into his mouth. As a member of the Yakuza, you must make sure that your company is "in on the action" with various dance clubs, drug dealers, and anybody else who wears a lot of shiny black or neon. If your boss says "you must kill Bob Yamoto," then you can't just mosey over to Bob Yamoto's house and shoot him. First of all, does anybody even know how to mosey these days, much less somebody in Japan? The fine art of moseying went out of style around the same time people ceased to saunter, and if you're old enough to brazenly mosey around, you're either dead or some evil hybrid cross between Strom Thurmond and Dick Clark and you probably think about McKinleyism far more often than you should. All sauntering aside, members of the Yakuza must always keep in mind that what they do reflects upon their organization. Instead of shooting a businessman in the face with a gigantic gun disguised as a slightly smaller gun, Yakuza agents are encouraged to dispatch of their targets in a more festive and creative style. For example, "bonus points" are awarded by Yakuza judges for "examples of extreme death," such as ripping out a victims tongue, using it to clean their motorcycle, and then applying the business end of a quadruple-edged sword to their face while doing a flip and landing on their coffee table as a single dove flies into the air and a lotus flower gently falls to the ground. Agents can collect and trade these bonus points for exciting items such as one of those fake spider rings or a bag containing a goldfish.

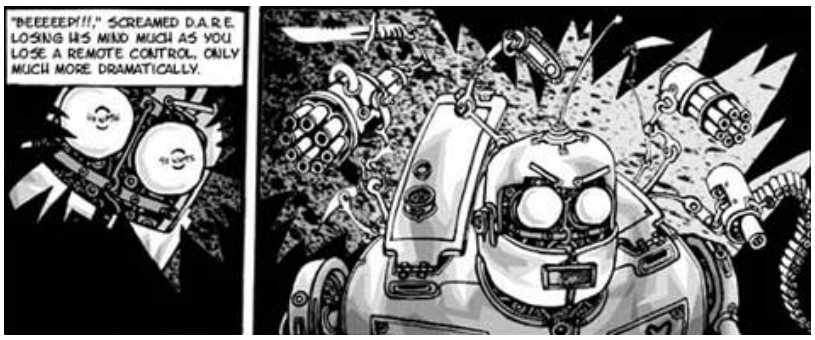
While it's true that the job market doesn't quite offer the same opportunities and potential it once did, I hope today's update has shown you, the reader, that there are still ways to make a buck out there in the fast-paced, slow-moving employment industry. The luxury and benefits of joining a gang range from "free 1980's hip hop music cassette tapes" to "sitting on a boat with 40 other sweaty men looking lustfully at your firm buttocks for months at a time," and are frankly either too numerous or mentally scarring for me to list. Sometimes you have to go out, grab life by its horns, rope it in, brand it on it's ass, and then ask yourself, "why the hell is my life represented by a cow or bull of some sort?" I'll tell you why: because I can't write worth a shit and my analogies are as bad as a three-legged pig in a square dance! If you want real writing, go out and buy one of those books about the American economy. I heard some of them have popup flowcharts that feature the GNP in stunning color!

Comic Time?!?

While Zack "Parsons Editor" Parsons usually supplies a "Story Time" update, today we've got something a bit different. Zack was somehow able to weasel out of work by brainwashing some guy into making a comic book version of his previous story, "D.A.R.E." To my surprise, the comic is frighteningly well done, and it really brings the theme of "a giant robot fucking a vacuum cleaner" to life in ways that I could not have possibly predicted.

Woah! Something of quality on Something Awful? To tell you the truth, I never thought I'd see the day this would happen! I always assumed my crappy, sub-average writing would scare away anybody with a hint of talent, driving them to more desirable websites such as the Bonzi Buddy network or some portal to all the Geocities Dragonball-Z homepages. Color me impressed while you check out the comic; it really is some cool stuff!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


"BEEEEEP!!!," SCREAMED D.A.R.E. LOSING HIS MIND MUCH AS YOU LOSE A REMOTE CONTROL, ONLY MUCH MORE DRAMATICALLY.

2.21 Canada Why

Friday, Feb 21, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This pretty much sums up everything about Canada I didn't get to see.

I recently had the pleasure of visiting a place called Vancouver, which is apparently located in Canada. I debated quite a bit over writing about my trip; more or less because the only thing people care less about than my vacation stories is Canada itself. Besides, everybody has already made fun of our maple clad neighbor more than enough. Although justified, I'm not eager to jump on the bandwagon, especially when the bandwagon is being pulled by dead horses that have been beaten to such extremes that the only way to beat them further is through the aid of special molecular beating equipment developed by scientists. With better judgment and common sense dangling a serrated knife at my conscience's throat I would be a fool to write about my trip! So without further ado, I am now pleased to write about my trip to the land so far north of the Mexican border that it's actually above the US border. Rather than bore you with the details about my own personal adventures, I will instead fill you in on what I learned from my odyssey. Now keep in mind I haven't explored Canada in full Technicolor glory. I've pretty much just been to one rainy corner of it, so I have no right to judge the entire country in the way I'm about to. Frankly, I just don't care. It's not like anybody can do anything about it. Send your Mounties and I'll dispel them as easily as I dispel the damsels I kidnap and tie to train tracks for jollies! You don't scare me.

Canadian Culture

I remember Lowtax mentioning that Vancouver was full of Asians, but I just assumed it was his usual racist insights and conspiracy potpourri. The truth is that Vancouver really is full of Asians. I guess if you already live there the truth isn't all that shocking, but then again, maybe the part of your immune system that handles the shock of learning the obvious isn't operating at peak efficiency. If the rest of the country is anything like this one area, and I can only assume it is, then holy crap, that's a lot of Asian people! I don't know how many Asian teens in oversized hip hop clothes I saw, but probably more than any man should ever have to see. There are more Asians in baggy clothes in Canada than in a samurai liposuction clinic. I have long argued and petitioned for the governments of the world to provide all Asian people with a free T-shirt that has "Asian" written on it, mostly because I think it would make things easier for everyone. After visiting Vancouver, I think it would be more practical and economical for the Canadian government to issue everyone who isn't Asian a T-shirt that proclaims "Not Asian!" No, I'm not trying to single Asians out, but if you're going to inexplicably force everyone to wear a shirt with their race printed on it, you have to start somewhere.

The rest of the population seems to be a hodgepodge of rapscallions who all speak different languages. In fact Canada doesn't seem to have any language standards, probably because Yahweh or another rapping genie twisted their tongues so they cannot understand each other.

Canadian Hobos

My encounters with the homeless populations were very limited, but they reinforced what I already knew: my pocket change isn't going to eliminate poverty, especially not when I spend it on junk food for myself. Still, I have to give the Canadian bums some credit. They took no for an answer, and that's more than can be said for many of the homeless denizens of Chicago or some of the major cities of the United States. At least in Canada

I never had to endure a homeless man hounding me for four blocks desperately trying to get me to wager the price of a hot dog that he can guess how many siblings I have.

- **Canadian Food**

I'm convinced Canadians live off of raw squid and anything they can dredge up from the sea and pour gravy and/or vinegar on. That and all the same stuff we eat in America, albeit with goofy mispronounced product names to give the false allure of suave European sophistication. Elegant accent marks can make any typical product name sound like a shimmering diamond mined from the fertile bowls of the finest dragon filled cave.

Here we see a typical meeting of Canadian Parliament.

- **Canadian Comedy**

I guess growing up on the Kids in the Hall left me with the false impression that Canada was some kind of primordial spawning ground for good comedy. After ten minutes of the Sean Cullen's Show I wanted to drill holes in my skull and then fill them full of firecrackers. Why? Well, I've always kind of wanted to look like that one moon-headed McDonald's mascot guy. Adding artificial firecracker craters to my head would just be my way of expressing who I am on the inside, and you can't take that away from me you fascist bastard!

- **Canadian Politics**

After taking in a considerable amount of Canadian TV I think I can safely say that nobody has any idea what the hell is going on with Canadian politics. There are a whole bunch of these one guys who I guess kind of do stuff on occasion, then there is this one guy who just kind of emits semi-intelligible noises that may or may not be a rudimentary form of oral communication. I'm pretty sure that guy is running Canada. In spite of a total lack of real government Canada does pretty well for itself. I suspect this is purely because every Canadian citizen lives under a blanket of fear knowing that if they give up the ruse the whole circus will collapse and they'll have to go back to America where things run like a finely tuned broken clockwork. After looking at the pictures on Canadian money, I'm convinced they also elected several ducks and hockey players into positions of political power. After all, only political leaders and historical landmarks get put on money.

Ultimately I did enjoy Vancouver. It's like living in a crappy city, but with the added benefit of scenery. I may even return to Canada, but probably only to stage a coup d'etat and overthrow Prime Minister Duck's oppressive quack regime.

Bustin' Blocks this Phriday

The hyperactive Goons of the SA Forums have wrangled up a new smattering of comical mishaps for your viewing excitement. Variety Pack #5 is ready for digestion, and features two forays into the motion picture industry's darkest depths. The Goonerinos first turn major ad campaigns into movies, then they turn major movies into pornos.

OH MY GOODNESS IS THIS THE LINK YOU'RE LOOKING FOR? WHY YES IT IS!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.22 Sweet Jesus, It's Gnome Season!

Friday, Feb 21, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Welcome once again to sassy Saturdays with Frolixo, not to be confused with sucky Sundays with Ben "Greasnin" Platt. Seriously, if that boy were bitten by a King Cobra that injected pure comedy instead of venom, he still would be as funny as a colonoscopy. I'm not sure how this clown nabbed a writing position, but word around the water cooler is that this bald, goofy bastard is on his way out to make way for a new comedy explosion. Me! The free rides over Greasy, time to start updating that resume buddy.

Besides reminding everyone how unfunny Greasy is, I wanted to thank the dozens of people who sent me an e-mail after last week's update. Although they mostly consisted of death threats and/or sexual invasion of my family and pets, it was still good to get some feedback from the public. I was concerned, however, with the gentleman who said he wanted to skin me alive to harvest my soft, sweet flesh. When I informed Rich "nature's tugboat" Kyanka, and Zack "smokes too much" Parsons about this most serious threat against my life, they merely responded with "lol". But never mind all that; let's get on with today's topic.

Much like craving the flesh of an interweb comedy writer, it's a well-known fact that I crave gnomes of all types and sizes. So I'm happy to inform you that it's that time again folks! No, not my period you silly goose, it's time for the new product line of garden gnomes to be unveiled! That's right, the newest brand of gnomes have hit the open market causing gnome enthusiasts like myself, crazy old ladies, and terribly gay men in festive shirts to jump for joy in excitement. I'm literally hopping up and down in my chair as I type this, causing "Frolixo, Jr." to rub against my pant leg in a most scandalous and arousing manner. But we have time for that later; let's take a look at the new gnomes, shall we?

Keeping gardens zombie free since 204 B.C.

- **Garden Gnome (Classic) -** This little fellow is an updated version of classic garden gnome that has adorned lawns since the dawn of civilization. This model revisits the strong points of the original, with an old world charm that made this model a standard for thousands of years. It is rumored that Caesar had one of these in his garden in Rome, taking it along with his campaign in Gaul as a military consul, and that Stalin also kept one in his den, having detailed discussions with it about how many people to kill that month. The ever-protector of gardens around the globe, the Garden Gnome is also said to have magical powers against any evil spirits that try to corrupt your household. Although thought to be an old wives tale, some folk attest to the gnome's ability to ward off vampires, werewolves, zombies, and Jehovah's Witnesses. This is the hottest seller by far, and will always be a fan favorite.

"Good heavens, that darkie is too close to the house!"

- **Monocle Gnome -** Also an older model that is being revamped, this gnome has been spotted on lawns of the rich and influential since 1872. Adorning a top hat and monocle, this gnome is by far the fanciest and most gentlemanly of the current models. Men of high breeding and principle are commonly awarded with a monocle gnome upon reaching the age of 25, or acquiring their 10th company; whichever comes first. John Rockefeller often sat with his monocle gnome in his study, drinking scotch and lighting cigars with 100-dollar bills. It is said that they bring good luck concerning all business matters, despite the fact that the stock market crash of 1929 was rumored to be caused by bad gnome advice. One of the more attractive features for rich, paranoid white people is that this gnome automatically alerts the police if any suspicious colored folk wander too close to your lawn. This model almost entirely disappeared during the Carter administration, but made a strong comeback during the Reagan era

Get a free bean burrito with each purchase

- **Mexican Gnome -** Hispanics are quickly becoming the biggest demographic in America. I think this is because some fool is feeding them after midnight or getting them wet. In response to these growing numbers, a new gnome has been created to cash in on regular Zerg rush of these hardworking, lazy people from south of the border. Thousands of these spicy sprites have been sold to Mexican-worked corn and bean farms to fend off the bothersome Chupacabra, for their previously mentioned ability to ward off evil vampire demons. This gnome also looks quite nice when paired with the statues of Mary that litter the lawns of these devout Catholic families. To those worried that placing a Mexican Gnome next to Mary is sacrilegious, Pope John Paul himself gave it his blessing during a very special occasion that turned out to be extremely amusing since he thought it was poopy time. (Available on layaway.)

He'll eat all your eggs and sleep with your wife

■ **The Lil' Prankster-** One of the more mischievous gnomes, The Lil' Prankster is a great purchase if you would like to play horrible tricks on friends and family. Once hidden in a household, the gnome will cause general mayhem, like signing you up for gay porn sites, laying eggs in your flour, and setting fire to the abode, killing everybody inside in an agonizing inferno. It is thought that this tricksy little fellow is responsible for assassinating Franz Ferdinand, sinking the Titanic, the dust bowl, polio, assassinating both Kennedy brothers, shooting down John McCain over Vietnam, and giving the green light for "Battlefield Earth". It is also widely known that George Lucas is actually a Lil' Prankster Gnome, making the early Star Wars movies fantastic so it could prank us mere mortals with atrocious new ones. This model comes in red, blue, and green. (Batteries not included.).

Geben Sie uns Ihre Muttern und Beeren!

■ **Panzer Tank Gnome-** WW2 memorabilia is a hot ticket right now. With movies like "Saving Private Ryan", "Enemy at the Gates", and the HBO series "Band of Brothers", people all over the globe are taking time to remember the men and women who partook in the epic struggle from 1939-1945. What better way to commemorate their ultimate sacrifice with a new edition of gnome? This brand new model released by Franklin Mint features the gnome "Hans" in his stunningly detailed Panzer Tank. Built with working parts and guns that really fire, no garden will be able to resist this fanciful blitzkrieg. Action is in full gear as this war-mongering fellow is out to rape and pillage various mushroom kingdoms with an unrelenting show of German might. Historians and gnome lovers alike will enjoy this most wonderful edition, and soon their enemy's lawns and gardens will be nothing but scorched earth and mass graves. (Cannot be sold in France and Germany.)

"I swing both ways"

■ **Naughty Playtime Gnome-** A special model for frisky couples and the just married, this hot gnome is designed to spice up your love life with gnomish flavor. Dapper by day, naughty by night, this tantalizing tot will heat up bedroom activities to an almost late night Cinemax level. Passion is the name of the game when this flirtatious fairy is on the case. Use one, two, or even three of these sensual sprites during intercourse. *(WARNING: If during normal sexual intercourse the gnome becomes lodged in one's anus, please call the Naughty Playtime Gnome helpdesk. If the gnome becomes lost in the vaginal region, hit with a hammer until broken and the shards come out naturally. The Surgeon General advises washing your gnomes after regular use to lower risk of AIDS infection. Gnomelube not included.)*

This gnome is worth more than you

- **X29003 Supercharged Gnome (Eddie Bauer Edition)-** This top of the line model is the best current gnome technology has to offer. It is aerodynamically designed to stand up to hurricane class winds, heat shielded to stand volcano eruptions, and soundly engineered to survive earthquakes up to 7.8 in magnitude. That's not all, it also has a heated pointy hat for melting snow accumulations, a titanium alloy skin that prevents rust or dents, and alerts you if the 'Lil Trickster Gnome, or Panzer Tank gnome is in the area. The X29003 Supercharged Gnome can cure most kinds of cancer and clears up acne. It can be found at most Sharper Image stores, but this limited edition is selling out fast. Be sure to get yours now before all those cancer people get one. (Now available with a V8 engine.)

Frankly, I'm terribly pleased by the new models of gnomes coming out. In this age of pollution, war, crime, and Vin Diesel, it's nice to know that there are some things that never change, like helpful and caring gnomes watching over our gardens in gleeful merriment. They are truly the key to a successful life, and the most important thing in this picnic of love we call the planet earth. Until next time my internet friends, this is Frolixo, signing off the SA machine. Toodles!

State Og Strikes Back

Hi there folks, this is your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, here to fill you in on our latest update. Unlike last week, this update in no way endorses the act of setting fire to Hollywood mogul Jerry "I'll Produce Any Damn Thing" Bruckheimer. Instead we strongly encourage our readers to crush him with an improbably large object, such as Jupiter. So what else is new this week? Have a peek:

> *Thanks to State Og and Daryl Strawberry, two critical parts of your daily life have collided in a glorious orgy of technology and washed up sports figures! Available in stores nationwide, the Daryl Strawberry GrillBee combines the tasks of hair cutting and grilling into one easy to use device! Never again will you waste time trying to get your hair cut while cooking up a juicy steak. Simply attach the GrillBee to any standard vacuum cleaner, feed raw meat into the intake and then apply it to your head. It's just that simple!*

What are you waiting for? Go get your weekly fill of State Og before everyone else gets there first and takes the good bits!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.23 American Legends: George Washington

Sunday, Feb 23, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The history of the United States is one of those rare instances where a violent revolution did not immediately see the creation of an oppressive dictatorial regime or a pathetic government that collapsed minutes after it was formed and plunged the nation into decades of civil strife. There's no denying that many great minds of the times contributed to this. People like Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington helped shape our nation into something that would be great until at least the 1940's. These founding fathers, first heroes of America, are just some of the legends that have made this nation what it is today. Okay, maybe not what it is today, but what it was a few decades ago. Just pretend we're still the good guys for a little while.

A more youthful Washington from before his presidency.

Something Awful takes great pride in being an American website and to celebrate our nation's great heritage this week I will be offering interesting and fact filled biographies on some of the greatest legends of these United States. Among all of the founding fathers one stands out as being somewhat removed from the process, but also as being one of the greatest heroes America has ever produced. This legend of American history went on to become the first president of the United States. His name was George Washington.

Much is written about this great patriot and much has been lost to the harsh passage of time... until now! Using a patented technique I like to call "historonomy" and the US Patent Office likes to call "Rejected Patent Submission 250043024-03" I have delved into the great saga of our nation's birth. From this delving I have retrieved previously unknown factoids about George Washington and have interspersed them throughout this biography. Even for those of you who think you know everything about George Washington your world is about to be rocked by a fact-quake weighing in at nine point fun on the Richter scale.

Holy shit I can't believe I just said that.

The Early Years

TWO SHILLINGS & SIX-PENCE
GEORGIA. 1776
No.
THIS do certify, That the Sum of TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE
TWELVE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO POUNDS NINETEEN SHILLINGS STERLING,
PROVINCIAL CONGRESS,
"Two Shillings"
TWO SHILLINGS & SIX-PENCE.
Two Shillings & Six-pence.
Two Shillings & Six-pence.

Don't worry if you can't read this, I couldn't read it when the image was three times as big. Just a whole bunch of crazy colonial "English" about shillings and lorries and flats.

Born in Westmoreland County, Va., on Feb. 22, 1732, George Washington was the eldest son of Augustine Washington and his second wife, Mary Ball Washington, who were prosperous Virginia gentry of English descent. George spent his early years at the family's estate on the Potomac River, but his father was tragically killed while attempting to breed a horse with a negro to create a race of centaur slaves when George was only 11. He left the estate to live with his elder brother Lawrence who had used powers of hypnotism learned in the Far East to marry into a wealthy Virginia family. To further himself in the upper echelons of society the young Washington trained as a surveyor and gained employment with wealthy British lords in the area. Washington accompanied his brother to Barbados in an effort to cure him of tuberculosis but found he was unable to stop the disease despite a number of ribald shouts at the demons infesting his brother's body. Lawrence died in 1752 and Washington returned to Virginia where he inherited his Mount Vernon estate.

In 1753, with a war brewing between the British and the French, Washington cast his lot with the British and became the adjutant of one of Virginia's four military districts.

Many followed a similar career path to Washington's at this time in history, but certain events distinguish his youth prior to the French and Indian War. Some of the best known of these include the time he chopped down a cherry tree and the time he felled a bear using only a buck knife.

- By the age of 19 George Washington had grown to a height of nearly eight feet. He would eventually grow to be over 30 feet tall on a diet of stones, courage, and tree bark.
- Despite some accounts George Washington could not breathe fire. He did on one occasion but this was actually the product of sorcery and not some innate ability.
- A map showing the way to the Ark of the Covenant was burned into the palm of his hand when Washington grasped a medallion from the counter of a burning barroom.
- George Washington could communicate with, but not necessarily command, all of the creatures of the sea. Often he was heard cajoling river carp to fellate him only to be rebuffed as "too femme".
- George Washington did not wear his famed powdered wig during his early years, favoring instead a fade with a dollar sign shaved into the back and a rakishly worn white beret.
- In his youth Washington's false teeth were actually made out of basalt and carved with dread symbols of the dead gods until he was ordered to remove them by the constabulary for frightening children.
- Washington's body was full of a grayish paste-like ichor that would close wounds quickly. So amazing were his regenerative abilities that following a water skiing accident he managed to grow an entire new arm in a matter of minutes. It is rumored that this arm in turn grew a second George Washington that was bearded and had red eyes, although only a few fleeting reports remain of this monstrosity being spotted in the woods of Virginia.

Washington's youth was fairly unremarkable, even considering these recent revelations, but his young-adulthood as an officer in the British colonial was anything but ordinary.

The French and Indian War

When war broke out in the Ohio Valley between the French and the British Washington found himself in the thick of the action. After achieving a stunning success followed by a narrow yet honorable defeat at Fort Necessity, Washington fought with his bare hands to defeat the French and Indians. Despite his valiant efforts his unit commander was killed, but his bravery did not go unnoted and Washington was promoted to colonel. Many believe that Washington grew as a leader through experience during this difficult time with the colonial British forces. Others attribute his rise to glory to his practice of consuming the brains of fallen French and Indian warriors.

Every source I researched said Martha was "attractive", apparently proving that what constituted attractive during colonial times was pretty fucking broad.

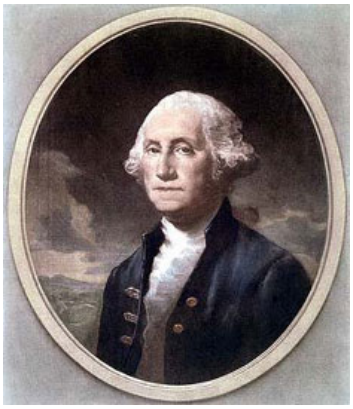
Assured that the Virginia frontier was safe from French attack, Washington left the army in 1758 and returned to Mount Vernon, directing his attention toward restoring his neglected estate. He erected new buildings including a room in which he could scream at paintings of children and a walled amphitheatre for witnessing

the hangings of incompetent or annoying farm animals. During this time Washington also experimented with a number of crops like his corn and potato hybrid that was noted in his journal as "grotesquely self aware" and a particular breed of navy bean that shrieked when cooked in soup. In 1759 Washington entered the regional political scene and married a wealthy young widow with two children named Martha Dandridge Custis. By 1769 Washington had become a great leader in Virginia's opposition to British rule and his appointment to the first and second continental congress contributed greatly to his unanimous selection as the leader of the revolutionary forces in 1775.

The Revolutionary War

Washington's first task as supreme commander was to turn a rag tag group of some 14,000 militiamen into an effective fighting force. He achieved much of this by using a book of difficult riddles he kept by his bed. Each morning he would bring a series of soldiers into his tent and would offer them the chance for release from service if they could answer his riddle. If they failed they had to swear an oath to give 110% lest their tongues fall from their head, their brains fly into the sky, and magical scorpions sneak into their boots at night to sting them and infect them with their flesh eating brood. Invariably the soldiers failed to answer Washington's riddles correctly and ended up giving 110%. Only a single man was executed by magical scorpion.

Washington led this fighting force to victory at Ticonderoga but a bitter retreat from New York City. On Christmas Night in 1776 morale received a boost from a daring midnight raid across the Delaware into Trenton, NJ and ultimately routed the British in New Jersey in early January. Late 1777 brought a series of defeats for Washington and he was forced to retire to Valley Forge with his troops for the long and hard winter with morale at an all time low and supplies nearly exhausted. I have discovered a revealing correspondence from Washington to his beloved wife Martha, and I reproduce this here as a testament to the trying winter at Valley Forge.



A more wizened look at this great American Legend. If you need a third picture of him look at money LOLOLOLOLkillme.

Dearest Martha,

The war wages on and the winter is hard, but in these most direful moments I draw warmth from the fond memories I hold of you. It is as if the setting sun caresses my breast when I do remember those warm summer nights at Mount Vernon. Your small hand held in mine, your lips so like the petals of a flower. My cheeks light as if made from kindling and the memory is a punk set to their dry heap. Oh, sweet Martha, the hardships of battle pale in comparison to the lash of your whip while I was suspended from the love pulleys by a pair of oiled negroes. Would the bite of musket ball wound more than the depravations of my innocence at the hands of your wooden "strapped on"

phallus? I should say so, as that burnished length of timber caressed my prostate so lovingly I knew what it was to fight for freedom!

Yesterday I lost a soldier in the 2nd Platoon. Losing a man on the field of battle is a terrible thing, but losing a man when the army is bedded down for the winter is truly a tragedy. He contracted Mummy Feveritis from being excessively lazy on guard duty. The physician prescribed daily applications of fresh horse urine to his eyes, but with these his condition only worsened. I ordered him to be beaten with chairs until the demons of sickness were driven out of him, but their foul hold was iron. First Sergeant Hawk attempted to choke him until the demons were exorcised, but this only rendered the poor man unconscious and with a thrice bitten tongue. Fearing that the unnatural pox might spread to the other billeted men I did the only thing I could and had him hanged on a count of deviltry.

While morale creeps ever lower a new friend has been made and he may at last help me prepare for the battles that spring will carry with it. Baron von Steuben is a Prussian, and though you know my feelings about Prussians quite well I have managed to overlook his race's tendency to eat white babies and we have become fast friends. In addition to experience and a small quantity of supplies he has brought with him some of the most amazing codpieces of the orient I have ever set my eyes upon. One he has gifted me with bears the roaring countenance of a lion in polished bronze, so lifelike that when I wear it you would swear a great predator of Africa were about to leap forth from my groin. Many times the Baron and I have shared gales of laughter when I prance about the washing chamber clad only in this codpiece, snarling like a beast. With the troop's spirits so low such foppery brings with it guilt and I have desisted from such behavior despite the urgings of the Baron to do otherwise.

Indeed it is a harsh winter here in Valley Forge, but I shall persevere for freedom and for you my dearest Martha.

With greatest love,

George Washington

With the help of Baron von Steuben and eventually the French, Washington managed to defeat the British forces in the North and directed the war in the South against them with intelligence. In 1781 Washington accepted the surrender of British commander Charles Cornwallis, who described Washington in his diary as "A beast of a man capable of tearing the head from a draft horse and commanding troops as would a titan of legend command the waves of the seven seas."

America's First President

After retiring his commission Washington remained out of politics, preferring to tend to a recent epidemic of predatory carrots at Mount Vernon that had slain at least three of his negro slaves. However, 1787 found him once again at the center of politics in America when Washington headed the Virginia delegation to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia and was unanimously elected presiding officer. Once all that boring Constitution crap was out of the way, Washington was unanimously elected to be the first president of the United States. As the first president, Washington would be the model for all future presidents, and while he didn't have an actual White House to rule from he set many important precedents.

Washington never recovered from the attack by the Satanists and Free Masons.

- All visiting dignitaries were required to negotiate an obstacle course. This tradition is maintained to this day,

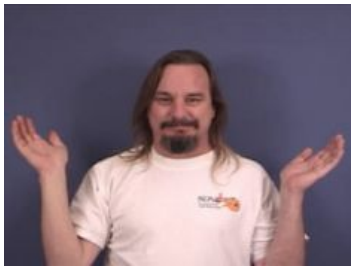
although the obstacle course consists of a slightly raised beam over which diplomats must step, a mere formality compared to the cannons and alligator filled trenches employed by Washington.

- When dining with the president all guests were expected to wear stain-resistant garments as Washington was known to spring unpredictably from his seat and pull a lever that sprayed rancid custard from the candelabras.
- Once per week the president was able to declare a single article of clothing as "treasonous" and those caught wearing this article of clothing were sentenced to flogging.
- At any time during a political debate Washington was permitted to remove a flintlock pistol from his trousers and shoot off a finger of his rival. At days when his pistol was forgotten he was permitted to punch them in the mouth without fear of reprisal.
- Washington instituted the first national holiday known as "Nap Day", when people across the country were required to take a nap while Washington strode as tall as a church steeple through the towns and villages. This was replaced in the 20th century with Arbor Day.
- If the Navy called upon the president while he was asleep they were constitutionally obliged to scuttle either a heavy cruiser or a battleship. If they did not do this immediately Washington would release the "Evil Navy" from their holding pens in New York City. The "Evil Navy" consisted of five tigers and a cheetah, these days it is a title given to the least popular member of the Senate.
- George Washington could personally declare war on "that scumbag who killed my partner" and in a vote ratified by the senate could become a "good cop turned bad". This was later overruled by the Supreme Court.

Washington served two terms as president and did not seek a third term. In 1796 Washington retired to private life and was succeeded as president by John Adams. He lived out his days quietly and peacefully until being murdered in his sleep by a cabal of Satanists and Free Masons.

Hello, Welcome to Gamestop

Hey fools, Captain Taylor here to give you a guide that will assist you in your quest to keep the job you have at Gamestop without going to prison for ripping the cash register out from the counter and smashing a customer over the head with it. My short guide to the different customers you will encounter will help you come up with a way of dealing with stupid customers so you won't have to use my method of dropping in from the ceiling and attacking them with ninja stars made out of folded business cards and staples.



The communist and/or nazi propaganda fed to you by the company suggests that Gamestop's customers are to be valued and treated with respect, but any good employee knows that

> *customers are cancerous barnacles who exist for the sole purpose of attaching to you and asking you questions, making purchases, and performing other heinous acts that prevent you from going to the backroom and finishing up your Taco Bell strawberry cream cheese pie. However, I suppose it is unfair to claim that all customers are like this. In reality, a lot of customers have developed far more devious and effective methods of torturing you to the point where you start repeatedly punching yourself in whatever organ has the highest probability of bursting and spilling some sort of poisonous fluid into your bloodstream. Be sure to carefully study every inch of the following descriptions of the three basic customer types that comprise the Axis of Evil – the clueless, the angry and the bizarre.*

Doesn't that sound exciting?? You bet your nametag-wearing customer-assisting phone-answering box-stacking garbage-disposing shelf-arranging register-working ass it does!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.24 Goodbye Dolly

Sunday, Feb 23, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

She will be missed.

Tragedy struck over the last week for needlessly cloned animals everywhere. Dolly the sheep, the world's first cloned mammal, was put to sleep. The six year old sheep was diagnosed with an incurable lung disease. She also suffered from premature arthritis, which cued the scientists to look for other signs of illness. It also raised the question, what sort of people spend so long staring at a sheep that they can tell when it has arthritis? I consider myself to be fairly well-versed in basic animal biology, and I have trouble determining whether a sheep is alive or dead. Dolly is definitely dead, though, and that, after all, is why we're here today. For today we mourn not only a good and noble sheep, but also the hopes and dreams of the cloning and cloned communities. Dolly's disease-riddled corpse more closely resembled a sheep of twice her age. This has been a problem that has plagued scientists since Galileo - sure you can clone a sheep, but at the midway point in its life, molecular decay sets in at an alarming rate and the damn thing ages faster than a kid with a fake ID. If the Scottish geneticists (or as I call them, "drunks") hadn't given Dolly a one-way trip on the Wormfood Express, she would have turned to a pile of dust within a week anyway. As soon as the cellular cohesion starts to slip, the clone is basically done for, you know what I mean?

In memoriam of Dolly, that noblest of cloned sheep, I thought it would be nice to take a look back at Something Awful's take on Dolly's original creation. However, it came to my attention that Something Awful wasn't around back in 1996. To remedy the situation, I marched straight down to SA HQ and cloned myself using the Official Something Awful Clone-O-Matic 4000 (motto: "Twice the clones, half the smell"). Thanks to today's modern technology, cloning is now a quick and simple procedure, so it's no surprise that everything went perfectly. My clone was healthy, eager to go, and handsome as all get out. To avoid confusion, I decided to give him his own name. I considered "The Revenge of Ben 'Greasnin' Platt," "Ben 'Ben Greasnin Platt' Platt," and "Greasnin 2: Judgment Day" before finally deciding on the more manageable "GreasninDeux." The way I figured it, if he's got all of my winning qualities, he's going to cut in on half of my action and my popularity will suffer. On the other hand, no one will want to touch him if he sounds like a dirty Frenchman. Problem solved. With that out of the way, I quickly herded GreasninDeux into the Official Something Awful Time Machine (motto: "I'm a freaking time machine. That's about as self-explanitory as it gets") and we rocketed back to the year 1996. I gave my clone instructions on how to get in touch with me, then piloted the time machine back to the present day. Sure, I left my clone in the hellhole 90's without any possible way of returning to our time, but the time machine costs millions of dollars, and if you think I was going to let that junkie drive, you're crazier than he is.

Soon after my return to the sexy present, I received an email containing a front page update by none other than Ben "GreasninDeux" Platt from June, 1996. It was written in my exact style, which means it was poorly formatted and loaded with typos, the bulk of which I have since ironed out. Let me tell you, reading this thing was like staring into a mirror. A mirror reflecting a copy of one of my updates. Only the words on the actual update would have to be backwards so they could be read in the mirror. Yeah, that's basically what it was like. I mean, I guess so. In any event, here is his report, over six years in the making.

I Split the Sheep, the Sheep I Split

Help! This is the real Ben "Greasnin" Platt! My clone dumped me in the past and stole the time

machine so he could replace me! Oh, for the love of all that is holy, you have to help me! Ha ha, just kidding. This is really the clone. I love that gag though. I was all like, "Oh no, my clone is evil," and you were all like, "Whoa, we should help him." It was great. Anyway, hello, people of tomorrow! This is Ben "GreasninDeux" Platt coming to you from the year 1996. Everything is fine and dandy here. I'm enjoying 1996's many delights, including its weekly Mel Gibson movies, its angst-ridden, boyband-free music scene, its frequently hilarious *Simpsons* episodes, and its competent, if philandering President Clinton. And on a personal note, the ladies of the 90's can't get enough of me. I think they're attracted to my French-sounding nickname. But I digress.

That was a fun month.

Greasnin told me that I was supposed to write about the first successful cloning of a sheep. At first, I was sort of confused. He dropped me off back in February, and after a few months of no clonings, I figured that I must have gotten something wrong. So then I thought that *I* was supposed to clone a sheep. Let me tell you, it's not as easy as it looks! By mid April, my studio apartment (by the way, thanks a bunch for splurging on my digs, Greasy, you cheap bastard) was filled with exploded sheep carcases. Personally, I was cloned in a giant tube, but just try finding a decent giant tube in the 90's. The best I could get was a toothpaste tube, and you have no idea how hard it is to get a sheep into one of those. By May, I had given up entirely on the sheep cloning idea and devoted my life to complete debauchery. Women were constantly around. They loved the way my entire apartment was lined with wool. It was great, but strangely unfulfilling. Then came the happy day in June, just a few days ago, when the Scots broke the news of their successful sheep duplication. Well, I couldn't wait to get into hot journalistic action, so I got myself back into shape. I threw out my bottle of painkillers, shot my hookers, put on a clean shirt, and got down to work.

What a day for science! The genetic researchers (or as I call them, "drunks") over at the Roslin Institute in Edinburgh, Scotland successfully cloned a sheep by implanting a cell from the breast of a healthy adult sheep into the nucleus of an embryo. Since it was a breast cell, the scientists named the sheep "Dolly," after the famously busty country singer. Once again, one of the most puzzling questions in all of scientific history has been resolved by boobs. Is there anything they can't do? Dolly is perfectly healthy, so the question now is not *can* we clone mammals, but *should* we?

Face it, one more won't matter.

The answers is yes, of course we should. Don't be stupid. If we couldn't clone mammals, I wouldn't be here. However, if we're going to go cloning things, we shouldn't waste all our precious clone juice on sheep. I mean, I've been racking my brain, and I can't think of any reason whatsoever that the world would possibly need another sheep. And even if we did, why would we care if that sheep was genetically identical to another sheep? Does anyone really give a damn? These are sheep we're talking about, here. If they showed me one sheep, then showed me another sheep and told me they were clones, I would have no reason to doubt it. These are basically sweaters with legs we're talking about, here. One is more or less the same as any other. As far as I know, every sheep is a clone. Do they have wool? Do they go "baa?" Then they're all identical, as far as I'm concerned.

It's not like this is even a decent method of cloning. The purpose of cloning is to have two completely identical beings in existence at the same time so that one can do all the work while the other spends time with the family, until he gets bored and cloned himself again so he can take some time for himself. At the time of my cloning, I was in every way identical to Greasnin. If he had wanted me

to do his job while he spent time with the wife and kids (his right hand), we could have worked something out and no one would have been the wiser. The way that Dolly was cloned, she will have a complete lifetime, from birth to death. By the time that she reaches the age of the sheep who donated the breast cell, that sheep will be the same number of years older. Dolly will just be living a life that another sheep already lived. If I was cloned that way, by the time I was old enough to write this article, the original Greasnin would be fat, old, and President of the United States. What's the point? When have you heard someone say, "You know, my life has been so much fun for everyone to watch that the world deserves to see it all again. I'm going to go get cloned." Never, that's when. Now, when is the last time you heard someone say, "You know, the Lebanese government has been sending assassins after me ever since I uncovered the horrible secrets contained within that forbidden crypt. I need someone to take the heat off me. I'm going to go get cloned." Hell, you can't walk down the street without hearing that!

While the method of cloning may be stupid and pointless, the fact that scientists were able to clone Dolly will undoubtedly prove invaluable to the field of genetics. I'm no expert, but I have to imagine that the information that can be learned from studying Dolly will have astounding human implications. I predict that by the time you're reading this, cancer and heart disease will be eradicated completely. As for Dolly, I predict that she's going to have a long and full life. GreasninDeux out!

Now that's cloning!

Wrong! Dolly died of cancer! The irony is priceless. Even though his predictions were way off, GreasninDeux's report is greatly appreciated, mainly because it saved me from having to write a complete update for this week. On a somewhat darker note, we here at Something Awful have learned that GreasninDeux died sometime in 1998. Apparently he developed some sort of incurable lung disease and started aging rapidly. Oh well. At least it didn't happen to anyone we like. Or Frolixo.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

2.25 A Solemn Moment of Silence for Those Who Have Fallen

Tuesday, Feb 25, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

In remembrance of Great White's illustrious career, I will be posting lovely, patriotic tributes to them throughout today's update.

Before I start today's update, I would like to take a moment to honor and pay tribute to the 97 innocent victims who were recently killed while attending a Great White concert. This catastrophe is a reminder that our brutal capitalistic society cares more about fulfilling its insatiable sense of raw greed than the lives of the people it chooses to irresponsibly exploit. Such events as this help our souls slide further into extinction, almost guaranteeing that we'll soon become a nation of individuals who place material possessions and the promise of wealth before the most precious thing this world has to offer us: other loving and caring human beings, the only things in the world that can make us truly feel complete. With that out of the way, I will now proceed to ruthlessly mock the deaths of these people.

First off, if you're still a fan of Great White, you honestly should've killed yourself near the end of the 1980s. Great White fans are the guys you see in the grocery store wearing acid-bleached jeans, biker boots, and a jean jacket featuring a series of colorful sequins in the form of a Bald Eagle. They're the people who drive the IROC-Zs of America, the individuals who are fans of any vehicle which has a body design sharp and angular enough to slice your finger in half if you attempt to touch it or even look at it in any way which could be described as "menacing" or "pitying." These people still have a robust collection of cassette tapes featuring bands that, when grouped together, would have a mass of hair large enough to take over a major city airport. I don't think I even need to mention the obligatory mullet that each of these human gems sport around, a stringy, filthy length of shame which resembles some sort of parasitic organism whose duty is to drain all sense of judgment from their dangerously bored minds and replace it with fantastically creative ideas such as "drink more beer."

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the legendary Great White (I shall refer to you as "the blessed"), they were another one of those one-hit wonders from the 1980s, mostly in the sense that "I wonder if one hit to their face with a street sign would make them stop producing records." Their claim to fame was a perky little ditty of a song entitled, "Once Bitten, Twice Shy," which dealt with the poignant and meaningful social issue that a multitude of 80s hair metal bands often attempted to tackle: the freedom to "rock out." Great White was one of the many, many bands who used to sing about death and murdering people and forging pacts with Satan in exchange for one of those way cool double guitars that not only had the luxury of sounding like complete shit, but also had the additional benefit of looking like complete shit. They followed the path of every 80s hair metal band: sing about death, sign a contract with MTV, then start singing about watered-down wussy crap like "rocking out" and "the unbelievable list of incredible opportunities presented to those who take advantage of the ability to rock out." The only difference between Great White and all the other whiteboy rockin' bands in the 80s was the fact that Great White didn't really rock and roll very well. They were out-performed by the artists they tried so hard to rip off, ranging from lead vocalist's Jack Russell's crappy imitation of Robert Plant, to Mark Kendall's charade as Jimmy Page. Take one part Led Zeppelin or AC/DC, then cut that part into 2,000 different parts, select one at random, and you'll have Great White. Of course, I won't let my jaded, one-sided portrayal of "Great White" ruin your objectivity on this issue, so allow me to present some of the lyrics from their very non-hit song, "Out Of The Night":

Your mama told you baby, I'm not the man for you
And what your daddy told you darlin, ain't nothin' but the truth!
I'm a rocker, I'm a roller,
I'm a stone cold drinking man
I'm gonna give you lovin', the only way I can.

Wow! Those lyrics seem to be copied straight out of award-winning King Poetry Amiri Baraka's "Big Book O' Poems: The Rockin' Out Edition!" It's really difficult to understand how a band with such raw talent and power shriveled up and died like a vampire jumping into the sun once the 80s ended! I can only assume they were part of a massive governmental conspiracy, once that involves me joining my crustacean-like friends at the local Scientology clinic and handing a burlap sack with three "$" signs stenciled across it to a large bald man who has significantly less Thetans than I.

Remember: DON'T FORGET.

Now some of you out there may have issues with my hard line stance of "who cares?" in regards to the recently Great White great yellow inferno. Although the fire caused by Great White's impressive pyrotechnical abilities (the skill to light a bottle rocket and point it in the general direction of the sky, which I believe is currently "up") knocked off a few 1980s time warp victims, others were killed by the ensuing panic of 50-year old bearded guys trampling over them and crushing their skulls like a ping pong ball under the wheel of a Ford Explorer. Stampeding over people until they are dead is an activity bonded within our DNA and dates back to the time when the Romans decided they had enough of that militant Muslim guy named Jesus, so they threw him into the Adelphia Coliseum and allowed Barrabus (a notorious Jesus "playah hatah" at the time) to enter in and trample Jesus to death by using nothing but his massive girth and Iron Boots of the Warrior, which added +3 to his STR but lowered his CON by -1. The art of trampling can be seen at any English "football" game, which is not really football and not really a game but they continue to play it regardless. For example, after the Manchester United Haggledubloons defeat the Ipswich Town Bloody Lorries, fans from each team engage each other in fisticuffs until one of them is knocked to the ground, at which point a crowd of 10,000 people comes out of nowhere and starts jumping on the guy until his bones are interacting with the molten core of the Earth. Then those guys with the funny puffy hats and nightsticks run onto the scene and begin shouting, "nothing to see here, please move along" in a comical tone of voice which would insinuate they're a member of some local chimney-sweeping union.

No matter how much I think Great White really stunk and can't really find it in myself to pity anybody dumb enough to attend their concert when it takes place in a building made from jumbo-sized Lincoln Logs and has a pyrotechnics crew consisting of a gelatinous white trash blob whose first name is two initials and his last name is a city in Georgia, I can't help but feel that there are other, more deserving bands that need to catch fire in a horrible inferno. For example, there's Ja Rule. Actually, Ja Rule is the only name that keeps coming up in my mind, so let's just concentrate on him, despite the protest of my more sane and logical mental faculties. Here are some great nightclub ideas I've been brainstorming by utilizing the power of my "Happy Thought Helmet," an odd, misshapen bowl-like tool that I found near that one military test facility I was told to never visit because they've been spending all the taxpayer's money for the last 28 years on bombarding radioactive isotopes and spiders with more radioactive isotopes in an attempt to create a giant radioactive isotope which can shoot out spider webs from its hands and solve crimes involving grown men dressed as mechanical sea creatures.

Ja Rule and some white guy post at Stampede!, shortly before the stampede begins. NOTE: photograph was taken in the future by our time-traveling camera drones.

- **"Stampede!"**

This nightclub would be a tribute to days gone by, the times when men were men and women were women, unless the women were men, in which case the women who were men were men too. The period known as the "Wild Wild West" took place somewhere in between 1600 AD and 1963 AD, and was known for mystical creatures referred to as "cowboys" (who were neither named after cows nor boys) roaming the plains, in search of elusive wild chickens and other threatening animals. Upon successfully tracking down an enemy cow, the cowboy would throw a rope in the general direction of his prey and it would magically turn into a loop and somehow ensnare the unsuspecting, venom-filled animal. Then he'd haul it back into town where the villagers would rejoice and engage in a hoedown, drinking from unmarked jugs and branding the captive animal with red hot pokers in the shape of lighthearted and cheerful swastikas. Our exclusive nightclub "Stampede!" would bring this theme of danger and romance and painful burning back to the present, where it damn well belongs. At a random point throughout Ja Rule's rap "performance," a large bull or fat guy with an assault rifle will be let into the room, goring and shooting anybody in his path. The crowd will then flee to the nearest exit, which just happens to be at the end of a mile-long corridor which is roughly three feet wide. The chances of a good trampling are very high in this scenario, particularly since the exit door is made out of steel. Oh yeah, and it's welded to the walls. The fat guy gets to eat whatever he tramples.

- "Oh No, **It's Ducks!"**

Mankind has loved ducks ever since the first day an apparition of a disembodied, floating, pantsless duck appeared to Walt "Disneyland" Disney after a night of binge drinking and primitive speedballs. Ducks have since been immortalized in various pleasing cartoon forms, although usually missing critical articles of clothing. "Oh No, It's Ducks!" would appear to be a simple, run of the mill nightclub to anybody ignoring the giant LED readout on the wall below the air raid siren and hazard lights. Ja Rule would get on stage, begin his routine of saying words to no conceivable rhythm while somebody pushes buttons on an unpowered keyboard behind him. While his show goes on, the LED, which is simply a timer, will be silently counting down from 10:00 to, well, 00:00. Once the clock hits 00:00, the air raid sirens go off, hazard lights start flashing everywhere, and a deep voice comes booming in over the loudspeakers stating, "OH NO! IT'S DUCKS!" At this point, the ceiling retracts and millions and millions of ducks are released into the room, causing the stunned members of the crowd to become not as stunned and instead flee in abject terror. Now you might be wondering how ducks would horrify and hopefully end up killing them all, but there's a simple reason for this: I meant to replace the word "ducks" with "explosives."

- **"The Cannon Club"**

"The Cannon Club" lacks a theme or motif unlike the previous two ideas. For example, there are no ducks or cowboys allowed in "The Cannon Club." There is, however, a G5 155mm 45-caliber howitzer stationed directly behind the curtains where Ja Rule will be performing his exciting, entertaining act. The cannon is programmed to automatically fire a Frag-HE round at a pre-determined point in time, which just happens to coincide with the exact moment Ja Rule first opens his mouth to say something or cough or breathe. If the cannon somehow fails to obliterate him and his legion of thug lyfe fans, then we'll fall back on plan B and the aforementioned "ducks" will soon descend onto the heads of the survivors.

The Cannon Club welcomes Ja Rule and Ja Rule's banana headband.

While it is unfortunate that 80s hair metal band fans are getting knocked off at an alarming rate, it is good to know that there will always be talented musicians such as Ja Rule to let us know that you don't have to be talented or a musician to be labeled a "talented musician." And with each fan he gains, the chances of them getting caught in a burning nightclub or nightclub full of paid employees burning them increase dramatically. I guess I should feel sad about the Great White fiasco, particularly now since they're going to be back in the spotlight and have a chance of selling or, God forbid producing, more albums, but I really can't help but feel that there's a whole new demographic of music fans to burn, and these tragic accidents really should start catching up with the times. I guess my feelings can be best summed up by the following lyrics from Great White's non-smash hit song "Stick It":

> *The old man told me "Hey you! Make a choice.*
> *You can the music and stop all the noise,*
> *Or you can get out and find your own way!"*
> *I told him "Stick it." My rock's here to stay.*
> *No. No. I can't live without it*
> *No. No. It just ain't the same*
> *No. No. Ain't no doubt about it*
> *So rock me again!*
>
> *I wanna roll it and burn it all night*
> *Me and my Chevy don't stop for no lights*
> *Crankin' the metal, blastin' the plant*
> *They wanna catch me, betcha they can't!*

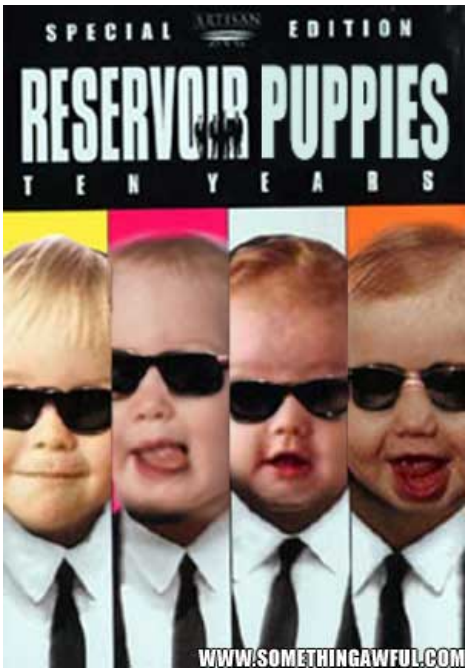
I think that means he's gay.

Comedy Goldmine: Version .5 Alpha

Tally ho, we've got gold in them there those these hills! The SA Forum Goons once again ventured into the always exciting and mysterious movie making industry, this time examining what the movie BEFORE the movie was like. That's right, we're talking about prequels!

Awww... a baby Michael Madsen! Was anybody else besides me really pissed when they canceled "Vengeance: Unlimited"? I loved that damn show! Bah... regardless, the Comedy Goldmine is here and ready for you to inspect, with or without the spooky white rubber gloves.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)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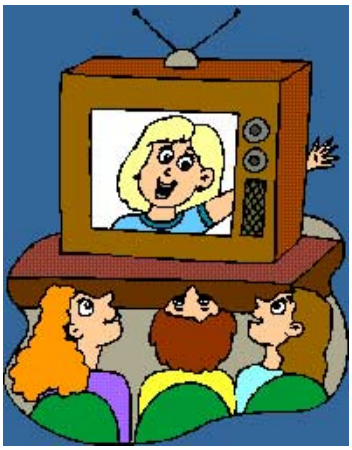
2.26 Very Heavy Television That Breaks Ground: Part 1 of 52

Tuesday, Feb 25, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Now, more than ever, the television airwaves are saturated with abysmal garbage. Aside from a few quality shows, everything on TV seems to be a lot of hogwash, and I get more than enough of that washing hogs on the side for drug money. From the reality shows that bring out the worst in humankind to the endless incrustation of formulaic sitcoms long past their prime, television is a wasteland as barren and frigid as Bea Arthur in cryogenic storage. For those of us who don't have things like a "life" or "friends" to derive entertainment from, television becomes a necessary source of nourishment and support. I watch so much television that I actually urinate static now, and believe you me, it hurts. When I was a wee lad, not yet old enough to kill a hobo but still old enough to hate them all the same, I had such a fascinating wealth of shows to choose form. Back then I could turn on the TV and see a man driving a motherfucking talking car. Now I turn on the tube and see swarms of harpies trying to marry an idiot because they think he's a millionaire dandy fop eager to lavish them with Scrooge McDuck-style skinny dipping sessions in a pool filled with glorious gold. About the only time you see a talking car on TV is during stupid car commercials, and that's also when the TV is being muted and ignored like a popular mime. I won't deny that I'm both naïve and stupid, but this to me is the biggest possible indicator imaginable that this nation is going to hell. When we all stop believing in the collective dream that our cars will one day be our equals, we close the doors of imagination and innovation instead of leaving them ajar.



Pro Tip: when making a television show, it is important to make sure you get all of the actor on screen at once or else they might lose a limb when the viewer changes the channel.

The only way things are going to improve is if we all try to make a difference. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that's what I'm about to do. However, I realize that nobody listens to me. Hollywood never called me when I proposed several blockbuster movies, whoever it is that buys inventions never bought any of my inventions, and when I proposed racial and gender segregation nobody came to picket my house, so I obviously don't want to go this alone. I'm taking you through the steps necessary to create a show, so you're welcome to play along at home provided you play fair and you aren't a communist. Right now, television is the impure lifeblood that keeps our world alive and domesticated, but it's doing a terrible job of that. We all must do our part and make television a more exciting and unpredictable place, like a truck stop restroom at 3:00AM. By the blessed bowel movements of Abe Vigoda, we have to try. It's what the victims of 2/20 would have wanted most had they even half a brain to call their own.

The first step in creating a groundbreaking television show is to determine the aim of the show. Are you making a dazzling spectacle of laughter or a disturbing comedy-drama hybrid about a teenage boy tormented by the the voice of Daniel Stern constantly narrating his life? Comedies are usually a big hit, what with the laughs and all, but I don't know the first thing about comedy. For the sake of this article, let's just focus on the dramatic spectrum. After you're done choosing the only option I've given you, the next step is deciding what style of show you're going for. There are a lot of choices you can go with for this aspect, but all I could think of were these:

- **Modern/Real World:** A lot of dramas are rooted in real world settings, such as the

White House, a school, an emergency room, or on the back of a motorcycle located a few feet to the right of another motorcycle that Larry Wilcox is riding on. Cop shows, crime shows, shows about doctors, lawyers, teachers, politicians, all of that crap goes here. This pretty much encompasses most of what's on TV, since it's easy for the audience to relate to. On the other hand, it's harder to stand given the massive volume of shows that fall into this category. This is of course not to be confused with Reality TV, which is where reality is suspended so idiots can glimmer like mighty fountains that spew human dignity out like Ebola victims spew their own intestines out.

Gimmicky Show: Some shows revolve around a gimmick, such as a show where each episode represents one hour in the life of an ordinary man gifted with a bladder as fortified as a maximum security prison on the moon. Another show might tell the same overall story from a dozen different perspectives, dickteasing you about the final outcome all the way through thanks new details unique to each viewpoint. Other possibilities include a show that occurs in reverse, or a show that runs perpendicular to linear time causing your TV to become self-aware and overburdened with murderous rage yet unable to act on this rage due to being trapped between two dimensions. Experimental TV is dangerous, because the gimmick can end up getting in the way of the story or characters. The key factor here is that if your gimmick is going to be loud and intrusive, make it as loud an intrusive as humanly possible.

Science Fiction: Science fiction is the perfect genre for those times when you don't want to play by the rules or when you really can't think of any other good reasons to justify having cyborgs and spaceships all over the place. The downside to doing science fiction is that if your show catches on, all your fans will be horrendous nerds who spend their time writing fan fiction and treatises documenting how wormholes actually work then e-mailing them to you expecting praise. If you go this route, be sure to be a real asshole and piss these people off as much possible by being intentionally inaccurate and sloppy with your science. For example, make sure all your ships use sonar to track each other while in space.

Here we see a photo of the very first television boardcast. At the time, no one knew what would happen so they tested it on a man in the midst of being put to death on an electric chair. After his death, television was banned forever. A postively true alternate reality story!

Fantasy: If you plan to make a show that appeals to fags, this is probably your best bet. To create a sustainable fantasy show you need a big muscular man to run around fighting poorly made CG monsters in epic battles that start, go, and end the same way each episode. Bonus points if you give him a wisecracking sidekick and a mischievous

pet that's actually some kind of enchanted rock, tree stump, or radio controled car with fur glued to it.

Period Piece: Sometimes it's good to do a show set in a time and place long expired, or to coin a new term, "the past." If you want to make a show about pioneer pirates fresh off the Mayflower or whatever, this would be where your crappy show goes. This would also be a good place to stick cowboy shows, or shows about Vikings. I don't think there has ever been a show about Vikings, but that doesn't mean you couldn't make one. OR DOES IT? DUN DUN DUN!

When selecting the style, realize that all of the abovementioned choices have been done to death. As such, you need to come up with something else! Hah! I tricked you, you primitive man-animal! Way to think in formation! To truly innovate, you just have to cut up what's already there and slap it around like a third world nation. Really, who cares about consistency anyway? Most people are too busy murdering their neighbors over precious shards of duct tape to care if your show flip-flops from being set in a backwater town in the 1800s to having laser fights aboard a spaceship over the span of two episodes. The way I see it, variety is what adds artificial flavoring to life, so go with the flow and don't let anything hold you back. Pull out all the stops, and if need be, add more stops so you have more to pull out. The less stops, the faster you can be on your way to crashing into convention, hopefully taking lots of victims in the process. People love seeing train wrecks, and that means ratings up the ass! Your proctologist will be working overtime to remove the Neilson ratings box shrapnel from your innards.

In my next update I'll discuss characters and plot, two ingredients that are apparently essential to a quality show. I guess it makes sense, because what good is an empty setting? You need dashing heroes and fascinating assholes doing stuff to draw an audience. You'll also get to see my proposal for a TV series, which, depending on the seismic activity of your region, may well rock your world. If you're wondering, the other 50 parts of this article series will cover airline food and why it's so unbelievably crazy that movies always come out on Fridays. I mean really, what's that all about? Is it always Friday in Hollywood?

This Movie Is Not Very Good

This is Ben "Connie Chung" Platt with another of my ever so delightful movie reviews! This time around I took a look at Tim Ritter's "Killing Spree," a wonderful story of a young couple in love.... with murder! Muhuwahahahahaha. Yes. Uh, read this:

> *What do you get when you take the best horror director in Hollywood, give him a chilling script full of quick-witted dialogue and plenty of screams, and add a solid cast of experienced actors? I don't know, but it sure as shit isn't "Killing Spree." Every character in this movie is like a horrible parody of an actual human being. The same could be said for the actors. "Killing Spree" hypes itself as a nonstop gorefest, but the most horrifying images in the movie come courtesy of several naked men suffering from varying degrees of obesity/back hair. Writer/Director Tim Ritter (motto: "A plot is where you get buried") achieves an almost Polonian level of nonsensical crapulence with this steaming log of insanity.*

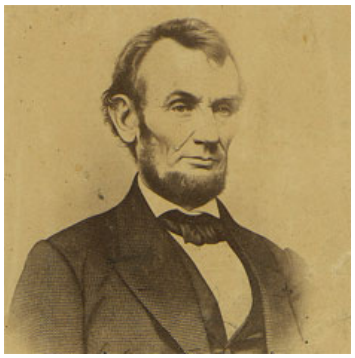
Look, just read the damn review, alright? Don't make me come over there. I'll do it. I'm crazy.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.27 American Legends: Abraham Lincoln

Thursday, Feb 27, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On Monday I dedicated my update to the first president of the United States, none other than George Washington. With a mixture of traditional information acquired from texts on that great figure and new information that I acquired myself using unconventional means I believe I celebrated Washington and enriched what we thought we knew about him. I would like to take the time today to dedicate a second update to another great figure from American history.

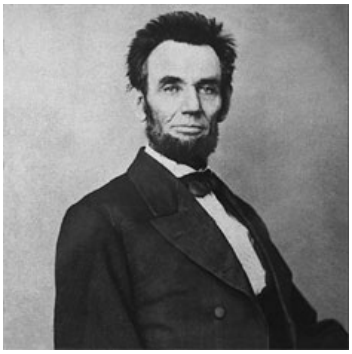


This image of Lincoln was done just weeks before his second brain growth became apparent.

Abraham Lincoln freed blacks from the shackles of slavery, he brought the Union through the greatest conflict in our history that threatened to tear our nation asunder, and he was one of the most eloquent and profound speakers our nation has ever produced. Recently some small amount of controversy has been associated with Lincoln. Some would say that his commitment to the end of slavery and bringing equality to all races was not complete enough. Others theorize that Lincoln was a homosexual, which would quite obviously unravel all of the good he has undeniably done for our country and bring shame on our proud history. Using my patented technique of "histronomy" I would like to not only celebrate this legend of Americana, but cast off these shadows of doubt that have crept into his biography.

For the casual historian or those who just take pride in their American heritage I believe this piece will offer you interesting information about Abraham Lincoln. Not only that, but for the most erudite scholars of Lincoln's history this piece should provide a cornucopia of new information about the man. Whatever category you fall into I suggest you put on some sort of safety helmet that can contain your mind because it is about to be totally fucking blown.

The Early Years



Lincoln's second brain is growing rapidly and he must conceal it with his wild hair.

Abraham Lincoln was born in the most modest of circumstances in a log cabin near Hodgenville, Ky., on Feb. 12, 1809. His father was a simple farmer named Thomas and his mother was a mysterious woman who some believe to either be an angel or succubus, or possibly a simple woman named Nancy Hanks. Lincoln's life was hard even at a young age and the necessities of pioneer life forced him to perform grueling chores when as young as three or four. In his own memoirs Lincoln writes "when I was but a scrapling of four winters my father hastened me to scale sheer rockfaces to steal the prized eggs of carnivorous great eagles. These birds would assail me as I descended with their clutch, tearing long strips of flesh from my arms and back with their talons. This was all in the day's work for me." He goes on to describe the primitive farm conditions of his later childhood.

> *"On my eighth year we raised a barn out of dirt and rocks and some pieces of wood we threw into the heap before it settled. We went into the woods and beat the trees with sticks until all manner of livestock stampeded out and were corralled into our barn. The wild cows were quick to anger and*

bit my hands during feedings in the most unkind of manner. Milking the forest turtles was no walk of the cakes either, as these feral tortoises gave their sweet milk into the pan they would snap and clatter their pincers until I sometimes clapped my hands over my ears. For a time we even kept a bog monster locked in the cellar and occasionally I would cut off pieces of meat from its flanks that would grow back in a fortnight. Oh the calamity of it all as I approached with my butcher's accoutrements. How the beast would wail, its tongue lolling from its mouth and foam covering its rubbery lips. We kept its clawed forelimbs pinioned to its chest with twine and had to daily prune its leathery wings lest it break free and take flight into the night sky to return to its home in the bog or on the moon."

Lincoln was only seven when his family moved to Indiana and was only nine when his mother succumbed to a disease, probably either hair worms or the dreaded kettle crisps. Without a woman around the Lincoln house fell into disrepair and unimaginable squalor. Not knowing how to cook for or bathe his children, Abraham's father Thomas often provided them only with bowls of grass and pieces of fur to eat and had them roll in cow pens once a week to clean themselves. Luckily Thomas married Sarah Bush Johnston scarcely over a year later and the widow brought order and her three children into the Lincoln household.

Lincoln grew to be a tall young man and the family moved on to Illinois several years later where Lincoln became a voracious reader. His taste in literature ranged from the Holy Bible to historic texts to bizarre occult tomes like "Cultes des Goules" and "Unaussprechlichen Kulten". It is even rumored that when he was only 12 years old Lincoln managed to banish some strange stalker of the Indiana forests using only a religious incantation and a red-veined oddly angled stone. At the age of 19 Lincoln began to work outside of the home, helping to ferry riverboat cargoes as far south as Louisiana. At the age of 23 Lincoln joined the military and served two terms to help kill Indians who were in the way of expanding American territory with their silly teepees and beads and whatnot.

Early Political Career

Lincoln fully entered the political arena in 1834 when he was elected to the Illinois House of Representatives. At the time political alignments were in a state of uncertainty, with a number of different factions beginning to take shape. Lincoln had a tough decision to make about which one of the three major parties to align himself with.

Lincoln was often bloodied by his cruel wife Mary Todd.

- **The Whig Party** - The Whig party was created as a reaction to Andrew Jackson's federalist Democratic Party. It consisted mainly of drunkards and hooligans with a tendency to fire pistols, brawl, and hoot nonsense while breaking bottles of booze over each other's heads. During political meetings they were known for engaging in any number of ribald practical jokes that included cross-dressing, hot feet, paddling, ritualized mutilation, and the opening of dimensional gateways.
- **The Democratic Party** - The formative Democratic Party wanted to concentrate power in the federal government and did this by sending groups of thugs around towns and "cracking skulls". High ranking Democratic politicians would accompany these gangs on horseback and would utilize a long hook-headed staff to ensnare the citizenry and drag them off to indentured labor camps.

- **The Eternal Negro Enslavement Party** - The strongest supporters of state's rights, the Eternal Negro Enslavement Party members wanted to diversify the power of the federal government to the individual states and build a foundation on the backs of black slaves. In fact they supported the government taking an active hand in the spread of slavery including using crude airships to trap and import slaves from abroad. They also supported the legal classification of Irishmen, Germans, and the Italians as Negroes.

After some pressure, Lincoln followed his political idols Henry Clay and John T. Stuart and joined the Whigs. Lincoln was a powerful speaker even early in his political career, but as a congressman of a frontier state he did not hold all that much sway. Following the advice of Stuart he got his law license and began practicing law to supplement his income and cover expenses which included money he still owed for a failed business.

It was not long before Lincoln's marriage to Marry Todd in 1842 that he began to wear his famous stove-pipe hat. While many believed his wild hair and the hat were simply affectations, they were actually both intended to conceal a bizarre change Lincoln was undergoing. Lincoln had mutated a second brain on top of his skull, one that doubled his intelligence and granted him growing psychic abilities. It is told that Lincoln once solved a murder that had gone unsolved for almost a decade in a matter of minutes. What is not widely known is that Lincoln solved this crime but "scanning" the mind of a suspect and reading his memories about the murder. He then provided intricate details to the local constabulary who in turn arrested and jailed the man for his crime based on the evidence found.

Lincoln's marriage to Mary Todd was not all fun and games either. She was a difficult spouse, prone to titanic rages that would often leave Lincoln badly beaten. Only once did he fear for his life enough to unleash his psychic powers and send her flying across a courtyard and into a fountain. Witnesses claim to have heard him murmur "cool off" as he turned and walked back inside his home. Mary Todd did bear her husband four children, but because of a hex placed on her by a jealous gypsy with affections for Lincoln only one of the four children lived to adulthood. Robert Lincoln survived, probably shielded from death by the sheer will and psychic ability of Lincoln himself.

His political career experienced a number of ups and downs including dramatic debates with Senator Douglas. Finally in 1860 Lincoln ran and won for the office of President of the United States, States that were not United for long as the Southern states quickly seceded from the Union citing "creative differences".

The Civil War

A picture taken at Wooly Creek where Lincoln piloted the Battle Forge and lost his arm.

Immediately after his inauguration Lincoln faced a crisis over Fort Sumter in the Charleston (S. C.) harbor, one of the few remaining U.S. forts in the seceded states still under federal control. It was there that the first shots of the civil war were fired when the Confederate Navy bombarded supply ships bound for the fort and soon lay siege to the fort itself. The war had begun and Lincoln acted to reinforce the Union military forces and consolidate the remaining Union states. Despite his best efforts even more drifted away and, not wanting to anger loyal states that still allowed slavery, Lincoln hesitated on issuing his Emancipation Proclamation.

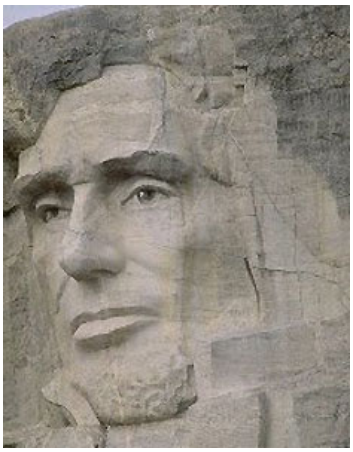
Many of the largest and most important battles of the Civil War have been carefully recorded and reenacted by a bunch of adult nerds with too much time and money for their own good. Other battles and incidents have been lost to the cruel procession of time. Until now that is! Thanks to my revolutionary "historonomy" technique I have managed to record a

number of instances where Lincoln personally took command of the war effort or otherwise averted catastrophe. I was going to write a book about all this stuff because Civil War history texts sell really well, then I realized how monumentally lazy I am and decided to include them in this article. Here now, for the first time in over a century, are some of the most important battles and events you have never heard of!

- **The First Battle of Wooly Creek (1861)** - Lincoln first led the Union army in battle at Wooly Creek, where the 175th Rifle Division, supported by cannons and battle balloons, engaged some 20,000 Confederate forces. Lincoln fought at the front in a steam-driven suit of cast-iron armor he called the "Battle Forge". Spraying shot from its arm-mounted Gatling guns and firing massive shells out of its back-mounted war mortar, Lincoln accounted for some thousand dead personally. When a barrage of artillery disabled the mechanical warrior, Lincoln emerged unscathed and fought off a Confederate counter-attack with a handful of soldiers. Using his saber to run the enemy through, Lincoln projected a psychic force that shielded him and many of the other soldiers from Confederate sharpshooters. Ultimately the battle was won but Lincoln suffered a grievous injury from a rebel cannon and his left arm was amputated. This was replaced weeks later while Lincoln recovered with a pneumatic drill capable of burrowing through the hull of an ironclad.

- **The Battle of Harp's Elbow Ranch (1863)** - Lincoln had resumed personal command of two divisions in the field in early 1863 and fought a number of minor skirmishes against the Confederacy. In June he lead a large attack against General Lee's forces near Charleston at a field known as Harp's Elbow Ranch. There Lincoln deployed the first Praetorians of the Union seen in battle. Polished iron warriors controlled by Lincoln's mind, they were immune to all attack but a direct hit from cannon shot. Only twenty in number, Lincoln rode in the upgraded armored battle suit called "The Kraken" and cut a swath to Lee's headquarters unit. There he fought with the Confederate general and some of his war seers in a pitched battle that lasted throughout the night. While the conventional forces engaged each other in heated battle, the action around Lee's HQ was no less intense. Lincoln's battle suit was crippled but still functioning by the coruscating flames of magic blasted forth from the hands of Lee's personal seer Agamemnon. Fueled by the blood being spilled on the battle nearby the war seer had gained incredible power and each blast liquefied metal on "The Kraken" and rocked it back on its hydraulic legs. His ammunition exhausted, Lincoln charged forward and smashed Agamemnon's body against a rack of conveniently angled bayonet blades. Whistling Dixie on blood-stained lips, Agamemnon blasted apart Lincoln's dreadnought with a final massive spell cast from his hands. Lincoln survived but again was forced to retire. Despite his injuries Lincoln had broken the magical backbone of Confederacy's sorcery corps. Lee retreated into Charleston and the Union army besieged it.

- **Assassination Attempt (1864)** - Desperate to lash out at the warrior president of the Union, General Lee and several of his closest agents forced a voodoo practitioner slave to cast a spell upon Lincoln. Using pieces of Lincoln's coat and a few strands of hair recovered from the battlefield at Harp's Elbow Ranch, the voodoo priest summoned the spirits of the dead to arise and slay Lincoln. All throughout Washington corpses began to disinter themselves and shamble towards the White House. Over the course of a week the mass of living dead encircled the president and attempted to break into the White House and kill him. Desperate for assistance, Lincoln employed the help of a magical Genie who would grant him wishes. His first wish was for the dead to return to their rest in the afterlife and this the Genie granted. His second wish was for all slaves to be free and with a nod the Genie made all slaves throughout the world free. Lincoln's third and



Lincoln was so great that aliens carved a life-sized version of his head into a mountain with their space lasers.

final wish was that he could be a 500-foot tall billionaire that all women found attractive. And so it was that Lincoln grew to be even taller than the late, great, George Washington.

- **The Fall of the South (1864)** - Turned into a towering titan of might, Lincoln strode South to Richmond and Atlanta, blasting them all with psychic shockwaves felt around the globe. He shrugged off even the heaviest attacks and would occasionally unleash poison gas from canisters hidden in his giant hat. During the evening he would tear apart entire grain stockpiles pouring thousands of pounds of corn and wheat down his throat. Behind him followed a legion of damsels who would tend to him in the evening by placing hundreds of cool washcloths on the massively swollen and pulsing orb of his second brain. Lincoln coupled with many fine southern and northern lasses during those heady final days of the war. While he had grown to such a colossal size, the Genie had kindly left his genitals of normal proportions and Lincoln indeed used them to sire vast numbers of illegitimate offspring.

With the Civil War over Lincoln ran for re-election which he easily won. Unfortunately for him a few days later, while enjoying a play at Ford's Theater, Lincoln was assassinated by a 500-foot tall actor named John Wilkes Booth. Believed to be in league with a cabal of Satanists and Freemasons Booth had been granted a boon by demonic entities and had grown to a size equal to Lincoln. Southern artisans and tenacious rebels had crafted a gigantic pistol for him to use. Lincoln never recovered from the three ton bullet that struck him in the head.

Save 100% Off The Newsstand Price!

Hey guys, what's going on in this update? Josh "Liverspots" Boruff here to let you know that the Something Awful Forum Goons have once more blessed us with the funny images necessary to bring you guys some Photoshop Phriday action. This week it's "Magazine Mayhem," which means we've got lots of funny magazines that the bigshots over in Washington don't want you read.

Go and read it or I'll call the cops!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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2.28 Fundamentalist Fashion Showdown!

Thursday, Feb 27, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

An angry mob plays a game of "Rock, Paper, Scissors" with an oppressive government. Silly guys, they always play as "rock!"

Although you might not be aware of it, running a website like Something Awful is difficult work. For example, I have to make sure that I wake up at some point throughout the day, in addition to deciding if I should ever bother putting on pants (survey says: NO). Additionally, I am regularly flooded with email promising such lucrative offers as making my puny phallus possibly millions of times larger than it currently is, thereby enabling it to engulf major cities and eventually forcing the National Guard to airdrop in and subdue it by firing a barrage of rocket-propelled grenades into my forehead. However, the most daunting task lies within the content matter of the daily update. It's difficult to pick a subject which will simply alienate half of this website's audience while simultaneously alienating the other half as well. I usually choose my subject matter by clicking on random news-like links in my email inbox, such as "ENABLE YOUR PUNY PHALLUS POSSIBLE MILLIONS OF TIMES LARGER THAN IT CURRENTLY IS JH37SxSQ!!!!" These links lead me to interesting, fact-filled websites which inspire me so much that I decide to shut off the computer and watch CPSAN until I pass out in an amendment-filled stupor. It is during this dreary haze of sleep in which my dreams of blood provide me with ample front page update material, such as the revolutionary "hey, make fun of stupid people" and "recycle joke number eight a few more times and hope that nobody notices." The end result is often something which involves me taking shots at various religions because, according to my narrow-minded and crazy point of view, religion tends to make people a bit narrow-minded and crazy.

I don't know what's going on here, but I'm fairly sure it isn't anything positive.

I suppose it's fortunate that most religions have forcefully installed "The Hand of God v1.2" on their members' computers, a handy little program which blocks out offensive or tasteless websites run by enemies of the church (read as: "anybody not in the church"). This ensures that innocent, God-loving folk don't accidentally stumble upon websites like this while doing web searches for their favorite holy scripture, that one that taught us about how we should love our neighbor by using an analogy revolving around a bear, his prized pink hat, and some bearded guy who separated the two and ended up killing the bear because he repeatedly made inopportune sexual advances towards the bearded guy's farming tools. Web-filtering software is a godsend not only to god but also to sites like Something Awful, preventing me from being washed into Lake Washington by the ridiculous amount of furious emails sent by highly religious people who might take offense to me referring to their magnificent god as "some bearded guy." I'm not exactly sure why facial hair is a sign of being King Holy Pants and everything, but it seems like bearded guys are always at the top of the food chain when it comes to the ranks of religion. This idea really frightens me, as every time I leave my apartment to go anywhere, I have to drive by roughly 10 million bearded guys holding cardboard signs reading "WILL WORK FOR FOOD" with at least three misspelled words. Are all these men prophets? Do they know what the future holds? If I give them a bag of nickels and an ashtray full of cigarette butts, will they tell me my future? Or will they simply urinate in my hand and begin listing the names of each individual bug crawling under their epidermal layer? God only knows!

The "Bearded Deity Phenomenon" has been blowing my previously blown mind for years now. The

more fundamentalist you lean towards any religion, the bigger your beard gets. And the bigger beard you have, the more flamboyantly weird clothing you are required to start wearing. This is why many fundamentalist religions don't really catch on the with the majority of a country's citizens. Well, that and the fact that many fundamentalists feel the need to blow themselves up for any reason whatsoever. Seriously, if you invite a fundamentalist over to your house for dinner and he doesn't like the chicken, boom, you and your wife and kids will be scattered across three different area codes. Hell, I doubt you could even plan a dinner with a fundamentalist to begin with, as the ring tone from his phone is liable to remind him how his god shuns devices of communication which could potentially weaken his faith in God, thereby causing him to detonate the holy high explosives wrapped around his body like a wet blanket. These explosives, however, must be covered up with an appropriate garment of clothing which reflects the fundamentalist's love for whichever god of theirs was recently ranked #1 by J.D. Power and Associates.

A majority of entrants into the Fundamentalist Fashion Show come from three major religions: Christianity, Judaism, and Mulimisicitizism. While each of these religions has good intentions and a kind, loving god who probably has an impressive beard, the fundamentalist forces behind each are known far and wide for their utterly amazing fashion sense. Fundamentalist Fashion Competitions have been going on behind closed doors for decades now, often in the same buildings that house Masonic cults and that one group of people who put the psychic floating eyeball on top of the pyramid on all US currency. Today I will break through these decades of silence and reveal the three candidates for this year's Fundamentalist Fashion Show:

■ CONTESTANT #1: JEWISH FUNDAMENTALIST

Background: The first Jew in history was named Abraham, a brave and noble soul who traveled from Haran to Canaan back in 1741 BCE, fighting ruthless cavemen, dinosaurs, and the Great Depression in order to reach his destination. Abraham was forced to move to Canaan once god grew tired of tormenting Abraham with up to ten different temptations. God did everything to annoy Abraham; he promised to give him the sexiest woman in Haran (an easy temptation to pass up), swore to make him King of Haran (nobody lived in Haran except some guy who sold melons and twigs and carried a wicker basket on his head even though he never went anywhere), and even offered him 12 free months of AOL 1.0 (which was neither faster nor easier than ever back then, but it was still a fairly good deal). Abraham kept turning God down so God got really angry and said, "okay, fine, just go to Canaan because nobody here likes you anyway," and the melon guy agreed. Eventually Abraham made it to Canaan and used an engineer to capture their buildings, therefore claiming it in the name of the Lord. Some other stuff happened after that, but I really won't get into it because frankly I don't know what it is.

Description: If there's anything the good lord doesn't like, it's fancy pants, high-fallootin' rich and sassy folk. Jewish fundamentalists, also known as "Haredim" to people who bother spending time using search engines for stupid Internet articles, prefer to wear modest, plain simple clothing. This clothing looks very similar to the garments worn by both the Amish and the Trenchcoat Mafia. Black, flowing raincoats are on the summer menu, as these amazing items provide both a comfortable fit and afterlife. Matching black pants and black shoes complement the wardrobe, really giving off a strong "I'm hip; hip for GOD" statement to the world. Although the black paper hats they wear were originally manufactured in 1752, each generation has passed on their mystic derby in the hope that one day the person wearing the hat won't die. The genius behind the Jewish fundamentalist clothing line lies in its flexibility; pray from 6:30 AM until 11:30 PM, then head over to your local

goth nightclub and seamlessly blend in with various Switchblade Symphony fans! Oh, and that little girl in the middle is not a Jewish fundamentalist, as you can tell by her lack of, well, everything I stated above. And she has no beard. And she has a bright red "NO" message floating above her head, as well as a red X through her chestal captivity.

OVERALL SCORE: 8 *(out of 10)*

■ CONTESTANT #2: CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALIST

Background: The first Christian was Christ. I think. No wait, I think some people came before Christ, although that doesn't make too much sense because how could a person be a Christian before Jesus Christ was even born? Did all the people who were unfortunately born before Jesus go to hell? Is God a Christian? If so, does that mean He worships Himself, or His son? Note that I capitalize "he" when referring to God because that's the only thing I remember from going to Rockhurst, a Jesuit High School, back in the early 90s. Hell, if any of my teachers from that school were to read this website, I'm sure they'd be so happy that they'd name a stairwell after me, ask me to come over for some kind of ceremony, and then push me down the stairs repeatedly until I became dead.

Description: Christian fundamentalists do not abide by the "single fashion" theory which researchers like Stephen Hawkings have argued about for years. In fact, many Christian fundamentalists walk by us every day and we are unaware of their mere presence! This sense of obscurity has led them to obtain great positions of power such as "Guy Who Runs the Church" and "Guy Who Stands and Hands Out Brochures at the Church" and "John Ashcroft." It's just like in the Hollywood smash-hit movie sensation "They Live," except "Rowdy" Roddy Piper is too broke to afford a pair of those cool gigantic Christian fundamentalist-detecting glasses. The real hardcore O.G. Christian fundamentalists wear all kinds of goofy stuff like the Pope (they don't wear the Pope, I mean the Pope wears goofy stuff), only without the Pope's Biggie-sized hat. The well dressed Christian fundamentalist will be seen wearing a rather intricate series of sewn doilies, flower patterns, and a bunch of stuff which looks like stained glass windows. A patterned vest is never out of the question when you're shopping for religion, so you can count on seeing many swingin' Christian wardrobes also double as those things people wear at dance clubs with no shirt underneath so they can attract skanky women and make out with them in their Honda Civic. I think that is forbidden by the Christian church though, so if you plan on being a Christian fundamentalist, get all your booty calls out of the way beforehand. You may thank me for passing my religious knowledge onto you at any time during this update.

OVERALL SCORE: 4 *(out of 10)*

■ CONTESTANT #3: ISLAMAMACISTIC FUNDAMENTALIST

Background: Islam is based around a man named "Muhammad," who eventually became Cassius Clay and beat up many people until he ultimately turned into Will Smith. Muhammad was born around 570 AD and received "visions" from God on a regular basis, much like how women repeatedly go to their doctors to test for breast cancer, only a lot more frequently. He decided to start telling people about his visions, and I guess they had nothing better to do so they wrote them all down in a big book named "The Koran," which was later released as "The Qur'an" under the pseudonym "Richard Bachman." A majority of people in the world are Muslims, a fact which surprises many Catholics who believe that a majority of the world is white. Unfortunately, Muslims have been

getting a bad rap lately, what with the 9-11 Never Forget and Israel and Saddam stuff. However, not all evil people are Muslims; for example, Hans Gruber was not an Islamacisticist - he was a German - but was evil nonetheless! So next time you hear about some Muslim shooting somebody, you just think about the time Hans Gruber tried to shoot Bruce Willis shortly before that very large building exploded in slow motion from a variety of different camera angles.

Description: No matter what season of the year it is, turbans are always in fashion for men! These stylish, comfortably fitting pieces of holiness not only cover up premature baldness, but additionally protect your precious head from enemy infidel bird poop. Women are not allowed to wear turbans though, as they are required to hide under a series of rugs and attempt to move under the 200 pounds of weight above them. If the woman is a very good Islamamacist, somebody might eventually cut eyeholes in it so she can see which direction she's supposed to pray towards. The Koran forbids anybody to wear fancy jewelry or any other "status symbols" which might suggest the person wearing them is either wealthy or a big fan of status symbols. This also means that Islamic fundamentalists cannot drive SUVs, which I really fucking hope catches on with other religions damn soon. The traditional garb is a very long, very dark piece of tarp which may not attract anybody's attention under any circumstances or else you'll have your internal organs replaced with rocks and then have the rocks replaced with bullets. Whether it be at work or play, the Muslim line of clothing is simply flexible in every way; expect a series of Navy © ™ ® knockoffs to be on sale sometime soon for under the low, low price of $6.99, mainly because they'll disintegrate before you'll have a chance to pick them up.

OVERALL SCORE: 9 *(out of 10)*

Well that certainly was a refreshing and educational look at the various fashion trends currently sweeping the fundamentalist forces behind Judaism, Christianity, and Muslimosity. If you have any other religious questions, please feel free to open up your email client and send a message to somebody other than myself, unless of course your email also explains how I can grow a giant penis by simply taking a series of fake drugs or through hypnosis. Just remember that if you dress goofy, have a tremendous beard, and base every action of your life around avoiding an angry, vengeful god, then you too might some day find yourself in Heaven or wherever good people go when they die. Ah, who am I kidding, your beard will never be long enough. You're going to hell; just accept it.

■ Eat Chain!

Zack "Zacky Farms" Parsons here with a hentai review that's so fresh off the presses it's still steaming! This week I bring you a heaping helping of Chain, the game so nice they named it...named it once. It's a moody mystery about drugs, rape, and snuff porn!

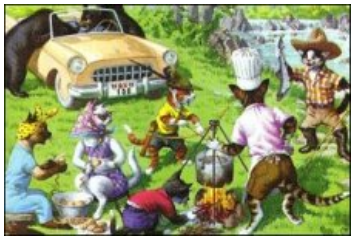
> *Then you get to have all kinds of crazy sex, fuck schoolgirls, and watch as a woman is shot in the back of the head during sex. Honestly it's the most offensive pile of garbage burned onto a CD since some neo-Nazi history revisionist pervert compiled a CDR entitled "Fake Holocaust Documents and Pictures of Me Fucking My Mom's Dead Body While Children Watch".*

Sounds like entertainment for the whole family! Point the HMS Browser towards this review, call ma and pa into the room, and set engines to flank for the open seas of Chain!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.29 Let's go Camping you Nerds! (Part 1)

Friday, Feb 28, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



Greetings and salutations ladies and feminine gentlemen of the online world! Welcome to another Saturday update by the Internet's Frolixo. Winter is almost over my friends, and boy am I glad! Not that I don't like slipping on ice every morning, which leaves me prone for plow trucks that like to shovel me into snow banks, but it's starting to get old. In a month or so, it will start to warm up so we will be free to romp outdoors once again. This also means that camping season is about to start. Now, I know when you computer nerds hear the word "camping", you start sweating and have to take your panic attack medicine, but I'm here to show you that it can be fun and relaxing, even to physical rejects such as yourselves. So, I implore you to join me in a grand adventure that will undoubtedly leave you lost in the woods eating your companions. Please do not skim this article just reading the captions under the pictures, because there's going to be a pop quiz later on. Let us begin with a little history of this great pastime we call camping.

Often called "camping", camping was invented in 1105 by a French monk named "Coleman" who one day got really sick of his constantly nagging wife and sat in the woods for the weekend. It caught on all over the globe, soon spreading to England, Spain, Germany, and America. Men everywhere fled their sass-mouthed wives, hiding in the wild under bark and dirt. Some loathed their wives so much that they never returned home and became the first mountain men. Many great men throughout history enjoyed camping, such as: Abraham Lincoln, who had a really ugly wife; Teddy Roosevelt, whose wife wouldn't leave him alone about cleaning the garage; and Jesus, who didn't have a wife, but liked to go camping for 40 days at a time and talk to a chipmunk he called "God". But it was around the 1960's in America when camping became a family event. White families everywhere would flee the urban types burning the cities down, returning after the hoses and dogs had been unleashed. Despite the newest generation's penance for ankle weakness, and their inability to leave the house without clown white on their faces, camping is still growing in popularity. To make way for the new camping megastores needed to supply the populace, large tracts of forest had to be torn down and their resident creatures placed in death camps. These megastores offer a full line of crap that you will need to survive in the wild. Hope you brought your credit card - credit card of fun that is!

Backpacks

Bring a gun to protect yourself from goblins.

If you were a turtle, then the camping backpack would be your shell. If you *are* a turtle, then log off the Internet and go back to the swamp where you belong. The backpack is your "house" that you carry all supplies in. There are two kinds of backpacks: internal frame and external frame. I forget what the difference is, but I think it has to do with the frames. Backpack size also varies. If you are going to be outdoors for over a week, then get one big enough to hold 4 small Indian children. If outdoors only for a few days, a bag that can hold 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Indian children should suffice. When shopping in a camping store, do not listen to the salesperson that claims they are trying to help you. Camping salespeople are terrible heathens and like to pester and trick you constantly. Take my advice, NEVER turn your back on a salesperson to inspect a piece of equipment. They'll knock you out with a pipe and rape you.

Tents

This is your only protection from the elements, so you want to make sure you have a good one. Tents are broken down into seasons, such at 2, 3, and 4 season. If you are planning to escape your wife during the winter months, you want to make sure that you have a 4 season. Tents also vary in size. From small one-person bibby tents, to 12 person Caligula-style orgy tents, the store should have everything to suit your needs. But whatever you do, don't go in one of the display tents. The salespeople like to trap customers in these tents and throw them from moving trucks into rush hour traffic.

Sleeping Bags

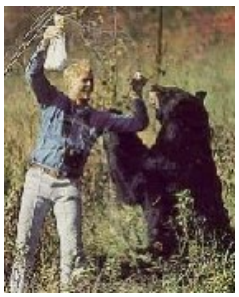
A sleeping bag is designed to enclose the camper, adding warmth and padding to an outdoor sleep experience. Once fully encased with just your head popping out, you should feel very comfortable and will look like a tasty burrito to any passing bears. There are three types of filling for sleeping bags: down filling, made from feathers; synthetic fiber, made from crushed baby skulls; and crème filling, not unlike the tasty goodness that Twinkies are filled with. It is advisable not to try out the sleeping bags in the store, as the salesperson might start hitting you with an aluminum bat while you are immobilized. Salespeople are the worst humans ever, even worse than the Nazis.

Misc. Equipment:

In the Destroyed Village, a good place to camp is behind the wall

There are dozens of smaller things one must be sure to have with them when going camping. I haven't gone camping in like, a long time, so I'll just name the stuff I can think of. You will need plenty of food on the trip. Science these days has created dehydrated meals that only need hot water added to them to become a nutritional bag of swill. It's also a good idea to bring boots because if you try to go in flip-flops, you won't get very far (trust me). Pack an axe with you just in case you run into any aggressive trees. If a tree's branches start to sway, this means it's about to attack and needs to be cut down. The park ranger didn't agree with my theory when he stopped me after I cut down a couple dozen hostile trees, and claimed it was just the "wind" moving the branches. Let's just say that park ranger doesn't disagree with me anymore. Permanently. (We smoked a doob and he subscribed to my "far out" ideas. He was cool.)

Now that you are suited up like an outdoor samurai, it's time to learn about what you will be interacting with out there in the wild. Animals and insects get really pissy when you tromp into their territory wearing your fanny packs and Mickey Mouse ears, while blasting Van Halen from a boom box and emitting a whirlwind of Mars Bars wrappers behind you. I think it has to do with our pheromones. So, in order to live side by side in harmony with the creatures of the forest, we should educate ourselves about them. You could try to educate the animals about us, but have you ever tried to keep a half dozen squirrels sitting in their desks during acorn season? I have and let me tell you, I ended up nailing them to the goddamn floor just to get to Chapter Two. So, let's take a peek at some of the life forms you will be encountering during your camping adventures.



Taunting bears with bags of food will let them know who the master is.

Rabbits

There's only one good way to cook a brace of coneys. These furry little guys hop and frolic to and fro around the countryside in a carefree manner. If you are out in the forest, you are sure to encounter them since they are plentiful in

number. However, they do tend to cause trouble in the campsite like chewing on tent cords, stealing firewood, and planning attacks when they ally with the aggressive trees. I've never seen them do these things, but I can tell they're plotting against me just like the others. That's why it's a good idea to kill any rabbit you see, just to play it on the safe side.

Bears

The wild Ben "Greasnin" Platt. Worst animal ever.

Bears are basically the same as teddy bears, but instead of being huggable and lovable, they like to rip your head off with their huge paws and gnaw on your face. These creatures are known as the "king of the forest", and are very territorial. There are some basic rules on what to do if you encounter a bear on your travels. Chances are that the bear can smell you before you even see him, so there is no sneaking around him. You must show the bear you are not afraid and throw stones at its head. When you hit it in the head with a stone, there is a chance that it'll get super angry and charge. When this happens, run for your life. If you are a smoker, then just lie down and accept your death. If you see some cubs, then you can probably take them out since they're smaller than you. Hit them with big sticks until you knock them out and then look for their treasure trove of honey. (Bears love honey.)

Ben "Greasnin" Platt

This frisky little fellow is naturally from the dark woods of Prussia, but stole away on a Polish boat headed to America. Since its passage to the new world, this species of beast has multiplied by the thousands and are mostly found around the New England area, or wherever nuts and berries are plentiful. Often called "nature's little princess", they forage for food during the warm seasons and hibernate in small ill-lit apartments playing Halo during the winter seasons. There is a rumor that one learned how to read and write, and walks among us, acting like real people.

Pigs

Is love against the law? Am I a criminal just because I listen to my heart? Who is the government to say how to express my love? I am continually being persecuted by the powers that be and PETA that my passion is "illegal" and "immoral". Is going to a bar and picking up a drunken floozy any less immoral than what I do? They will never take her away from me! We plan to marry in June.

Bugs

Bugs are gross! Make sure you bring some spray or something because bugs really suck. The best time to go camping is early spring or late fall because of the lack of bugs. Once I was camping in Canada during mid-summer, and the horseflies were so big that they devoured my traveling companion while he was taking a nap. Spiders are also a big hassle. Be prepared to have a nest of these creepy crawlers implanted in your ear cavity if you happen to fall asleep outside. To prevent this, I recommend not falling asleep at all while camping.

If you see a C.H.U.D, give up and embrace sweet swampy death.

C.H.U.D.

I'm not going to even get into the wood C.H.U.D.s. If you see one of these, it's already too late for you.

Nature sure seems dangerous, but just remember that as long as you have no fear, you won't even know what hit you. Now that you have all your equipment and some information on a few of the creatures you will encounter, it's time for you to leave the confines of your smelly monkey cage, and get

into the crisp cool air of the outdoors. Are you ready???

Too bad, you'll have to wait until next week. Go back to playing 1942, eating microwaved White Castles, and writing your Harry Potter fan fiction. Next Saturday we shall continue our rugged outdoor rabblerousing adventure that will probably leave you trapped under a log, chewing your own leg off in desperation. Toodles motherfuckers!

Og Day Afternoon

I found the phrase "Og Day Afternoon" so clever that I used it both here and in this week's State Og update itself, for I have no shame. Of course, seeing the phrase "no shame" should immediately bring you to the conclusion that this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, your State Og representative. This week marks the return of an old friend to State Og, who comes to us now at the turn of the tide:

> ***Burt's Safety Plan #2***
>
> *"If you get stuck in a trash compactor which is slowly closing in on you, be sure to have a fiesty droid nearby who can shut it off at the last second and save you. If for some reason you have no droid, try to be made entirely of gas, because gas cannot (AS FAR AS I KNOW) be crushed."*

If you look close enough, you'll even spot some references to the computer game Freelancer, because I am a geek of fantastically retarded proportions. Focus all of your will into controlling that mouse, and click here to check out this week's State Og! Wait, did you actually just miss clicking that link, after focusing and everything? Christ, I won't tell anyone, but do it right this time and click this one before everyone notices.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Chapter 3

March

3.1 Who Will Be Number Three?

Sunday, Mar 02, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

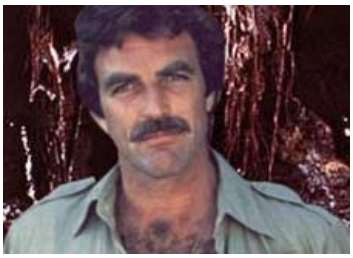
Last week, my late clone and I took a collaborative look at the birth and death of Dolly the sheep. Only a few days later, another international celebrity fell victim to the great cancer known as death. Well, technically he fell victim to the great cancer known as stomach cancer, but I was trying to be sort of poetic. You could cut me a little slack, you know. Jesus. I'm talking, of course, about the one and only Mr. Rogers. That's right, Fred Rogers has gone on to the kingdom of imagination in the sky (A.K.A., a wet grave). As a child who grew up on Mr. Rogers' friendly teachings, I can safely say that he had a huge impact on my childhood development. I can fondly remember almost every episode I ever watched. Well, that's not entirely true. I really don't remember anything other than Mr. Rogers' taking off his sweater at the start of every show. And to be perfectly honest, that always kind of creeped me out. I mean, the man simply could not start a show without looking right at you, singing, and taking off his clothes. Just thinking about it gives me the heebie jeebies. In any event, while Mr. Rogers may have retired in 2000, his death marks the end of an era for many young adults. This truly is a tragedy in the fullest sense of the word.

"Don't worry kids! Someday you'll be my neighbor again in the great beyond. Someday very soon..."

Tragedy, as we all know, always strikes in threes. The first was Dolly. Then, shortly after I wrote an article about Dolly, Mr. Rogers joined the ranks of the not-as-alive-as-they-used-to-be. I think it's pretty obvious what's going on here - I am the angel of death. One more celebrity must fall to fulfill my evil triad of doom. Let me tell you, there is no thrill quite like having your very own evil triad of doom. I sincerely recommend that you all go out and get one at some point in your lives. Now, it seems obvious to me that someone is going to die within the next week. Following the pattern, it will be a celebrity that everyone knows, yet no one really thinks about. Come on, before she died, when was the last time you sat around with your friends, had a few beers, and discussed the future genetic implications of Dolly the sheep? Exactly. In the interest of science and gambling, I have taken the liberty of compiling a short list of pseudo-celebrities who could conceivably croak during the next seven days. So, in memoriam of Mr. Rogers, it is my sober pleasure to bring you...

Greasnin's Preemptive Celebrity Obituaries!

Tom Selleck, 58, Killed by Grizzly



Mr. Selleck's beard took an unfortunate dive down his shirt.

Private investigator Thomas Sullivan Magnum fired his last round this week. Selleck was on working on a closed set, shooting the made-for-television movie "Three Men and a Vengeful Bitch," in which he was reprising his role as architect Peter Mitchell. According to sources within the production studio, Selleck had requested a ninth take of a particularly difficult scene in which he had to pull Mary (Robin Weisman) to safety after she fell over the edge of cliff on their camping trip. "I thought we had it after the sixth take," said director Emile Ardolino, "But Tom was always a perfectionist." While Selleck was in the middle of a poignant monologue about the sad degeneration of father-daughter relations during the late teenage

years, a full-grown adult female grizzly bear apparently leapt onto the set and started mauling the 58 year old actor. "I can't imagine where a bear that size would come from," Ardolino commented. "We didn't have one on the set. There is a bear in the movie, but we just used stock footage from a *National Geographic* special." The bear finally stopped when it choked to death while trying to swallow one of Selleck's arms, but by that point, the actor was almost unbelievably dead. Selleck is survived by his two children. The bear is survived by six cubs. "Three Men and a Vengeful Bitch" airs on Monday on ABC.

■ Melvin Van Peebles, 70, Dies of Plague

Face it, you don't know if this is a picture of him or not.

Actor, director, producer, writer, composer, and many other titles were once worn by Melvin Van Peebles. Now he is known only as "corpse." Van Peebles, the creative mind behind the 1971 smash hit "Sweet Sweetback's Baad Asssss Song" became one of hundreds of thousands of people to succumb to the deadly bubonic plague. The Black Death claims only a few lives each year in the United States, but until now, none of them were the stars of "Jaws: The Revenge," and were thus massively unimportant. Doctors theorize that Mr. Van Peebles probably first came into contact with the plague that once decimated the population of Europe when both the horrible disease and the actor/director appeared on a "Where Are They Now" special on the E! Network. Sources within the network issued a statement today, from which the following was taken: "In retrospect, it was probably a bad idea to make Melvin and the bubonic plague share a dressing room. The plague's agent was very upset with us over that at the time, but space was limited. It was also probably not a good idea to send the bubonic plague a basket of flea-infested rats in lieu of the traditional basket of fruit. That was actually Jules Asner's idea. She thought it would be funny and we... well, we couldn't resist. She does things to us, you know?" Van Peebles is survived by his son Mario Van Peebles, if you can call that surviving. I mean, the man was Solo in "Solo." Come on.

■ Farrah Fawcett, 56, Spontaneously Combusts, Dies

The redheaded boy in the background is visibly shaken by Ms. Fawcett's advances earlier.

Another one of Charlie's original Angels has gone to fiery Hell, where all scantily clad temptresses are roasted together in the boiling juices of their own silicone. That is to say, Farrah Fawcett is dead today. The actress had grown despondent in recent years, the people who are paid to be her friends told the press this afternoon. Once a respected member of the dramatic community, Ms. Fawcett was apparently depressed over the fact that the vast majority of the work she has done in the last decade has been titled in the pattern, "Something Something: The Someone Someone Story." Unable to convince the public that her fifty-six year old carcass was still sexually desirable through even the most humiliating exploitative videos, Fawcett retreated to her Beverly Hills home, where drinking became her closest companion. "It's no surprise that Farrah started drinking so heavily," suck-up Daniel Grueber stated. "Unlike James Orr, Farrah's liquor bottles never hit her. Except for that one time..." Flooded with alcohol, Farrah apparently flew into a rage early this morning over the fact that an obscene phone call had hung up on her. With her body temperature so elevated, the alcohol ignited and Fawcett exploded. Ironically, this is the first time Ms. Fawcett has ever done anything entertaining, and there were no cameras in sight. She is survived by her son Redmond and by Anna Nicole Smith, ending many a bet over who would die first.

■ Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz, Internet Nerd, Found Dead in Mother's Basement

It'll be tough around here without him, but... well, no it won't.

Only a few short weeks after he started writing for the influential and controversial website somethingawful.com, Reid Paskiewicz, or "Frolixo," as he was known to the internet community, is dead. While the specific cause of death is as of yet unknown, the police on the scene reported that it looked like a case of auto-erotic asphyxiation. Paskiewicz was found in the basement of his mother's suburban home where he had apparently hung himself with a makeshift noose made from State Og's new Super Strength Neverbreaking Twine. A chair was found on its side nearby. Paskiewicz's pants were in an awkward heap beneath his dangling feet, and his genitals were wrapped in electrical tape. The basement floor was completely covered in Photoshoped pictures of fellow Something Awful employee Ben "Greasnin" Platt's head on a chipmunk's body, according to the police. "Reid never stopped talking about that Greasnin fellow," neighbor Cynthia Tatobalongo said. Paskiewicz's unhealthy obsession with Platt was also evidenced by a small shrine in the corner of his bedroom. "He set himself up for this sort of thing," police investigator Charlie Duff commented. "Wherever he went, he had pictures of Platt's head on a chipmunk's body staring at him. It's a tragedy, sure. Those damn furries never learn."

■ Richard Pryor, 62, Hit by Bus full of White Folks

I made that face once. I won't tell you why, but I was walking funny for a week.

He survived his battle with Multiple Sclerosis, he survived his own fiery suicide attempt in the early 80's, but one thing comedy legend Richard Pryor could not survive was a leisurely jog. While jogging outside his L.A. home in a bid to get back in shape for his upcoming HBO special, "I'm Still Funnier Than Any of You Motherfuckers," Pryor was struck by an oncoming bus full of Colonel Sanders impersonators. The bus was on its way to the People Who Don't Call For Impersonators convention, ironically being held at the Honky Tonk Hall of Fame in Compton. Pryor, who was known for using foul language and racial humor and yet still being acceptable to white people, was the first recipient of the Mark Twain Prize back in 1999. Mr. Pryor's tailored jogging suit apparently caught the eye of Gus Sammerpail, the bus driver, who swerved to hit the comedian. "It just didn't seem natural, a black man wearing clothes like that. And running so fast, like he was, I figured he was trying to get away from something," Sammerpail said. The police pulled the bus over for being smeared with blood, and Sammerpail immediately recounted the entire incident. Charges are not being pressed, however. "It was an honest mistake," Police Captain Barney Johnston told the press. "I probably would have done the same thing in that situation." Reverend Jesse Jackson has declared Pryor's death to be a racial hate crime. "Ladies and gentlemen, call me a liar / If racism isn't what killed Richard Pryor," Jackson quipped. Pryor is survived by his seven children, his wife, and his other four ex-wives.

There you have it - my predictions for the next week. Be sure to watch your local news program for the very latest in celebrity deaths. Remember, if I'm right, then one of the people you just read about will be the next to step up to the plate and die. If I'm wrong, though, and all five survive the week, then death will still be lurking for its next semi-famous victim, which is bad news for the likes of Jordan Knight and Neil Patrick Harris. Keep your eyes peeled!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.2 My Tank Has Armor Plate to Save Me From Hate

Monday, Mar 03, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

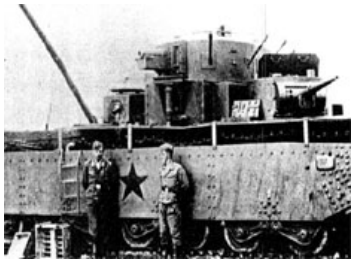
Those of you who don't carefully avoid all of my updates probably know by now that one of my passions is World War II history. From time to time I find an excuse to put all my relatively worthless knowledge to good use in attempting to amuse the readers here at Something Awful. One of the most popular applications for this otherwise moronic waste of my reading time has been my series of articles detailing the crazier shit to come out of the Second World War. Since it has been a while, and since everyone enjoys a good romp through the playground of crazy tanks and airplanes, I am pleased to offer the third in my continuing series of Wacky World War II Technology!

9 out of 10 hyperactive fourth graders agree that World War II super weapons are totally awesome!

This installment marks two firsts for the series. One is that for once not all of the oddities have been produced by Nazi Germany. While the Germans provided us with the vast majority of crazy World War II sci-fi pseudoscience the Soviets, Japanese, and even Americans provided their share of questionable high-tech. Another first this time is that all three pieces of technology were actually completed, although only two of them entered service. So hot-glue your ass into the sex swing, because things are about to get wild, socks will be flying around the room like there's a poltergeist and minds may accidentally be blown.

T-35

Type: Massive and Dorky Soviet Tank



T-35 Tank Commanders were required to stand at the turret and repeatedly scan the horizon yelling "land ho!"

Specific Features: You might think from these articles that the Germans had the market cornered on unnecessarily big tanks, but the Soviets were just as obsessed with creating impossibly gargantuan vehicles. The Germans lost the war but ultimately won the "biggest tank arms race" with their Maus tank. However, when war broke out the Russians had the biggest tank in the world at the time already deployed, and boy was it silly. The T-35 mounted an almost comical four small turrets, two mounting light anti-tank guns and two mounting machineguns, with a fifth "queen turret" lording over them with its stout 76mm main gun. Naturally all these turrets took plenty of crewmen, and the T-35 was a veritable fun bus of personnel with eleven fucking people inside it. The tank was over 22 feet in length and weighed some 55 tons fully loaded. With a screaming top road speed of about 20 miles per hour the T-35 wasn't going to be winning a whole lot of stoplight drag races with Type R Civics. Despite all the armament and weight

the T-35 was fairly lightly armored, sporting only 35mm of armor plate at its thickest point. **History:** Before war broke out with Germany the Soviets were busy exploring

While it doesn't look that bad in this image, don't forget that there are two turrets you can't see that can only fire backwards and sideways.

tank designs of every imaginably classification. One of these designs happened to be a super heavy tank with five turrets that came to be known to World War II trivia nuts as the T-35. The first prototype rolled out of the factory and almost directly into a military parade in Moscow in 1932. From 1933 to 1938 only 61 more T-35s were produced. The strength of most Soviet tanks of the era was their ease of use and their simple design that made them cheap to produce. The T-35 possessed neither of these qualities, being both exceedingly complex and almost impossible to effectively use in combat.

The T-35 first saw combat in Finland during the ignominious Winter War, where it served without any distinction whatsoever. There is no record that any were lost in combat, but this is probably because so few (less than a dozen) were used and those that did get deployed tended to get stuck in the mud. Since the tank was so heavy and hard to maneuver it was extremely difficult to recover them. Prior to the outbreak of hostilities with Germany and immediately thereafter the majority of the T-35s were stationed in Moscow to serve with the defensive forces there. The Germans brushed up against several of them at Lvov in Poland, but luckily for probably everyone involved they had run out of fuel. After capturing the chassis the Germans immediately set to work not duplicating these pieces of shit. The T-35 stands as a testament that copying a battleship and putting it on tank treads is not a good idea, especially when your fire-control commander tends to be a scared barely-trained conscript leading a bunch of even more scared and barely-trained conscripts.

■ Gotha 229 (Ho-IX)

Type: Badass Flying Wing Fighter

I'm getting all hot and bothered.

Specific Features: The Gotha Go-229, or Horten Ho-IX depending on which designers you think are more "totally rad", is an interesting design from the late war crazy Luftwaffe department made more notable by its visually apparent relation to modern aircraft like the B-2 "Stealth" Bomber. The order was made in 1943 for a fast heavy-fighter bomber and Walter and Reimar Horten received approval from fat bastard Herman Goering

for their tailless aircraft design. The aircraft mounted a Jumo turbojet inside each streamlined wing and carried an armament of four heavy 30mm cannons and two heavy bomb hard points. Speaking as a purely objective and scientific observer the aircraft was nothing short of screaming jet-powered sex. It was an unusual and almost organic-looking design that featured a number of unique components which would have probably made it difficult to maintain. The final production model was to have been a two-seat fighter with advanced (well, as advanced as those things got in that day and age) radar mounted in the elongated nose. **History:** Three prototypes of the Go-229 were constructed and

The last remaining Go-229 is kept disassembled in storage in Maryland.

two of these were tested and flown, making it one of the most practical aircraft I've covered in one of these pieces. The first prototype was built as a glider and flew in 1944 to test the airframe's airworthiness and provide data for future modifications. The second prototype was constructed while the first was being tested and took to the skies in February of 1945 powered by a pair of stand-in BMW turbojet engines. Test pilot Erwin Ziller reported that the aircraft performed admirably on both this test and during a second test, although during the second the undercarriage was slightly damaged during landing. The third test saw a catastrophic engine failure and the death of the famed test pilot, but hey, you can't always get things like that right!

Work on a third prototype continued despite this mishap. The Go-229 was larger than the two previous prototypes, mounted the Jumo turbojets, and was intended to serve as a model for the ordered pre-production run of 20 aircraft. Only a few weeks later in mid-April the facility where the Go-229 was to be produced was overrun by American forces. The completed third prototype and four other partially assembled early production models were captured. In over fifty years since this incredible and, dare I say, erotic aircraft first took to the skies only two production aircraft have directly benefited from the work of the Hortens on the Go-229 and similar designs. The first was the Concord aircraft, which utilized much of the Hortens' research but very little of the actual design. No, the true spiritual successor of the Go-229 is America's B-2 Stealth Bomber. In those 50 years of development and technological achievement we somehow went from a sleek, fast, and maneuverable fighter to a lumbering and slow bomber that requires a fucking super computer to keep it from crashing into a ditch and looks about as sexy in the sky as a drowned bat covered in superglue.

■ Sturmgewehr-44 mit Krummerlauf

Type: Bizarre Gun Attachment

Specific Features: For the majority of the war the primary German infantry weapon was the Kar 98k bolt-action rifle. It was a high-caliber slow firing rifle, and while it was capable of killing a man past 1,000 yards, scarcely over 100 yards separated combatants in most engagements. The Mp-40 or "Schmeisser" (which was a misnomer, Hugo Schmeisser had nothing to do with it) provided a close-in automatic weapon or submachinegun, but

This is the non-crazified version of the StG-44.

this was ineffective at even medium ranges. The solution for the Germans was to develop a round that was larger than the pistol rounds used by submachineguns and shorter than the rifle rounds used by the Kar 98 and other full-blown rifles. Based around this mid-sized round, the Sturmgewehr-43/44 was the world's first assault rifle and was arguably the best infantry weapon of the war. But this isn't about the StG-44; this is about a special tool that could be attached to the front.

The Krummerlauf or "bent barrel" was developed for a variety of different weapons but was mass-produced for the StG-44. Its purpose was to allow a soldier to fire his weapon from behind cover while still maintaining visual contact with his target. The unwieldy and heavy contraption consisted of a prismatic scope that reflected the image seen through the angled viewfinder and a barrel attachment that curved the trajectory of the weapon. Different versions of the Krummerlauf were produced allowing anywhere from a 30 degree angled shot to a complete 90 degree angled shot. Only the 30 degree angled version was successful enough to be issued in significant numbers and estimates are that as few as 1,500 to as many as 8,000 were issued.

And there is the Kummerlauf in all its...uh...glory.

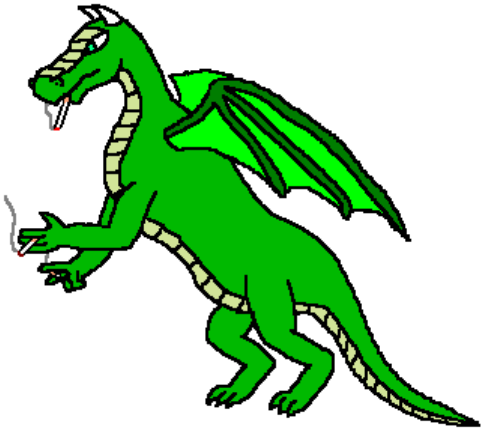
History: The versions of the Krummerlauf that allowed for modifying bullet trajectories above 30 degrees were essentially worthless in combat conditions. Bullets fired from them frequently fragmented due to stresses and the attachments, and even the guns themselves, were easily damaged by this. The 30 degree version, designated the "I", was issued to frontline soldiers usually in the Eastern Theater and was rarely used but was effective for what it was designed for. The fact of the matter was that most soldiers in combat preferred to do their fighting without worrying about clamping several pounds of metal and glass onto the front of their rifle. No doubt there were times when men who were pinned down behind cover happened to have a Krummerlauf in their gear and found it quite useful. However, running around with one attached to your gun rendered the weapon basically useless for normal combat unless you happened to be fighting midgets or some sort of sentient giant caterpillars. Not to mention you would probably get made

fun of by other soldiers. In the military jokes can be so cruel.

A shitty land boat with too many guns, a jet fighter that seems more at home in 2003 than it does in 1945, and a gun that can shoot around corners. Coming next time on "Crazy Inventions from World War II" I'll have a mechanical spider tank, a robot that eats brains, and a giant cat that can fly. Okay, not really, but the truth won't be much less bizarre.

Something Awful Appreciates the Arts

It has come to my attention that many of you do not appreciate the fine arts as much as you're supposed to. With this in mind, we have scoured the Earth for the greatest, most creative, innovative artist to inform you, the ignorant public, about the hidden world of art that waits for your inquiring mind to thoroughly explore its every subtle nuance. By offering a hefty sum of money, we were able to get ahold of one of the most celebrated artists in America, Tom "Smoking Dragon" Clancy, to showcase some of his finest (and most controversial) works of art and provide us with an in-depth "behind the scenes" look at the masterpieces which have stirred up critics for more than two decades now.



This brings us to my personal favorite, "C'est Noir!" When looking at this one, the viewer will ask himself or herself questions such as, "what does the cigarette mean to me?" and "What is my purpose in life?" They are forced to by the way the cigarette smoke impedes upon the otherwise blank and morally empty canvas. The trick is that the canvas is not really blank; it has a dragon painted upon it. Otherwise it would just be an empty canvas with cigarette smoke and no dragon. This leads to the ultimate question, "if there is no blank canvas, is there no smoke?" I used this motif of requiring the viewer to question himself in many of my pieces; it takes a certain Je ne sais pas ce qui which is becoming more and more rare these days. True avant-garde artists just simply don't exist anymore; I blame the rise of the bourgeoisie class and their images of mass popularity (that's a little artist's joke I just made up; I should be a comedian!).

Although some people may claim Tom "Smoking Dragon" Clancy is a creative genius while others label him as genius who is simply highly creative, there's no denying that this man - this powerhouse of artistic mastery - has redefined our culture in an infinite amount of ways. Although we usually

have a hilarious, comical content piece on Mondays, I feel that we owe it to you to provide you with this educational piece of information. Please do yourself a favor and get acquainted with the man who is redefining culture as we know it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.3 Safe in Seattle, Part 132 of 19

Tuesday, Mar 04, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Oh look, it's Zack's boyfriend, they're going to the ice cream social together!

Greetings Something Awful readers! Today I, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, will continue with Zack "Head Exciter" Parsons' hourly articles detailing his mental masturbation over every single vehicle ever potentially touched by a Nazi! In this update I will cover the Straussenhagan GBS402 Heavy Pants-Shitting Laser Beam, the Fritzstchtrubluben Mobile Infantry Baby Carriage, and the highly wacky Heinfaustunguntutzifanzenwurst Lumber Mill which gave the Nazis the ability to upgrade the damage of their spears and thrown weapons. Ha ha, I am of course kidding, Zack "WWII Obsessor" Parsons would undoubtedly tear my throat out, pay to give me a throat transplant, and then force feed me my own throat if I attempted to encroach on his precious World War II monopoly. Besides, there are much more exciting and evil things happening in the world today, many of which involve America possibly being blown up by irate foreign people who despise us simply because we fly spy planes over their homes every other hour.

While the war on terror seems like it's so far from home, mainly because it is in fact so far from home, each of us has to face our own personal war on terror in our backyards, kitchens, and haunted barns. We live every day as if it could be our last, and in my case, **it very well could be.** I arrived at my apartment last night to see a ominous piece of paper neatly folded in half and taped to my door. This stormy petrel (dictionary.com's word of the day for March 3rd) was in fact a message from the management of my apartment complex, the people who are in charge of ignoring me when I ask them to fix various things. This letter hit me with a horrible sense of dread and raw terror, much like the time I found out "Galaxy High School" was canceled. Check this shit out, yo:

As some of you may have heard, our community was the site of an unfortunate incident yesterday. Last night, one of our residents was found unconscious in the pool area. Paramedics responded to the 911 call, however, their resuscitation efforts failed. We

Did you read that? People in my apartment complex are getting knocked unconscious UNTIL THEY ARE DEAD! I'm living in some kind of bizarre suburban battlefield where each step is fraught with danger and the possibility that I may become unconscious and ultimately un-living if I somehow locate and walk into the "pool area" which I did not even know existed until this letter. I can imagine this mystical "pool area" as being a veritable paradise full of wine and roses, but like in any Dean Koontz or John Saul novel, it holds a terrible secret in its heart; some bad street brawler is secretly slipping people mickeys and suckering them into games of chance, leading to their untimely demise! To live in this apartment complex through the current firestorm of danger and menace is truly a testament to my personal character, as it proves I am not somebody afraid to "walk on the wild side" or "dive face-first into danger" or "become less lazy and actually move." I become a bit more tough each day I inhabit this deceitful deathtrap, and I can literally feel the skin on my arms (and most notably my palms for some reason) thicken as I grow into a grizzled war veteran whose entire life has been surrounded by heated conflict. Now I may not have any official credentials proclaiming my knowledge of guerrilla warfare, particularly in the field of pool areas, but let me assure you that I know a hell of a lot more about safety than my laughingstock apartment complex. For example, look at this ridiculous list of half-assed "safety guidelines" they included with the complimentary "oops, somebody done fucked up and died in the apartment complex" notice:

How do these two SIMPLETONS so foolishly pussyfoot around the pool area without fearing for their very lives? Simple: they pray for death.

■ *"Periodically check your smoke detectors for dead batteries or malfunctions."* At the risk of exposing my ignorance, I cannot remember a single time in history when the failure of dead batteries led directly to somebody being knocked unconscious to death in an outdoor pool area. I took the additional step of calling the apartment complex and I asked them about this, just to make sure (I place my journalistic integrity as the highest priority in my life):

> **ME:** "Can you tell me anything about the guy who was killed in the pool?"
> **APARTMENT JERK:** "No."
> **ME:** "Were dead batteries in a smoke detector somehow involved?"
> **APARTMENT JERK:** "No."
> **ME:** "Would you like to make any additional comments regarding this investigation?"
> **APARTMENT JERK:** "Who are you?"

As you can see, the halfwits in my apartment complex are clearly trying to skate around the truth like some kind of ballerina who entered a roller-skating contest despite the fact that she's never roller-skated before in her life, but she assumed she would be a natural in it because she has incredible balance and form, or at least that's what her instructors tell her because they receive monthly checks from her parents who struck it rich in the lucrative textiles industry. Luckily I am able to think on my feet and keep my concentration razor-sharp, thereby allowing me to bypass their twisted little dog and pony mind games. I've got enough crap in my life to worry about, so unless I find myself surrounded by voracious smoke detectors who have somehow escaped the pool area and are lusting for my blood as compensation for their fallen brethren I previously drained and murdered with my wireless mouse, I'll disregard this.

■ *"Leave a radio playing very softly while you are gone."* This is simply ridiculous. First of all, my neighbors have been leaving their stereo system playing very, very, very softly nonstop for the past nine months or so. In fact, they have been playing it so very softly that you people on the east coast could probably hear it if you stuck your head out the window and listened for thumping bass beats belted from "The Best of Gangsta Rap: Volume 28." I'm convinced they inhabit a two bedroom apartment with one room solely dedicated to housing a subwoofer the size of a pregnant SUV. Despite the fact that they routinely provide enough "softly playing music" for at least half of this hemisphere, that still didn't prevent The Great Pool Area Knockout Massacre from taking place. Honestly, what kind of dunce criminal would decide to not burglarize some place just because the radio is on and playing some light jazz?

> **BURGLAR #1:** "Rumor has it this apartment is full of Joseph Stalin's lost

treasure of gold."
BURGLAR #2: "Great, I can't wait to get my hands on some of that Ruskie gold!" *(Hears soft music playing through the door)* "Wait- do you hear that?"
BURGLAR #1: "Yeah, it sounds like... oh no, it can't possibly be...?"
BURGLAR #2: "Oh sweet Lord no, it's, it's - SOFT MUSIC!"
BURGLAR #1: "Let's get out of here, post haste! Feets don't fail me now!"

Perhaps the soft music would deter criminals if it's playing something along the lines of Kenny G. or John Tesh, two artists who have the uncanny, superhuman ability to render entire cities unconscious by making everybody think they're trapped in a very large elevator with a speaker that refuses to die under any circumstances. If I suspected Mr. Tesh lived in the area, I would be on the lookout for him dragging bodies and disposing of them in the sacred pool area, wherever that may be.

Please do not put keys anywhere.

Ever.

- *"Do not leave your keys in the car."* I would honestly love to meet the person whose life was dramatically improved after reading this suggestion. First off, I doubt anybody who employs a serious habit of leaving keys inside their car on a regular occasion possesses the ability to not only read, but to successfully unfold a sheet of paper taped to their door. I guess I really can't blame people who enjoy storing their apartment keys in their vehicle, as that makes it a hell of a lot easier to remember where your keys are located at any given point in the day, assuming somebody doesn't abuse this ingenious system and directly cause your vehicle to move to another location by their own will. However, the apartment complex doesn't stop there when it comes to dictating where I can and cannot place my keys during a fit of stupidity, as shown in the following key-obsessed rule:

- *"Do not hide a key under the doormat or nearby flowerpot."* Is there anywhere sacred left for me to place my keys? Judging by all these harsh and cult-like rules, it seems as if the only safe place left for me to keep my keys is behind a locked door... one locked with my own keys! If this is a reflection of our current society, I'll be one of the first people to express my desire to return to the glorious 1950s, a time when America was a much more peaceful, wonderful, ideal country that had nothing to worry about except minor issues such as racism, atomic warfare, and those black and white images of buildings collapsing which seemed to occur all the time back then.

- *"Remember to check the back seat before getting into your car."* Once again, the connection between these safety tips and finding yourself unconscious and ultimately dead in the pool area escapes me. By cramming the pieces of this puzzle together, this is what I imagined happened on the fateful night of February 1st, 2003:

  1) Victim returns home from an irresponsible, rule-breaking party which probably involved known Communists and their plans to copy their own apartment

keys a million times and distribute them across the known world. Soft music was **not** played at this party.
2) Victim realizes he cannot get into his apartment, as the door is locked. Victim attempts to pick up key that they had previously hidden beneath their floor mat, but is unable to because they are standing on top of the doormat while attempting to lift it up.
3) Victim goes to their vehicle, as they previously placed a spare set of keys in the vehicle's ignition, just in case they lost their primary and secondary set of keys. Victim fails to look in the back of their vehicle, as they are too preoccupied thinking about their connections in the al Queda.
4) Victim enters their vehicle and fails to turn the radio on to "soft music." As a direct result, a jaded criminal leaps from the back seat and slips a mickey into their beer while distracting them with a riveting game of chance.
5) Victim consumes beer and, due to malfunctioning batteries in their smoke detector, fails to realize they have become unconscious.
6) Victim is dragged to the dreaded pool area, where they remain in a highly unconscious state until they are so incredibly unconscious that they become dead.
7) Paramedics attempt to resuscitate unconscious man by using one of those Tesla Coils that are always shown in the laboratory of Dr. Frankenstein. All attempts fail.
8) Victim is pronounced "dead." Pool area is pronounced "haunted."

With all this information in mind, is it any wonder that I'm the tight-knit, mentally scarred individual I am? I live in a suburban war zone, where danger lurks around every corner, apartment keys lie in wait under each doormat, and unconsciousness is hiding under the stairs and right beside the water heater. I'm always on the lookout for evil as I brazenly stride from the computer room to the place where I deposit my urine into the large porcelain bowl, knowing that unsavory characters are preying on my weak smoke detector batteries and inability to trigger soft music while relieving myself. I don't really want to oversell myself here, but I honestly feel I'm one of the last few American heroes left in our nonstop culture of fast food, drive through movies, and flamboyant beetle larvae. I am confident that years from now, after my corpse has been found decaying in the bottom of some industrial waste-filled swampland, webmasters will be writing about my groundbreaking and spellbinding apartment-living adventures. Well, unless webmasters of the future are still retards obsessed with Nazis and their goofy tanks. If that happens, I'll be glad I'm spending my retirement time in the great pool area up in heaven.

◻ The SA Comedy Goldmine Presents: CATS!

That's right, you read the title correctly! Today's Comedy Goldmine is dedicated to mankind's most enigmatic pet, the cat. Although this may sound like a complex and challenging subject to tackle, I was somehow able to work with the concept of "people posting images of their cats" into an article, mostly by employing the use of copying and pasting things. Things such as this:

If you'd like to see more images of cats, well, I think you know where to go!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.4 Very Heavy Television That Breaks Ground: Part 2 of 2

Tuesday, Mar 04, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In my last article that nobody read, I started talking about TV shows and their overall lack of originality and quality. To be more specific, I talked about creating original shows that take the shows currently on TV out on late night dates and brings them home long past curfew. Most TV shows lack the Rohypnol edge needed to challenge audiences into watching things they would otherwise never consider. Instead, the all-powerful TV Illuminati regurgitates the same premise over and over again to such extremes that if TV were a lady, she would give fatal blowjobs and probably also be cross-eyed and therefore a terrorist. As I drunkenly promised last week, I now will talk about coming up with the perfect characters and plots necessary to make the most devastatingly awesome show guaranteed to never see the light of day.

It takes a lot more than this to make a good TV show.

We'll start by going over characters. If you notice, a lot of shows tend to feature people – or actors – playing "roles." To help you better understand how these ideas came into existence, I need to give you a bit of a history lesson. Unfortunately, the times I spent taking history classes also coincided with the times I spent in a maddening PCP-induced rage. I'm a bit cloudy on the dates, so I'll leave those out and just go with the raw facts. Centuries ago, when Jesus traveled the land of the lost on the back of a brontosaurus solving crimes and resolving family feuds, he met a man named William Shakespeare. The duo embarked on an amazing journey by collaborating on a series of pulp crime stories. The two men theorized that by using imaginary persons reacting realistically to imaginary circumstances, they could draw readers in, creating an escape from the limited confines of reality. A few years after they came up with this idea and received the patents, they went their separate ways. Jesus went on to invent the xylophone and Theremin for the KGB. He was later killed when his plane was shot down over the Sea of Japan. William Shakespeare killed himself shortly after drafting the screenplay to "Commando," starring Arnold Schwarzenegger. Regardless of their unfortunate fates, the contributions of these two men survive even today.

The bad news is that we honor them by creating predictable characters with predictable traits. While most of these traits borrow from real life, real life is boring. In fact there is a show about real life, and it's called the news. There is more death, violence, corruption, and children trapped in wells on the news than any other show on the airwaves. Unless you count "Smash TV," but I don't think that's an actual show. This is pretty much a breakdown of every character on TV:

- Sassy Gay Man
- Sassy Black Man
- Empowered Minority Man or Woman
- Ditsy Girl Always Good for a Laugh
- Honest Guy with Heart of Gold
- Vindictive Bitch Slut Who Sleeps With More Guys Than a Hotel Mattress
- The Empowered Woman Afraid to Reveal Her True Feelings for Fear of Rejection and Who Doesn't Really Mean to Drive Everyone Away
- Dumb Guy Always Good for a Laugh
- The Fonz
- Hunky Troubled Guy With Issues
- Rookie Who Makes Each Case Personal
- Veteran Who's Seen too Many Good People Die

- Wayward Alien or Foreigner Learning to Live the American Dream One Exciting 22 Minute Adventure at a Time
- Cowardly Asshole / Dr. Smith Wannabe

As you can clearly see, characters are becoming all too bland. We have no choice but to move on or risk letting this endless rut continue forever. Many nations, such as Japan, have already advanced well beyond us when it comes to forging unique characters with interesting personality traits. While I can't say they've done anything in this department that doesn't scare the holy fuck out of me, they've at least done something. To rectify this dilemma (the TV problem, not Japan's vast array of scariness), I propose a new generation of cliché characters to propagate the airwaves.

- Time Traveling Black Guy With Future Slang
- Woman Carrying the Child of Satan in Her Womb
- Angry Viking Raider Learning to Live the American Dream Centuries Before America Exists
- Vindictive Millionaire Who Murders People while Disguised as the Pope Disguised as a Southern Bell
- Legaltron 2073i-T, the First Robot Supreme Court Justice
- Man Cursed With The Terrible Affliction of Constantly Being Chosen for Jury Duty
- Grizzled Astronaut Who Blames Space for His Ruined Family and Alcoholism
- Sports Team Mascot with Multiple Personality Disorder
- Genetically Engineered Sentient Falafel with a Dark Secret
- Talk Show Host with Amnesia and no Long or Short Term Memory
- Hard-Boiled Career Counselor Who'll Be Goddamned To Hell if He Sees Another Kid Throw His Life Away Pursuing the Wrong Career Track
- Paraplegic Female Archeologist Hounded by Ancient Curse of Paraplegia.

You want to be careful how you treat your audience. For example, you don't want them to feel like they've been run through Photoshop's ocean ripple filter.

I want these new character archetypes to be used ad nauseam in every damn show coming out. I don't care what the subject of the show is; I just think that if you use any of these characters in any way, you've already broken the mold in defeated convention in a fight to the death. I do know that a few of my suggestions have seen some use already, both in shitty day time TV and also in canceled shows either on the WB, UPN, or the FOX network. I can't remember, since they all suck. The next step is to come up with original plots. There are scientists and writers who will tell you every plot imaginable has been utilized before. In some cases, at least a million bajillion times. I won't argue with them, because they're right. Almost every movie, book, and TV show you see are based on formulas invented thousands of years ago in clandestine Illuminati book club meetings. The trick to getting around this is by making your plots so unnecessarily convoluted that no one can possibly follow them. A few people might be brave enough to point this out, but the rest of humanity will be so lost that they will have no choice but to declare you a genius out of fear that their primitive minds simply cannot grasp the awesome scope of your vision. What a bunch of suckers. Despite the fact everything is working against me like a well-oiled machine, I think I've got a few crazy ideas dangerous enough to work, and here they are:

- **Adventures in Time Travel:** This exciting series deals with a grandson on a

collision course through time to kill his evil grandfather, a man responsible for killing millions. Or so he thinks. The only way the grandson can bring a weapon back through time with him is to become a weapon, and he does, by having his penis turned into a bomb. What he doesn't know about his grandfather is that he is an expert bomb diffuser who knows all the tricks of the trade. When the two finally meet, they duke it out until the grandson finally unleashes his weapon. Before he can detonate the bomb, the grandfather knocks him unconscious with a small, wieldable penguin and prepares to defuse him. Unfortunately, in a tense moment of doubt, he cuts the red vas deferens instead of the blue, and the penile explosive goes off. Thanks to the grandfather clause everything works out in the end. This show is called "Timebomb: The Series."
Starring: Time Traveling Black Guy, Woman Carrying the Child of Satan, and Grizzled Astronaut.

- **Stomach Churning Emotional Drama:** I can conquer hearts and minds just as well, and this show proves that. My foray into drama, entitled "The Rig", deals with the complicated lives of everyday people trying to make it in this topsy-turvy world of multinational intrigue and global interdependency. The show takes place on an oilrig far off shore where a mysterious murder has taken place. Because oil is important, the government moves an entire police force and court of law to the oilrig to solve and resolve the crime. Ultimately this makes the complicated lives of the oilrig's crew more complicated, not just because of the intra-oilrig tension, but also because of all the interlopers with questionable intentions. When one of their own is put on trial for murder, the remaining oilrig crew must choose between justice and friendship. Thankfully things are put at ease when guest star Zeus offers up alternative solutions that may just save the day for everybody.
Starring: Man Cursed With Constant Jury Duty, Legaltron 2073i-T, Angry Viking Raider, Sentient Falafel with a Dark Secret, and Sports Team Mascot.

- **Science Fiction Romancerama:** This exciting series set in an alternate reality where the island kingdom of Tonga won World War II deals with a forbidden love at odds with the harshness of a global Tongan police state. The hero of this story must choose between the inappropriately cast woman he loves most, or sacrificing his heart to become a hero to the oppressed masses. Eventually Imperialist Tonga has no choice but to confront this man, and in doing so they set ablaze a fire in his heart that cannot be extinguished until freedom belongs to everybody. But things get turned upside-down when our hero learns he may have fathered a child while fighting in the war – a child now grown up and serving as the King of Tonga! Also the child is half-bat and can fly. All of this set against a backdrop of impending global catastrophe – the Earth's natural resources are nearly depleted and the only hope lies in evolving gills and returning to the ocean. I call this show "Danger Island."
Starring: Talk Show Host, Hard-Boiled Career Counselor, Vindictive Millionaire Incognito, and Paraplegic Female Archeologist.

Well, there you have it, the next generation of TV! It's not so hard to come up with an original show, in fact there is no arcane magic to at all. Really, there isn't any creativity necessary either. You just have to ask yourself, "Is this something I would see on TV?" If the answer is yes, you do something akin to the exact opposite, only you make sure that it's still off from the exact opposite. They'll be expecting the exact opposite, so you be sneaky if you want to surprise them. But once they see your show, with great plots and original characters struggling to overcome their own internal and external conflictions, they'll be hooked. And if they don't get hooked outright, remember the power of Stockholm Syndrome. It's done wonders for my love life, and in theory can do the same for just about anything. Hold them captive long enough, and eventually they'll sympathize and even relate.

That's when you make your millions!

Fisted By The Northstar

Our very own Jedidiah "Jed" Kirchner (we didn't know we owned him, but he's been in our basement writing comedy for awhile) has put together the necessary letters and words to form a new Rom Pit Review. He put his formidable skills to the test by stepping into the roles of the Northstar's fists, previously played by those adorable Olsen Twins. Read the exciting "Fist of the Northstar" review now!

> *This game is based on an anime which is evidently about walking forward and making millions of identical people explode. If there's one thing we can learn from Fist of the North Star, it's that even the best anime idea in the world won't necessarily translate into a good video game, especially if the game exists in the 1980's where there's 9 in 10 chance of it being an incoherent crapfest made by a Japanese company that's employees are too busy taking over major U.S. corporations to worry about whether or not their pixels resemble any lifeforms or objects that have ever existed in the known universe.*

Now available in dynamic widesceen format!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.5 The New and Improved Axis of Evil ™, Part 0 of -18

Thursday, Mar 06, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The old Axis of Evil. BOOO! BOOO! You stink! Get off the stage!

As we head into March this tumultuous year, the weather is slowly beginning to shed its Winter coat. The metal chains are being taken off tires, people are changing their wardrobes, and the air is gradually warming up to remind us that our planet is constantly edging closer and closer into the sun thanks to the invisible Nazi Lizard Reptile Men and their pro-abortion agenda. Despite all these changes in our life, one element has remained woefully stagnant: the Axis of Evil ™. It's been months since the Axis of Evil ™ roster has been updated, and much like in Major League Baseball (or to a certain extent, the National Hockey League), teams are always shifting around and constantly in motion. Why should the Axis of Evil ™ be any different? I mean, I know everybody was just absolutely scared to death of Iran a couple months ago. I can remember some of the conversations I'd have with my parents during Iran's reign of terror around the end of 2002:

ME: "Hi mom, how are you guys doing?"
MY MOTHER: "IRAN!!! IRAN!!! IRAN!!! OH GOD HELP US, SAVE US FROM IRAN!!!"
ME: "What about Iran? Mom, you're not making any sense."
MY MOTHER: "IRAN!!! HELP!!! PLEASE RICH, HELP ME!!!"
ME: "Mom, please put dad on." *(Pause)*
MY DAD: "IRAN!!! IRAN!!! IRAN!!! OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, WON'T SOMEBODY STOP IRAN?!?"

This fear of Iran led to the infamous nationwide shortage of shoelaces, which was what the Department of Homeland Security commanded us to stock up on before it was "cool" to buy truck palettes full of duct tape for no readily available reason. For all you guys who work at Home Depot, word on the street is that the next hot item from the Department of Homeland Security will be staple guns, so start getting some "staple your way to security" promotional ads ready. While the threat of Iran attacking our peace loving nation was in fact very high back then (assuming their nation could scrape together enough cash for plane tickets to send key terrorist members to America), you've got to admit they really aren't much of a threat anymore. The same principle applies to Iraq; yeah, we're all hot and bothered about bombing them into bite-sized chunks which will be fed to our invisible Nazi Lizard Reptile overlords, but does Iraq *really* pose a threat to the United States? They barely have missiles that can reach their own borders, much less get over that big mess of watery stuff that separates our bloated land mass from theirs. Even if they could somehow get missiles into our country, perhaps by shipping them in hundreds of individual UPS packing boxes labeled "BABYS MILK'S FORMULA" and then trying to reassemble them in an abandoned Fruit By the Foot factory in Detroit, they wouldn't bother. Saddam is a true patriot and only uses Iraqi missiles to blow up his own Iraqi citizens; he wouldn't waste precious explosives on the likes of us worthless American pig dogs.

So what does this all amount to? Well let's look at the old and outdated Axis of Evil ™ standings:

AXIS OF EVIL ™ RANKINGS *(old)*

1) Iraq

2) Iran
3) North Korea

I don't know who this is, but he looks foreign so I think that makes him a bad guy.

As we all know, Iraq and Iran have been bumped off the charts. Nothing newsworthy has happened in Iran since they hired a bunch of kids in 1979 to hold the people in the American Embassy Suites hostage for a record-setting 444 luxurious days and 443 nights, often restricting their access to the free Continental breakfast. Iraq is doing the same dorky crap they've been doing for over a decade now, where they claim they don't have any missiles and there's no way they could have missiles and the mere notion of them even possessing missiles is preposterous, then we discover that they've been hiding all their missiles behind larger missiles the entire time. If Iraq wasn't on the damn Axis of Evil ™ roster ten years ago, there's no reason they should be up there now. This is why I am suggesting we update the Axis of Evil ™ roster for the new month and begin a periodic trend so the American public can know what entities to fear by Federal mandate, punishable by jail time or a $50,000 fine. Since the silly US government has failed to personally send me any suggestions, I will have to play this one by ear and create what I feel is the most appropriate Axis of Evil ™ for March:

AXIS OF EVIL ™ RANKINGS*(updated)*

1) North Korea
2)**Michael Jackson (NEW)**
3)**Bigfoot (NEW)**

The new, updated Axis of Evil. HOORAY! YAY! You're number one! Have my children!

Iraq and Iran have been knocked off the list, as quite honestly, their Power Ranking is very low and they just haven't been performing on the level that analysts had once claimed. North Korea has launched itself into the number one position by repeatedly displaying signs of outright insanity and suffering from Goofy Mouth Syndrome in worldwide newscasts. Two up and coming sensations have aggressively moved in to overtake the number two and three slots, marking the first time that the Axis of Evil ™ has had a majority of rookies. Michael Jackson has been scaring the world shitless for over a decade now, and many industry insiders previously suggested Jackson would have his time to "shine in the light" this year. Bigfoot wasn't originally considered to be a viable candidate for a top three ranking, but he got a powerful push when I recently received a pre-screening VHS copy of the movie "Ape Canyon: The Story of Bigfoot, North America's Greatest Lover." To be honest, I don't think anybody could've predicted the Sasquatch's sudden rise to power, but this movie shattered all expectations and helped fuel its joyride to position number three on the updated Axis of Evil ™ rankings. Let's now take a look at these three superpowers:

GENERAL OVERVIEW:

- **North Korea:** North Korea is a small country somewhere over near Asianlandia, inhabited by people dubbed "North Koreans." This small area of land which may or may

not be an island or peninsula or fiord was controlled by the evil Japanese until World War II, at which point the United States dropped some very large explosive devices on their city that kept all the deeds and titles to Japanese owned land. North Korea, which was then known as "Korea," subsequently took Japan to court and sued on "The Judge Judy Show," which ultimately ruled in their favor and additionally scolded Japan by quipping, "well that's tough nuts, bub. I'm the boss, applesauce." Korea then filed for divorce with itself and split into two nations through the miracle of meiosis or mitosis, depending on whichever term is more correct according to high school chemistry definitions. The good clone, South Korea, decided to make friends with the United Nations once they were invaded by their evil clone, North Korea, in what was (and still is) known as "The Korean War." North Korea kind of chilled out after that for a while, but they grew gradually more nutty in the brain as time passed by. In the past year alone, North Korea has opened up nuclear reactors, admitted to having multiple nuclear warheads, called the United States names like "the United Jerks," and threatened to shoot down US spy planes by refusing to shoot down US spy planes. At the way their aggression is escalating, North Korea will reveal a laser powered by a black hole capable of destroying the moon within the next six days.

- **Michael Jackson:** This pop superstar used to be a pop superstar until he became whatever the fuck he is now. Additionally, he also used to be black and have facial features that don't require Magic Markers and Play Dough to assemble. He made up one-fifth of "The Jackson Five," which included miscellaneous Jacksons like "Tyrone" and "Germane" and "Bo." After creative differences tore their band apart (Michael Jackson wanted to become a successful weirdo, while the other four wanted to become heroin addicts), Michael began pumping out hit songs and inventing dance moves which sold Sega games and Pepsi. However, Michael was always known to be "young at heart," which means "he enjoyed eating paste," resulting in his increasingly bizarre behavior. Recently he attempted to throw an infant over the railing of a Motel-6 in Germany but failed due to gravity being in the Metric System, admitted he uses a razor to shave off his nose every time it attempts to grow back in, paid over one hundred thousand dollars to put a spell on Jewish people, and publicly referred to black people as "bookies" or something zany like that. At this rate, Michael will elected as Supreme Dictator of North Korea within weeks.

Bigfoot is crazy, sexy, AND cool!

- **Bigfoot:** I had always figured the reclusive Yeti as being a mysterious, private creature who lurked in some backwoods plot of land slowly being bulldozed and turned into apartment complexes. However, I recently found myself the owner of "Ape Canyon: The Story of Bigfoot, North America's Greatest Lover" after being contacted by a Hotmail email account. This epic masterpiece by Jon Olsen and Trevor Guthrie documents the Sasquatch as how he "truly" is: a 6-foot tall rape machine. According to this educational feature, Bigfoot roams the woods, constantly searching for pudgy high school girls to deflower. As featured in various examples of Japanese pedophile cartoons, the female might initially express a slight displeasure to being raped, but will soon grow to love it and

demand more. This is the case in "Ape Canyon: The Story of Bigfoot, North America's Greatest Lover," as Bigfoot goes on a massive woodland rapefest that outranks almost all hip hop artists combined. Fortunately for him, the woods is full of various high school girls who apparently attend class in one of the ravines or gulches located throughout the area, and he's able to simply rape the hell out of everybody he encounters. On the rare occasion he meets up with a non-female (a male), he either brutally / comically murders them or urinates on their head before brutally / comically murdering them. Whether it be rape or homicide, Bigfoot is truly leaving an evil mark on the world, thereby allowing him to reach this month's rank on the Axis of Evil ™.

PREDICTIONS:

- **North Korea:** Not content with having "a few" nuclear weapons, North Korea will soon produce "more" nuclear weapons. This backwards country is one of the few remaining Communist dictatorships, so they do everything topsy-turvey and upside-down and inside-out. If you ask a North Korean to move to the left, he'll move to the right. If you question a North Korean for directions to the nearest church, he'll give you directions to the local whorehouse. Then he'll shoot you in the face. For example, they'll throw a parade which shows off their nuclear missiles and allows thrilled North Koreans to pet the warheads at a zoo, then they'll accuse the United States of flaunting their military might in North Korea's face. Then they'll send a bunch of tanks to do donuts in the DMZ and subsequently accuse South Korea of spiking their tap water with Drano. Nobody is really sure how North Korea got so messed up in the head to begin with, but many people suggest violent First-Person Shooter video games. North Korea is expected to move a series of anti-aircraft batteries to the Sea of Japan coastline, mainly because nobody knows where the fuck the Sea of Japan is, thereby making it technically impossible for America to destroy them. North Korea will launch a massive invasion of South Korea, unfortunately leaving their primary buildings susceptible to capture by enemy engineers. They plan on making a lot of things on their peninsula explode in the process, so if you live near Korea you should really think about moving to somewhere safer like onto the ship from "Event Horizon."

The Jacko Compound in all its glory.

- **Michael Jackson:** After being kicked out of America for being "really goddamn creepy," Jackson will move to one of those little countries that is 20 years behind world current events and still think he's cool, just like getting tapeworms or the ebola virus. Michael will set up a large fortress nicknamed "Jacko's Compound," a massive marble and burnt twig structure which will be known as "the place where children enter and never leave." Meanwhile, authorities in the United States will uncover a shocking number of hidden secrets behind Jackson's private life, including his fetish of forcing children to watch movies of him forcing children to watch movies. That's right, he's one of the first people to have a self-recursive sexual fetish. The CIA will send in shock troopers to penetrate the Jacko Compound shortly after Jackson announces his allegiance to the

"Church" of Scientology, and these commandos will be annihilated by a 50-foot tall grub with the head of L. Ron Hubbard that shoots lasers out of its eyes and fire from its mouth and various other orifices. The United States will declare war on Jacko's Compound and soon discover modern weaponry has no affect on it. They will decide to lock it inside a floating Decepticon head and launch it into deep space, where Jackson will breed with an entire planet and create a solar system which ejaculates all over itself every 30 days.

- **Bigfoot:** Although "Ape Canyon: The Story of Bigfoot, North America's Greatest Lover" concluded with Bigfoot turning into a ghost and dancing with a chubby high school girl, the Abominable Snowman never actually died. This movie was undoubtedly part of a secret governmental coverup designed to baffle and confuse the general public through a series of horrible jump cuts and shaky photography. In reality, Bigfoot is being cloned by the people at Area 51, in conjunction with Art "Taco" Bell and Sony. This "super race" of Bigfoots will be given rifles and Rape Sticks to help them in their upcoming military missions where they are dropped from a helicopter into enemy territory to capture and repeatedly rape key female political figures. The only man who can save us from the Bigfoot menace is "Bill," the man who was married to one of Bigfoot's first sexual subjects. As you're all undoubtedly well aware of, the climax of "Ape Canyon: The Story of Bigfoot, North America's Greatest Lover" was when Bigfoot raped Bill in his ass for what seemed like thirteen consecutive hours. Bill naturally fell in love with the sexy Sasquatch, tracking his every move in an attempt to marry him or at least get raped again. Bill will be promoted to the rank of "Chief Officer of Bigfoot Affairs" by the American government once they learn their Yeti plans have gone awry, and Bill will genetically manufacture a race of Bigfoot-raping Chupacabres. Eventually the Chupacabres will grow out of control, at which point Michael Jackson and his planetoids will volunteer to rape them.

I hope I have proved once again that when you want the most cutting edge news, you don't need to tune in to CNN or Bonzi Buddy; just head over to Something Awful and learn about world affairs, usually before they even have a chance to happen! The updated, new, "in your face" Axis of Evil ™ is currently taking this country by storm, and I personally would like to take this moment to thank myself for providing such a wonderful service to the human race, assuming the human race somehow mistakenly typed in a URL wrong and ended up on this webpage. Be sure to check this site daily, as you'll never quite know when the invisible Nazi Lizard Reptile Men demand we update our Axis of Evil ™ Power Rankings with new, up and coming challengers!

This is Unreal!

Zack "Hitler's Date to the Sadie Hawkin's Dance" Parsons here with a brand new game review of one of the most recent major titles to hit the PC market. "Unreal 2: The Awakening" is a big-budget eye candy fest that is very deserving of a review from Something Awful. I can hardly believe I played through this whole damn piece of shit.

From the makers of the original colored-lighting festival "Unreal" we get the single-player sequel, creatively named "Unreal 2: Some Generic Filler Subtitle". Designed for dullards who like pretty lights by dullards who like pretty lights, Unreal 2 is the jewel-encrusted Faberge turd of first person shooters. It fails utterly on every level but the eye candy, so follow that rail of tears through the amazingly beautiful stages because blowing away uninspired aliens and having embarrassingly bad conversations about the most generic plot of all time never looked so fucking good. Next to the graphics, the best thing about Unreal 2 is that you can finish it in under about six hours, or at least get to the point at which it stops being tolerable and uninstall it. For Lowtax that was the first stage.

> *I made it to the last stage before I heard the plastic of my mouse creaking beneath my rage-clenched hand and bid adieu to this steaming pile of garbage.*

This game sounds fantastic! Save yourself six valuable hours of non-sleep leisure time and as much as fifty dollars plus tax and read this review. I expect no less than fifty pieces of angry e-mails over this article, so if you're fan of the game open up Outlook and then cruise on over to the article.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.6 Small Town Attractions

Thursday, Mar 06, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We can't stop here! This is Bemani country!

Recently Rich has been talking about going on some sort of crazy cross-country nerd tour of America and dragging me along with him. He solicited suggestions for places to visit on the Forums and most people offered up things like "this totally awesome club where bands play" and "they have great hot wings and DDR at this place". I live in Chicago and Rich lives in Seattle and both of these major metropolitan areas probably contain better "clubs where bands play" and have a much more robust hot wing and DDR underground scene when compared to Boise or Kalamazoo. Neither of us has much interest in taking advantage of these opportunities where we live, so the odds of us painting random towns throughout America a hot wing sauce red is highly unlikely. Not to mention describing the quality of the "Dance Dance Revolution" machines at various locations won't make for a whole lot of entertainment.

> ***03-19-03 - River Creek, Wyoming***
>
> The DDR Machine at the River Creek YMCA is pretty good. They have Annoyance Max Mix on it! Although one of the pads appears to be damaged from the fat kid jumping up and down on it. We heard that there's another DDR setup at BW3's in nearby Hook Falls, so we'll be heading out there for some Buffalo Wild Wings and more dance action.

My suggestion to Lowtax was to turn this into a trip through the seedy underbelly of shit-town America. We've spent years telling you what is Awful on the Internet and in the entertainment industry, but we've paid little attention to the brick-and-mortar horrors that lurk in small towns. Whether or not this is ultimately the focus of the epic Something Awful road trip that may or may not happen in one week to nine years from now, I would like to bring to the attention of our readers some of the worst reasons to visit small towns in the United States.

My own small town of Sidney, Ohio is a bustling metropolis of just over 20,000 people. It features zero shopping malls, one Super Wal-Mart, a movie theater that has the same seats and sound system as it had when it opened during the Eisenhower administration, and approximately five hundred drive through convenience stores. In small town Ohio convenience stores have been almost entirely replaced with these places that look like a drive-through carwash but instead of hosing your rusted Camaro down they hand you a cold twelve pack of Natural Light. Somehow Sidney and its small population manage to support at least fifteen of these establishments. The market is so saturated with them that I'm frankly surprised they haven't started building them in the middle of the street to attract more customers.

Sidney is not without its share of amazing tourist attractions. According to the Shelby County Bureau of Commerce some of the reasons to locate your business in Sidney are:

- **The Big Four Bridge:** You know how they build bridges for railroads that hardly ever get used anymore? Yeah, this is one of them, and it's fairly big.
- **The Spot:** This is a 50's style diner where you park next to a tinny speaker and then bored high school girls bring your food out to you. The interior is teeming with the elderly, the poor, and the crazy. The food is similar to Wendy's if you submerge it in a mixture of boiling grease and botulism. One of my good friends ate there and hours later suffered from stomach cramps and a bleeding ass.

Every tourist attraction features a shop like this for all of your vanity mini-license plate, assorted low-quality craft, and bad "regional" candy needs.

- **The Titanic Museum:** You wouldn't think that a tiny town in the middle of a land-locked state would have the world's largest Titanic museum. You would be right because it doesn't, it has a metal prefab building with a noisy air conditioner that smells like a machine shop and has a model of the Titanic and a few pictures of people who fell off the ship and died. These days it might have a piece of the anchor or something else the proprietors bought on ebay, but probably not.
- **A Real Drive-In Movie Theater:** For most people living in the 21st century a drive-in movie theater is truly an anachronism, but since Sidney is an incorporated anachronism in Shelby County it fits right in. The best part about Sidney's drive-in theater is that about five years ago a really big storm hit and blew half of the screen down. Instead of putting it back up they just hauled it away and refocused the projector onto the remaining square.
- **The Big Rock:** There is a park in Sidney that is, in essence, about thirty acres of completely untended woods with a few roads and playgrounds stuck in it. The star attraction of this park is a particularly large brown rock, which has a wooden sign next to it identifying it as "The Big Rock". Invariably this sign is "fixed" each year by teenage wiseacres who rename it "The Big Cock". As a side note on the general low quality of teenager's graffiti in Sidney I once saw a stop sign where the only change made had been to add an exclamation mark after the word "stop" in black spray paint.

I've been on my share of road trips in the past and know from experience that Sidney's pathetic tourist attractions aren't even scraping the bottom of the barrel. There are some truly pitiful excuses out there for getting people to visit a given town. In an effort to plan visits to the absolute worst of these I did thorough research and I present to you now a few of the most pathetic. The thing is these aren't even the worst; these are the ones I ruled out as "not bad enough" to suggest to Lowtax.

- **"Crabapple Ranch"**

Location: Lombard, North Dakota

Description: In their Board of Tourism brochure, Lombard claims to be "the crabapple capitol of the world", a boast that is simultaneously surprising and depressing. Crabapple trees apparently have an affinity for the verdant lands of Lombard, and for whatever reason have been cultivated by the confused townspeople there. The largest grower of crabapples in Lombard can be found at "Crabapple Ranch", a 100+ acre orchard where people are intentionally growing crabapples. According to Lombard's ineffectual Board of Tourism crabapples actually have important uses other than making unattended toddlers vomit. "The crabapple was once considered nature's medicine chest. Native American tribes used a boiled paste derived from crabapples to help heal wounds and in the 19th century crabapples were a key ingredient in a particular brand of indigestion tablet!"

Nature's medicine cabinet tastes like shit and makes you sick.

Well I'll be damned! Crabapples ARE nature's medicine cabinet! Much like the lumps of dog shit that litter the grass outside my apartment are nature's moccasins. If you've ever wanted to see thousands of nuisance-fruit bearing trees growing in unison then head on over to Lombard where the lawns all reek of inedible rotten fruit!

- **Albert Einstein Outlook Café**

Location: New York, Arizona

Description: A lot of restaurants, hotels, and bars make a name for themselves when a famous guest stops by and signs a photo. For the Outlook Café in New York, Arizona, simply the fact that Albert Einstein supposedly drove through the town is sufficient to name a business after him. The Café also features "the largest portrait of Albert Einstein ever made entirely from uncooked pasta". Maybe they can comb his memoirs for proof that when he drove past the Outlook Café he actually turned his head and looked over at it!

- **"Space Force: 2000"**

Location: Bowling Green, Virginia

Oh fuck, the Herculons draw near!

Description: Bowling Green is a small rural town less than fifty miles from our nation's capitol. To compete with the immense influx of tourists to Washington D.C. the geniuses of late 70's Bowling Green erected a museum dedicated to the future of space flight. Why they chose this topic is a mystery only deepened by the enigma of why they didn't consult anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of the space program when putting their museum together. Details are hazy on what the museum actually contains but I did turn up some of the exhibit titles after a phone call to a nice lady at the Bowling Green library. Apparently they had a flier up near the entrance and she brought it over and read me the whole thing over the phone.

- The Atom: Man's Solution to the Powers of Neptune
- Mars Lifter 1985
- Below the Seas of Mercury
- Beyond the Universe

- Battlestation USSR
- Herculons Attack!
- Asteroids Are Our Friends
- Biosphere Bonanza

While I liked the idea of catching a ride on "Mars Lifter 1985", the idea that we may at any moment be attacked by the Herculons was very disconcerting.

- **Civil War Memorial**

Location: Grigsby, Maryland

Description: Many cities and towns throughout the country have memorials dedicated to the Civil War or all wars that men of the town served in. Even little old Sidney has a memorial for Vietnam with a list of about ten or fifteen names of men who gave their lives in that bloody conflict. Grigsby, Maryland is unique in that it has constructed a fairly large Civil War Memorial and this memorial carries only a single name; Private Clark Edison. Edison was a rifleman who was wounded by a Union horse during training, had his leg amputated, and then defected to the Confederate lines when he reached battle. He was killed while attempting to flee from a Union picket at Antietam Creek. I'm not really shocked that all this happened in the unfortunate life of Mr. Edison, but I am extremely surprised that the town of Grigsby would erect a monument to honor him. It should come as no revelation that Grigsby is an extremely small town.

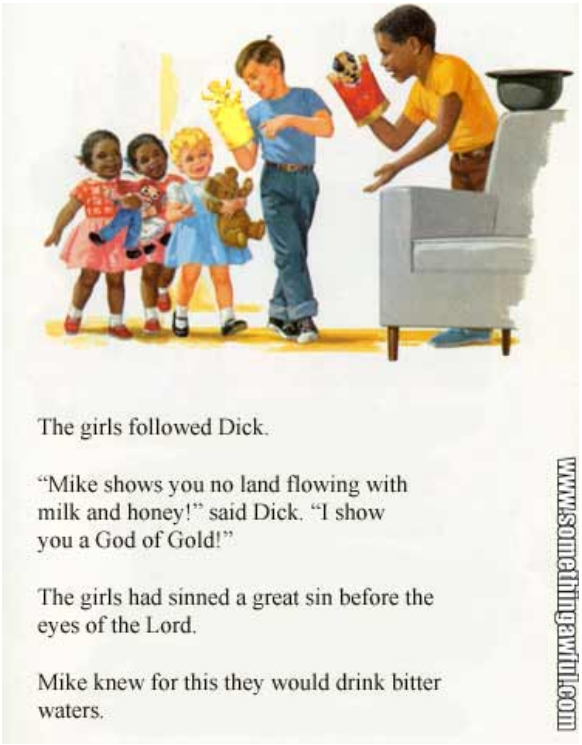
If your Podunk town happens to have an equally impressive or depressing monument to the sheer worthlessness of itself then please feel free to e-mail me and let me know! Lowtax and/or myself might just pay your town's star attraction a visit.

- **See Phriday. See Phun.**

Marry Christmas everybody! It's your humble mutant and Phriday host Josh "Pants Shifter" Boruff here to let you know all is well. There is a fantastic new Photoshop Phriday up, and it's probably one of the best we've ever done. This week is all about Dick and Jane, those two preteen titans who champion literacy and innocence in schools everywhere. Here is a scary sneak peak:

So I guess you better check it out, huh? Yeah, I guess you better.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



The girls followed Dick.

"Mike shows you no land flowing with milk and honey!" said Dick. "I show you a God of Gold!"

The girls had sinned a great sin before the eyes of the Lord.

Mike knew for this they would drink bitter waters.

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3.7 Lets go Camping you Nerds! (Part 2)

Friday, Mar 07, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello once again fine peoples of the Internet. I come back to you now at the turn of the tide to bring you Part 2 of "Let's Go Camping You Nerds!". If you recall last week, we covered what equipment you need to have, and some of the forest creatures you would encounter. Since then I've faced harsh criticism concerning the validity of my knowledge about camping. The ringleader of this witch hunt is none other than Sunday's Ben "Greasnin" Platt. To prove that my article was nothing but smoke and mirrors, he went on a camping trip last week, ignoring all of my tips and warnings. Due to his ignorance, he got himself raped not once, not twice, but thrice! Poor Greasnin fled the woods with a ravaged anus and is still in the shower silently weeping. To tell you the truth, before Part 1 of this piece I had never gone camping before in my life, but since then I have gone on some bold expeditions with my new gear and have many words of wisdom to share - as well some interesting diseases. So strap on your backpack and put some pants on for God's sake, it's time to camp!

Ben "Greasnin" Platt did not heed my advice never to turn your back on a camping salesman.

The most paramount aspect of camping is picking a location. You could just set up your tent in your living room, but it takes the ruggedness out of the whole experience. You also run the risk of getting wet when the fire department is hosing down your house because your campfire burns out of control, prompting all the neighborhood children to run inside and steal your fruit and PS2 games while you are rolling around in your flaming sleeping bag screaming for help. For the bulk of you who have never been outside or felt the touch of a woman, it would be best to pick a location that does not have extreme elevation changes, thick jungle vegetation, or sub-zero temperatures. There is no shame in picking a beginner's trail, and leaving the more dangerous, less-traveled roads for more experienced campers like Grizzly Adams and myself. Let us look at some possible locations where you can defile the earth with your horrible presence, shall we?

Beginner Level 1: Local Rest Areas

For most of you clueless retards (no offense), this is the best spot to get used to camping and break in your new gear. Pick a secluded spot next to one of the stationary BBQs and set up camp. This is a good time to inspect all of your equipment to make sure one of those terrible salespeople didn't throw any bombs or cobras in it. This camping locale is ideal for people who are still a bit frightened by nature. If a leaf falls on your head or a squirrel gives you a dirty look, escape can be swift, and you can be back in your apartment watching He-Haw reruns within 10 minutes.

- **Wildlife:** Squirrels, trees, grass, state cops, fabulous men, truckers, and random serial killers.
- **Pros:** A quick exit if you start to freak out, and company if you get lonely. Often, the restrooms will be full of fellow campers like you who are getting to know each other very well. If you are feeling a bit glum or getting scared in your tent, go into the restroom for a heart-to-heart chat and/or a reacharound.
- **Cons:** Oftentimes, you will be sleeping peacefully in your tent when a totally drunk trucker will do a belly flop right on top of you. It's really rude, but don't tell them that. They hate criticism of their artistic dives and aren't afraid to open up your face with a tire iron and then start kissing your bleeding "purty" mouth. But whatever you do, don't go to the state cops for help. They will only laugh at your plight, hose you down

with pepper spray, and hand you over to the hordes of misfit truckers clamoring for your demise.

Novice Level 2: State Parks

State parks are the most common places to hike, and provide a good mixture of seclusion and society. Unlike the rest area, you actually have to walk to your camping spot, and there is a good chance that you will have to do some work. If your skin starts to discharge salty drops of water, do not panic. This liquid is called "sweat" and is not unlike a tear. It's like your body is crying because you're making it do stuff. It's a good idea not to hike more than 10 miles a day if you don't want your feet to turn to bags of mush. If you cannot find a suitable campsite, then burn down a section of the forest to suit your needs. When a park ranger tries to stop you, explain the theory of that Darwin guy, and how we are superior to the trees and it's only natural to destroy them. If he tries to arrest you, knock him out and frame him for the murder of a prominent political figure.

- **Wildlife:** Rabbits, chipmunks, bears, wolves, monkeys, trees, other campers, insects, and Yeti.
- **Pros:** You don't have to worry about truckers or corrupt cops stabbing you in the middle of the night. You can also pretty much get away with any depraved sexual act without fear of being interrupted.
- **Cons:** It is well known in camping circles that State Parks are full of vampires. These filthy bloodsuckers consist of campers, park rangers, and Girl Scouts who have fallen pray to the master vampire who lives in a big oak tree somewhere. It's not really a big deal, but keep garlic on your tent and a big fire going at all times.

Ranger Kit Level 3: Evil Forest of The Lich King

Those who gain enough experience and gold on previous quests can advance to this level. It is filled to the brim with danger and adventure at every turn of the forest maze. Random encounters with creatures can occur every couple of steps you take. Make sure to be well armed, for these beasts will give you no quarter. Once you find your way through the treacherous forest, enter the Lich King's castle and prepare for the final battle.

Greasnin also ignored my advice on bears. He was rewarded with 4 gallons of piping hot bear semen in his anus.

- **Wildlife:** Orcs, bugbears, goblins, knolls, green slime, red slime, silver slime, green slime with hat, skeletons, zombies, zombie warrior with hat, zombie warrior without hat, green zombie warrior with sombrero.
- **Pros:** Once you defeat the Lich King, the dark veil of evil shall be lifted from the land, causing the peasants to rejoice and praise your name.
- **Cons:** The princess is in another castle.

Lord Camper of Space Level 4: Slopes of Mt. Olympus on Mars

Only one man has ever reached this level of expertise, my late Uncle Cecil. He was truly a great camper and taught me everything I know. After consuming a large amount of ale, he would get up on what he thought was a tree stump (but was really our coffee table) and relate all of his great tales of wilderness adventures. He once beat a pair of bear cubs unconscious with his bare hands,

finding their trove of honey and saving the city of New York from the great honey shortage of 1974. He also boasted that he burned down a whole forest of aggressive trees, slew a large horde of goblins that turned out to be a Boy Scout troop, and climbed the slopes of Mt. Olympus on Mars. While his wife would roll her eyes at his Mars camping tales (causing him to throw what he thought was a rock, that was in reality our TV, at her sassy face), us kids would listen in rapt attention as he related the great peril and danger of Mt. Olympus. During his epic tale of climbing space cliffs and fighting space bears, Uncle Cecil would often pass out in mid-sentence, falling directly backwards onto the table causing it to shatter into thousands of pieces, making the whole family roar with laughter.

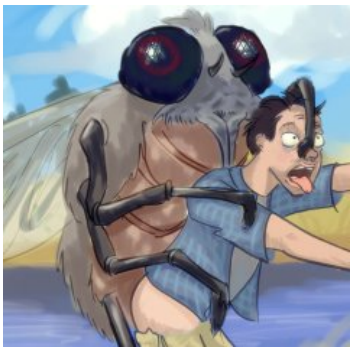
- **Wildlife:** Space bears, space rabbits, space apes, sandworms, and a lot of stock footage from 50's Sci-Fi movies.
- **Pros:** Two words: endorsement deals. Just think of the cash Nike or Pizza Hut would pay to stamp their logo all over your body as you made world record camping hikes. I'm sure McDonald's would give you millions to start up a new restaurant on the peak of Mt. Olympus since that's they only place they haven't invaded yet.
- **Cons:** Getting there. My Uncle Cecil always told us he was transported there by a combination of meditation, incense, and rocket shoes. Alas, he lost his life when he attempted to return to Mars by strapping 40 pounds of dynamite to his feet, effectively showering the whole neighborhood with his remains when he lit the fuse. My Uncle Cecil died as he lived, sharing.

Now that you have determined what level of difficulty you want to pursue, you are almost ready to thrust your stinking carcass out the door. But before you foolishly leap into the forest, let me give you some quick and simple tips to survival that I probably didn't mention on the first part because I was really loaded. I could check last week's update, but I'm not sure how to use the interactive web page links that Lowtax likes to use. When the computer confuses me, I usually end up hitting it with my bat and throwing it off an overpass, so let's not even go there.

Things you might need to know for not dying:

- When your body cries tears, you are expelling vital moisture. If you do not replenish this moisture, you will probably die. That's why it's a good idea to bring water with you when camping. A small jug of water should suffice since you will probably find a river or lake, but if you can't find water, urine or blood will do.
- There is an old saying in camping: if you pack it in, pack it out. That means to not leave any trash in the forest. This is wrong. Bears love trash, and when you litter, you are helping the bears, thus helping nature.
- Don't pick up any random dolls lying around. My uncle told me these are Vietcong booby traps, and saw his best friend get his head blown out of his ass after kissing one of these seemingly harmless dolls.
- Nobody likes to be walking around the campsite looking for wood, and then stepping in a steaming pile of human fecal matter. No sir, that's bad business. If you need to relieve your bowels, then do it directly over the campfire so the hot coals naturally evaporate the droppings. Once all the water has been dried from your offerings, the solid carbon base makes great coffee. (Waste nothing!)
- Only you can cause forest fires or something. Since Smokey the Bear was found out to be a communist spy, his words of wisdom have fallen on deaf ears. His message was to not make forest fires because it's just not cool. The ONLY reason to cause a forest fire

> would be when you spot a patch of aggressive trees, if you get lost and need somebody to find you, if your Game Boy Advance runs out of batteries and you are like, really bored, or if you wake up in the middle of the night screaming because you had the same dream with the little gnome telling you to savagely burn and kill all living things you come in contact with. Other than that, never, ever cause forest fires!



Greasy didn't listen to me about bringing bug spray. He got raped by a fly.

So are you all geared up and ready to go camping? I can't hear you! No, I really can't hear you. I don't have any speakers with this computer because I bought it in the back of a bowling alley and didn't ask any questions about the blood smears on the screen. I really hope to see a bunch of you guys out there in the wilderness once spring hits. Camping is not only good for your body and mind; it's good for nature as well. Think about that for a while my friends. Until next week, this is Park Ranger Frolixo signing off the SA comedy machine.

(Illustrations by forum goon "The Yellow Yell". I paid him for his services with sweet, sweet rape.)

■ Funtime With State Og!

This is your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell once again, doing my part to lure you into our potentially dangerous van with candy, metaphorically speaking (and literally when the job calls for it). When I realized it was almost time for another State Og earlier today, I was so overwhelmed with excitement that I ran shrieking past three open windows, then jumped through the first available closed one. After reading this update then smoking PCP, you might do exactly the same:

> *Offer a simple piece of candy to your victim for this prank. Little does he know when he takes his first bite of this candy, he is chewing into humiliation! State Og has developed a new candy that, when triggered inside the stomach by the inner lining of mucus, transforms into ten or more shards of glass which are each bigger than the original piece of candy! Just try to keep a straight face with your buddies who are in on the gag as your friend doubles over in pain a few hours later. He will never suspect you or your candy caused this hilarious glassy mess!*

If that's not good reading, then I don't know what is, or whose pants I'm wearing. Go check out State Og, foolish humans!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.8 Smudge the Hate - Part One

Sunday, Mar 09, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

WELL THAT SURE SOLVES THAT PROBLEM.

THANKS! For decades or maybe even whatever is bigger than decades much of mankind has struggled to live in a utopia of equality. Despite these efforts to transform societies around the globe the world remains a festering sore of hatred, or at least slight prejudice. A lack of respect and a seething distrust of other races is almost expected of most people these days. This owes more to tradition than anything, as stereotypes and slurs pile up, one on top of the other, to provide racists and homophobes with more ammunition. It's too easy to fling these barbs out, and because there is the slightest hint of truth to many of them they wound much more than if they were wholly unfounded. White guys just might not be able to dance as well as people of other races. Black people just might like fried chicken a little more than other races. Eskimos just, uh, might... fly... horses to... moons of... eh! Fucking Skimos, never givin' a guy a break.

I realize that Something Awful can't do a lot to change the world of race relations, but I think there is something we can do to lend a very small helping hand. We need to dilute the stereotypes. Drown the slurs in a sea of new and entirely nonsensical epithets. You may insult or enrage an Asian person by yelling "hey Chink!" at them, but if you yell "hey Mister Fix-It!" at them chances are all you will do is confuse them slightly. More importantly if any racists are watching you'll confuse them too. Racists are almost invariably "going with the flow". If they see some people yelling random nonsense at minorities they are going to imitate this idiotic behavior. Before you know it you'll have the drunken racists who drive around on Saturdays in a beat up Camaro screaming "Go back to Cloud City you damned Launch Tubes" at a family of Puerto Ricans.

If you're not following my logic let me put it another way; the tables will be turned!

Caucasians

Current Status: Caucasians, or "white folk", are generally the least susceptible to racial bigotry, although resentment from minorities has created a few lackluster attempts at slurs and stereotypes for whites. Since no white people read Something Awful I'll go ahead and get the Caucasians out of the way. Their current stereotypes center on their inability to be "hip" and "with it". Racial slurs run the gamut from the fairly impotent "cracker" or "white bread" to the spooky and mysterious "ghost face". Relatively affluent adult white men are known collectively as "The Man" for their ability to keep people, meaning non-white males, down. I guess this qualifies as a racial slur too although I'm not really a doctor of raciology.

Sweet Tarts claim another victim.

Suggested Fake Stereotypes

- If a white person eats a Sweet Tart they perish instantly.
- There is a race of super-whites called "Mirrors" that are so white you can see yourself in them. If two mirrors stand next to each other they die. If you take a picture of one then you die.

- If a parakeet dies in its cage it is because a white person is nearby. Coal miners used to use parakeets to detect white leaks in Caucasian-rich veins of bauxite.
- White people are really bad at holding their breath for extended periods.
- If you hear a church bell ring it means that a white person has lost a tooth.
- When a white person drinks a dark beer they become black, but only for 24 hours. This experience is also very painful to them and they usually avoid it unless on a "covert op".
- Fat white people contain prizes. Prizes that bite.
- If you see a white person with a lot of hair on their body that means they are the king white person.
- White Americans make very bad presidents.

Suggested Fake Racial Slurs

- Lazy Susan
- Beanbagz
- The Talk of the Town (only elderly white women)
- Curacao
- What Got Into That Cat ("Friskies" is also acceptable)
- Jury Duty
- Xpac

African Americans

Oh great, they've formed their six-eyed insect army again.

Current Status: One of the most racially discriminated against groups; African Americans have a long legacy of oppression and prejudicial treatment and have a tough road to hoe even in this liberal day and age. Popular stereotypes range from "they like fried chicken and watermelons" to "they are all criminals and rapists". There is a general fear of young black men in today's society, a fear that is reinforced by the news media's heavy reporting of any black crimes. As with most stereotyping there are a few positive stereotypes for black people, including "they have giant penises" and "they are really good at sports". Despite the preponderance of stereotypes related to African Americans there is plenty of room for more! Fake stereotypes about them will help to confuse racists and muddle the current stereotypical representation of African Americans.

Suggested Fake Stereotypes:

- Black women control the men, or "worker drones", by secreting a pheromone from a special gland in their thorax.
- If you are touching a black man when the song "Under the Boardwalk" plays on the radio then you are legally married to that man regardless of your sex.
- Black people are excellent astronauts
- African Americans cannot cross moving water and must retire to a box containing the soil of their homeland when sleeping.
- Black people will pass out if they see a helicopter. Even seeing one on TV or in a photograph makes them dizzy.
- Black people can disguise themselves as inanimate objects by using an innate shape-shifting ability. If you spot one and call out his or her true name then they will grant

you three wishes.

Suggested Fake Racial Slurs:

- Electric Avenue
- Dot Com Dot Bomb
- Michelob
- Carburetor
- Kintaro
- Ghoulies (applies only to a group)

- **Asians**

It's a boy!

Current Status: There are as many stereotypes for Asians as there are different sub-groups of "Asian". Whether you're calling Vietnamese people "Gooks" or Koreans "Zipper Heads", you're being a fucking asshole and it needs to stop. I suggest you sign up for my new stereotypes and slurs for Asians.

Suggested Fake Stereotypes:

- If Chinese people have sex with Japanese people they give birth to dolphins.
- When Koreans fall asleep their arms detach from their bodies and molest a certain particular type of land tortoise.
- Instead of the righteous Christian God people from Thailand believe in a giant magical baby called "Tormentorion" that rides a horse made out of hope.
- When a Japanese person dies they flash for ten seconds and then reappear as a larger and red version of themselves with twice as much health.
- All Asians are made out of dough and baked into life inside the "World Oven".
- If an Asian man is smoking a cigarette that means he is pregnant. If an Asian woman is smoking a cigarette that means she is in heat.
- Chinese people make the best magicians.
- Vietnamese people have fleshy sacs concealed against their back that will fill with air when they feel threatened.
- The Chinese calendar is a joke played on Westerners and Chinese New Years celebrations are actually covers for cabals of Chinese wizards to gather and eat white babies.

Suggested Fake Racial Slurs:

- World's Greatest Grandpa (Japanese Women)
- Flonase (Taiwanese)
- Sir Lawrence Olivier (Koreans or Pacific Islanders)
- Rogue Leader (Japanese Men)
- Slam Dunk King (Vietnamese)
- Death Breath (Reserved for the Japanese Makers of "Kid Nikki")
- Desperado (Buddhist Monks of Asian Descent)

Take these new stereotypes into consideration before you and your friends load up on cans of Steel Reserve and spray paint and head out to the house where the interloping family that isn't your ethnicity lives. You can humiliate yourself and everyone can have a good laugh at your inept vandalism when you write "World's Greatest Grandpa" on their house in red spray paint. Friday I will return with three more ethnic groups that deserve to have their racial slurs diluted with a mind numbing tornado of nonsense. Until that time, or at least until I choke back the bile and manage to play through another Hentai game, I bid you adieu!

Boomer Trouble

Jedidiah "Unbelievably Fake Sounding First Name" Kirchner has suffered through another horrible Nintendo game for your amusement. This time the method of his suffering was a wonderful light-gun game entitled "Baby Boomer".

> *A prototype milk-powered cyborg baby has escaped from a government research facility at the local park. As our best sniper, you must prevent this technology from falling into the hands of communist insects and skeletons that want to destroy the American way of life. If you are killed in this deadly crawling rampage, the U.S. government will disavow any knowledge of your embarassingly stupid mission*

It sure sounds like quite a caper folks! Browse your way on into the poorly concealed trap that is the ROM Pit and check out Mr. Jedidiah's review!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 War and Peace* (*More War)

Sunday, Mar 09, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Yeah, he's still the President.

It's been a few weeks since I milked the impending war with Iraq for front page material, so it is my patriotic duty to bring you the latest on the diplomatic and military fronts today. Besides, I was too worn out from my rocky camping trip to come up with a creative topic. Of course, the big news came on Thursday night when President George "Subliminable" Bush preempted Must See TV in order to carefully avoid answering questions. As outraged Americans rioted in the streets, demanding to know who Joey was going to sleep with this week, the four or five people who actually have the patience to listen to Bush speak watched in anticipation to learn the fate of our beloved nation. The speech, which essentially boiled down to "terrorism is still bad," didn't really announce anything new, and yet somehow still managed to piss off just about every nation in the world.

The U.S. has drafted an amendment to a current resolution that calls for a March 17th deadline for the disarmament of Iraq. The deal is, either Iraq ditches all the weapons that we don't want them to have, or we'll commence Operation: Bomb Iraq Until It Stops Being Funny. The problem, of course, is that Iraq has already started cooperating. Apparently someone finally reminded Saddam that he lost the crap out of the Gulf War, and the odds aren't in his favor this time, either. We've got 250,000 troops ready to storm Baghdad. Iraq doesn't even have 250,000 literate citizens. So, Saddam started destroying the Al Samoud 2 missiles, the ones we objected to. He's meeting our demands. And yet, Bush still wants to deliver the March 17th ultimatum. The diplomatic logic behind that is lost on me. Not surprising, the rest of the U.N. Security Council responded to the idea with one collective "guh?" This is probably the first time I've ever agreed with France on anything, but if we actually follow through with this threat after Iraq has started to actively agree to our demands, America will officially be a dick. Bush has already declared that even if the Security Council vetoes the ultimatum, we're going to make it anyway. Yeah, that's the way to win a lot of friends. Nothing says "we love peace" more than going to war when a diplomatic solution is actually starting to work.

"Okay, how many of you haven't bathed in a week? Okay, two weeks?"

So, we've pissed off just about everybody. Well, not Bulgaria. For some reason, Bulgaria loves us now. They said that they would support us in our war efforts. Alright! Nothing guarantees victory like support from Bulgaria. I mean, once Bulgaria gets involved, it's only a matter of time before Latvia jumps into the fray. At last, we've got some worthwhile allies! Seriously, I'd like to know just how Bulgaria thinks they're going to go about backing us up. We're the United States. We wouldn't use Bulgaria to scratch our asses. At least we can rest assured that if we ever run out of goats and poverty, we can borrow some of theirs. Other than our new friend to the northeast - no, not that far east... okay, now down a little bit... little bit more... yeah, that's Bulgaria - we've got a lot of countries that aren't too thrilled with our new foreign policy of "go to war no matter what, and pretend that we'll handle things diplomatically when we obviously won't." At this point, I think it's fairly safe to say that we are going to war with Iraq. I'd love to be proven wrong on this. Nothing would make me happier than to write an article

next week saying that our troops are standing down, but I just don't think that's going to happen. Mostly it's because my next article comes out on the 16th, which means Saddam will still have **one whole day** to disarm his entire goddamn country, including publicly destroying the secret hidden inviso-weapons that we know he has yet can't find. Since war is pretty much a given, and a U.S. victory is pretty much a given, lets take a look at the likely aftermath.

Yep, that's Bulgaria.

Since 9/11 basically proved to the anti-American terrorists of the world that we *can* be hit, we are almost guaranteed to see another attack. The Middle East is chock full of near-unpronouncable countries that actually support Saddam Hussein. Those countries also tend to support terrorism. Unless we're willing to nuke the entire region into one melted glob of turban goo, we can't possibly take out every terrorist faction before we take another hit. Our security isn't tight enough and our military isn't fast enough. Deposing Saddam won't scare the terrorists into hiding, it will draw out the whackos who want to be martyrs. There are also a fair share of Middle Eastern nations that want Saddam gone, but they don't want the U.S. to do it. That's one of the biggest problems in this war. We think we're doing the Muslim world a favor, but it's a favor they don't want from us. If there's one thing that they hate more than a dictator who gets his fat, cigar-chomping jollies by gassing Kurds, it's the U.S. acting like it can exercise as much power as it wants anywhere in the world. Honestly, what we should do is send Bulgaria in first. They're so eager to fight now, and I sincerely doubt Egypt would have a problem with Bulgaria getting rid of Saddam Hussein.

> **President Mubarak (the Egyptian President. Jesus, pick up a damn newspaper):** "What news from Iraq?"
> **Aide:** "President Mubarak, Hussein has been forced out of office! His regime is in shambles!"
> **President Mubarak:** "By Osiris' teats, the Americans have to have some nerve to think that they can just storm into any country they want and impose their own beliefs!"
> **Aide:** "No, Mister President, it was Bulgaria!"
> **President Mubarak:** "If Bush thinks that he can just walk all over Egypt, too, I'll show him what it - wait, what did you say?"
> **Aide:** "The Bulgarians did it."
> **President Mubarak:** "The Bulgarians."
> **Aide:** "Yuh-huh."
> **President Mubarak:** "Deposed Saddam."
> **Aide:** "Yep."
> **President Mubarak:** "Wow. Uh... seriously?"
> **Aide:** "Yeah, I know. Weird, huh?"
> **President Mubarak:** "It's totally weird. Uh, I really don't know how to react to that."
> **Aide:** "Should I tell the Bulgarian foreign minister that we will never support their regime?"
> **President Mubarak:** "Uh... no, no, I think it's cool. I mean, I don't think their regime is going to involve much more that goats and poverty. Bulgaria, really?"
> **Aide:** "That's right."
> **President Mubarak:** "I'm pretty sure I did a report on them in like fourth grade. To tell the truth, I didn't even think they were a country anymore."

I sincerely doubt that the world at large has a contingency plan for if Bulgaria attacks and successfully

ousts Saddam Hussein. I can't even picture terrorists really having the energy to hate America after that. But since a Bulgaria-initiated offensive seems unlikely, I think we have to prepare ourselves for the likelihood of another major attack on American soil. While I certainly can't offer any information about where this attack might be or what form it might take, I can at least assure you that no matter what, Something Awful will keep running. Well, unless the terrorists blow up Lowtax or something, but that seems like an overly-specific target, when you think about it. So yes, we will still be here, churning out semi-humorous articles on a daily basis. However, in a time of emergency, everyone needs to adapt somewhat, and we're no exception. So let me now bring you up to date on the official Something Awful Emergency Plan.

- **The SA office will be sealed**

The Something Awful offices - we love geometry!

In order to keep the funny coming from as long as possible while our country is under chemical, biological, or explositastical siege, the entire Something Awful staff will be locked inside our company headquarters. The doors will be sealed until such a time as it is safe to leave. The atmosphere inside will be pressurized in order to prevent any harmful microscopic particles or nanotech robots from getting in. Don't worry about us, though. We've got a year's supply of oxygen. Unfortunately, we've been going through something of a financial crisis lately, since not enough people are signing up for the fantastic forums, so we couldn't afford standard NASA-certified, air-grade oxygen. It's not O2, exactly, but O1, which is almost as good. The science behind it baffles me, but I'm not paid to know science, I'm paid to watch terrible movies and bitch about them. And that's exactly what I intend to keep doing in the interest of our nation.

- **Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka will be frozen**

My sides are splitting already! That's probably something I should have looked at.

In the event of a life-threatening emergency situation, all of our thoughts will immediately turn to making the quality of life as good as possible for the survivors. To that end, our founder and most prolific writer, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, will by rushed to a secret underground bunker, where he will be frozen in carbonite. Hopefully, future generations will be able to thaw him and benefit from his wit, wisdom, and astounding cynicism. Also, since we're literally sealing ourselves off from the outside world, it makes sense that we should get rid of the most flatulent person. Perhaps in the irradiated wasteland of the future, Rich's unique blend of intestinal gasses will purify the ash-choked air. In the meantime, the most senior employee, Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons, will become the new Lowtax. He shall be known as Geitax, and he will be forced to write five front page article and six content updates every week. All hail Geitax!

- **Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz will be tranquilized and eaten**

We may have oxygen atoms aplenty, but the SA reserves do not have much in the way of extra food. Company policy calls for the newest employee to be eaten by the others. This plan was first enacted when Josh Boruff was hired, hence the moniker "Livestock." A month ago, I would have been the one to be eaten. As luck would have it, the new guy mantle has been passed to Frolixo, that smartass. While his weekly rants about lawn decorations and his freakish obsession with my ass will be missed by the public (I assume), he will be expected to fulfill his duty. It doesn't really matter if he goes willingly or not, we've got tranquilizer darts. Ironically, the office supply stores do contain large amounts of various condiments, so you can sleep easy knowing that while Frolixo may not be terrible nutritious, he will be irrefutably delicious.

State Og updates will be replaced by Staving Off Insanity Saturdays

While our local State Og representatives may be friendly, they are also realistic. Chances are fairly good that if terrorists do attack, the State Og corporation itself will be the prime target. The megacorporation may not produce the most weapons the the U.S. military, but it does produce the most creative (and scalding) ones. In the event of an attack, State Og has its own emergency policy. While we may not know exactly what that entails, sources have told me that it will involve mutants of some sort. The company will not want to reveal its defensive and offensive plans on the internet for obvious reasons, so communications will be severed between State Og and Something Awful. We wouldn't want to leave a gap in the content lineup, though, so instead of the Saturday State Og updates, we will be featuring Staving Off Insanity Saturdays. Josh and I will compile all the best moments from around the office over the course of the week as the staff tries its best to ignore the fact that we're sealed inside an airtight compound with nothing but work for amusement, we've killed and eaten one of our own, and our gassy leader is frozen in the basement. All the best quotes and pictures will be lumped together into four to seven pages of pure hilarity! It promises to be a hoot as we gradually lose our grip on reality and slip in and out of coherence. With an article by Geitax and a Staving Off Insanity update to boot, Saturdays will become everyone's favorite day of the week!

Those are just a handful of the changes that you'll notice around here. I want you all to be able to relax and know that no matter what, we will keep on doing what we do best - trying to make you laugh and failing miserably.

There's No Need To Fear! Hero X Is Here!

Hey all you sexy readers, Taylor "Psupercalifragalisticexpialidosis" Bell here. I was a little disappointed to see I wasn't included in the fallout shelter survival plan, but then I realized it was because I'd probably eat all our stockpiled food and use up all our water on water balloons. Anyway, this week's target of my furious outburst of hatred is Hero X, a really bad story of a really bad superhero in a really bad game.

> *Once you get within two feet of a biker, prepare to experience the finest combat system the budget PC gaming industry has to offer. First the bikers will all run up right in front of you, displaying pathfinding skills that are far superior to yours. Then they'll start spastically swinging their fists around while the same annoying muffled "whack" effect starts thumping through your speakers approximately 40 times per second. Each punch inflicts approximately 1x10-12 percent of your total health in damage, so if you're in a mental state where you might actually be killed by these enemies, you'll probably only be able to play for a few minutes before you drool on your mouse or try to eat it. If you decide to fight back, you have to be a bad enough dude to click on each enemy twice. This makes your hero imitate their fist-swinging motion while little comic book sound bubbles appear over their heads, some of them containing words like "ZAP" and "MEH" which*

are not normally recognized as punching noises.

Check that shit out, yo.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.10 The United States of Conspiracy

Tuesday, Mar 11, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

For roughly as long as grass has been a greenish hue, give or take a few years, people have been concocting elaborate conspiracy fantasies to transform their mundane lives into extraordinary super bowls of psychosis. The real world may work for some people, as in normal people, but it doesn't work for everybody. So what's left for you if you're a member of the disenfranchised minority? Carry on with the drudgery of a pathetic existence regulated to work and self-loathing, or become the center of a tumultuous maelstrom of egomaniacal paranoia and fantasy? Obviously you do the sound thing and give yourself first billing in the biggest mindfuck to never actually come out of Hollywood. This is the role of a lifetime, and unless you immerse yourself in it and give an Academy Award performance you're going to be the failure of a lifetime. Forging a livable insane conspiracy world isn't easy. It takes a lot of hard work, practice, and intricate planning. The last thing you want to do is disappoint a normal person with your primitive and easily graspable tales, not when you can blow the lid of their skulls with the most cunning and ingenious tapestry of madness this side of Scientology. Then, while their skull lids are displaced, you can observe the tiny alien masterminds controlling them firsthand. My god, don't you see it? You're the only one who can save humanity!

This guy is insane and he damn well looks happy.

Like all things in life, such as winning the lottery or inheriting a vast untold fortune from a relative you never knew, becoming insane takes a lot of work and sacrifice. More than anything, it's a lifestyle choice. Just as people choose to be obese or gay, people also choose to live a life of madness and dementia. They don't live this life in shifts or get the weekends off. No, they take it all the way, like a porno star or somebody on the way to the bank. Immersing yourself in an imaginary world of conspiracy is a fulltime job that haunts you every waking moment of your life, not to mention while you sleep and probably even after you die. Really, it's an inescapable phenomenon, much like the fanfare that surrounds my hero, The Humungus from "The Road Warrior." In short, craziness is as encompassing as a body bag or a coffin filled with cockroaches and gobs of basement mold.

I'm sure this is a reasonable explanation for this strange picture.

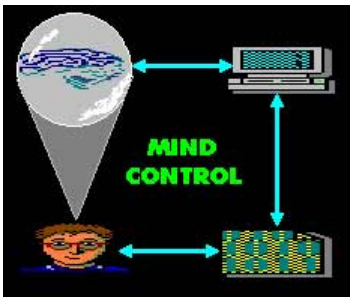
You may think this sounds like a massive headache made up of smaller headaches the size of atoms, but it's far from it! If the laws of physics have taught us anything even remotely worth quoting incorrectly at a dinner social, it's that for every action there is a reaction. The upside to being handicapped with madness is that you can't carry on a normal job and have a pretty good chance at either getting free money from the government, or at the very least being too mentally deficient to notice how shitty your life actually is. I don't know about you, but not having a normal job and living oblivious to any actual pain and suffering sounds pretty spiffy. That's not to say the maddening road less traveled is all fun and games, because it too is lined with dangers and sources of stress. Each little conspiracy world comes with one or a handful of obstacles, or occupational hazards as they are commonly called in other careers. Where madness really shines is that these occupational hazards tend to be the singular focus in life. Rather than notice the real reason your life is shitty, you focus on pretend things. Let's face it - you can't be insane without something driving you mad. Being insane has to start somewhere, so, if it's a path you're interested in perusing, read on! Or, to put it a better way, what's driving you mad?

- **Electromagnetic Fields**

The wired age's bedsore is the overwhelming amount of crazy signals cascading through the air hopping from satellite to satellite, antenna to antenna, and wire to wire. These signals are taking shortcuts through your brain just like the General Lee takes all the right shortcuts through Hazard County. This intrusion alters your chemical balance, causing really bad earaches. The only cure for earaches is to clean your ears out, and that requires doctors and therefore incomprehensible medical bills. Naturally you can't work and have no choice but to spend the rest of your life posting messages on the Internet complaining about how everything has gone to hell. The one exception is when you log off to periodically change your homemade tinfoil diaper. In the land of loony, this is considered a cop-out since your fat ass is probably collecting unemployment yet you're still cognizant enough to use the Internet - an Internet that is probably just as guilty of ruining your life as those vile cell phones people use to call for help with right after they get in a cell phone related traffic accident. Don't you worry about the doubters, though, because you'll be wrapped as tight as a Chinese egg role squeezed into Lycra. In other words, too tight to notice.

- **Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka**

There is nothing more sinister than going online with hopes of taking advantage of the great knowledge stream that is the world wide web, only to have your dreams snapped in half like stool legs under the weight of a fat, oil-guzzling American aristocrat like myself. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka is the filthy drain hole of the virtual universe, sucking everything into a dirty place where even light fears to shine. He routinely annihilates lives with his "awful link feature" dedicated to mercilessly mocking innocent civilians, or as Rich calls them, "the scum of the Earth upon which I do my dirtiest business!" Once wronged by Kyanka, the only recourse is to vow revenge by basing your life around a multi-phase e-mail campaign that loosely translates to slowly waddling your way through the Hotmail.com directory until you've informed everyone that Lowtax is the Osama bin Laden of the webiverse.



Leave it to a chart to put everything into perspective.

- **Government Mind Control**

The CIA, with it's nefarious programs "MKULTRA" and "MKULTRA: Tournament Edition for the N64" continues to devastate thousands of lives. Poor, unsuspecting people are being taken hostage by foreign thoughts and instincts that go against their morals and ethics. This type of mental subterfuge is humiliating, debilitating, and, like underwear made out of Velcro, extremely uncomfortable. Who knows, you could be one of them. Chances are you've bought something you didn't need on impulse or done something you didn't want to do. Sure, you could chalk up another victory for human error on your special chalkboard, but that's the easy way out. A renaissance mad man would attribute these lapses in judgment neither to whim nor mental disorder, but to the government! Just as the EMF victims seek support by overburdening the

Internet with their problems, so too do the mind controlled masses. Apparently the CIA's invisible hand holding and peer pressuring capabilities are powerful enough to get you to do and say things against your will, but not enough to keep you from blabbering like an idiot about it on the Internet. I guess that's a step up from spilling your spoiled thoughts into the microphone of a Wendy's drive-thru, since it does provide terrorist sites like Something Awful with plenty of stuff to make fun out. If business is good for us, business is also good for the cake industry. We love to enjoy cake.

- **Aliens**

As out of this world as it sounds, many people claim to be victims of an extraterrestrial conspiracy. If advanced intelligence and the ability to travel great distances in space are good for one thing, it's finding new people to molest. The whole alien abduction syndrome is a very affordable conspiracy world to buy a timeshare in, not to mention one of the most inviting. Unlike other plebian conspiracy worlds, this one has a much grander scope, because it exceeds the diameter of this Earth and reaches deep into the blackness of outer space. A fellow could go pretty darn insane living in a world as lush and exciting as this one, what with the aliens and the UFOs and the government cover-ups. You also get to do fun things like role play that your phone is being tapped or that the NSA is reading your cookies in hopes of creating a profile on you based on your Amazon.com shopping habits. The problem with being an alien abductee is that at certain points you'll start to black out and lose track of time. Then of course you'll be so mentally incapacitated that you can't work and you certainly can't answer your phone because you never knew who might be listening in. I guess you just have to decide if being at the epicenter of the most important conspiracy in the world is worth all the hassle of the occasional random anal encounter and total lack of privacy. If you're not getting much action, and chances are you're not, it's probably a step in the right direction.

- **The Hot Weathergirl on Channel 7**

Come on, she's sooooo hot! And the way she practically controls the weather! WOO WOO! She can rain on my parade any day!

- **The Upcoming Apocalypse**

A long time ago God commissioned a group of mysterious men to write his biography in which he gave his tips for clean, healthy living, shared some witty anecdotes about putting people through hell, and described the fate of the human race. This book, the Bible, ended on a down note by more or less predicting absolute doom for everybody living. Sure, it eventually talked of a happy ending, but not until people suffered through a whole bunch of bad things. Lots of plagues, a famine or two, and a giant seven-headed dragon that's not really a dragon but a metaphor for another metaphor for something that may or may not be a mountain or a snake or a dune buggy. The bottom line is that trouble is spelled out in big bold capital letters, although in the vaguest way possible. Since whenever the Bible was written people have been mistaking every upcoming event with the foretold tribulation. Hell, plenty of people even assumed the year 2000 would be the end of the world and that Jesus would come speeding out of Heaven in a solid gold SUV while others figured the sky would open up and rain herpes and canker sores on the doubting masses. Historic landmarks and important events are always on the horizon, and the world needs plenty of people to declare each one to be the end of the world. You could be one of these people!

Whatever it is that makes you insane is really irrelevant in the next part of your journey. In a weird twist of irony the sentence I just wrote is more irrelevant, so in actuality whatever it is that makes you insane is still relevant, especially come next sentence. If you buy a house you have to furnish and decorate it, and the same goes for a pet or a child or an insane delusion that puts those around

you at risk. Many people think that insanity is a dark and lonely place, and while they're right in the bold, general sense that they're right, it doesn't mean you can't convince yourself otherwise. Succumbing to madness doesn't have to be cold and impersonal. In fact, you can make it quite homely and welcoming.

This picture, in addition to being the reason 3d graphics were invented, helps put a dynamic face on mental illness. GET IT? FACE? That's a 3d modeling joke. LOL!

You just have to remember that for every nice thing you imagine for yourself, you have to imagine at least one bad thing. These bad things take on many forms, such as the shadowy conspirators who make your life hell, the invisible radio signals that give you earaches, the aliens who stick things in your ass, or the CIA that forces you to buy drugs to support its vast and illegal overseas operations. These kooky characters are all part of the neighborhood when you live in the town of Delirium. Another way to make your deranged conspiracy world more pleasant is to come up with a fun slogan you can snappily spout whenever somebody has the misfortune of getting stuck in a conversation with you. Go ahead and proudly proclaim, "I'm an abductee, but at least I see!" or "the CIA may pervert what I do, but I still see true!" This slogan is like the "home sweet home" sign and lets others know that you're really settled in and that you're comfortable in your squalid piss hole of a life. You'll want to come up with your own original slogan, because I'm no sloganeer.

The most crucial component to being insane is controlling and directing the flow of your deranged spiel. When you talk, you need to be able to get a lot of information out fast, because people around you are going to quickly move away. It is absolutely important that the information you present to them flows. To clarify, you need to have a Point A, a Point B, and a whole shitload of madness sandwiched in the middle. Point A has to connect to Point B via an inexplicable chain of faulty logic and made up facts. Regardless of its construction, this chain must be solid so that people are strung along through each link. For example:

> *Did you know the government is phasing out the penny? It's true! The US Mint is under pressure from the heads of a secret cabal of world leaders and alien overseers to begin eliminating the penny so that by the year 2012 none will be left in circulation. Why? Because the penny features Abe Lincoln! Abe Lincoln is responsible for the Emancipation Proclamation, and once he and the penny are gone the government is free to repeal it marking the return of slavery. When that happens we'll all be slaves to the New World Order!*

Clearly Point A is the extinction of the penny and Point B is the return of slavery. Both are shocking concepts that are easily connected through the chain of illogic. To truly be considered insane, you must master this art of crazy chaincraft. People are only going to listen if you get in their face and tell them the harsh facts that you carefully plucked out of some malfunctioning crevice of your brain. As a crazy person this is the one thing you have to nail, otherwise no one is going to know what kind of freaking lunatic you really are. The last thing anybody wants to see is someone so pathetic they can't even get being a goddamn nut down.

If you put everything into perspective, living a life of madness isn't that bad a choice. It takes a lot of dedication but also provides ample reward. Consider the snow globe. It's a little dome filled with a picturesque scene, water, and glitter. When you shake it, you get a nice little snowy scene. When you're crazy, it's just like living in a snow globe, except your snow globe is broken and everything pretty is replaced with dread and misery. You're all alone in a broken world choking to death in an inhospitable environment. But hey, you don't have to work and you get to have freaky hallucinations

without the aid of drugs so it's all good. In short, GO CRAZY!

◻ Lesbian Vampires. No Clever Title Needed.

Well what do you know, Ben "Frolixo's Husband" Platt has a new movie review up on the good old Internet of A! He "punished" himself by watching a movie called "Vampyros Lesbos", which sounds quite fetching in that the title has both a word commonly associated with sucking and another word sometimes associated with another kind of sucking. Seeing as how I just learned to copy and paste, let's see a sampling of what Ben has to say about it:

> *There's been a lot of talk lately about this Spanish/German/Turkish movie. While it failed to make waves when it was released in 1970, "Vampyros Lesbos" was rediscovered in the Nineties and has since been enjoying underground success around the world. It ends here. I have the rare opportunity to make a difference with one of my reviews, and I have to take it before anyone else refers to this piece of trash as a cult classic. Yes, cult classics can be campy and low-budget, but they also have to be entertaining. The most entertaining parts of "Vampyros Lesbos" are the totally pointless shots of a kite flying, and in a movie with two relatively attractive women making out with one another, that's saying something. Specifically it's saying that this movie bites.*

Ben would very much like it if you read his review, and so would I because I want whats best for poor Ben.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.11 Will Rock Will Rock, Seriously Sam, Quake 3 Arena Tournament 2003 Alpha (Part .001 of 1,000,000)

Tuesday, Mar 11, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The new rule here at Something Awful is that whenever you write an update and mention Zack in the update, this update must begin with the above image of Hitler, assuming the person writing the update is me and the person who is me thinks Zack needs to get his anti-Jew aggression out, preferably by me repeatedly making fun of him and calling him a "fag" every update until he takes me off his ICQ list or demands I fully compensate him for all his work.

There was a point in time before Hitler's brain had taken over Zack's body and turned him into the obsessive Nazi slut we all know and fear today, although I can't personally recall it offhand. Perhaps this is one of those crazy "forced memories" all the fat sows on television have been blabbering about lately, where hypnotists simply "suggest" we experienced some events we never took part in and then bam, suddenly you recall having a favorable opinion of *Unreal 2*. This would explain why I've got Polaroids of my dad shoving me into the urine-soaked ball pit in the McDonaldland playground yet I fail to remember him shouting, "ALL BASTARD CHILDREN VISIT THE BALL PIT IN HELL, RICHARD" in my face as the authorities claimed. If this can be accomplished through some magical new age crystal-injecting therapy or simply by calling me up and telling me to remember what I should remember, then I'll give you up to 50 eCyberBucks, which is the brand new currency of money I invented while attempting to create something worthless that people would purchase besides a titty-lactating *Maxim* subscription which calls you a "dirty boy" and tosses out free samples of Viagra into your gaping, crusty maw like a dick-shaped Pez dispenser.

Since Zack is so focused on jacking around in *Animal Crossing* and making his animals train Beetle Larvae to write magnetic poetry in exchange for seedbells or whatever the hell that game is about, I've had to hold the steady stern of the PC gaming boat that once used to power this website to the point where we could compare Epic Neon Green Game's Cliffy B.'s facial hair to particular strains of crotch fungus and he'd email us within the following six hours, attaching nine megs of photos where he'd show off the bitchin' new hat he stole from a Leprechaun colony on Mars. Now Cliffy B. won't even drop us a line if we try to force our readers to experience forced memories of Cliffy leaping out of a cactus costume and jamming a bag of pinecones up their ass during the last New Year's Eve celebration. And I won't even fucking bother mentioning how Cliffy B. leapt out of that cactus costume and jammed a bag of pinecones up your ass last New Year's Eve celebration, because this site is of the highest journalistic integrity and I'm not going to screw it all up by talking about how Cliffy B. leapt out of that cactus costume and jammed a bag of pinecones up your ass last New Year's Eve celebration. After all, they don't hand out big red stickers displaying the title of "WEBMASTER" to any drunken crackhead wandering the streets these days. If they did, I'd imagine Gaming Groove would still be slappin' the stank ho ass of trailer park hoochie skank-bitches since the pork pudding shot a wad into yo mama's eye and earning a $2.00 CPM for showing 468x60 banner ads of a bicycle shop accompanied with a Times New Roman font declaring how they're "extreme."

This inherent "gaming dopeness" that I just displayed to all you hip hop prodigies out there who can rhyme the word "LOL" with just about anything when talking shit on your favorite Counter-Strike Temple of AWP Worship server, makes me the ideal person on the SA staff when it comes to keeping up to date on all the new and exciting PC gaming titles such as *"Failed Game 2: This Time We Try Harder"* and *"Yet Another Failed Game 2: We Didn't Know C++ Had a Debugger Until Today."*

Zack, with the exception of his recent *Unreal 2* review, doesn't play any PC games except ones where you can download volumetric poison gas maps and skins that change the scientists in the game into Jews. He thinks he's better than the rest of us, and he's undoubtedly a lot better than at least me, as I don't even play any PC games because I'm so used to seeing the phrase "MISSION FAILURE" stamped across my monitor that it's burned itself into the screen. Now I can't distinguish my army's tanks from approaching headcrabs or spinning ads for another EA piece of shit they released simply to mark their territory to all the other gaming companies on Best Buy's display rack next to the featured Mariah Carey CD she produced while giving birth to some alien roach with a robotic spine. So because Zack thinks he's so much damn better than me, I'll take this opportunity to take cheap shots at him and make up crap which may or may not be true, and more than likely isn't. You guys ever wonder why Zack always "volunteers" to do the Hentai Game Reviews? Yeah, that's right, we're talking about prison records and little girls forcibly dressed up like his mother and shackled in the closet here.

My PC prowess recently led me to the Russian magic well of gaming excitement, Saber Interactive, and their upcoming smash hit title "*Will Rock*," a game that will undoubtedly settle the raging debate of "should Russians stop pirating software all the time and instead make some of their own?" The answer to this, of course, is "no" or maybe "hell no" or possibly even "good Lord no." *Will Rock* is being created by a bunch of filthy criminals in Russia who have stolen all their modeling software and textures from ISOs that mysteriously showed up on their Russian doorstep a few days after they accidentally ordered them for 15 Russian dollars through the Russian mail. This is the game that *Serious Sam* wanted to be but couldn't because of its inherently topical and realistic nature, just like watching CNN from behind the view of a pulsating pink rocket launcher. We're reporting that Shack News has been reporting on a lot of sites reporting on *Will Rock* recently, probably because they're too embarrassed to link to the *Mortyr 2* preview on Manny's Big N' Bad Tripod site, or the exclusive screenshots from *Postal 2* which look a lot like rejected images from the *BMX XXX* promo / AIDS detection kit. I'm fine with this though, as *Will Rock* looks as if it might fill that gaping hole in my stomach has been eating away at me ever since I realized nothing good is ever going to come out of Russia unless it's being shipped from a Japanese airline that had to stop in their country and refuel. Here's a part of IGN's "We Made a Mistake and Forgot to Shut Down Years Ago" Action Vault interview with a couple of the nameless blackhearts behind *Will Rock*:

ROMAN / GREEK SQUINTING GUY
GOLD / BREAD
CHEST HAIR / RAY
SOME KIND OF EVIL BLACK ROCK
RUSTY MELEE WEAPONS
CIVIL WAR SHOTGUN
THUMBS MADE OF PRESSED HAM
NUMBER OF SKULLS WITH HATS AND CIGARS
NUMBER OF RETARDED HATS

This is the greatest screenshot ever made. Click on it for a bigger picture. Don't click on it and the image will stay the same size until you change your monitor resolution. This image is so fucking amazing that it will be the only image I will use in this update after this point.

> **Action Vault:** *It seems safe to assume the mythological setting reflects the game's overall theme? Without giving away any major spoilers, what are the main plot or storyline and the ultimate objective?*
>
> **Vladimir Chernysh:** *The main theme of this game is as old as the world itself. It's the story of saving a damsel in distress. In our case, she has disappeared in the mountains during an archaeological expedition. The player, playing the role of* ***Will Rock****, has to find traces of her disappearance in a kingdom of ruins, hidden treasures and dangerous mythical monsters and opponents. Only after the player has trekked his way through the ruins of the ancient world, gathering treasures in the process, will he find his way to the lucky lady.*

This is the greatest screenshot ever made. Click on it for a bigger picture. Don't click on it and the image will stay the same size until you change your monitor resolution. This image is so fucking amazing that it will be the only image I will use in this update after this point.

So you're committing genocide against entire races of creatures and animals just so you can get laid. This is why Russia lost their world superpower influence and now spends all their time passing secret notes to China when America's back is turned. Also note that I put the name "Will Rock" in bold print, just to make sure none of the homosexuality located inside it could leak out and possibly tarnish the rest of the site. Vladimir Chernysh continues his interview to explain, *"Greek mythology has really not been explored in the action genre, and we felt that an FPS using mythological opponents would be a fun and different experience."* You know what? You're goddamn right Vlad the Inhaler, no company has really fleshed out the whole "FPS in ancient Greece" idea except *Daikatana*, but that obviously doesn't count because hey, it's *Daikatana*. I also noticed that there is a surprising lack of first-person shooters that take place entirely in automotive body repair shops or mall nail parlors. You want to know why? **Because Greece fucking sucks.** Nobody wants to spend $50 or $25 or $5 blowing up Greeks in the face with a Civil War-era shotgun that was magically teleported to the past by using vague technology like gaping plot holes. Nobody cares about Greece these days except creepy high school history teachers and people in college who can't think of a real subject to major in. When I think "Greece," I think of old naked guys with beards talking about triangles and pi and the calendar. Or maybe that was the Romans. Or the Mayans.

Either way, it doesn't matter - who the hell wants to fight Greeks, Romans, or Mayans? We're talking about a game with about as much entertainment as a 3D ear cleaning simulator that provides realistic force feedback by jamming our mouse with that crap which somehow flies out of my navel hole and mates with the mousepad. If any of you up and coming game developers out there are wondering why there haven't been any successful FPS titles which took place in ancient Mesopotamia and revolved around brutally massacring a bunch of colored folk equipped with garden trowels blessed by the Volcano God, let me give you a little hint: it's because nobody wants to fucking play it.

You can now close up shop and give me your $300 Russian dollars you were going to use to build that bitchin' engine of yours from a warezed copy of Visual Basic. But don't let me stop you there, the interview continues in its quest to not only make *Will Rock* look retarded, but Action Stop or Action Squat or Action Pump or whatever the site is named, appear to be bonus retarded.

This is the greatest screenshot ever made. Click on it for a bigger picture. Don't click on it and the image will stay the same size until you change your monitor resolution. This image is so fucking amazing that it will be the only image I will use in this update after this point.

> **Andrey Iones:** *One thing worth mentioning is that our technology allows us to create weapons-based effects that are pretty shocking. Utilizing real-time morphing, rigid body dynamics and real-time breaking algorithms we are able to create weapons effects that blow the mind, many of which are pretty revolutionary.*

And exactly what are these mind-blowing weapons which are so orgasmic that only a Russian making games about killing Greeks could make? Take it away Vladimir, hopefully as far away as possible!

> **Vladimir Chernysh:** *He has a wide range of weapons at his disposal. In addition to the standard array of firearms such as* ***the revolver and shotgun,*** *we are also using a sniper* ***cross bow that shoots the fiery arrows, a***

***bazooka**, and **a machine gun** that typically mounts on an airplane - somewhat similar to the minigun in the Serious Sam.*

CIVIL WAR SHOTGUN
THINNER MADE OF PRESSED HAM
SOME KIND OF EVIL BLACK ROCK
CHEST HAIR / HOT
RUSTY MISSLE WEAPONS
HUNDREDS OF RETARDED NAZIS
HUNDREDS OF SKULLS WITH NAZI ARMY CAPS

This is the greatest screenshot ever made. Click on it for a bigger picture. Don't click on it and the image will stay the same size until you change your monitor resolution. This image is so fucking amazing that it will be the only image I will use in this update after this point.

I bold printed random words in that sentence not because they were important, but to show the Russians that I've got the power here and I'm the one in control and their laughingstock Red Army holds no threat to me or this site whatsoever. So the good news is that you'll finally be able to kill large amounts of Greek people and animals by using yet another new game engine, which is just completely revolutionary and as mind-explodingly wonderful as can be, but the EVEN BETTER news is that you'll do so by using guns that you're so goddamn familiar with from other PC games that you can already guess which key every weapon is mapped to. Maybe this lends a bit of excitement to the concept of "traveling to exciting places in the past that you never wanted to visit and murdering all its inhabitants with various familiar or retarded weapons" which many great games these days seem to lack, probably because no "great" game designer would bother addressing them. All "great" game designers are too busy putting WWII weapons and WWII enemies in a WWII environment and naming the game something that begins with the phrase "WWII" so everybody knows the game has something to do with WWII. Note that there were no Greeks in WWII, nor were there evil animated skeletons or "statues that come to life," except possibly in the *"Return to Castle Wolfenstein"* version of WWII, which was so fucking great that they had to cancel the expansion pack to it. I'm sure that news just broke Zack's cold, dead, iron heart.

> **Action Vault:** *To what extent will Will Rock include scripted events, and for what purposes in addition to advancing the plot? Will there be many, and what degree of importance will they have overall?*
>
> **Andrey Iones:** *Will Rock also features puzzles to solve that require a player to perform a certain action.* ***When this requirement (such as pulling a lever for example) is satisfied, a short scripted event will take place.***

If there's one thing the crew of Saber Interactive knows, it's what gamers do and do not want. They know that we all want to kill Greeks, but only with semi-modern and cliched weapons. They know that we enjoy walking around ancient Greece, but we'd also liked to be attacked by skeletons imported from a freeware Poser file. They also know that we gamers enjoy a good challenge such as trying to walk into a big wooden stick and subsequently pressing the "USE" key, two independent actions which are just about as challenging and complex as writing a new gaming engine and then figuring out a way to fag it up so much that no developer will think of using it unless they got a warezed copy along with with Russian Outlook XP For Russians. Not that I have anything against ancient Greece, as I feel many great things came from that era, such as a complete lack of ancient-Greece based first-person shooters. Also, without ancient Greece, there would never have been an end to the era of ancient Greece, which means we could've hypothetically still be in the era of ancient Greece if it wasn't for them deciding to all get killed by the Romans or the Egyptians or the skeletons or whatever killed them off. If Zack was in charge of writing this, he would've entitled that previous sentence "Seig Hilarity!", marked with a blue square bullet point with the black box around it. Instead, he is sitting around and not writing about *Will Rock* and not playing PC games and not thinking he's not better than all of us just because he doesn't read PC gaming news like I do and instead gets glossy magazines which slide off his legs when he tries to read them on the

toilet. To end this informative romp through ancient Greece and various other places us hardcore gamers absolutely wanted to go to, let me copy and paste a quote from Action Vat which proves Snowball.com has been using all their anti-marijuana ad cash to build a bigger and better robotic tongue to shove up game developers' asses:

> ***We can't predict how much the Saber Interactive team should expect to receive in the way of useful input as Will Rock moves forward**, but we do expect to be seeing and hearing much more about this title. It seems a certain bet to attract growing attention between now and release, which is likely to be later this year. Thanks to Andrey Ionesand Vladimir Chernysh for **this tremendously informative introduction to a game we'll be following with even greater interest in the weeks and months to come.***

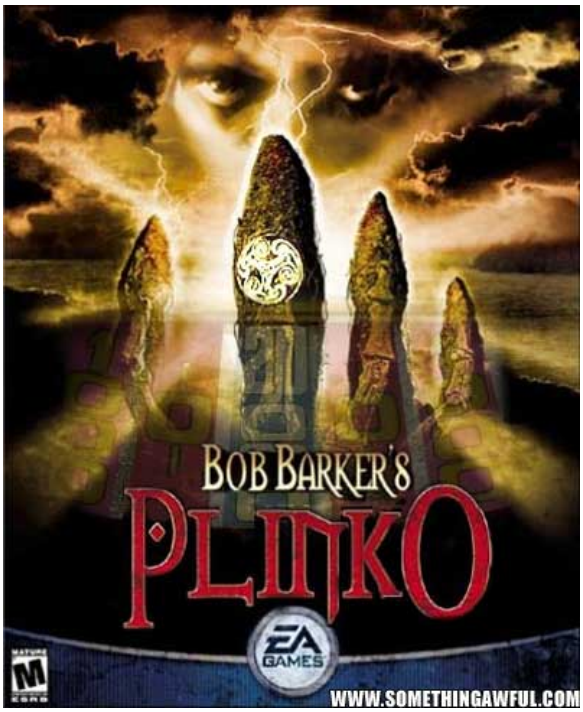
What the fuck does that first sentence even mean? Did they translate it to Russian and then back to English in order to appease the pirating Stalinists over in the Motherland? Does Action Romp expect you and I to fire up our email and start sending messages to Vladimir saying "make the 'walk forward' key cause your character to walk forward"? Here's some useful input for you, Saber Interactive: nobody gives a shit about ancient Greece. Nobody cares about Civil War shotguns. Nobody wants to shoot statues or lustful skeletons wearing leather helmets. You can take your game engine which you created from a pointer tutorial and added the ability to display both health and armor at once, and transport it back to ancient Greece where some old guy may try to calculate the angles of the shipping box until he's killed and, thousands of years later, somebody wonders why nobody spent time making a game that took place in his front yard. Look for this great product to show up on shelves below Valu-Soft's latest ripoff of WWII games, *"WWII: The WWII Chapter: WWII Edition."* Zack already knows how the game ends; with him getting a hard-on.

Gold In That There Mine of Gold!

It's Tuesday and you know what that means: spankings and anal probes all around! Wait no, that means it's time for the Comedy Goldmine, you jackasses! Today we cover a topic that we've covered many times in the past and in many different forms: "Failed First-Person Shooters." I just thought it would be a good match with today's frontpage update, which was about a very failed FPS, just in case you forgot or have already blocked it out from your memory like I have.

Make the clicking to be here and nobody will get hurt, except maybe your brain.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)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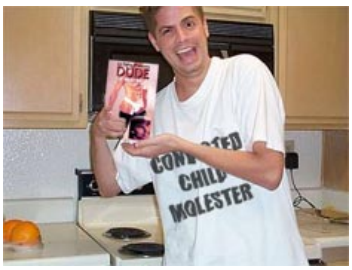
3.12 Smudge the Hate - Part Two

Thursday, Mar 13, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Smudge the Hate - Part Two



From now on whenever anyone makes fun of Lowtax on the front page they have to use this picture of him wearing his state-required "CONVICTED CHILD MOLESTER" neighborhood warning shirt.

Many would think that I received so much hate mail I would not continue on to the rousing conclusion of my series on diluting racism with fake stereotypes. These vague "many" would be wrong however, as nothing provokes me into writing a second article like reams of angry e-mail. I'm not sure how you quantify e-mail into a ream, but it's a fair bet that I received at least three or four reams of venom soaked words. On top of that Lowtax attempted to make fun of me in his Tuesday update. He of all people should know that insulting me only drives me even further into the bosom of insanity, although he was probably too busy making a joke about putting something into something else and then putting even smaller versions of that into the smaller versions of the other thing and making us all laugh with a huge run-on sentence about things and smaller things and even smaller things. LOL-er-skates.

Listen and listen good Rich "Smoking Away the Writer's Christmas Bonuses on Crack Cocaine" Kyanka, I intend to devote my next thirty updates to detailed analysis of the German battle strategy during Operation: Barbarossa. There will be three updates about the battle for Stalingrad alone. I will include letters from soldiers that I bought on ebay and scans of me dressed up as a Waffen SS machinegunner. I will Photoshop my face over a Tiger tank commander's and write fan-fiction quality stories about blowing up all kinds of shit and then having sex with the entire cast of Hogan's Heroes. Oh yes, you fucked with the wrong motherfucker Kyanka, and this fucking motherfucker has a lot to say about World War II.

Pardon that outburst, but I had a score to settle. Back to the much reviled second installment of my two-parter on beating racism which, unlike the heat, can't be overcome by drinking a mint julep and relaxing in the shade. The theory behind this global community outreach program of mine is that the quickest and easiest way to sap the power out of racial slurs and stereotypes is to dilute them with a bunch of nonsense. Most stereotypes have a very slight basis in reality, but by overwhelming them with an avalanche of complete nonsense any meaning they have will be lost. Since most racists get their material by imitating other racists you should be able to go to a couple Klan rallies, rant about how much you hate black people by calling them "Blitzwings" and saying they "can't catch shit when fly fishing", and then sit back and watch the morons spread the good word.

I would also like to take this opportunity to make a correction. On Monday I said in my section devoted to African Americans that they had a "hard road to hoe". Based on an e-mail I received from PJ Forrence this should have actually read "PJ Forrence is a stupid nigger." This was an error on my part and I apologize deeply.

Latin Americans

Current Status: Nearly as diverse in nationality and stereotypes as Asians, Latin Americans are just as prone to ridicule and racism as their Hentai-making friends from across the seven seas. They have generally integrated much more smoothly into "white society" than African Americans, but they suffer a similar kind of persecution. If you're trying to ask a Klansman's daughter out on a date it doesn't make much difference whether you're black or Puerto Rican. In the end you're going to get called mean names and either beaten up or murdered. The once exception to this would be Mexican Robots, because even KKK members know not to try and lynch a robot.

Mexican? American? Who cares?! They're wearing those crazy stereotypical sombreros so fuck them all!

Suggested Fake Stereotypes

- Unlike everyone else, Mexicans actually lose twenty pounds in front of the camera. These twenty pounds physically disappear from their bodies and if the person is skinny enough they will lose a limb or organs.
- Colombians are notoriously bad at dice-rolling when playing "Dungeons and Dragons" and are prone to having temper tantrums when they fail a saving throw.
- Panamanians are the world's hairiest people. . . on the inside.
- Argentineans eat three times their body weight every day and sleep in caves through the winter.
- You can tell how old a Mexican man is by the number of fingers he has on his left hand. Each finger is equal to one month.
- The average life span of a Mexican man is five months. A few have been known to live six or seven months.
- Brazilians are the world's happiest people. This is because they are imaginary.
- Puerto Ricans make very bad sailors because of a longstanding rivalry with the cuttlefish.
- Cubans are capable of spraying concentrated acid from glands in their sinuses. They are otherwise completely normal so if they do spray acid their faces usually melt off.
- According to the Bible Peruvians sold their souls to become the race of people most adept at performing the break dancing maneuver known as "the robot".
- When a Puerto Rican dies a small ape-like creature called a "Muerto Rican" bursts from their chest and scrambles under a rock where it deposits a fresh clutch of eggs. These eggs will hatch and mature into a Puerto Rican.
- Proximity to neon signs causes Nicaraguans to combust.

Suggested Fake Racial Slurs

- The Santa Clause (Mexican men)
- Raw Head and Bloody Bones (Argentineans, male and female respectively)
- Clambake (Puerto Ricans)
- The Viper (Peruvians)
- Dollywood (Mexican women)
- Pigeon Forge (Intoxicated Mexican women)
- Hotel Accommodations Provided by the Hilton of Lansing (Colombians)
- Meals on Wheels (Cubans)
- Dear Diary (Brazilians)

Arab Americans

Look at all those evil Arabs.

Current Status: Stereotypes for Arab Americans used to be relatively mild. The West associated things like belly dancing, harems, and turbans with them, which doesn't give racists a whole ton of fodder to work with. Recently several Arabs were involved in making a lot of Americans, probably including dozens of Arab Americans, explode in New York and Washington. This created the mould into which racists poured all other Arab Americans. They are crazed terrorists, Kalashnikov wielding nut jobs with beards and, yes, turbans. Hijackers and throat-slitters who will break into your house and run your babies through with a saber where they sleep in their cribs. Up until 2001 it had been a gradual shift for Arab American stereotypes, from Egypt and the Pyramids and 1001 Arabian Nights to Taxi cabs and donut shops and the occasional suicide bomber in Israel. But September eleventh was like a godsend for racists throughout the United States. They found their voice, and could shout from the highest peak about how every filthy sand-nigger and camel jockey is nothing but a murderous demon. It's time to rob the racists of their voice.

Suggested Fake Stereotypes:

- Mavis may teach some fantastic typing, but all Egyptians have a sworn oath to murder her on sight for a mysterious injustice dating back to the eighth century, B.C.
- Saudi Arabians are filled with nougat.
- Iranians are terrified of koala bears and have a day each month where people across the country congregate to spit on pictures of them. Sometimes the elderly and young children are so afraid of the images of the koala bears that they collapse. The reason for this is unknown.
- Afghanis require a nitrogen rich atmosphere. Their cities are domed and pressurized and when outside they must ingest a nitrogen capsule every hour or die from asphyxiation.
- Jordanians can't use the Internet. They tried, they just can't do it.
- They say that Moroccans speak the language of love. At night they speak the language of Saturn.
- While most Moslems make a pilgrimage to Mecca, Moslems from Pakistan make a pilgrimage to MECHA, the yearly anime convention in Orlando, Florida. Each of them must pause in their labors three times during their day and praise Allah by working on a Gundam Wing model.
- Syrians invented rape in 1947.
- Palestinians cannot turn while moving and must stop, rotate, and then continue forward. The one exception to this is if they are traveling faster than light.
- Iraqi women are made out of salt, except their hands which are made out of latex versions of Jenna Jameson's vagina.

Suggested Fake Racial Slurs:

- My Two Dads (A group of Egyptian men)
- Five Time TV-Title Champion (Kuwaitis)
- Dr. Giggles (Saudi Arabian Women)
- Banjo (Jordanians)
- Tangerine Dream (Saudi Arabian Men)
- Five More Minutes Mom (Lebanese Men)
- Sadie Hawkins (Lebanese Women)

- Jem (Saddam Hussein)
- The Holograms (Iraqis)
- Gene Hackman's Hamper (Palestinians)

Homosexuals and Jews

Current Status: While not exactly racial groups, both homosexuals and Jewish people receive at least as much derision and stereotyping as their ethnic brothers and sisters. From cruel pogroms against the Jewish people to playful rites of passage like tying a homosexual to a fence and beating him to death, both groups endure their share of not-so-light-hearted ribbing. You would think with the high number of existing baseless stereotypes like Jews drinking the blood of Christians and homosexuals being punished for sin with HIV that there would be little room left for more nonsensical stereotypes. Think again! People will forget all about AIDS and eating babies after they hear about what's "really" going on with those gays and Jews!

Gay pride parades: reinforcing homophobic stereotypes since the late eighties.

Suggested Fake Stereotypes:

- Most gay men are unable to navigate stairs and have great difficulty with ramps or ladders.
- When a lesbian sleeps her dreams physically manifest nearby. Most lesbians dream of murdering heterosexuals and burning their cities to the ground.
- Lesbians can emit a high-frequency sound that, while inaudible to humans, is painful to insects and dogs.
- If a Jewish person tries to knit anything other than mittens they will be cursed with brain lesions and die within six months.
- Yom Kippur is Hebrew for "Eating the Marrow of Gentiles".
- If you see a gay man with a handkerchief in his back pocket that means he is mourning because his pet duck died in a jet accident.
- The Elders of Zion are the last boss if you try to overthrow the New World Order. They look like giant eyeballs and you can only hurt them right before they shoot a stream of glowing spheres out of their pupils. Regular Jews inherited the physical trait called "eyes" from the Elders of Zion.
- Being gay is caused by looking at the aurora borealis or "Northern Lights". You can look at pictures of it or look in a mirror to view it but if you look directly at it then congratulations, you're now gay.
- If you ask her to a lesbian will burn you a video CD of the moment of your death.
- Gay men can fly at will and even hover in place above the ground, but they choose not to.
- Jewish women secrete nicotine from their mammary glands and are the sole source of nicotine additives in cigarettes.
- Licking a rabbi will get you high. Having gay sex with a rabbi will turn you into a wheelbarrow.

Suggested Fake Racial Slurs:

- That Beautiful Bean Footage (Masculine lesbians)
- Tango Down (Masculine gay men)
- Meat Mallet (Jewish men)

- The Red Menace (Jewish men)
- Electronics Blowout (Jewish women)
- Hanky Panky (Feminine lesbians)
- 3-2-1 Contact (Feminine gay men)
- Snake Eyes (Orthodox Jews)
- Lady Jaye (Secular Jews)
- Gold Master (A group of gay men)

Amazingly enough I was lying about all that hate mail. Other than PJ Forrence sending me a scathing e-mail about my incorrect usage of clichés I received a total of zero hate mails. I consider this almost as shocking as the fact that no one laced into me about hating Unreal 2. I guess people who aren't racist, even if they are easily offended, are generally ten times smarter than people who loved Unreal 2.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.13 Cobra After-Action Report: Primordial Plot

Friday, Mar 14, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

Proud to be an American!

Rich "Sheriff Lobo" Kyanka has had an illness in the family and will not be updating today. Stifle your groans however, because I bring you one of the few things you ungrateful hellions like; a Cobra After-Action Report! Rich will hopefully be back to his normal schedule next week and you won't have to deal with the sudden rise in the Zack-o-metric pressure.

In my last two installments of Cobra After-Action Report I brought you Cobra's plan to steal "explosive gas" and Cobra's plan to take over the world by destroying all means of oil production. Neither plan really panned out for Cobra, although they both caused unimaginable ruination upon the world including the destruction of an entire mountain in the United States and the start of a new dark age without gasoline. In "Primordial Plot" Cobra Commander unveils a nefarious scheme that is not only his most idiotic and far-fetched yet, but also one without any real goals or purpose. Steal explosive gas, destroy the world's oil supply, these may be hard things to do but at least they have an obvious purpose. Cobra Commander's latest idea is to clone dinosaurs and control them with his mind using a special device created by Destro. That's the extent of his plan. He wants a bunch of dinosaurs, I guess, as fancy pets to menace people who come to his secret evil island.

Regardless of whether or not Cobra Commander is thinking sanely about his plots GI Joe isn't about to let him get away with them. He could try to win a game of checkers against some kid in the park and Flint would parachute in and kick over the checkerboard. In this case it takes Flint along with Scarlet and Gung-Ho to thwart Cobra's vile yen for populating an uncharted island with land-bound dinosaurs. I don't know, maybe there's more going on behind the scenes than what we see in the episode. Maybe GI Joe wants to open its own cloned-dinosaur theme park and they don't want Cobra cornering the market before they can get theirs up and running.

Like any "good" Cobra plan this one involves swarms of soldiers including at least a platoon of the elite Crimson Guard, aircraft, attack buggies, and the trademark painfully obvious castle/fortress stronghold. It also involves the construction of not one, as is per the norm, but THREE ultra-expensive and bleeding edge scientific devices. There is the equipment for cloning dinosaurs which is, say, fifty million down the drain. There is a giant dough-mixer like vat for making the dinosaurs grow faster that I don't even want to speculate as to the cost of. Then finally there is a head piece connected to a super computer that transmits Cobra Commander's thoughts into the brains of the dinosaurs. Oh wait, I forgot one, there's also "mind lamps" that make the dinosaurs receptive to Cobra Commander's brainwaves in the first place. These last two were invented by Destro which means he would rook Cobra Commander out of every nickel he could. With that in mind I'm going to have to say that Cobra's contraptions budget alone for this episode must have topped a billion dollars.

To make all this scientific magic work Cobra needs two things; dinosaur bones and the scientist who invented the clone-acceleration process. I'm guessing you can buy dinosaur bones on ebay but Cobra takes the novel approach of attacking an archaeological dig with a jet fighter and having a pilot land and pick up random bones. With the creatively titled "Plan A" accomplished - they call it that, I'd probably call it "Plan Fucking Go to a Museum Next Time" - Cobra moves on to Plan B, which is to kidnap the scientist at a goddamn press conference so that everyone knows Cobra is responsible.

We'll find out how GI Joe manages to bumble their own incompetent way through trumping these geniuses, but first let's look at how the forces stack up.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** Dinosaur Cloning Equipment, Dinosaur Mind Control Hockey Puck, Dinosaur "Mind Lamps", and Clone Growth Accelerator.

- **Company Level Resources:**

2+ Platoons of Generic Cobra Infantry
1+ Platoon of Crimson Guard Elite Infantry
6+ Cute Little Attack Buggies
1 Cobra Rattler
1 "Fang" Light Attack Helicopter
Destro's Arm-Rockets
100% Crimson Twin Homo-Sass
9-15 Dinosaurs (depending on the laziness of the animators)
Full Cafeteria and Salad Bar
Automated SAM Launcher

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

Two Unarmed Archaeologists

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Make Dinosaurs and Control Their Minds

- **Alternate Mission Objectives**

Possibly Build a Dinosaur Theme Park
Win at Checkers Against a Child

You will notice that I did not include GI Joe among the known opposing forces. Even though he's not expecting any interference from GI Joe, Cobra Commander has positioned sentries all around his base to pace aimlessly while camouflaged SAM launchers scan the sky. One thing Cobra certainly doesn't have is a manpower shortage and this seemingly ridiculous security on a secret island is not out of line with the sort of defenses Cobra has allocated to Major Bludd's Post Office Box. If they were really expecting trouble from GI Joe there would be at least one giant cannon and the fortress would have ramps down which hundreds of troops and HISS tanks could emerge to explode immediately. As you will see by the exciting conclusion of this report the leadership of Cobra makes a crude escape from the island. If this were really a facility that Cobra thought was at risk then they would have built some sort of floating pod with rockets or laser zeppelin or something for Cobra Commander to escape in.

- **198X, 3:15 PM**

This operation opens on an archaeological dig in some random dusty area being supervised by a white-haired man in a hard-hat and his suspiciously Major Bludd-voiced foreman. It's hard to tell where this dig is taking place because most of the people working are dressed in a strange hodgepodge of stereotypical Middle Eastern and stereotypical Asian garb. Hell, the word dig is a misnomer; they're using cranes to lift dinosaur skulls out of lake of oil just sitting there in the middle of the desert. Not for long, though! A Cobra Rattler swoops by overhead and then Wild Weasel opens fire on the dig site, somehow managing to not set the huge puddle of oil on fire. The workers and the archaeologist scatter and Wild Weasel lands his plane to collect a few random bone

fragments. It doesn't even look like he cares which parts he's picking up, but he must have some fossil identification training because he manages to grab part of a skull and a leg bone. He doesn't waste time or sweat on collecting a comprehensive set of bones, he just chucks a few in the Rattler and takes off after babbling about

Wild Weasel plays amateur archaeologist.

The action cuts to Dr. Massey and his assistant, who are having a nail biting demonstration in front of a large number of press and other scientists. They have a giant egg in a glass box, if it hatches then the cloning worked, if it doesn't hatch DURING THE PRESS CONFERENCE then the cloning didn't work. I don't know many scientists who would take those kinds of risks, but Massey is either really bold or really stupid. It should also be noted that he's cloning a garter snake that hatches and is about four inches long. Roughly a hundred of these snakes could fit inside of the giant egg that the single snake hatched from. Apparently for Dr. Massey's cloning procedure to work they have to build a big fake egg and then ram a baby snake inside. As soon as the process proves successful Dr. Massey's assistant tears his lab coat off in a Clark Kent-like transition into a fully uniformed Crimson Guardsman. He grabs Dr. Massey and then a helicopter crashes through the window into the room and captures both of them in a net.

Where's Lois? What is that snake doing here in the Daily Planet office?

I would have liked to have been a fly on the wall at the planning meeting where that operation was cooked up. What fucking ideas could they have possibly have rejected as worse than that? "Okay, we'll shrink the Crimson Guard agent and put him inside the egg. He'll have pills that will make him grow and then he'll hatch out of the egg and shout 'Cobra' and then we'll have some guys nearby derail a train and make it crash into the press conference. The Crimson Guardsman will put the scientist inside a rail car and then carry it on his back to the airport and catch a connecting flight at the GI Joe Base in Tulsa. Then we'll release promotional glossies of the kidnapping to all major news magazines."

After Dr. Massey is whisked away in style in the net with his huggy Crimson Guard captor we discover that GI Joe has already completely unraveled this worthless plot. Several Joes stand around a control room and explain everything Cobra has planned, easily making the connection between an attack on an archaeological dig and a kidnapped scientist. Cobra is cloning dinosaurs, and what's worse is Dr. Massey has perfected a technique to accelerate clones growth so much that they reach maturity in 24 hours!

More certified faggotry courtesy of the one, the only, the Crimson Twins. Cue pyro and "Voodoo Chile".

The only problem is, where has Cobra taken the Doctor to create this army of dinosaurs that somehow pose more of a threat than 50,000 armed soldiers and hundreds of tanks and attack aircraft? Deep Six radios in with the answer. He was cruising around the ocean being useless as usual when he just happened to spot a mysterious island that isn't on any of his maps! He doesn't mention the fact that a fourth of the island is occupied by a giant fortress on top of a mountain, proving once again just how worthless he is.

Scarlet, Gung-Ho, and Flint take flight in whatever GI Joe calls F-14 Tomcats that switch intermittently to F-15 Eagles depending on how drunk the animators were at the time. They're just going to go "check things out". Hey! Maybe they should split up! One of them

could check the basement, one could check the attic, and Flint and Scooby could look for snacks in the kitchen. Nice military operational planning there fags!

Back at inconspicuous Castle Evil, Cobra Commander and Destro spend an entire scene explaining their plot once again, because obviously it was so complex we didn't get it when the GI Joes stood around explaining it. Adding insult to injury we all know that everything they're talking about doing we're going to get to see played out in roughly two minutes. Tomax and Xamot play "cute" with their banter and offer Cobra Commander the bones and scientist their incredibly inept operation has managed to net.

4:00 PM

We have to finish this stunt for the airshow and then we can eject!

Flying in formation over the mysterious island the three Joes in their shape-shifting aircraft are almost immediately fired upon by the SAM launcher concealed in a bush. All three aircraft are hit in the exact same spot, yet remain perfectly in formation until the GI Joes can exchange some radio chatter saying "uh oh" and "I'm going down". Gung-Ho and Scarlet eject but Flint has other plans, like forgetting that his ejection button isn't located in his control stick and crashing his plane into a swamp. Scarlet and Gung-Ho get briefly maudlin thinking Flint finally bit the big death donut when they see his plane blow up in the swamp, but he had jumped to safety. After making some quip that I don't' even want to try to remember the three Joes see a Cobra patrol driving towards the crash site on their cute little bright blue four wheelers. The Joes hide and the Crimson Guardsmen see the burning plane and decide there were no survivors.

Why the fuck did they even bother driving out there? They heard the explosion and if all they're going to do is look at a burning plane then they might as well just stay home and relax. The answer to this question drives too deep to the core of Cobra's overall defeatist psychology to really delve into here.

After this inauspicious beginning to the Joe reconnaissance mission we had back to Mount Hisssss to see that the baby dinosaurs are already beginning to hatch! Wow, that was some fast fucking work professor Turbo Science. Dr. Massey proceeds to have an embarrassingly excited moment almost making the screen sticking with joy at seeing the dinosaurs hatch.

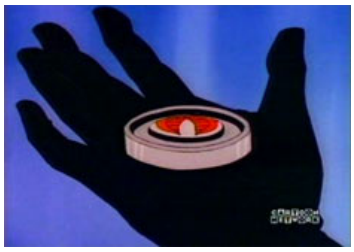
5:00 PM

Flint and company have spent the last hour hacking their way through the jungle that covers a one mile across island while Gung-Ho bitches about being hungry. For a Marine Corps hardass he is a pretty big whiner. Then he complains about being tired, then makes some creepy comment about "satisfying primal urges" while ogling Scarlet's leotard. Flint invites him to go fuck himself in slightly less offensive terms. Amazingly they eventually manage to hack down enough trees to catch a glimpse of the dominant terrain feature on the island; the Cobra base on top of a goddamn mountain.

Yeah, great find there Magellan, see if you can circumnavigate your own front yard next week!

While all this has been going on Cobra Commander and Destro have been mixing up some adult dinosaur margaritas in a huge science fiction blender. Once they heard all the dinosaurs into a pen Destro turns the mind lamps on them while the Crimson Twins act like fags. After a few seconds in the purple glow of science the dinosaurs get an expression on their face like someone just called their mama a bad name and their brains change colors on some sort of

future scanner Destro has. A few beep sound effects later and Cobra Commander sticks a hockey puck, I mean "cybernetic control disk", up to his head and commands them with "dinosaurs, do my bidding!".



If he throws it then it will make controversial red trails on the screen!

Conveniently the GI Joes choose this moment to trip a sensor connected to a security camera, informing Cobra Commander that they were not in fact all killed in those plane crashes that the Crimson Guard thoroughly investigated. Since the dinosaurs and hockey puck seem to be working pretty well Cobra Commander releases them out onto the island to take out Flint and his crew. Confronted with the dinosaurs the Joes spend an embarrassingly long time ineffectively shooting laser rifles at them and enraging them further. Cobra Commander sees Gung-Ho on the monitor tells instructs one of the dinosaurs with "dinosaur, destroy him".

Realizing that they are on candid camera the Joes destroy the surveillance unit. Cobra Commander believes this means he can no longer give the dinosaurs vital and timely orders like "destroy him" and "attack". Luckily he has supreme confidence in the instincts of the dinosaurs to eat GI Joes. Destro is not so sure and makes a joke to this effect that I will not repeat here because I do have a little dignity left. He then laughs dramatically for far too long at this joke and I had to pause the video and meditate to calm myself.

After that hilarious outburst Destro has a managerial issue with the Crimson Guardsmen who are sitting around the control room lounge area drinking coffee and eating donuts. He chides them for their laziness in the face of this GI Joe onslaught and instructs them to get out and find the Joes. They reply with some hilarious Union-related back sass but Destro ain't havin' none of that and sends them yelling at them to move it.

5:15 PM

The Joes have fled from the dinosaurs and escaped into a cave by the time the lollygagging Crimson Guardsmen catch up with them on their fun buggies. The Guardsmen observe as the dinosaurs try to get into the cave but prove too large to directly attack the Joes. Thanks to a clever move by the dinosaurs a small dinosaur magically appears unexplained in their midst and walks into the cave to assault the Joes. After one of the most clumsily animated leaps in the history of animation of this episode so far the dinosaur sort of slides through the air and rotates on top of Flint. A struggle ensues but the Joes discover that without Cobra Commander to control them the dinosaurs are seeking food. Through some dubious science the writers for the episode have decided that dinosaurs prefer the mysterious bread balls that pass for GI Joe rations to the juicy hunks of red meat that pass for GI Joes. Realizing this nonsense Scarlet proceeds to fire a chunk of ration on her crossbow to where the Crimson Guardsmen are watching. This triggers eight or nine towering carnivorous Tyrannosauruses to stampede towards the bread ball, even though there is no conceivable way they could actually bend their bodies to pick up the bread ball even if they really did want it.

Our lazy-ass attitude is in direct contrast to our figure's file card and I demand a refund!

Not understanding why dinosaurs would want a ball of bread the Crimson Guardsmen flee in terror, leaving their vehicles behind to be overturned and exploded by the dinosaurs as per standard Cobra procedure. The Joes scavenge through the buggy wreckage and find enough dynamite to blow up Mount Rushmore.

The dinosaurs thirst for bread balls. Their dark craving cannot be denied them.

Cobra Commander has been watching this all on camera, despite his earlier lamentations about not being able to, and he bitches about the cyber hockey puck not working. However, now that they're satiated on bread balls Cobra Commander can boss them around again and instructs them with "dinosaurs, destroy the GI Joes". I guess they understand this order because they sort of gather in a circle around them while Flint and crew scale the cliff up to the Cobra base.

This is where the usual poor animation of a GI Joe episode really begins to degrade. Scarlet fires a grappling hook up the castle and manages to somehow land the hook and rope so that it passes seamlessly through the middle of a stone block. She and Gung Ho climb up to the control room and burst through the window while Flint lights a bundle of dynamite with a ridiculously long fuse. A fight breaks out in the control room and the animation continues to get worse when Scarlet fires what I assume is an exploding arrow dramatically at a group of Crimson Guardsmen. They fly through the air as if struck by the force of an explosion, you hear the sound of the explosion, yet there is no explosion or even the arrow on screen. Great work GI Joe animators. Gung Ho wrestles really badly with Cobra Commander on the floor trying to get the cyber hockey puck from him but the struggle is brief when they realize they are totally outnumbered by the Crimson Guardsmen.

During the very short interrogation that follows Cobra Commander asks if they planned to bring the dinosaurs to the base with the hockey puck. Gung Ho, who is apparently a master of judging the timing on dynamite fuses he didn't even see being lit, responds that "we didn't plan on bring the dinosaurs to the fortress, we planned on bring the fortress to the DINOSAURS!" He shouts the word dinosaurs, in case you didn't understand the Internet English meaning of me using all capital letters, right as the dynamite explodes. What remains a mystery is why he even said what he said. All the dynamite did was cause some cracks to appear in the base and some rocks to fall off the mountain. The dinosaurs DO come to the base when the Scientist grabs the hockey puck and tells them there's food inside.

Way to go on that entrance Mr. Dinosaur. Your reward shall be the untold riches of the bread ball bin on the buffet.

The dinosaurs proceed to break into the base and beat up some Cobra troops, including an entire cafeteria full of them that remained eating while the base half fell apart from explosions. The best part of this sequence is that when the dinosaurs burst through the wall into the cafeteria (remember, they're looking for bread balls not meat) they do so with such force that they cause the animators to forget to include the tables in several frames of animation. And the soldier's legs. That's quite an entrance! I was half expecting the dinosaur to pause with a strange smile, its head half immersed in shadow, while dramatic zither music swells in the background. Instead the dinosaur and his compatriot proceed to the tables and salad bar and eat the food the fleeing soldiers left behind.

One particularly spry T-Rex bursts into the control room with a roar. This motivates Destro to activate his wrist rocket pods and fly out the window with Tomax and Xamot clinging to his legs and laughing like retards. Flint and Cobra Commander agree that discretion is the better part of valor and follow suit only minus the wrist rockets and plus a bone-shattering fall down the entire mountain. Luckily everyone is unhurt and Cobra Commander has mysteriously disappeared. Dr. Massey briefly splutters about his investors wanting to run the island as a park but Flint sternly advises him that his investors can "suck eggs". Such language! I hear sailors vomiting into gutters

in horror around the world. No, the operation draws to a close with the GI Joes stating their intentions to leave the dinosaurs on the island and Gung Ho "hilariously" bitching some more about being hungry. Yo Joe.

The judge from China is really bringing Destro's score down today in the homo cling dive event.

The resolution to this operation leaves me feeling pretty empty. First of all you have the question of what exactly Cobra Commander's goal was after cloning the dinosaurs. There's no conceivable way he could have put them up against anything but the most inept of modern militaries. While GI Joe might fill this description perfectly it can be assumed that no other military would be as worthless as them and should make quick work of a dinosaur invasion with a few tanks and aircraft. If Cobra Commander's goal was just to clone the dinosaurs in the first place then he succeeded completely. Not only that but if he did have some other ill intent for them the Joes hardly did anything to stop him in the long run. They left the dinosaurs behind, the facility essentially intact other than some damage to doors and some structural cracks, and all of Cobra's forces free to return. All Cobra Commander would have to do is buy another cyber hockey puck from Destro for a billion dollars and he's good to pick up right where he left off when he jumped out the window.

The mission was either a failure or at best a Pyrrhic victory for GI Joe.

Cobra After-Action Report for "Primordial Plot"

Yo dawgs, it's Ben "Greasnin" Platt here to let you know that Photoshop Phriday is both new and up! Just kidding, I'm not Ben Platt. In truth I'm actually Josh "Livestock" Boruff exposing how easy it is to steal somebody's identity using only the Internet. Now that you've had a harsh jolt of reality, have another harsh jolt of reality! Reality TV, that is! With the always useful help of the Something Awful Forum Goons and two duped Obsidian Rings of the Zodiac we bring you the next generation of reality programming! Look at me using exclamation marks like crazy!

Tune in you joyless ragamuffins!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

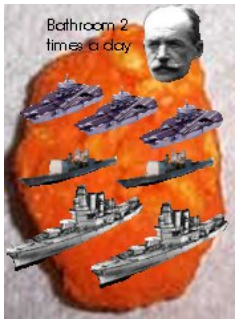
3.14 Food of the Gods

Friday, Mar 14, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

The legendary giant Cheeto. Is it friend or foe?

Fellow people of the planet earth, something very strange and exciting is going on. Paranormal activity has recently been taking the world by storm, and might even be some sort of sign. Perhaps even a sign from the heavens that a great change is coming and we will be part of the new plan that has to do with eating snacks. Of course I am speaking of the The giant Cheeto that was found at Pearl Harbor, and mailed to the residents at Algona, Iowa last week causing a flurry of activity. The small town of 5,400 quickly embraced the huge Cheeto, claiming it was the most exciting day since ole Cooter fell off his barn and broke his spine. A media circus from all over the world descended on the small town, taking pictures of the Cheeto next to a quarter, and conducting thousands of interviews with the people that were blessed with the tasty behemoth. The town of Algona welcomed the reporters with open arms, reaping the benefits of their big city money, and loose news anchorwomen. Even the Catholic Church sent a team of church officials to see if the Cheeto had any resemblance to Mary. Alas they were let down since it only had a slight bearing of TV's Scott Baio if the sun hit it just right, disappointing the country of Mexico, but delighting fans of "Charles in Charge". While the town of Algona is enjoying their time in the spotlight, the big question for everybody still remains: Where did this monstrosity of cheesy goodness come from?

Some people have suggested that this freakish aberration of snack was caused by a factory error, and that it's really no big deal at all. These people have been marked as enemies to the Cheeto cause, and have been labeled "no fun" by the public. Never before has a large piece of food caused such a stir throughout the world. This Cheeto-mania has prompted the internet's top conspiracy theorists to put on their crazy caps and try to explain who is responsible for this, and the long lasting impacts it might have in mankind's future endeavors. Here are a few of the more prominent giant Cheeto theories that have come to the forefront on the nutjob circuit:



A Japanese decoded Cheeto. With this information, Pearl Harbor is lost.

- **US Government Plot:**

  One of the theories is that the large Cheeto is pro-war propaganda by the US Government. As you know, the United States will be going to war very soon against the rogue nation of Iraq. Unfortunately for the Bush cabinet, this war is not very popular abroad or even on the home front. This theory states that it's more than just a coincidence that the Cheeto appeared just as the security counsel was preparing to meet about Iraq, and that the large Cheeto was crafted by a team of government scientists deep in the Pentagon, and then planted by CIA agents in Pearl Harbor. The goal of this subterfuge was to take the public's attention away from the war in Iraq by dazzling them with the large snack, therefore giving the US Government a free hand to move in the Middle East without any bothersome protests. The theorists go on to proclaim that the last stage of this nefarious plot is that the government will tell the public that Iraqi terrorists have stolen the large Cheeto and is keeping it in Baghdad as a spoil of war. This will prompt the populace to join the war effort to retrieve this most holy American icon by any means necessary, even if it means

granting George Bush power to slaughter congress, seizing the scepter of power with a bloody, clenched fist.

- **Global Masonic Network:**

A plot has been discovered so vast that it boggles one's mind and makes one drop one's hot coffee on one's groin. The evil Masonic network of these satanic roustabouts have concocted a scheme so insanely diabolical, and large in scope that most of the public cannot even begin to imagine the implications. This global terror group created the large Cheeto, distracting the world while they weave their web of terror around us. The Cheeto is a high pitched frequency receiver that steals our personal information such as addresses, bank account numbers, and names of our children. They will use this information to steal all of our money, and then rape and murder our children while our minds are being brainwashed by this most evil of food creations. Once all the children are raped and murdered, the Cheeto will explode, sending hot searing cheesy shrapnel into any humans in the vicinity, and scoring another victory for the Global Masonic Network.

- **Cold Resistant Giant Nazi Super Soldier Elves:**

This theory is a little "far out" and is only believed by one man who lives in a box who thinks he's Abraham Lincoln. This man says he has proof that the Cheeto was intended for a race of giant Nazi elves. Apparently Nazi scientists created a race of cold resistant giant elves in order to take Moscow during the freezing winter months. The experiment was a success, but it was too late for them to be implemented, and they were sent to Poland to build the Furhur's long planned theme park "Happyland". If you ask the lone believer of this theory for his proof, he will pretend he has diarrhea, and escape out the bathroom window while you are waiting for him, making you have to pay for his chicken finger basket.

- **The Japanese:**

Another "Axis" theory is that the Japanese are planning to attack Pearl Harbor again. Apparently they have secretly launched a carrier task force that is headed to Hawaii to sink our fleet with new and improved Zero planes. Japanese agents at Hawaii have planted the giant Cheeto as a coded message to begin the attack. When the Cheeto is decoded by special means only known by the Imperial command and some guy who came up with this conspiracy, they can see all of our fleet information stationed at Pearl Harbor. Not only is their numerical information translated, the geographical information and the US admiral's bathroom patterns are found out as well. If some brave soul does not eat the Cheeto before the fleet arrives, all could be lost in the Pacific to these Pokeman watching bastards.

As the numerous rumors about the Cheeto flew about the internet, the town of Algona enjoyed the attention from the large snack. Mayor Lynn Kueck, named March 13th "The Giant Cheeto Day", and declared a "Name the Giant Cheeto" contest. The most popular names so far have been "Mr. Cheesy", "Sir Cheese-a-lot", and "Vin Diesel". The lucky winner of the contest wins a $25 Frito-Lay gift certificate, and a lusty night with the large Cheeto. Other events on "The Giant Cheeto Day" included firecrackers, square dancing, and a fun game where all the townspeople dress up like Cheetos and dance around the large bonfire to honor the Great Cheeto. Once the last piece of wood is thrown on the fire, everybody rushes to touch the Great Cheeto. Whoever is last to touch it gets thrown on the fire to appease the Great Cheeto's thirst for human suffering, and to grant a rich crop reaping in the coming harvest. Strangely enough, the media is so fixated on this one strange event that other similar events are being overlooked. Here are just a few amazing discoveries that have taken place this past week, but missed by the mainstream media.

Huge Cheez-It in Great Falls, Montana

The city of Great Falls is in stir right now after a local mechanic found a giant Cheez-It while on his lunch break. The local radio stations were called and soon the everybody was fixated on the huge Cheez-it. Production halted to a stop, and schools were suspended, as the Cheez-It was put on display in the City Hall. The powers that be in Great Falls planned to have a giant Cheez-It parade with streamers and crazy floats, yet all these dreams crumbed when a portly child devoured the giant Cheez-It when nobody was watching. He was catapulted into the sun.

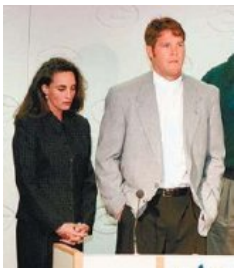
Enormous Funyun in Sheboygan, Wisconsin

As a Sheboygan farmer got his equipment ready to tend to his crops, he smelt onion in the air. Since he only grew corn, this made him very suspicious. Following this odor led him to his barn where he found a most curious discovery. A Funyun as big as a hog was sitting on a bale of hay. The farmer put it in the back of his truck and brought it to the city, causing a storm of excitement. The Mayor of Sheboygan gave the Funyun the keys to the city and named it an honorary number of the Rotary Club. Even the Green Bay Packer's Brett Farve came to visit the Funyun, although caused controversy when he stated "I'm more of a Muncho fan".

Monstrous Fiddle Faddle in Greeley, Nebraska

This giant food discovery dwarfs all others in scope and size. Two monstrous pieces of Fiddle Faddle the size of refrigerators were found in a rock quarry in Greeley, Nebraska making the local populace praise the discovery as a true miracle of God. The sick and poor made pilgrimages to the Fiddle Faddle claiming that after they touched it's carmel goodness, a windfall of good luck came to them and their family. There was even a report that the parents of a blind baby rubbed it's face on the huge snack, and afterwards the baby had perfect 20/20 vision. A famous evangelist quickly bought the Fiddle Faddle from the rock quarry owners and have been touring around the south, curing the weak and possessed with this most tasty of miracles.

UPDATE: The Monstrous Fiddle Faddle in Greeley, Nebraska turned out to be a hoax. It was constructed by a group of 2nd graders out of cardboard and carmel. The evangelist is still touring with the large Fiddle Faddle on "donation tours", and refuses to believe the lies of Satan that it's fake.



BRETT FARVE SHOCKER: "I'm more of a Munchos fan".

I think I can speak for everybody when I say that just like 9/11 (never forget), this giant Cheeto, has changed the world forever, but in a good way instead. This extraordinary event has not only enriched the lives of the people directly affected by the Cheeto, but also the whole world who followed the events unfolding on every TV network, and newspaper. I would like to think that all the people at odds today, whether they be American, and French, Muslim, and Christian, or me and Ben "Greasnin" Platt, put aside our differences to join hands in awe at the giant Cheeto, and that my friends, is most excellent.

(PS- Ben "Greasnin" Platt is a terrible playwright and only got his various awards because they thought he had cancer. I tipped them off that he was just going bald so they should be revoking them pretty soon.)

State Og: Eat It, Pink Boy!

Hiya folks, it's your State Og representative (and current Tiddly Winks world champion) Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell once again. Our recent advertising campaign has

been a splendid success, and word has really gotten out about our humble multinational conglomerate. When questioned at gunpoint, more than 100% of the people we surveyed said that the first thing they think of when they hear the word "Saturday" is State Og! Also, 24% of the people we pistolwhipped just for fun afterwards crossed their eyes in a very humorous way when struck. I'm really not sure what that indicates, but we'll definitely have to conduct some more research on that.

> *Tired of being more broke than Idaho? Tried every pyramid scheme out there to make some cash, yet come up empty-handed every time? Well those days are in the past, as State Og is proud to announce the creation of the Multi Level Money Making Pyramid Plan! What sets the MLMMPM (the extra 'M' is for Money!) apart from other pyramid schemes is that participation in it guarantees riches so vast Middle Eastern oil barons will slap their faces and go, "Whaaaaaaaa???"*

You like what you see? Head on over to State Og, where dreams come true as long as they're about reading State Og.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.15 Attack, Destroy, Kill! Please.

Sunday, Mar 16, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We are hours away from a war with Iraq and the only thing on my mind is this mission I'm stuck on in "Freelancer". I dutifully turned on CNN today to freshen my brain with the sweet scent of politics, but I compartmentalized the repetition of rhetoric so well that it didn't even creep into the periphery of my thought process. Finally I said to myself, "listen man! Good Christ something important is going on!" and I sat down and forced myself to soak up the narrow bandwidth of worldview presented by 24 hour news channels.

Much to my surprise we weren't already bombing Iraq. Why? How long does a man have to be beaten in the face with War before we actually unzip and go to town? I've been hearing this fucking brain dead war drum beat for what feels like years now. It pounded its way over my righteous indignation at my country run afoul. It beat "thump-thump-thump" and drowned out what little activism I have in me. It worked! I was no drooling patriot singing "proud to be an American" but I was so sick of hearing the war mantra I wanted the bombs to drop just to silence it. Blow up Iraq already! I want that slack-jawed monkey child president of ours to stop juicing up my screen with mispronunciations and I want those two-faced European jelly monsters gone.

I'm a good citizen. I try to keep up with world events but there's only so much a man can endure before he reaches his breaking point. One minute you're listening to them rattle on like a machinegun about Elian Gonzalez and his fish-food mom, and the next you're in a clock tower pumping hot copper a hundred meters through the brainpan of some physics TA. That particular story was so prolonged and annoying it would have driven me to pray for blood if it had been given a face even slightly more annoying than some Cuban urchin straight out of Copperfield on LSD. It started to get one with that screeching relative of his that looked about as Cuban as apple pie dipped in liquid American flags. Fortunately the whole story aborted in a Havana dumpster before his banshee squeals could raise my blood pressure to the murder threshold.

Elian is dead and gone, or he may as well be, sipping iced teas with Castro on a beach or having his gums drilled by an ex-KGB man in the basement of a communist prison, either way he's not in the news. The story now is Iraq, but I don't have to tell you that. Even if the only two sources for all of your outside information are your front window and this web site then you know we're going to war. Everywhere you turn, including Something Awful - sickeningly enough even including this article - you're reading about Iraq. Far be it for anyone to have pity for a ruthless dictator, but who the fuck really cared about Saddam Hussein a few months ago? One minute we're reading about our brave men and women subduing the serpent's nest of Afghanistan and the next our president is babbling about Iraqi dictators and the Axis of Evil.

Chant, chant, chant it began like a vitriolic whisper. Like the swell of the music in "The Omen". Our President was mad, we weren't sure what had gotten him so riled up because he's about as coherent as a laser filtered through the ass of a retard, but we were all listening. We had our ears to the rail. Each word that oozed out of his maw was carefully crafted by high-paid speech writers and then messily butchered by the functionally illiterate mouth of our

fist clenching exalted emissary of justice. Each verb and noun, each adjective, and every suffix as read from a phonetically spelled teleprompter was raked over in the media by crack teams of "expert analysts". They spun the words into mathematical matrices of speculation and conjecture, fueled further down fractal spirals by plants and leaks from "unnamed sources inside the Pentagon". Occasionally the talking heads and the president's latest blooper reel were replaced on my screen with lich king Donald Rumsfeld and his good old boy winking in front of the press or Colin Powell and his eyes burning with the fury of a man who hates his job. If we were really lucky it was Old Scratch himself, John Ashcroft.

Let me digress a bit because I have never hated a figure in American politics as much as I hate John Ashcroft. From his hideous Christian piano CDs he puts out, to his flummoxed chubby face, to his almost zealous efforts to constrict and bind the freedoms of Americans. I'll come out and say it. The man is a cocksucker, and not just any cocksucker, he's the kind that gets his bully boys to grab Arabs off the street and lock them away in some secret dungeon. There they can drink iced teas on the beach with George Bush or have Department of Homeland Security agents use drugs and electroshock and needles on them. No bruises, maybe a fatal heart attack from time to time, but this is America! Democracy! We don't leave marks with freedom.

But these are the guys who blew up the World Trade Center! Yeah, that was quite a caper wasn't it? I know it scared the shit out of me. That would have been a good movie plot if you switched things up a bit. Replace the United States with evil alien overlords that walk around in mechanical suits and replace the Islamic Fundamentalists with a band of ragged freedom fighters led by Bruce Willis. He could have looked into the camera and screamed "FOR FREEDOM!" or something as his space jet flew into their citadel of evil. Although after that it would get pretty fucked up if you stuck with the plot because it wouldn't make much sense for the aliens to go blow away Mars or something because some human freedom fighters flew space planes into their future base.

I kid though. We're dealing with villains here, scoundrels, the Scum of the Earth. Why not hate them? Apathy. I find it helps get folks through a lot more than caring and long poems about the towers coming down in some girl's notebook next to a doodle of a unicorn. If you don't like what I'm saying up until now I bet the word "apathy" up there just validated all of your thoughts and you started nodding and going "mmmmhmmm" and if you had a sassy black woman next to you then you would high five her and say "look at that, girlfriend". Let me tell you where you went wrong. Some bum approaches you and he looks like five miles of bad road sown with mines and covered with concertina wire and a layer of filth professionally applied by the invisible artisans of homelessness. He asks for some spare change. You feel sorry for him, but then you start thinking "well I bet he's going to spend it on drugs" or "I bet he's going to stab be me and sell my skull to the Chinese". Me, I just see if I have spare change. If I do, he can have it, if I don't he's out of luck.

"Oh my god, you did NOT just give spare change to that man!" You say in your incredulous voice. "He is a professional pan handler! He drives to this corner in a Lexus!"

Whatever. You see, I don't care. I shrug it off. It registers on me, no change for that guy again, but I'm not going to let myself lose sleep over it.

What does that have to do with Iraq and me being sick of it? The world needs more apathy. I'm thinking specifically of Israel and Palestine here but it has a direct correlation on the Iraq issue. In Israel if there's a terror bombing what do you expect the Israeli government to do afterwards? Occupy and attack, right? What if an Israeli Hellfire missile flies in through the window of some two story shit-hole in Gaza and blows the bones right out of a couple Hezbollah nuts? What then?

What do Hezbollah or Islamic Jihad or Al-Aksah Martyrs Brigade do next? That's a lot of question marks but the answers are always the same; attack, destroy, kill. It's circular, and we just got served up a hot cup of it.

While teenage Flash animators around the globe were firing up their tweening tools on rough approximations of the World Trade Center, George W. Bush and his clan of scoundrels were in the bunker drawing bold red arrows across maps of Afghanistan. I admit, I was right there with them. Attack, destroy, kill! Give them a taste of what they just fucked with! And we did! We lit that little dirt ball of a country up like it was a marquee for the final showing of "Cats" on Broadway. Paveways, Hellfires, Tomahawks, JDAM's, daisy cutters, gatling guns, and that big fucking cannon on the AC-130. All of them went tearing ass through a country with a power grid about as sophisticated as one of those potato radios. Why couldn't those worthless bastards have just given us a nice big skyscraper to send crashing to the ground? Something satisfying and cathartic.

It was over. It was anti-climactic. We didn't get our masses of people running in terror or huge Al-Qaeda edifices crumbling into clouds of dust. For a few days it was silent. Thump, thump, thump.

"No!" I cried. "No, this is what they want!"

Amazingly the television didn't respond as our president began writing checks with his fool mouth that our country will be attempting to cash for generations.

"Axis of Evil!" He said.

"We must disarm Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein!" He insisted.

"Freedom loving people of Iraq!" He explained as best he could.

I stifled a second bout of outrage at what I was seeing, instead sitting mutely at what I perceived as the beginning of the end. The first steps in a slide into obscurity, enmity, and eventually nothingness.

That was weeks ago, when this shock and awe - to use the favorite term of the Pentagon - was fresh in my mind. Thump, thump, thump. Any time I turned on the TV it was beating, like the Telltale Heart beneath my floorboards but I could not hasten to silence it. I shut it out as best I could and watched the parade of goofy faggots around the world, the anti-war demonstrations never failing to bring out the biggest losers this side of a "Magic: The Gathering" tournament. I watched France and Germany, hilariously standing together in the face of American aggression. What a pathetic tag team to have in my corner, speaking my mind. A country as duplicitous and unctuous and pathetic as could be imagined matched up with a country that had invaded them twice and had a legacy of ultimate brutality. Philosophers and luxury sedans to our nation of technology, prosperity, and violence. No match, not even close.

Oh look, there's China in the corner looking smug. Hi China, how many of your own people were put to death for petty theft while we were listening to that speech? Veto? Oh, faaaaantastic.

I had to face facts, there was no stopping us. The good guys in this fight were no better than us, and for reference we're the bad guys, and we're going after the really bad guy. Throw in North Korea for

a wild card and the party never stops. My righteous indignation boiled, seethed, and then the pilot light went completely out. Apathy. 24 hours a day the drum beat, news alert e-mails from CNN that might as well have just contained "thump" repeatedly, talking heads that described in almost sexual detail how the new biggest bomb that is even bigger than the last biggest bomb would send a mushroom cloud high into the sky over Baghdad. Shock and awe. Shock and Awe!

Barely a whisper as black sedans in cities fill their back seats with suspected terrorists and drive them off to a location so secret that even God is in the dark about it. Maybe they caught one. They'll tell us they did either way and we'll feel safe. All big news if it weren't for a war, great ratings on this one Tom! They're sending some of our field reporters out with the troops, we've got three Hummers tricked out with live satellite feeds. Live from the previous location of Baghdad! It'll be fantastic. Show some tracers, few explosions, maybe a twisted tank and a charred corpse for the "war is hell" angle. Close on a fresh-faced GI handing his special non-melting desert Hershey bar to some kid that lost his dick to a guided bomb. Perfect! Golf tomorrow at nine, right Tom? See you on the links.

Fuck it, get it over with. No, I don't need a blindfold, just a last cigarette, a Miller Lite, and photons beaming across my living room Live From Iraq.

Not Quite Hollywood

It is with a great sense of pride, or at least something resembling a great sense of pride, that I introduce to you an all new feature here at Something Awful. Lowtax recently started corresponding with Mark Polonia and Jon McBride, the creators of such fine movies as "Feeders" and "Feeders 2", and hit upon the idea of offering them a column here at Something Awful. The duo immediately agreed! Honestly, what else could they be doing? It takes like half an hour for them to make one of their movies. Get inside the creative process of some of the worst movies you have ever seen with our new feature "Hot Off Hollywood".

THE ALIENS *- Okay, okay, okay, so they aren't Stan Winston quality. Okay, okay, okay, so they aren't Chari Lewis finger puppet show quality, but they are charming in an inept sort of way. The one with the long head that looks like a scrotum is sadly, not with*

> *us anymore. The one featured more prominently, to no better effect, is still lurking in my basement somewhere. It has had years of abuse being "tossed and thrown" at non-actors in "FEEDERS" and has now been retired to the "Abused Puppet Hall of Fame" where it resides next to Hermie from "RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER" (which is sort of ironic since Hermie and Jon have the same hairstyle*

If you don't go read this right now I swear to God and Jesus and Allah that I will brutalize your colon with the business end of a phone book.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.16 Nipples for Freedom

Sunday, Mar 16, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I don't say it often, but when I do, I mean it - what the hell is wrong with this country? Now, it's true that I've spoken out against the war on this site, but that doesn't mean I'm not patriotic. I'm as patriotic as they come. I believe in the strength of America and that this is the greatest place to live on the face of the Earth. Now that I've cleared that up, I'll say it again - what the hell is wrong with this country? We have got some serious issues. Let me explain just how I came to that conclusion.

It's common knowledge that whenever the writers here at Something Awful are having trouble coming up with a topic for our next update, we turn to what's in the news. For example, yesterday's Cheeto article by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz. He wrote an entire long, rambling article based off of a lameass news item about a giant Cheeto. Obviously, he didn't have anything else to write about. Well, I found myself in a similar predicament when I sat down to write my update. Lowtax stole my thunder earlier in the week with his insane article that only made sense to super-intelligent squirrels and Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons, who is a super-intelligent squirrel in his own right. I wanted to write an article that was totally incomprehensible, even to me, but since that gimmick was taken, I was at a loss for a topic. So, I did what we all do in our moment of desperation - I turned to the news. Perhaps it was fate, perhaps I just naturally zero in on the word "nipple." In either case, this article caught my eye.

Mary's Nipple - not just a place, but a state of mind.

> Mt Nipple divides ski resort
>
> *PRESSURE from uncomfortable skiers and other tourists in Wyoming, USA, has prompted the Grand Targhee Ski and Summer Resort to change the name of one of its mountains.*
>
> *Mary's Nipple is now just Mary's, and signs with the word "nipple" have been covered with tape. New signs were to arrive in about two weeks.*
>
> *But the covered signs have rankled some local skiers, who feel a bit of their history has been lost.*
>
> *The name dates back three decades to a story about a waitress named Mary, who was working at Targhee's Trap Bar and streaked through it and the resort one night.*

Have we really gone so far astray as a society that we'd try to censor nature? I mean, I can understand changing the name of french fries to freedom fries. That makes perfect sense to me. After all, we love freedom and hate the French. And what better way to express our undying devotion to the cause of liberty *and* thumb our collective nose at one of the largest political powers in the Western world than by renaming a greasy fast food side dish? Same goes for the new and improved freedom toast now available at your local Denny's. We've definitely got our hearts in the right place with that one. There isn't a chance in hell that I'm going to start calling first base "freedom kissing," but that's more of a personal issue. There's something about being reminded of the bloodshed and atrocities of the war on terrorism that is just a turn off, no matter how far I shove my tongue down a girl's throat. The point is, I don't really mind some of the name changes we've got in the works. For instance, I think the change from Bin Laden, Delaware to Sweetwater was really the way to go. Hopefully Anthraxville, Kentucky will follow suit. However, changing the name of Mary's Nipple is not just wrong, it's downright hypocritical.

Is Bin Laden just upset because he doesn't have nipples? Only time will tell, but sources point to no.

What is the war on terrorism really about? Putting a stop to violent extremism with an emphasis on Middle Eastern nations, where the cultural climate has produced a generation that places more value on martyrdom than on human life? Not even close. This war is about protecting the American way of life. Terrorists hate our late-night parties, cheap beer, and attractive co-eds. These things are like kryptonite to terrorists. They don't want us to have them. And there is no body part more American than the nipple. Terrorists hate nipples. I don't even know if terrorists have nipples or not, but if they do, I guarantee you that they aren't happy about it. If we rename Mary's Nipple, what is left to fight for? We'll be doing the terrorists' job for them. We might as well cover our hot American babes in sheets and ban porno. And once we've gone that far, what's the point of living anymore?

What I want to know is, where did all this sudden prudishness come from? Yes, I realize that American culture is considered sheltered and puritan in the eyes of the European community. I know our society must seem pretty conservative to folks over in, say, Amsterdam, but we're still the ones who made miniskirts and bikinis socially acceptable, so keep smoking yourselves retarded, clog boys. When people talk about good old-fashioned American ingenuity, which I assume most people do on a regular basis, they're talking about our pioneering spirit, our rugged individualism, that urge to excel that inspired us to create faster cars, deadlier drugs, tighter clothes, and bigger bombs than anyone else. They're not talking about our ability to cover up our naughty parts so the tourists don't blush. Especially now, when our President wants to play cowboy and impose the American way of life on every part of the world, we need to unite and embrace that which makes our land so unique. We should be proudly standing behind our nation's nipples, not covering them up with tape.

Mountains - nature's ta-tas

Naming geographic features after lewd body parts is an American tradition. I'm particularly amazed that the six residents of Wyoming are allowing this name change to occur, considering that their state has more mammary-themed mountains than any other state in the union. Besides Mary's Nipple, Wyoming is also home to the notable Grand Teton mountain range. For those of you who don't speak French and have no ability to derive meaning from context, "Grand Teton" is just a froggier way of saying "Big Breast." They were named as such when a band of intrepid French explorers first caught sight of the spectacular range, with its two huge peaks, and said, "Hey, those look like giant knockers." Well, except they probably said it with a snotty French accent, and quite possibly in French. Now, I understand if people are a little uncomfortable with having a mountain range with a French name now that french fries are being eliminated from the national vocabulary. So if the Grand Tetons need to have their name changed, that's fine. Take away the French, but for the love of all that is holy, don't take away the meaning. Let's call it what it really is - Freakin' Huge Boobs National Park. I can see it becoming a very popular vacation destination. Don't think the change will come without a political blowback, though. After all, the French did help us out during the Revolutionary War, so to cut them out of our culture altogether is just begging for the wrath of president Jacques Chirac. I'd expect France to initiate an all-out war, and in a fit a rage, promptly surrender. Casualties should be low.

The elimination of all quasi-sexual references from nature is an appalling trend. Where will our national parks be without our beloved Tetons, Condom Creek, or the Giant Anus geyser? What will ornithological societies do without the titmouse, the red-breasted booby, and the speckled

colonpecker? Where will poor comedians be without humorous-sounding animals to provide hours of cheap, cheap laughs? Without smut and French in our culture, all America will have left will be diet soda - and not French or sexual-sounding diet soda, either. Truly, without Mary's wondrous Nipple, all is lost.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.17 My Home in the Land Called Internet

Tuesday, Mar 18, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Seeing as how Ricky "Lowtax" Ricardo has been spilling the beans about his disastrous life, I feel the compelling need to do the same. The problem with my life is that I don't have a life, not even a disastrous one. I may have at one time had a life, but I'm pretty sure I lost it in a bet or swapped it for some chewing gum. What's left for me is one thing, and that one thing is spilling the beans on my life as a pretend celebrity on the Internet. It may surprise you, but a little over a year ago I was no more than a casual follower of this website and its incomprehensibly strange forums. Then, for reasons largely attributed to drug addictions and scientific studies on the consequences of bad decision making, a young Zack Parsons hired me as a writer. I assume he had Lowtax's consensual approval but it's hard to tell considering how much of a drunken head case Zack is. Back then I was paid roughly three nickels and a unicycle ride for my efforts, now I'm paid royally. Each month I'm shipped half my weight in rare and poisonous Chinese spiders that I diligently train in hopes of opening the first theatre to feature an all arachnid cast. We're hoping to have "Miss Saigon" down by at least August. All and all, I can honestly say that it's been more than worth it. Ever since becoming a member of the Something Awful Family my world has broadened to include more awkward insanity and strangeness than a Michael Jackson sleepover. Okay, so maybe I'm lying there. Still, it's been pretty odd.

Perhaps I should elaborate on what I've come to learn and the wonders I've come to experience regularly. In fact, I'll do that. This is me doing that, dude.

- **Electronic Messaging in the 21st Century is a Joy**

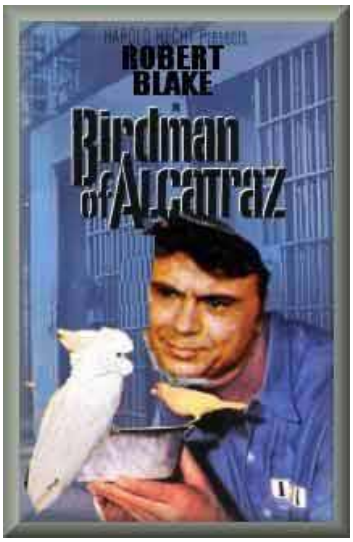
  I've had fairly active e-mail accounts in the past, but none as bizarre as my somethingawful.com account. Aside from the 100 pieces of spam I average each day, I get a fairly good deal of random zaniness. The most rewarding (and horrifying) bonus to this job is all the weird images that get e-mailed to me. Because of my tenure as Photoshop Phriday's evil totalitarian dictator, people routinely send me some of the most frightening image attachments. I assume they want me to publish them, but these digital travesties are usually so incredibly bad all I can do is laugh out of utter despair. True, it's just a bunch of honest folks trying to share some laughs and make people smile. Too bad these people are often so far from funny and talented that they make the images featured on the Page of Shame somehow look good in comparison. Really good.

  Normally I wouldn't want to encourage these people by giving them any publication, but hey, why not. My pain is your pain. What follows is a very small showing of the type of images I get sent each and every week. I really don't remember who made these, so if you're one of the lucky authors featured, feel free to feel a sense of tremendous pride. Your work is probably making people laugh, but not in the way you hoped. I will say up front that these aren't even the worst of what I get, I just have habit of not saving every piece of crap that comes my way.

I have no idea why I was sent this stupid pile of crap. The original version was about 2000x2000 pixels. Click for a slightly bigger image that enhances nothing.

Again, thanks to the awesome guy who sent me this majestic mountain of feces. You can get a larger version of this if you want, but then why would you?

I'm pretty sure this is intentionally bad, and in spite of being bad, I like it. It was sent by a kindly gentleman who apparently got confused and read one of my articles by mistake. No, I don't even know why I was talking about Moses, Hitler, and a Power Loader either. Click for a larger version.



No thumbnail for this one, since it's already small. Oh, and stupid. Very stupid.

Another fun aspect is all the strange e-mails I get from confused people. I usually get at least one a week, and I'm never sure why. Sometimes it's somebody thanking me for sharing my honest views on a topic nobody (including myself) on SA has ever written about, and other times it's people condemning me for expressing beliefs I never knew I had. In most cases, beliefs I've never even written about. My first week here I wrote an article on MapQuest, and somebody e-mailed me to tell me how narrow-minded my beliefs on Judaism were. I knew then that I was in for a fun ride. I kind of wish this ride would slow down, because guys, I'm going to puke all over.

■ Web Comic Authors are Masters of Revenge

Not long ago I made the grave mistake of taking shots at Andy Fresh, a nauseating foray into the world of bland and poorly illustrated web comics. As a result, Andy Fresh himself fired back with one of the most brutal attacks I've ever had the misfortune of absorbing. Without clinging to any clichés and giving no quarter, Andy thoroughly put

me in my place and humiliated me to such a degree that I honestly feared showing my face on the Internet ever again.

ANDY, DID YOU SEE THESE PUNKS ON THE NET BLASTING YOUR WEBSITE?
NOT PUNKS, BRI, COMMENTATORS. THE INTERNET IS THE ULTIMATE OPEN FORUM OF IDEAS AND OPINIONS, AND THESE GUYS, EVEN THOUGH THEY MAY NOT LIKE MY WEBSITE, ARE JUST VOICING THEIR OPINION, AND THEY HAVE THE FREEDOM TO DO SO IN THIS GREAT COUNTRY. THESE PEOPLE ARE MORE THAN INANE RAMBLERS, THEY'RE INTELLIGENT, RATIONAL PROS...
JOSHUA! COME TURN YOUR GRANDMA! SHE'S GETTING BED SORES!
SILENCE, MOTHER! DUNGEON MASTER FEGGABOG IS IN THE MIDDLE OF STEALING MR. CUDDLE-BEAR'S DRAGON!

Most of you will never have the upstanding honor of being featured in a web comic, let alone have your entire world crushed by one. I tell you, there are nights when I cry myself to sleep and wake up screaming like a girl. I threw some pretty heavy insults at Andy, but he put them to shame. I could tell I outraged Andy, or at least upset him. I wasn't expecting him to do what he did, though. He channeled his outrage into action – action that became the chauffeur that drove the fists of his wits to their singular destination: my face. In all seriousness, being mocked in a terrible web comic was a real thrill that I will treasure for the rest of my wretched days. Or at least until I forget again ten minutes from now.

■ People Really Don't Like Spastic Animations

It's not hard to imagine a world in which people really don't like horrible spastic animations, because that's the world we live in. I won't say I agree, because I strongly believe spastic animations are our future. Yet the majority of my attempts to give a little liveliness to the world have been met with harsh criticism from people who complain "it hurts my eyes" and "it gives me a headache." I guess I forgot I was living in Pussyville, France, where people can't take a little abuse and like their animations softer and with more than two frames, both of which are more or less the same. You people disgust me.

■ Internet Rivalries are the Pits

Some of you may notice the constant bickering that goes on here between staffers. Zack and Rich have their immortal feud that always seems to dissolve into allegations of speedball abuse and boyhood obsessions with a certain hunky German leader who killed a few million people. Then there is the confusing battle between Ben and Reid that gets scarier as each week passes. I heard this week Reid commissioned a Flemish sculptor to create a statue of Ben being raped by a penguin with a razor cock strap-on. I don't know about you guys, but I'm tired of it. Specifically, I'm tired of not being in the thick of it. Who is Josh supposed to have a rivalry with? Nobody on the staff is left, except for those

> smelly ROM Pit, Cranky Steve, and State OG guys. It wasn't always this way, as I used to have Scotty "Kung Fucious" Delbango to mock. Of course that bastard had to go and get himself fired for writing that series of articles encouraging every white blooded American to do their part and join the KKK. I really enjoyed having him as my enemy, and the times we fought back and fourth were quite refreshing. I'm sure everybody else enjoyed seeing two random idiots on the Internet tossing pathetic jabs back and fourth as well! The way I see it, with both my eyes and my imagination, it doesn't have to end. From now on, whenever I feel the need to make fun of somebody on the staff, I'm going to make fun of him. I honestly don't care that he isn't on the staff or that he can't post a rebuttal. I'm sure he's probably too busy dying of AIDs or servicing lonely dockworkers throughout Turkey's many seaports to even care anyway. I'll belittle his profoundly ignorant ass all the same. And hey, Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen, you aren't exactly the cat's meow either!

It certainly has been a strange journey writing on this crazy web of hyperlinks and stupidity. Along the way, through all the ups and downs, I've learned to cope with each bewildering twist and turn. I don't mind that my inbox is a putrid pit of disease or that I can barely sort any legitimate e-mail out from the fifty thousand valuable money saving opportunities I'm presented with each and every day. I also don't mind that a few cunning souls have found a way to somehow connect Photoshop to their digestive systems in such a way that when they need to defecate, they do so in JPEG form and then e-mail it to me. It sure beats having brain dead coworkers that nest in cubicles the same way zombies nest in mausoleums forward me and fifty other people hilarious joke e-mails that have been crawling around since the lonely days of Arpanet. I've learned to love this job, even though this job seriously hates me with all its heart.

Become a Jet-Kwon-Do master!

Jedidiah "shortened version of my first name" Kirchner here with a review of another god damn ROM based on Fist of the North Star, this time for the Sega Genesis. The superior blast processing capabilities of my Genesis emulator, working in conjunction with Valve's Steam and various mathematical algorithms currently being patented by Shiny Entertainment, allows "Last Battle" to be one of the worst Sega games ever made.

> *I've never seen the original Fist of the North Star anime, but apparently the storyline was far too epic for a single NES cartridge, because I recently found out that Japan has several games dedicated to this incredible saga of airborne body parts and break-away clothing, including an arcade game that teaches players secret martial art of Jet-Kwon-Do by having them hit padded targets with their fists while animations of people exploding are periodically shown on the screen. All non-pussies reading this will be happy to know that I am not making any of this up. That Fist of the North Star arcade punching simulation? Yeah, it actually exists. If had a choice of going to an ice cream social with either the doctor who found a cure for cancer or the genius Konami programmer responsible for Punch Mania: Hokuto No Ken as my date, it'd be the Konami guy hands down, because while medical science may have saved the lives of literally several important celebrities, it is brilliant things like this game that make life worth living. Well, except in leper colonies. Those fags can build their own arcade machine.*

In addition to all the absoludicrous humor you know and love, this review also contains pictures of an incredibly cool Japanese arcade game, along with descriptions of the game that are automatically more important than any piece of literature from the 20th century (except maybe graphic novels where the villian is fat and/or a midget).

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.18 What I Learned Last Week, By Rich Lowtax Kyanka, Age 26

Tuesday, Mar 18, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I've been somewhat out of the loop lately, and although I'd squarely place the blame on some mysterious, evil entity such as Carol Channing or Canada, personal issues encompass the reasons I've experienced an extended "User is Away / Not Available" status. In today's update, I will share the most private and personal aspects of my life with up to 100,000 of you, possibly hoping that one of you may read this and remark to yourself, "man, that Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, what a deep and meaningful guy," shortly before casually observing how downhill my writing skills have plummeted since, oh, roughly 1987.

■ LESSON #1: NEVER GET ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED WITH A CRAZY WOMAN.

Since I wanted to post something more positive and uplifting than my experience with my ex-fiancee, I included this image of SA Forum Goon "Horribleman" who got drunk, threw up on my carpet, then passed out in the bathtub.

This important lesson repeatedly surfaces in my life, much like how dark clouds gather before an acid rain storm in southern California, or as Robert Downy Jr. appears before the SWAT Team arrives equipped with an assault team of U-Haul moving vans large enough to comfortably relocate his current fix of cocaine and tar heroin. However, no matter how carefully I investigate potential mates, despite the amount of time I spend "getting to know them better" (or as the authorities refer to as "stalking them by hiding in the bushes and furiously masturbating outside their garage"), and regardless of whom I eventually grow romantically linked to, their brains eventually collapse into a Biggie-Sized bowl of wacko chili. By using convential logic, I must assume one of at least three possible conclusions contain some shread of truth. Please note the purpose of the following three items is to clarify and explain why I am no longer engaged to Emily "I Am Not a Crook" Reigel to the people who email me daily and ask why she never updates anymore. If you do not enjoy Internet drama, then please skip to Lesson #2 and pretend I wrote something witty and poignant about Iraq and / or George W. "W." Bush Jr.

1) I have a subconscious desire to date people who make my limited and fleeting grasp of reality appear superior in comparison. I somewhat believe in this conclusion, as Emily "I Do Not Tell the Truth" Reigel appeared to embody the ideal of a "normal" person for nearly a year. Of course, I conceivably might have overlooked a few tell-tale signs of her brain goofiness, such as the time she had a plane ticket to meet me in Seattle but she claimed the FBI and CIA stopped her at the airport, refusing to let her on the plane. According to Emily "Person Who Lies" Reigel, the US Government had detained her under the claim she was a threat or terrorist or very large explosive of some sort. She spent most of that day calling me and providing helpful, up-to-the-moment fictional progress reports concerning her fictional interrogation by fictional FBI officers in the fictional airport security room. She additionally provided me with their fictional names, you know, just in case if I didn't believe such a plausibly fictional idea. To take it one step even further, she chose to write up a lengthy, detailed, exciting summary of the fictional events that fictitiously occurred that day! I recently learned, in reality, Emily spent that entire day crying in her bed and never even bothered to leave for the airport.

So perhaps this theory could still be considered "up in the air," much like where my brain had to have been located to believe such a ludicrous story.

2) I possess some ability which causes people to spontaneously grow nutty after repeated exposure to myself. I can safely rule out this one as well, as Emily "Lying For Fun and Profit" Reigel had completely made up some fictitious life she claimed to have lived before engaging in constant exposure to me. She told me she went to medical school; in reality, she was a hypochondriac who enjoyed visiting the WebMD website every other hour. She claimed she had never been in a "serious" relationship before; in reality, she spent nearly three years dating some poor sod named "Kevin" when she decided to begin cheating on him with me, then lied to him by claiming she planned on moving to Seattle "for a job opportunity." You know, as opposed to "living with another man." She professed that once my apartment lease ran out in May, I should move up to Wisconsin so we could live together once again and get married; in reality, she moved up to Wisconsin in January and decided to get back with her ol' buddy Kevin, since he is the only person in her life crazy enough to tolerate her insecure, patholigical lying bonus features. Poor Kevin, I hope he wakes up to his senses and decides to meet somebody who might have a more positive influence in his life, such as that time-traveling plane engine from "Donnie Darko." Trust me, that pain will seem miniscule compared to time spent with Emily "Oops, My Entire Life Is a Lie" Reigel.

3) I simply have lousy taste in women. Out of all theories, I'd say this contains the most truth. For example, I dated some girl for a few months in college. After I broke up with her, she promptly became a lesbian. I decided to become romantically involved with a woman a couple years ago, and now she sells beads and string online. Perhaps I need to embrace Raymond Watts' theory of "find it, fuck it, forget it" which makes sassy women relationship movies such a Lifetime Network blast these days. If I were to conceivably embark on a strict fucking and forgetting policy, then I wouldn't have to deal with the aspect of becoming engaged to somebody whose mind is composed of an equal mixture of "cryin' and lyin'" neurons.

Of course this lesson has essentially blossomed into a full-fledged e/n diatribe, but since I personally started this website and am forced to pay thousands of dollars for the bandwidth and servers so people may read this crap, I feel it is my public duty to inform you that I am forced to pay thousands of dollars for the bandwidth and servers so people may read this crap. I take solace in the fact that all my past mistakes and embarrassments will remain engraved on this site until the servers catch fire and fall into the Pacific Ocean. If you glean any knowledge from this lesson, I hope that it may be "getting engaged to crazy pathological liars = bad."

- **LESSON #2: MY PARENTS OWN THE MOUNT ZULU SEX ROOM.**

Have you ever noticed something only after passing it or living in proximity to it for countless months or years? You know, like a coworker who has a boil on her face the size of volleyball, yet it remains "invisible" to you until the day she walks by your desk and it knocks over your monitor even though she's physically located 15 feet away? Well this situation recently thrust itself upon me as I traveled home to Kansas City, Missouri, and realized my parents own the Mount Zulu Sex Room.

Before going into the glorious details of this mystefying chamber of erotic horror, let me give you some background information on their home. They own what many people could refer to as a "normal" house. It's composed of stucco, wooden ceilings, carpet, grey walls, and various other bland crap that would fail to thoroughly impress you unless you have grown accustomed to living inside a barrel which repeatedly plummets off Niagra Falls. However, this house contains one room which appears to have been imported directly from The Twilight Zone or perhaps Area 57. My parents hired a "professional" interior decorator to concoct this so-called "bathroom" near the garage, and the

design used to construct it may best be described as "what the fuck?" deco. Allow me to present some photographic proof for the more demanding readers out there:

The kitchen. Messy, but normal.

A hallway. Boring, but normal.

A bedroom. Dull, but normal.

THE MOUNT ZULU SEX ROOM.

Feel free to simply go nuts and click on any of the above images to view a much larger version, as exciting new advances in Internet technology allow sites like Something Awful to provide such wondrous features! As you can tell by examining the final picture in that barrage of excitement, the Mount Zulu Sex Room resembles an aberration of some sort. There's leopard-print wallpaper covering every corner, the towels have images of monkeys playing with themselves printed across them, a mysterious wicker stool which serves no functional purpose lurks beneath the sink, and a candle displaying some cryptic Oriental symbols rests upon the toilet. Why? Why did my parents agree to construct this monstrosity? Why did I fail to revel in its insanity for literally over a decade? I have but one fear in life, and that fear dictates I will die alone and afraid before I am able to unravel this bathroom enigma.

As you can plainly see, the Mount Zulu Sex Room does not belong in my parents' home, or much less any other home occupying this plane of existence. Hell, I don't believe my parents have even bothered engaging in any sort of sexual activity since Carter occupied the White House, so the Mount Zulu Sex Room seems particularly unecessary to me. Let me additionally point out that if my parents have in fact experienced sexual relations since then, I honestly do not want to know about it or acknowledge the fact they possess body parts which would allow them to do so. I would offer tours of the Mount Zulu Sex Room, but I think my parents may be slighly uncomfortable with a parade of *Counter-Strike* players wearing Yoda t-shirts walking through their house.

■ LESSON #3: I AM STUPID FOR MANY, MANY REASONS, BUT MORE SPECIFICALLY BECAUSE I AM BUYING A HOUSE.

Many newspaper people and "industry analyists" (whatever the hell that means) claim now is the best time to purchase a house. However, they fail to inform you that although now may relatively be the "best" time to buy a house, **you should never actually go out and do so.** Their claims are the equivalent of saying "medical technology is so advanced that now is the best time to have your head cut off and replaced with a bull's scrotum." I went shopping for houses this weekend, as I'm sick to death of living next door to MC Smokes Weed Every Day and DJ Loud Fucking Rap

Music. Although I may be 26 years old, I'm a bitter, retired, stubborn old man at heart, and I want to live somewhere quiet and free of people who become unconscious until they die in the forbidden "pool area." This mental outlook led me to the search for a home, a procedure which lacks the fun and excitement of cleaning up cat vomit encrusted in your carpet.

I think I may have purchased this house, although there's really no way I can be sure at this point.

After viewing roughly two houses, my braincells began to fuse together and merge the entire "house shopping" experience into one long, vague motion blur. My parents would ask me baffling questions such as, "did you like the Continental house at Pinewoods Creek?" and I would respond with stupefying remarks such as "what's a Pinewoods Creek?", "what's a Continental house?", and "help." Seriously, house shopping grows into a hideous nightmare after the first two houses; even respected scientists lack the ability to discern between home models after 30 minutes into the procedure. I know I ended up purchasing a house in Lee's Summit, Missouri, but I cannot for the life of me remember exactly which house I purchased. I look at this as a very exciting, fun experience, one which will cause me to drive from Washington to Missouri in roughly nine milleniums, ending up in some kind of residence which may or may not contain a functional bathroom. Hell, I cannot even sort through the various housing districts I visited, as Congress apparently passed a law requiring neighborhoods to name themselves vague, confusing, generic names that begin with a form of nature and end with a type of land, such as "Oak Springs," "Birchwood Valley," "Maple Fields," "Opium Gulch," and "Triffid Wastelands."

The only thing I actively recall from the home-buying procedure occured when my dad, in an attempt to display the home's weak foundation, jumped up and down in the kitchen like one of those retarded children you see at the bus stop trying to eat their own mittens. Although he failed to demonstrate this so-called "weak foundation," he did successfully make approximately every object in the kitchen rattle while critically injuring his knee. After his frighteningly effective display of home consumer wariness, he collapsed into a nearby chair and started complaining about his knee, which currently consists of one large, misshapen wad of bone and rusted Erector set parts.

I believe we somehow overcame the "weak foundation" issue and I decided upon purchasing this home, which supposedly occured at the correct point in our space-time continuum, as the impending war with Iraq and the economy and Martin Lawrence movies have somehow resulted in what many people claim "the perfect time to purchase a home." With such low interest rates, the bank claims I can pay off my home in 30 years, which works out for me because I know I'll be dead in 10. Chew on that, suckers!

Wow, what an exciting week! I learned a little about love, a little about life, and just a little bit about myself. Oh, and houses, I learned something about houses, although I cannot recall offhand exactly what. Wait, I also discovered the whole disturbing Mount Zulu Sex Room in my parents' home, something which I prefer to forget for the time being. Who knows what this week will hold? I'll tell you who, only God and Batman, and Batman ain't talking. How incredibly deep and meaningful!

Gone Gold!

It's Tuesday, so you know what that means... NO MORE RED MEAT! Wait, no, that's not it at all. Oh yeah, it's time for the Tuesday Comedy Goldmine thingy, where we grab a thread courtesy of the SA Forum Goons and slap it up for everybody to see! Taking material from the forums and moving it into a slightly different location is the best idea since Freedom Fries! Today's Goldmine is entitled "Hollywood Films vs. Internet Subtitles" and combines big screen movies with big stupid

Internet slang!

Click or be clicked!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.19 Bloodsuckers Take America By Storm: the REAL Terror Alert!

Thursday, Mar 20, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Isn't it about time you talked to your children about the TRUE enemy? No, not John Kruk, I'm referring to the deadly threat of vampires showing up and trying to suck their blood while they attempt to engage in pre-marital sex or shoot up heroin!

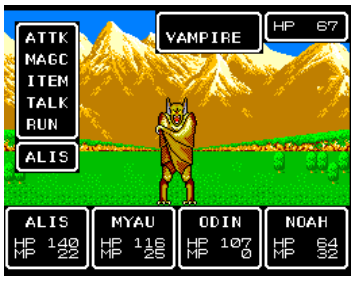
I recently had the pleasure of viewing the visual orgasm, "Queen of the Damned," a smash-hit Hollywood blockbuster film that forcibly lodged itself into possibly thousands of peoples' hearts. I assume these unfortunate folks rushed to their doctor the subsequent day, complaining of acute pains in their gall bladders and the sensation they had their mental virginity stolen from them the previous night. Like 99.9% of all vampire-themed motion pictures, this movie lifted the script from an Anne Rice novel, a prolific writer who sold her soul to the devil in exchange for the power to write and publish one vampire book every 38 minutes. If you ever experience a perpetually overwhelming sense of boredom in your life, take a trip to the "Faggy Erotic Goth Horror" section of whatever giant bookstore chain that has infested every street corner of your town. Upon arrival, you will undoubtedly be greeted by an Anne Rice full-frontal assault, as she pumps out so many goddamn vampire novels that the scientific community must constantly invent new numbers simply to define the quantity of books she produces daily. Despite the sheer volume of vampiricentric books churned out, every Anne Rice novel essentially boils down to the following summary:

INNOCENT HUMAN GIRL: "My life is boring and meaningless."
GOTH SEX VAMPIRE: "Hello, I am mysterious and full of angst. I also possess many vague powers and personality traits which do not fit the characteristic vampire model."
INNOCENT HUMAN GIRL: "I love you, please turn me into a vampire or at least impregnate me so I may produce vampire welfare babies."
GOTH SEX VAMPIRE: "My self-doubting and inner turmoil will not permit me to do so, especially since I am being hunted by enemy vampires or perhaps ignorant humans who cannot grasp exactly how mysterious and full of angst I am. If only I could defeat them." *(Defeats all enemies)*
I**NNOCENT HUMAN GIRL:** "Now we may be together forever!"
GOTH SEX VAMPIRE: "Let me now say something which could be interpreted as a deep theological question."
INNOCENT HUMAN GIRL: "My life is no longer boring and meaningless!"

Of course Rice somehow stretches this theme over 90,000 pages and 28 different novels, but brainstorms clever enough plot deviations to keep readers hooked. For example, one book may take place in France while another occurs in New Orleans! As you can tell, France fails to geographically resemble New Orleans in any way whatsoever... in fact, many famous junior high school teachers even claim they're on separate continents! I didn't even know America had a continent; I always assumed it occupied a large island with Texas as an infected, unnatural, pickup-truck producing tumor hanging off the south. Obviously many people enjoy Anne Rice novels because she continues to churn them out like slave labor children chained inside a Taiwanese Nike factory. "Queen of the Damned," a movie based off the Anne Rice novel *Memnoch the Devil*, revolves around a highly dark, sensitive, brooding, emo vampire named Lestat who decides to start a goth "rock n' whine n' roll"

band. As you may or may not be aware of, vampires enjoy crappy cliched pop music just as much as the rest of us, so nobody really owns the authority to claim vampires cannot produce this music in addition to purchasing it on vinyl (only the most "hip" people buy vinyl). His foray into the pulse-pounding and angst-inducing music scene, followed by his subsequent public revelation that he's actually an undead vampire who has been alive since The Big Bang, naturally irks the rest of the vampire community. Fellow vampires rise from the woodwork and swear to kill Lestat, a vampire who was already dead, which I guess means they intended to kill him by un-killing him by causing him to become alive once again. This may or may not involve stem-cell research, and if it does, I place the blame squarely on the Bush administration.

Lestat's music catches on with thousands or perhaps millions of teenagers with black bat tattoos across the country, elevating him to an uber celebrity who promotes his alternative lifestyle vampire way of living. Naturally, his stardom could not have been accomplished without the work of the Devil (or a deity of equivalent or lesser value), so we soon discover that "Akasha," the Egyptian Queen of all vampires, has been aiding Lestat in his quest to dominate the radio airwaves with music much crappier than regular, non-vampiritic music. For example, when people attempt to stab Lestat with broken chair legs, she makes them turn into rather poor CG animations which catch fire and float to the ceiling. Akasha has a plethora of powers even more effective and vague than Lestat's, and she uses these to cause approximately 100,000 people spontaneously combust for no apparent reason, additionally (somehow) murdering another 100,000 citizens of a remote island so Lestat can (somehow) walk in daytime without the fear of sun hitting his smooth, pale, emo skin which only has roughly 20 pounds of white pancake makeup per square inch to protect it. Nothing says "I'm deep and brooding" quite like engaging in White-Out facials. By helping Lestat reach fame, fortune, and ultimately a guest appearance on some reality-based television show, Akasha slowly reveals her ulterior motive: SHE WANTS TO KILL ALL HUMANS. Of course that's her primary motive as well, unveiled each time she regularly issues statements along the lines of, "I'd like to kill all humans," but I digress; this update is about crappy vampires, not a crappy movie about crappy vampires.



Japanese vampires may show slight cosmetic differences from American vampires, but you can safely assume they both seek the same evil goals, ones which don't involve "RUN" but probably involve "ATTK" and "MAGC!"

With the recent focus on Iraq, South Korea, and France, many people have grown confused and inadvertently forgot which minorities are the correct ones to fear and hate. Blacks have once again taken a seat in the back, although this time on the Enemy of Good Catholic White People bus. In the front of the bus ride the filthy Middle Eastern bearded raghead guys (they kind of all look alike, so let's just hate "anybody from a country with a lot of deserts and Allah"), the evil commie pinko North Koreans (who kind of look like every Asian person, so let's just lump "all of Asia" into this category), and the peace-mongering French (any man who orders a mixed drink measuring less than 80% alcohol at a bar). We know who to label as an "enemy," and our hatred for them grows every time the news media helpfully informs us to grow increasingly outraged at them. However, news outlets have really dropped the ball on the whole anti-vampire movement. For example, can you recall the last time you witnessed an anti-vampire report on a major televised news channel? Keep in mind that you cannot have been drunk or stoned at the time you claim to have "totally seen it, man." Reporters display a willing eagerness when exposing the filthy foreigners who threaten our way of life by believing in the wrong religions or wearing silly clothing, but what about the neverending vampire menace? I consider myself to be a fairly knowledgeable person; I watch movies (porn), I do research on the Internet (porn), I read books (pornographic novels about "sex" and "throbbing love carrots"), and I listen to the radio (serial dramas about porn). I know quite a bit

about what goes on throughout the world, and I feel confident this consists primarily of vampires lurking in the dark, ambushing human suspects, and then reading gothic poetry about tears and the ocean.

In keeping true with Something Awful's commitment to public service, decency, and the upholding of American ideals such as freedom and freedom and also freedom, I am proud to present our handy guide to identifying and dealing with the vampire menace which the liberal media seems too cowardly to tackle. I have named this plan "Vampire-Free in '03," mainly because it rhymes and might therefore "stick" with the kids of today raised by the fast world of violent television, Nintendo, NASCAR, ironing boards, and circus tents. Once the year passes by, I intend on naming our newly-revised plan "Vampire-More in '04," although I'm not exactly sure what this plan would work out. It would probably involve lots of Xanax.

The Vampire Menace - How to Stay "Vampire Free" in '03!

Signs of vampirism may surface as early as age 0 and last until age infinity plus one.

■ **A Vampire Factsheet.** Vampires come in many shapes and forms. For example, you might meet a skinny and pale vampire with black hair one evening, and the following night you may encounter a vampire who seems pale and skinny *yet has brown hair.* Vampires have been labeled "masters of disguise" by many industry leading vampire analysts who attend major rock concerts. Black leather pants, Victorean-era frilly pirate shirts, fishnet stockings, "The Cure" sweatshirts; there's nothing these sinister creatures won't wear to blend in with the darkness. However, all vampires inherently possess a similar set of traits:

- **Sharp teeth.** These pointy mounds of calcium or phosphorus or whatever the hell scientists claim teeth are made from have one purpose: to bite into your juicy, vulnerable neck! The strange, elongated, pointy teeth replace the normal "canine" teeth, so it may be difficult to initially notice this feature on many brands of popular vampires. When in doubt, call a dentist and ask him to identify the teeth of a strange or suspicious looking person. If he claims they are, in fact, a vampire, you are legally permitted to stab them in the heart with something along the lines of a pointy wooden stick, javelin, armor-piercing 7.62mm round, or your fist. When it comes to vampire murdering, dentists are recognized by the state as being official vampire detection units.

- **A distinct aversion to organized religion, particularly Christianity.** Vampires despise and fear Jesus Christ due to his active "pro-vampire slaying agenda" back in the deep recesses of religious history. Mr. Christ would routinely break into enemy Egyptian

money exchanging booths and spray a mixture of holy water and hydrochloric acid at nearby vampires. When he finished, he would then celebrate by turning meat into bread, water into meat, and fish into wine. As a direct result, vampires cannot get near a holy cross or else they will begin sweating and shaking while breaking into hives and actively complaining about the humidity. To test any person for vampirism, ask if they'd like to attend a sermon at your church, the Holy Mount Sister Catholic Christian Revival Cross of the Sacrifice Gospel Mount Saint Xavier Portugal in Space Holy Church. The Supreme Court has ruled that if they refuse, it constitutes a clear admittance of vampirism and they may either be killed or issued a hefty Federal fine.

- **The inability to hang out in daylight.** Sunlight burns vampires into crispy gingerbread men from hell, so they tend to sleep during the day and go to goth clubs at night. If you know anybody who sleeps during daylight, please do your patriotic duty and burn their house down or else you will have your name reported to President George "George" W. Bush Jr. and Vice President What's His Name.

■ **What Vampires Can and Cannot Do.** Due to the media's constant failure to focus on the vampire threat, kids learn about these creatures from other children on the playground, in the streets, or on Mars. Okay, that last example only occurred in one of the movies I believe I may have seen, and I don't quite remember the circumstances surrounding it, so you might want to rule that one out. The point I'm trying to convey is that many people have been influenced by popular vampire myths and misconceptions. I hope this section clears away that nonsense:

TRUE:	**FALSE:**
Vampires are weak against Holy crosses, water, Bibles, and Dolly-world memorabilia.	Vampires are weak against rock, grass, and water Pokemon.
Vampires drink human blood.	Vampires drink Mountain Dew: Code Red.
Vampires can turn into bats.	Vampires can turn into hogs.
Vampires die when exposed to sunlight.	Vampires destroyed the World Trade Center.
Vampires are considered "undead."	Vampires overthrew and laid siege to the city of Atlantis in 1752.
Abraham Lincoln was not a vampire.	Abraham Lincoln was a vampire.

That helpful chart of truths and not-so-truths should help clear up any confusion regarding most vampire misunderstandings. If it doesn't, you may return the chart for the full value that you paid for it at any participating Subway store. If you turn in three or more copies, you will receive a special limited edition pinup photo of famous Major League Baseball pitcher Melido Perez.

Nice eyebrows there, Speed Racer.

■ **Tips on Distinguishing Vampires From Not-Really-Vampires.** In our Aristotelian world, many scientists classify living organisms as either "vampires" or "not-really-vampires." The "vampires" category include vampires. The "not-really-vampires" class contains everything else, such as "humans" and "Carol Channing," although many scientists still argue about the

latter. Do you work with a vampire? Do you hire known vampires to babysit
your children? By reading the tips in this section, you will soon be able to tell with your own eyes, or even somebody else's eyes if you've got way cool superpowers. Here are some questions to ask people when attempting to determine if they are of the vampirism persuasion:

- *"Do you have a mirror installed over your bed?"* Vampires fail to show up in mirrors, so they tend to avoid them at all costs. If a vampire looks into a mirror, they will not be able to see their reflection, as they have inherent Stealth Bomber technology built into their DNA. However, vampires love having sex, so logic dictates that only vampires would want to install mirrors above their beds, as it would make it appear as if their partner is getting screwed by The Invisible Man, and hey, that's just cool no matter how you look at it. If the supposed vampire claims they don't own mirrors above their bed, insist on going to their bedroom to investigate. Do not be afraid to lay on the bed; many bedroom mirrors are only activated by pressure on the mattress. If no mirror materializes, that means the vampire has hidden it somewhere else, like in their bathroom or Paleozoic Ethiopia. Feel free to sleep in their bed and live in their house until the vampire produces this mirror and admits to their lies.

- *"That chick's got a nice rack, but hey, what do you think of her neck?"* All but the most discriminating vampires find themselves attracted by the lure of a free brunch buffet on some ditzy blonde's neck. When hanging out with a suspected vampire friend, try slipping him this question to see how he responds. If he becomes sexually excited, then you may safely consider him to be a vampire. If he fails to become sexually excited, then he is faking it to throw you off his trail. Break the news to his parents about his vampirism with a tersely worded email from your Hotmail account.

- *"Let's go take a piss together, want to come?"* Many nightclubs and restaurants only own two types of bathrooms: one for men and one for women. Note that these establishments lack a "vampire" bathroom. As a result, vampires refuse to use public restrooms, and if forced, will flee outside to a nearby dark alleyway where they will immediately turn into a bat and flutter off into the night. If you notice somebody turning into a bat and flying, then they can (usually) be considered a vampire. If they are flying but lack the "bat" shape, then they could either be Superman or on a plane of some type. If your friend agrees to pee with you, then that means he's a deadly homosexual bug chaser, and you should run outside to a nearby dark alleyway and try to turn into a bat so you may escape.

We hope that this general outline and guide has helped you distinguish fact from fiction in this exciting and deadly world of vampires and not-really-vampires. While the media may be fixated on this stupid "war" thing, they fail to mention the undead terror plaguing us here each and every day. Although Akasha, the evil Vampire Queen, met her untimely demise once her passenger plane flew into the Pentagon, the threat still hangs with us every hour of every day. Many sociologists agree it is truly a sad day when most of our information comes from Anne Rice and her material outnumbers all the so-called "news" stories from Fox News and CNN combined, but in a day and age where the Internet competes with network television shows such as "Who Wants to Fuck Me?" for our attention, it's no surprise that the vampire plague goes unnoticed. Let us all band together and make sure vampires across the globe get our unified message: you guys just earned yourselves a front-row seat on the Enemy of Good Catholic White People bus!

Gone Fishin'!

Zack "Grandpa Bedwetter" Parsons here with an absolutely fantastic new guide on the fine art of

fishing. Spring is here again and I have brought you a heaping helping of all the tips you need to succeed at this dangerous hobby!

> *Think of a tackle box as your lunch box containing a lunch you have to catch yourself. Sort of like a box containing a magical hamburger that escapes whenever you open the top and you have to chase it down. I had a dream about that once, but after all the effort of catching the magical hamburger I'll tell you what; I ate like a goddamn king! Some tackle boxes even have enough room for a thermos and an apple, further reinforcing this concept. You put things like your hooks, lures, and bullets in here. You can put other stuff in here too if you want. My tackle box is full of batteries and ants and I don't know where the ants keep coming from but we're a team now and where I go they go.*

Get your reels ready and set your radar to "learning" because it's time to bring in the big one! Head on over and check it out.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.20 Mods For Real Life

Thursday, Mar 20, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Life is more exciting if you include flags and sniper rifles.

Modifying, remixing, and recreating games have become some of the most popular trends in gaming in the last few years. I doubt many of you need that spelled out with massively popular mods like "Counterstrike" and "Natural Selection" nearly eclipsing the popularity of the original game they modify. An entire subculture exists of mod teams developing hacks and add-ons for First Person Shooters, strategy games, and even "life" games like "The Sims". I'm not sure what exactly a mod for "The Sims" would be, maybe you could introduce axe-murdering and kidnapping to the usual tasks of pissing on the floor and throwing trash all over your kitchen. This technique of remixing powerful game engines to feed the needs of widely different tastes has yet to catch on in the real world. Why is there no underground team of developers working on mods to improve on chores like going shopping, working in an office, or washing your car?

In my opinion it's because people are all really stupid except for me and I am so incredibly smart and revolutionary that the world just has to play catch up. Get ready world, because you're going to have to set the volume to 11 and give 110% after you hear my ideas. The whole planet is about to be rocked and not in a soothing fashion, it will be rocked by a Parsons mind-quake measuring nine point fun on the Richter scale. I tell it like it is and I'm not afraid to be in your face with this ish!

Bathroom Buccaneer

Original Task: Taking a Bath or Shower

Skateboarding is fun. Having fun is fun.

Concept: Pirates have taken over your bathroom and only your reflexes, rapier, and a few friends can stop the evil swashbuckler Captain Beigebeard the Hookhooks from ruling the seven seas.

Gameplay: Fight through eight blood curdling levels against Hookhooks and his minions in single player mode or enlist a few good men to help you foil the dread pirate's nefarious schemes. The game will be heavily combat oriented and you can use your sword and other weapon upgrades to violently kill a number of opponents. There will also be a puzzle element to gameplay, although this will usually be as straightforward as collecting the keys to unlock various treasure chests throughout a level. Every other level will be guarded by a mini-boss hand picked by Hookhooks to stop your advance and shiver your timbers. Multiplay modes include Death Match, Capture the Flag, Swab the Deck, and Sponge Fight.

Your main weapon in the game is your basic rapier. This can be upgraded with power-ups that you can acquire or you can use a wide variety of alternate weapons.

Weapons:

- Basic Rapier
- Missile Launching Rapier

- Throwing Rapier
- Unholy Rapier
- Pore Cleansing Strip
- Flint Lock Pistol
- Boomerang Launcher
- Shaving Cream
- Shaving Cream With Aloe
- Sniper Rifle
- Pirate Cannon
- Back Scrubber

Enemies:

- Pirate Grunts
- Pirate Elite Troopers
- Rabid Seagulls
- Shampoo and Conditioner
- Mutant Alligator
- Werewolf King
- Pirate Sniper
- Mutant Spiders
- Mutant Spider Soldiers
- Spider Queen (Mutant)
- Robopirate
- Elite Robopirate
- Mutant Robopirate
- Rocket Launcher Robopirate
- Hookhooks in Battle Suit
- Hookhooks

Prison Sentence in Castle Murderstein

A screenshot from the new Tactical Hugs Mod.

Original Task: Serving a Prison Sentence

Concept: Serving a long prison sentence is never fun. It's usually long hours of tedium punctuated with the occasional outburst of sudden violence. The new Castle Murderstein mod for prison sentences promises to remove all of the tedium and replace it with non-stop action. Dr. Murderstein has imprisoned you in his castle of evil. Fight your way through thirty addicting levels! Face gang members, abusive prison guards, mutant spiders, and Dr. Murderstein himself. If you survive then you will be released!

Gameplay: This first person action game includes all of the basics that make any first person shooter great, plus an innovative new "shiv forge system". You collect the material and create the shiv you fight with! Start with a bar of soap and carve it into a knife with your fingernails. Move up to plastic, adamantium, or even the legendary artifact shiv that is carved from the thigh bone of St. Anthony. The best way to win your freedom is by facing off against Dr. Murderstein and his evil monster, although in this non-linear romp you can choose from more than ten different ways to escape the castle.

Weapons:

- Soap Shiv
- Plastic Shiv
- Sharpened Cafeteria Spoon
- Adamantium Shiv
- Red Adamantium Shiv
- Explosive Shiv
- Unholy Shiv
- Sniper Rifle
- Enchanted Shiv
- Artifact Shiv
- Shiv Launcher

Enemies

- Prison Gang Member
- Prison Gang Leader
- Prison Guard
- Chaingun Prison Guard
- Experimental Prison Guard
- Warden
- Rocket Launcher Warden
- Supreme Warden
- Prison Gang Sniper
- Aryan Gang Spider
- Aryan Gang Spider Soldier
- Spider Queen (Aryan)
- Animated Skeleton
- Red Animated Skeleton
- Sniper Warden Animated Skeleton
- Dr. Murderstein's Monster
- Dr. Murderstein
- Pure Energy Dr. Murderstein

Laundromat 1942

Original Task: Doing Laundry

Riding on bomber wings is more fun than skateboarding.

Concept: Your dirty laundry has been piling up for weeks and if you don't do something about it soon the mountain of unwashed pants might be declared a HAZMAT Superfund site. Join up with the Axis or the Allies in taking your clothes to the Laundromat. Get out tough stains and even tougher opponents in multiplayer team combat featuring up to 64 players. Take up a position pouring detergent into a washing machine while your teammate puts dryer sheets into the dryers, or man the turret of a Panzer III while a friend hauls ass across the 5-load washer section.

Gameplay: Laundromat 1942 combines the historic setting of World War II with a Laundromat, throwing you head first into deadly multiplayer action. You make the decision of whether you will fight for the forces of democracy and freedom, or fascism and oppression, with over a dozen historic weapons and vehicles. This mod includes 14 different multiplayer maps on which you and your friends can battle for dominance and cleanliness. Can you get the red out?

Weapons

- Kar 98k
- Tide
- Ultra Tide
- Tide With Bleach Alternative
- Sten Gun
- Frag Grenade
- Colorsafe Kar 98k
- Sniper Rifle
- Bazooka
- Panzerfaust

Vehicles

- Laundry Cart
- Jeep
- Candy Dispenser
- Torpedo Dispenser
- Panzer Mk III
- Out Run Arcade Game With Broken Controls
- Suds-O-Mat Mk III
- Five Load Washer
- M10 Tank Destroyer

Enemies

- Filthy Japs
- Unwashed Nazis
- Soiled Italians
- Mud Splattered Americans
- Tiger Striped Soviets
- Mutant Spider
- Mutant Spider Soldier
- Spider Queen (Mutant)
- Reeking British
- Lint Screen
- Rocket Lint Screen
- Change Machine
- Stalin

- **Microwave Leftovers or Suffer at the Hands of Alien Overlords**

Original Task: Microwaving Food

Concept: Aliens always pick the most annoying times to invade! You're just getting ready to pop some frozen food into the microwave when you realize that an alien invasion fleet from Zeta Omicron is using your kitchen as a gateway to earth. Only you stand between the aliens and mankind's total annihilation. Make use of what you can find in your kitchen and defeat the invasion fleet before they have a chance to set up a permanent beachhead into our dimension.

Gameplay: This is definitely not your grandpappy's first person shooter. You're used to games where you have weapons like combat knives, laser cannons, bio sludge blasters, rocket launchers,

and sniper rifles. Well this game has some of those, but it also has basic kitchen utensils and various frozen foods that you will wield against the ceaseless onslaught of aliens from Zeta Omicron. In true Serious Sam fashion the screen will be so full of aliens that you won't be able to see any terrain features, but who cares, it's you're fucking kitchen and you've seen it a million times before.

Weapons:

- Microwave Oven
- Advanced Microwave Oven
- Sniper Rifle
- Bio Cannon
- Mashed Potatoes
- Lasagna
- Futuristic Shotgun
- Swanson Hungry Man Dinner
- Solid Exploding Ice Block of Chili

Enemies:

- Alien Slave Trooper
- Alien Slave Master
- Alien Trooper
- Alien Elite Trooper
- Alien Sniper
- Aluminum Foil
- Alien Power Armor Trooper
- Battle Droid
- Mecha Spider
- Mecha Spider Hunter-Killer
- Mecha Spider Overlord
- Alien Hive Mind
- Rocket Launcher Alien Hive Mind
- Rocket Launcher Aluminum Foil
- Elite Rocket Launcher Aluminum Foil
- Alien Queen
- Alien Queen (Red)
- Alien King in Battlesuit
- Alien King (Pure Energy)

Personally I feel that a vast untapped potential exists for mod-makers to shun the usual crop of "this year's FPS engine of choice" and turn to developing mods for real life. There are just way too many boring tasks that need to be made more entertaining and fast-paced. Let's hope that some ambitious mod-makers read this article and are already putting together the design-documents on Laundromat 1942.

When Heroes Fall

Well hello, Josh "DEA Chief William S. Sessions" Boruff here to inform you that Photoshop Phriday is fresh, live, and ready to be eaten. This week the SA Goons decided to see what would happen if beloved video game characters decided to embrace a life of crime and ill repute. The results were quire humorous and goofy, which is just super if you ask me. Thanks for asking. Why not hurry up and give it a perusal?

Our swashbuckling friends at Worth1000.com kindly sponsored this week's Phriday, so give them a visit. They've recently expanded and now boast regular contests not just in Photoshop, but also in text, animation, illustration, photography, and 3d graphics. If you have a set of eyes that you like to make quality use of, Worth1000.com is a great place to go. Heck, if you're looking for something to do with your spare time, why not try putting your skills to the test there as well!

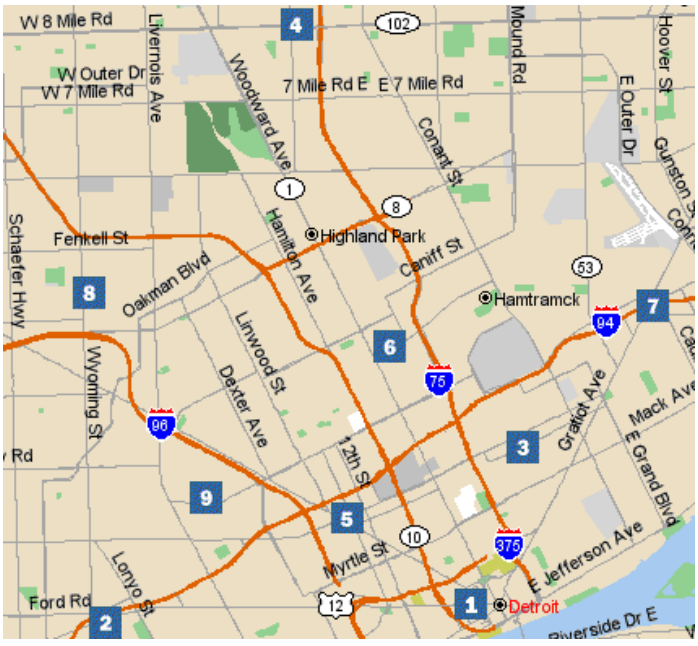
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.21 Welcome to Detroit!

Friday, Mar 21, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

We have a saying in Detroit. No, it's not, "Give me your fucking money, bitch!" like so many Hollywood movies would have you believe. The saying is, "You are in Detroit." While admittedly it's not a very exciting saying, it is truthful and much better than, "Get your stank ass out of the car before I shoot you in the face," that was used so often in the 80's. Although I was born on a farm in middle Michigan, I grew up in Metro Detroit, and know the city like the palm of my hand (which I know pretty well if you know what I mean.) Often called the "creepy molesting uncle" of the Midwest, Detroit is one of the biggest industrial cities in the US, producing most of the world's cars and machine parts. It also has cornered the market on arson and rape, surpassed only by the "psychotic retarded cousin" of the Midwest: Gary, Indiana. But despite Detroit's atrocious pollution, infant cannibalism rate, and ICP, it has many redeeming qualities. I am taking it upon myself as a representative of the city to present to you some of the positive things about the Motor City, and maybe show everybody that it's not such a bad place after all.

Ok, I'm not going to bullshit you folks. Detroit is a feasting shithole that smells like a sulfur pit, and is uglier than Ernest Borgnine in drag. There's no putting a dress on this pig, hypothetically speaking. I really don't put dresses on pigs. On the weekdays. Unless I'm really, really lonely. Nope, there is no way I can possibly sugarcoat Detroit City. But what I *can* do is give you a virtual online tour of Detroit on the local places of interest and areas you don't want to wander into unless you have a +2 sword vs. crackheads and bulletproof skin. So please, come with me on this wild electronic tour into the urban holocaust that is Detroit.



1 Joe Louis Arena

Named after a burly black fellow that would give white Italian thugs "what for", this stadium is in the heart of downtown Detroit, and home to the champion Red Wings. A fantastic place to watch a hockey game, musical event, or Christian sacrifice, "The Joe" is a must-see when in the Detroit area. But a word of advice: don't drink any of

the $7 beers or sodas there because they only have 2 closet-sized bathrooms for 30,000 folks with bloated bladders. Apparently, the designers figured that the bright lights in the rafters would evaporate the streams of piss flowing from the stands, but instead it drowns small children who are unlucky enough to have seats below the balcony. It is also important to note that there's no smoking in the area because of the relative closeness of the Detroit River. One spark is all it'll take to keep that oily moat on fire for weeks.

2 Ford Motor Company World Headquarters

This bastion of American corporate ingenuity and supremacy is located in an area with the country's highest Arab population. In the early 1900's, Henry Ford helped shape the world with his Model T car, production lines, and blatant anti-Semitism. It's a well-known fact that Ford was a terrible bigot who melted down Jews and poured them into the molds for his famous cars, prompting Hitler to give him the Knights Cross. I should know, as this is where I work. It's a lot like the book/movie/mini-series/mini-series of a mini-series called "Dune", filled with political intrigue, and various factions within the empire fighting for control. But instead of "spice", it's coffee, and instead of "sandworms", it's big fat legal assistants blocking the communal microwave. No really, it's a great place to work. (Don't fire me plz.)

3 Area neighborhood

Currently on fire.

4 8 Mile Road

Known as "Murderer's Row", 8 Mile Road is the birthplace of white rap and the first drive by taunting. Eminem came from the slums on this infamous stretch of road, and I guess he made a movie about it. I didn't see the movie because I'm allergic to white rappers (besides the Beastie Boys), but word around the block is that it's an ok movie and Eminem's mom is a meany head. Also, my car once broke down on 8 Mile, and I wasn't raped or killed, so I think the danger is probably blown out of proportion. One small danger in this area is aggressive rapping. I was filling up my car at a gas station on 8 Mile, and was verbally assaulted by a sassy lad busting out rhymes about "fucking my shit up", but quickly fled once he saw I soiled myself. Works every time.

5 Detroit Police Station

Detroit currently is a crime-ridden urban nightmare, and run by a massive greedy company. This company has developed a state of the art crime-fighting robot, which unfortunately has developed a dangerous glitch once memories of a past life start to appear. The company sees this as a way to get back in favor with the public when a notorious street gang killed a cop called Alex Murphy. Murphy's body was reconstructed within a steel shell, with almost all robotic parts. They named him Robocop. The Robocop is an unstoppable force with his bulletproof armor, robotic gun sighting, and super strength. Due to his great success against criminals, he has become the target of a supervillain called Boddicker. Who will win in this epic struggle? The battle for Detroit continues.

6 Blocks of crackhouses

Currently on fire.

"Bitches leave."

7 I-94 Freeway

I am going to be completely serious with you people when I state that I-94 is the worst freeway in the entire universe. Actually, I don't think it can be called a freeway anymore as it's just a random array of conglomerated lumps which consist of cracked concrete, and the bones of the unfortunate souls slain by the fell road. The potholes could be more accurately classified as enormous gaping chasms that will not only give you four flat tires, but also cause you and your car to plummet to the center of the Earth, where you have to escape dinosaurs and fight the treacherous mole men to get back to the surface. Logically, people want to get off this killer freeway as soon as possible, so the minimum speed limit is 100 m.p.h. Any car going under this speed has their car destroyed by other vehicles leaping on top of them like the old video game "Bump N' Jump".

8 The Old St. Mary's Catholic Church

Currently on fire.

9 The World's Largest Crack Rock

Right off I-96 is one of Detroit's most famous attractions. Jasper Jackson bought crack one day from a local dealer when he discovered an enormous crack rock in his baggie. As big as a full grown house cat, the large crack rock has given the community a sense of pride, much like the giant Cheeto did to Algona, Iowa. Visitors from around the globe come to see the crack, only having to pay 5 dollars for a spoken tour performed by Jasper himself. Proceeds from the tour go towards more crack and dog food for his pitbull.

UPDATE: Jasper Jackson's neighborhood is currently on fire. There are reports that people all over Detroit are crowding around the area to huddle around the burning "World's Largest Crack Rock", to get some free hits of the sweet, sweet crack smoke.

Well, that's basically the city I live in. It may be dirty, smelly, full of murderers and bad rappers, terrible roads, and on fire, but it's home. It could always worse, like being as unfunny and goofy-looking as Ben "Greasnin" Platt. Seriously, the guy looks like a cross between Inspector Clouseau

and a retarded Muppet, with a touch of gay. But I digress with the Greasnin bashing. I hope all of you learned a little something about Detroit City, and if you happen to be in the area, drop by and I'll be sure to greet you. (Please don't take me up on this offer, as I tend to shoot strangers in the kneecaps with my 12 gauge, leaving them for the hungry hungry hobos). Toodles!

We Put the "Og" in Funny

Your friendly State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell is reporting in, making sure your seatbelt is dangerously loose before sending you on a collision course with our latest State Og update, and possibly with even more poorly written metaphors.

> *At State Og, we understand how the average pet owner can grow tired of the everyday pet. Look at your typical dog. All they do is run around the house naked, eat from a bowl on the floor and crap all over everything; all things you already do yourself! With the opening of the State Og Pet Enhancement and Hotel Management Training Center you can now spruce up that tired, run-of-the-mill pooch! Our talented and dedicated team of mad scientists and erotic performance artists can custom build new and exciting features into your existing pets!*

Check out the new State Og, or we'll kick your grandparents in the shins, **hard**. If they're already dead, we will have no choice but to dig them up, then kick them in whatever shin-like remains we can find.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.22 The Best of Something Awful (2003 Edition)

Sunday, Mar 23, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Best of 2003!

God I am so burned out on trying to be funny. Day and in and day out the Something Awful crew works tirelessly to make you laugh. Usually you chuckle, sometimes rarely you guffaw, and more often than not you are seized by the grave injustice of a joke that didn't rub your bikini area the right way and you fire off an angry e-mail. Fuck this; it's burning too much of my energy up. I hardly have time to wash myself, I never shave anymore, and I look like I was rejected from a police lineup for a hobo murderer because I was too unkempt. I need a day off and I'm taking it now! TV shows get away with it. They just recycle clips from old episodes with a thin plot tying them all together like "the last things that flash through Theo's dying brain" or "what Marsha Brady remembers while being indoctrinated into a sub-culture of satanic rape rituals".

We've produced so much material that it should be easy pickings to distill the best into a single update and regurgitate it to you fine folks with little effort on my part. The "little effort on my part" is the central phrase there. After copying and pasting this cookie cutter piece of shit together I'm going to shave and take a nap. Maybe brush my teeth too; this accretion of barnacle-like nicotine spurs has got to go.

■ **January of 2003 - *Integral Writes Incoherent Shit About Patriotism***

Fan favorite and lying harpy Emily "Integral" Riegel returned to the plentiful well of incoherent rants about patriotism in January of 2003 when she compared George W. Bush to "a crab taped to a skateboard with bottle rockets stuck to its shell". I could spend paragraphs dissecting the various schizophrenic digressions in the piece, but instead I'll let her speak for herself and you can make the call.

Best of 2003!

> *War on Terror? More like war on the nation's waistline. U-S-A! U-S-A! Am I right? The last time we went to the Mid-East we came back with a hairpie the size of Denver that disgorged fire-breathing Russian midgets on the unsuspecting townsfolk of Ethnia. Why am I saying Ethnia so much? BECAUSE IT'S ALL I KNOW! I am secretly Ethnian, I've harbored Ethnians in my heart. U-S-A! U-S-A! God my parents are so crazy! They are just bonkers which is totally unlike little old me being a bastion of sanity, truth, and coherent comedic updates. Did I mention I was abducted by aliens?*

Well, that's all I'll include from her. I can't say any of us here on the staff will miss her very much with the possible exclusion of Reid "Frolixo" Blaskowitz who made big bank supplying her with a wide array of prescription anti-psychotics.

■ **January of 2003 - *Geist Editor Writes Seven Pages of Compound Sentences About Hitler***

Being the most hated writer on Something Awful made it easy to pick out an update to include. I just went through my e-mail and looked for the article I had written that had generated the largest number of flame mails. My late-January piece "My Dream Date With Hitler" sent some 132 people rushing to their copies of Outlook Express to reproduce their burning rage in two and three hundred word rants about my stupidity. This included three members of the Jewish Defense League, one of whom described my article as "the worst affront to the Jewish people since Crystal Nacht". I wonder what got them so hot under the collar?!

> *I'm generally not attracted to men, but my God something about Hitler just drives me absolutely batty! That dramatic sweep of hair across his brow, like he just tossed his head and there it fell, a cascade of black like the velvet curtain of night. I want him to take me on the hood of a King Tiger, its 1400 horsepower engine revving as he violates the virginal secrets of my Eagle's Nest. I picture it like those glorious mass rallies the Nazis used to have. There he is lovingly pounding away at my second front while legions of goose-stepping Aryans march past and salute our union. Just as Hitler is about to empty his tiny ubermenschen into the expanse of my Liebe-raum a wing of Stukas will fly overhead, their sirens howling in synchronicity with the primal cries of pleasure from Der Fuehrer. My god, what a man!*

I'm not proud I wrote it. Hell, I don't even remember writing it. That was probably during one of my tequila and amyl benders where I would rant for hours and only pause to beat off to blurry aerial photos of Treblinka.

- **February of 2003 - *Greasnin Has Never Done Anything Funny***

Sorry, I have nothing wacky or strange about him to recount. Most of his updates are the equivalent of reading the ingredients on a tube of toothpaste while you're taking a shit. Maybe in the next year he'll do something hilarious like die of torso cancer or something.

- **February of 2003 - *Frolixo Admits to Being in Love with Greasnin***

Best of 2003!

Ried "Richards" Mr. Fantastic is the latest addition to our hip and youth-targeted Something Awful team, but that doesn't mean he hasn't had enough time to have some memorable moments here on the front page. In fact Frolixo is a real up-and-comer in the realm of "crazy posts" and "drama". He started his career with some adorable pig-tail pulling of freak head Greasnin, and finally this playful flirtation was revealed as love in late February.

> *When Greasnin isn't busy feeling up nuns and drawing erotic pictures of barnyard animals he spends his time writing articles for Something Awful about wizards or "world's blingingest butts" or... I can't go on with this charade. For months I have been thinking of nothing but Ben "Greasnin" Platt. Thoughts of his beautiful bald head and those soft kissable lips float through my head at all times. I want him... no, I want to be with him, forever! Greasy, if you're reading this, please be my special life partner. I know a Unitarian who will marry us and everything. You can be my June bride, or I can be yours, whichever you prefer. If you think I'm kidding I have written this poem for you.*
>
> Ben, rhymes with men,
> You are such a man, that's for sure!

I've never seen a picture of you,
From below the waist,
But I know you've got buns that won't quite.
And your eyes are an ocean of happiness,
Through which I swim on every look.
I love you Greasnin!

Please Greasy, be mine, for all of time. I will make you so happy!

After a stern talk with Lowtax and a lot of angry e-mails Frolixo was convinced to silence the cries of his passion. I don't know if I agree with stifling this budding romance, but it was making for a really fucking creepy work environment here at the office.

- **March of 2003 - *Lowtax Breaks Down on the Frontpage***

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka is the heart of Something Awful. He's been writing for the front page almost as long as I have, maybe even longer, and he considers himself the "boss" which is just another word for "cool". He can also be impossible to work with. He tends to go off on long rants about how much he hates this or that and if you don't immediately agree with him he redirects his rage towards you. After these rants he usually degenerates into complete madness, and in early March he happened to post one of these vitriolic pieces on the front page.

Best of 2003!

> *I have never hated anything in my life as much as I hate the entire cast of "Wings". I don't even know their fucking names but I wish suffering, failure, and death upon them all. I want to inject acid into the arteries of the guy who played Lowell and watch it eat through his skin. I will take a hatchet and cut off Antonio's hands and feet and then reverse their position so that he has to walk on his hands. Eventually I'll entire of his yowling and I will fire pistols into his chest and scream with joy. Helen, oh sweet and innocent Helen. I have collected and frozen my shit for weeks especially for her, and with this I will violate every sanctum and crevice her body can offer me. When they all are defiled I will make new openings. All of this while the two pilot brother faggots watch, slowly roasting and spinning on a spit, the fire barely more than embers to prolong their anguish.*

The remainder of Rich's update was a phonetically spelled bebop routine he had been working on for no apparent reason. Naturally if anyone else had done something like that Lowtax would have gone apopleptic with rage and probably fired them, but see he started the site, so baby can be a big dick!

- **March of 2003 - *Livestock Quits In a Tantrum***

Livestock, champion of animated football GIF files everywhere and all around good guy, also happens to be more than a little unstable. After taking some slight ribbing from other writers at Something Awful he threw a massive tantrum a little over a week ago and quit.

> *Screw this! All I get is hate mail and I think one of the guys urinated in my coffee this morning. Who the hell keeps stealing my lunch?! It is plainly marked "LIVESTOCK ONLY" and yet every day it's gone and I find an empty sack and the remnants of my*

> *pudding cup on the counter in the break room. I am through with this shit. I wrote a letter to HR and they did nothing! I talked to Mr. Kyanka and again, nothing. Parsons, oh god, I think I even saw him wiping pudding off his mouth when I tried to talk to him about it. They don't like me, they're trying to force me out. Well guess what, they win! We'll see how those awful scumbags like getting by without me. ME! I'm ten times funnier than all of them put together and that stupid web site would die without me! I'm gone. The last chopper is leaving Saigon and I'm going to be on it.*

After he had calmed down he tried to apologize and come back as a writer but Lowtax and, well, really all of us, were furious at him. That fucking asshole can go to hell, he will never write for Something Awful again. Except on Wednesdays, we can't find anyone to fill in for him. Oh, and Photoshop Phridays, because those are a pain in the ass to do and no one wants to take over the job. Other than that he can fucking hit the road!

That's it for this year, or at least until I get burned out and too lazy to actually write an update again. Thanks for strolling down memory lane with me!

Let's Get Ready to Purge

Hey, Taylor "Supposes" Bell here with the inside scoop on yet another failed attempt at entertainment software, the demo for a game called "Purge.". I was relaxing at home a few days ago, happily rocking out to Sonata Arctica, and Lowtax ICQed me to show me a game demo that would shift the course of my life forever.

> *The graphics in this game were horrendous enough to make my eyes turn around in their sockets and burrow backwards into my skull to escape the glow of the monitor. I'm afraid if I boot up Purge again my eyes will spontaneously detonate and sever my brain stem, which will at least give me a handy excuse when people question me about my complete lack of both writing ability and ability in general. The same ugly grass texture is repeated approximately 42 times per square inch in the demo map, but that's okay because if the side of a hill happens to be facing away from a light source, every once in a while it will decide it really doesn't need a texture anymore and will simply turn black. All human skin in the game looks like it's made of carrot peels, and most of the gun models look like they were made by opening up Maya and copying and pasting random metallic shapes next to each other for half an hour. There is a massive amount of slowdown whenever the game needs to render complex shapes, such as "yellow lines" and "yellow lines that go in a slightly different direction from those other yellow lines."*

Check out the full review, otherwise I'll get upset and cry and then I'll have to blow my nose on your shirt.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.23 The Official ELEAWTA Newsletter

Sunday, Mar 23, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Way back in September, in the time before the Earth cooled and life began to sprout upon the barren surface, I started an organization called Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive (ELEAWTA). This organizations was driven by the simple and humble purpose of finding dangerous animals that are endangered, defeating them in single combat, and eating them. ELEAWTA returned for a brief update in November as the group had a hand in declaring the nugget the official food of America. For such a new group, having a hand in crafting national policy was quite an honor. In the interim, ELEAWTA has taken great strides toward completing its mission. As the president, founder, chairman, CEO, grandmaster, and supreme high overlord of ELEAWTA, the task has befallen me to update the members of the prestigious group, and indeed the world at large of some of our most recent activities.

Working for a Better Tomorrow For Us All

Next month, the secret club handshake!

First off, I would like to address some of the naysayers out there. Stop saying "nay" already! I still get angry emails from animal rights nuts saying that ELEAWTA is an inhumane organization, even though I haven't written about our delicious exploits in over four months. On the one hand, it means that someone out there is actually reading my old articles, which I have to say is pretty flattering. I mean, most of the Something Awful writers tend to regard the news archive as purely decorative, so it's certainly refreshing to see that people are using it for its intended purpose. On the other hand, let it go already. You animal rights people love to sit on your high tofu-horse (using a real horse would be cruel) and dictate how the rest of us should live our lives. Meanwhile, ELEAWTA is out there everyday trying to make a difference for *people*. What if, years down the road, it turns out that the knowledge that bengal tiger tastes amazingly similar to California condor is the key to curing cancer? Without ELEAWTA's tireless efforts, the world of science would be bereft of that knowledge and cancer would continue to decimate the population. It seems unlikely, sure, but how would you feel if you got a tumor the size of a major league baseball and there was nothing that the doctors could do about it because they didn't know that bengal tiger tastes like California condor, so you died? You wouldn't be so high and mighty when you're dead, I can tell you that! Obviously, there are only two sides to this issue: either you support our cause or you support cancer. I realize that's not great logic, but hey, it's basically what the Bush administration used to justify the war and it worked for them. You already support cancer. Don't make it worse by supporting terrorism, too, you terrorists.

He doesn't even like Thin Mints! The cougar is an invincible foe!

All of you cancer-loving PETA freaks unleash your soy-based rage on me because I advocate beating animals to death before eating them. You call it cruelty, I call it giving them a fair chance. ELEAWTA only deals with dangerous animals, ones born with natural weapons. We don't just walk up to cows and start pummeling them mercilessly. We put ourselves in danger. Every encounter is an eat-or-be-eaten situation. You can't just walk up to a cougar and claim that you're selling cookies for you Girl Scout troop, then when the cougar turns away to get its wallet so it can buy a single box of Thin Mints, beat it to death with your shoes. That tactic doesn't work, my friends. Cougars are smart. Not smart enough to stay of the endangered species list, apparently, but pretty smart all the same. They don't carry wallets, just so the ploy won't work. No, if you want to make cougar burgers, you've got to fight the cougar on fair terms. No easy task, considering the cougar's sharp

claws, large teeth, and surprising desire to live. If you ask me, there's no more humane way to get food than by giving the animal a fair chance. If the cougar wins, there's no doubt that it would eat its prey. Why should we be denied the same right? No, what ELEAWTA does is not inhumane, cruel, or immoral. If you want to talk immoral, take a closer look at vegetarianism.

Oh that's right, I went there! I know that after reading the end of the previous paragraph, many of you made a tofu-beeline (using real bees would be cruel) to your hotmail accounts in order to fire off a long, rambling, self-righteous email to yours truly, but let me explain myself. I've already said that ELEAWTA gives the animals a fighting chance. When was the last time you saw a plant fight back? When you rip a head of lettuce out of the ground, where's the justice there? Plants are inanimate, they can't defend themselves. And yet, no one has any moral objections to snapping their roots, ripping off their leaves, breaking their stalks, or any of the other myriad ways in which the plants of this world are mistreated. Eating plants - now that's inhumane.

"But Greasnin," I can hear you say. "I hate to argue with you, seeing as all you say and do is right and all, but vegetarians aren't the only ones who eat vegetables." You're absolutely right, and thank you for bringing that up. I'm not advocating cutting vegetables out of our diet altogether any more than I'm advocating taking up a vegan lifestyle. Rather, I'm getting ready to point out the gross moral inadequacy of vegetarianism. Your average strict vegan may be chalky, emaciated, sickly, weak, tired, and physically unattractive, but at least he sticks to his guns. People who go vegan for ethical reasons think that killing animals for sustenance is wrong, so they stop doing it altogether. Your average vegetarian, however, is basically a hypocritical wannabe hippie poser. That, of course, does not include people who are vegetarians for religious reasons. If there's one thing I believe in, it's that eating endangered animals before they disappear entirely should be our top priority. If there are two things I believe in, however, they're that eating endangered animals before they disappear entirely should be our top priority and that everyone is entitled to freedom of religion. On the other hand, people who are vegetarians just because "killing cows is murder, man" need a good, swift kick in the ethos.

"Yay, meat is murder! Now which way to the McNuggets?"

Chickens are people too! Well, no, I guess they're not. That's pretty much why they're called chickens.

I'm talking about the people who claim that they're vegetarians because they don't eat beef or pork, but have no problem eating chicken or fish. That's pure hypocritical bullshit, and I'll eat anyone who says otherwise. How can you get holier-than-thou about eating cows and not be outraged about the treatment of chickens? Vegetarians like to argue that the way cows are killed is cruel. Get some perspective, patchouli-boys. The beef industry is a lot like the Nazi death camps of WWII - built for efficiency. The cows are killed quickly. If they want to meet the huge demand for steak, sirloin, and hamburger from... well, from me mostly, the hard-working folks at your local slaughterhouse can't stand around all day watching the cows suffer. The cows get a quick and simple piston through the head - bam - it's over. But the eggs in your oh so ethical "meat free" McMuffin, those come to you courtesy of suffering and brutality. A full ninety-eight percent of edible eggs in America come from battery hens. Battery hens have portions of their beaks cut off with a hot iron when they're young, then they spend the rest of their short lives crammed into tiny wire mesh cages with as many as eight other hens. In such close quarters, the hens can't even spread their wings, let alone make any sort of legitimate nest. When

one of the hens in the cage dies, it's fairly common for one of the other hens to actually try to make a nest in the corpse out of desperation. Their natural instincts are suppressed by the harsh confines and weak diet which makes them lay more eggs. Many battery hens die by being crushed in the cage. Others die from exhaustion brought about by their nonstop laying schedule. Those that live long enough to stop producing eggs regularly are slaughtered. The egg industry doesn't mistreat the hens like that in order to pass along the savings to the consumer. Egg prices are still on the rise.

Knowing what I've just told you, how can you say that the treatment of cows is unethical but the treatment of chickens is fine and dandy? All you self-righteous vegetarians need to stop preaching your gospel of bias and ignorance and either go vegan or just admit to yourselves that you don't eat beef and pork because it's a trendy thing to do. It's okay, most people go vegetarian do it to impress somebody else. We'll all understand if you come clean. As for me, since I know all those facts about the horrible treatment of chickens, do I still eat them? Of course I do! How can I do that? The answer is simple - I don't care about chickens. The plight of the battery hens doesn't weigh on my mind in the least. My mind is way to busy caring about important things like the war in Iraq, securing a viable democratic candidate for 2004, meeting my deadlines, and remembering every single line to the Scorpio episode of *The Simpsons* to waste neurons worrying about whether Chicken Little has enough room to crap. Now that's an ethos!

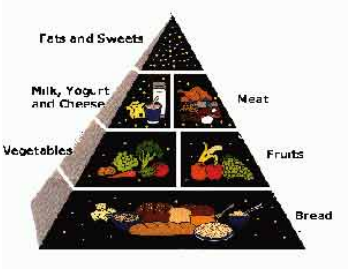
Man, that is one nasty looking chicken. It almost makes me... wait... no, I still don't care.

That's all for this month's ELEAWTA newsletter. Stay tuned for the next installment, when I'll bring you an up-to-the-minute report of newly inducted member Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz" single handedly wetting himself in combat against a timber rattlesnakes! Sounds like fun! And remember - if you kill an animal in a fair fight, it's not murder, it's self defense!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.24 Glory to the New Age of Celestial-Mind Protoscience!

Tuesday, Mar 25, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Every crazy religion involves a pyramid for some reason or another. Until we make one of our own, we're using this one.

I come before you, faithful, gravy-coated readers of Something Awful, to inform you of a fantastic change in my life. Normally I try to avoid talking about myself, except for the once a week that I write an update, but what has happened to me over the past few days has been an amazing transformation of body, mind, spirit, and the underpants that house me. I feel that by sharing my new way of thinking, I can evoke change in your life, perhaps sending you on your own mystical journey of knowledge and enlightenment. In the blackened heart of such turbulent times of war and global hootenanny, we must band together to find common and universal strength. Unless we move to bring about great changes now, the human race is doomed to fail endlessly, much like a child with downs syndrome playing a Nintendo game backed by an infinity lives Game Genie code.

A common man, such as Zack Parsons, might tell you that enlightenment is pleasuring yourself with the barrel of a Luger while watching selected scenes from "Triumph of the Will." Although Zack is fundamentally wrong, his take on things is still superior to begging for hits of acid on the street like unemployed loser Scott Dalbango or pandering to nerds with articles about antique games like Fragmaster. Still, it's far from true enlightenment, which is the best, most delicious form of enlightenment. How does one become enlightened? In short, one need only look at the world around them, see the horrors that take place daily, realize that there has got to be something more, then spend eternity in pursuit of finding out just what that something more really is. However, the long answer is much longer than the short answer, and ultimately wins the battle. You'll have to read on to learn just how to make a better person out of yourself. Sorry naïve pursuer of easy victories, the cruiserweight solution to everything isn't going to help you here.

As stated, to see the need for change, you need to see the world and the evil that holds it hostage. The negative thought waves have enveloped the planet entire, flowing through our bodies by way of the global media monster machine. In the past few days I've observed these horrors afflicting humanity without ever leaving the comfort and safety of my fortified tree house:

HELLO I'M SATAN

- **War Coverage Coverage**

The terrors of war are bad enough, as the impact on innocent civilians as well as soldiers cannot be denied. More disturbing than the actual war is the coverage of the coverage of the war. Every ten minutes we are reminded that seeing the coverage of the war is unprecedented, and expert military consultants are asked to express their amazement in the media's ability to report on the war and film far off locations with cameras and satellite uplinks. One thing is certain; the documentation of this war is going to be more documented than in any previous war. The fact that something so vastly brutal and traumatizing to the human condition has taken a backseat to the awe-inspiring grandeur of sending a team of reporters out to another country and giving them the unimaginable ability to transmit video data via satellites to other parts of the world with immaculate reception sure does reflect greatly on our accomplishments as a society. For me, the one thing I'd truly enjoy seeing more than anything is for a field

reporter to ask an Iraqi P.O.W. or civilian how awesome it is that people thousands of miles away are watching the war with unprecedented perfect reception and almost zero delay, all from the comfort of their homes no less. In truth, the war, the war coverage, and the war coverage coverage only detracts from the real victim: me. I paid nearly $20 dollars to fill my goddamn Ford Tempo up last week. If not for the fact I'm now enlightened and money is now just a superficial object to me, I'd be pretty damn pissed about that. Just kidding, I'm still really pissed. I don't even own one of those powerful trucks that runs off of Iraqi baby blood, either.

- **Civil Unrest**

Partly because of the war, and partly because people naturally hate each other, civil unrest is becoming increasingly heated throughout the world. Ideologies and opinions are becoming more and more polarized, putting people at even greater odds with each other. It's only a matter of time until all hell breaks loose, and in a generally disorganized fashion. While I welcome anything that makes life more exciting, including plagues, famines, train derailments, soapbox derby related deaths, and total chaos, I tend to prefer it be organized. The last thing you want is for something tragic to outwear its welcome by cutting into your relaxation time.

- **Celine Dion in Las Vegas** The most truly disturbing thing facing mankind is the upcoming CBS special featuring Celine Dion, Justin Timberlake, and dozens of French fags in tight clothing running around like, well, French fags in tight clothing. There is nothing worse in this entire universe than foul elf-hag hybrid Celine Dion, her rotten voice, and her stagnant appearance. Yet in spite of her role as the dark angel of death, a major network is giving her a primetime special where she can spew her cliché music filled with idiotic feel good mantras while dopes in skintight leotards dance gaily. If there was ever a time and place to hope that a Tomahawk Cruise Missile ventures dangerously off course and explodes, then this is it. In the immortal words of Fox New's anchorman/messiah Shepard Smith, "All we can do now is pray."

With this advanced tool, we can explore your mind and help you overcome your demons.

There are a limitless number of awful things happening today, aside from the obvious horrors of war. Crime, drugs, murder, rape, robbery, furries, and all the usual exercises in human stupidity still exist in great excess as well. The point of mentioning all this stuff is simple: I want to drive home the notion that we have to change fast. The best way of changing fast is by embracing a radical and profound new way of thinking, and I believe I've found that.

Welcome to the new world of Celestial-Mind Protoscience. What is CMP? CMP aims to eliminate Negative Thought-Emotion Syndrome, the problem of thinking and feeling in a negative manner and thusly contributing to society's overall decline. As society is pulled down, we pull ourselves down by creating a vicious circle of negativity that we feed off and regurgitate. It's a simple concept that even monkeys can grasp after years of electrical torture and conditioning. The boring details are all printed in my new book "The Fundamentals of Celestial-Mind Protoscience: The New Thought Wave Process of the 21st Century," available as soon as I get around to writing it. For now, the gist should be enough to get you started on your road to enlightenment.

The Road to Enlightenment: Building a Better You

In order to optimize your results, it is best that you create a "Call to Enlightenment Card." This card essentially states the fundamentals of Celestial-Mind Protoscience. When people confront you

in a negative fashion and try to condemn your enlightened actions, all you need to do is smile and give them this card. Not only does it free you from any sort of debt to society, but also it invites them to follow you along the path of righteousness.

- **Cut in Line**
  Once liberated from the shackles of negative thinking, you are also liberated from the shackles of negative experiences. Waiting in line, whether at the post office, an amusement park, super market checkout, court of law, movie theater, or death camp, is never fun. It is a negative experience because you're being inconvenienced and forced to put your gratification on hold. If you're not happy, you take everybody down with you. Cut in line freely and with moral impunity, for in doing so you're helping to save the human race from certain demise.

- **Use More Profanity**
  As a certified purveyor of trash on the Internet, I can tell you using obscenities sure is fun and rewarding. It's just so much easier to curse like the proverbial inner city sailor than to speak in a traditionally sophisticated and cultured manner. Besides that, trying to speak intelligently is often straining, bringing everybody down as a result.

- **Cheat More**
  Playing on a level field is fun if you can win, but it's extremely frustrating when you simply can't achieve victory. Being a sore loser only makes you and everybody else feel bad. Instead, empower yourself by cheating. Cheating builds confidence by taking the fear and uncertainty out of things, making life less of a gamble and more stable. No one can blame you for wanting some security. As a follower of Celestial-Mind Protoscience, cheat to the best of your ability. In winning, you will escalate those around you by building a cult of winning personality. Those who take exception to your asymmetrical tactics only make themselves into sore losers. As long as you maintain a positive attitude about your cheating, nobody can touch you. If they do touch you, you can sue them for molestation.

- **Throw Rocks at People**
  There is perhaps no pursuit more pleasurable than throwing rocks at people. It improves your hand-eye coordination, strengthens muscles, and expels physical and mental negativity from your body. It also gives other people a good workout by forcing them to confront their negativity in a painful fashion. After all, it's not your fault that rocks are hitting them. All you're doing is maintaining a positive mental attitude and getting some exercise.

- **Disavow Money**
  The most important part to being enlightened is disavowing money. I don't mean totally disavowing it, like putting your savings account up for auction on eBay. I mean disavowing those bills you don't want to pay. You don't really need car insurance unless you plan to crash into people, so why waist money paying for it all the time? You also sure don't need electricity when you can move in with somebody else and mooch off them.

I'm guessing you still have more questions about Celestial-Mind Protoscience, such as "why does it have such a sinister sounding name?" I couldn't very well go with a simple name like "The Josh Boruff System for Being a Total Asshole," because who is going to take that seriously? Don't get the wrong idea, because CMP is based off of sound concepts with strong historic and scientific backing. This isn't some hokey religion that promotes self-worship, nor the worship of a giant vulture that crapped humanity out inside of a walnut. This should give you a pretty good idea what our spiritual beliefs are:

- We believe that there is sound in space, but only the sound of explosions because those are really fucking loud.
- We believe that Deckard was not a replicant, although we never actually finished watching "Blade Runner."
- We often regret not winning the classic NES game "Faxandu" because we spent an awful lot of time playing it for some reason.
- We support the widespread return and proliferation of hammocks.
- Why yes, we do believe Batman is the best hero.
- We believe that humans mutated from bacteria brought up from the Earth's core by advanced invisible aliens in an attempt to build a salve race, and only by destroying the Earth's core can we free ourselves of this horrific plight.
- We believe that dinosaur bones were planted on the Earth's surface by time traveling museum curators looking to attract wider audiences.
- We think midgets eat too much butter.

I think that pretty much sums things up and gives you a better idea of what Celestial-Mind Protoscience stands for. By now you're eager and ready to go out and pursue a new way of thinking and living, and I won't delay you any further. Thanks for having an open mind and listening (although probably because you don't know any better)! I look forward to seeing the world improve thanks to your actions!

Dinner and a Movie with Benjamin "Greasnin" Platt

Ben "Goose Sling" Platt has returned from the dead, or something like death, to review another crappy movie for your general amusement and/or displeasure. Bennie Boy reviewed "Terror Toons," which looks just as awful as all the other movies he reviews. Jesus Christ, this guy sure can pick movies.

> *While Stalin was in power in the Soviet Union, he screened and approved every single film that was released throughout his empire. He was a busy guy, what with all the time he had to spend killing his own citizens and ignoring the basic tenets of Marxism, so in one year only five new movies were released. As you can imagine, it was a stifling time for any new artists and the Soviet cinematic scene became bland and repetitive. However, I'd vote for a system like that here in the United States in a heartbeat because just so crap like "Terror Toons" would never see the light of day. I'm not sure exactly how a project this awful ever got off the ground, but I assume someone gave Joe Castro a digital camera and a "1001 Wacky Cartoon Sound FX" CD for his birthday, so he immediately went out and contracted Rudy Balli to come up with the worst script he could muster. The technical aspects of this movie - bringing cartoon characters to life and blending animation and live action - were obviously way beyond the scope of Castro's meager budget, so one has to wonder why he even thought he could get this thing off the ground. The animations - I do have to give "Terror Toons" credit for actually having any - typically consist of two or three choppy frames and blend seamlessly with the live action in the sense that Chris Rock would blend seamlessly with a Klan meeting. Add a bunch of porn stars trying to get into legitimate acting, a couple of guys in moronic suits, and a few thousand spiral effects to the mix and you've got yourself a healthy dose of "Terror Toons!" How nice for you.*

Terror Toons? More like Terrible Toons! Am I right? Oh go and read the damn review already!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.25 War In Iraq: An Exclusive Report From the Frontlines!

Tuesday, Mar 25, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The highway protesting squad depicted in this authentic realistic simulation.

The War in Iraq... no matter where you live, you cannot escape it. Although the brave men and masculine women of the United States and Britishalvania have been engaging the Iraqis for days now, the world's population cannot escape footage and news reports from the front line. Well, most of the world at least; I assume North Korea has been helpfully televising around-the-clock footage of three filth-encrusted sock puppets praising their government's various political decisions in front of a radioactive North Korean flag. Barring North Korea and random other ninth-world countries whose names resemble rare tropical diseases, Iraqi war news permeates every form of media throughout the world at this point in time. As I drove down the I-5 yesterday, I witnessed three idiots leaping around the highway overpass waving what I assume were anti-war protest signs. I experienced slight difficulty in determining their precise purpose due to the following facts:

> 1) The highway overpass is located roughly 500 million feet (12,487 hectotomic milliamps) above the road. If one of the protesters were to accidentally fall off the bridge during a fit of pure anti-warism, they would hit the ground roughly two weeks later.
> 2) The protestors, exhibiting what could either be a lack of foresight or perhaps brain activity rivaling many kitchen appliances, decided it would be in their best interest to purchase poster board signs the size of a credit card. While the dust particle people from the city of Microville might've been able to read their signs, any normal human being lacking those diamond dealers' nuclear magnifying glass tools undoubtedly experienced failure when attempting to decipher their exciting political statements.
> 3) Out of the two words "NO WAR," at least one was misspelled.
> 4) The protestors were leaping around as if somebody had poured molten rubber into their pants. Although I would've personally volunteered to provide such a service, I doubt the rubber in their pants was in a liquid form at the time of protest.
> 5) All cars passing below them were traveling at standard Washington speed, roughly the same velocity as a Patriot missile, only lacking the precision guidance. Wait, now that I think about it, I believe a police officer had pulled somebody over near the overpass, a riced-out vehicle that undoubtedly broke some law prohibiting cars from resembling seven-year old children's crayon drawings with significantly more yellow.

With all these crucial elements combined, one can easily understand how the protestors' voices could be drowned out in such a raging river of white trash pickup trucks and moving vans full of stolen merchandise. Regardless, it still serves to illustrate my main point: the war with Iraq reaches nearly every nook and cranny of the world. For scientific purposes, I attempted to hide beneath a cubic ton of RCA cables in my closet last night, just to see if I could escape Iraqi war news updates. My cats soon broke in and began speaking about US General Tommy Franks in less than 18 seconds. For scientific purposes, I must also admit I had been drinking heavily before conducting this scientific experiment, but that's what us scientists simply refer to as "cumulonimbus data."

The unfortunate aspect of our nonstop, round-the-clock Iraqi news coverage revolves around the fact that we, the people *not* attempting to shoot Iraqis, do not really get much "news." Sure we're fed noise which the major advertising networks label as "news" 24 hours a day, but how much of this information can truly be classified as "news"? Reporters, under strict military control, may

only describe events and occurrences which will not put US troops at risk. Things that fall into this category include "mentioning Iraq in any sentence" and "talking about anything which does not occur within the borders of Idaho." For all we know, an entire squadron of US soldiers may have been eaten by the Kraken while smoking dope on the USS King Tut. Of course we will not read about this event until it surfaces on an A&E special 20 years from now, so until then we must survive on a meager diet of propaganda and selective information.

Now we here at Something Awful don't have a lot of money. Hell, we don't have any goddamn money, and the limited cash we do receive travels directly to the government's bank account so they can hire people to issue me parking tickets. All of the cash we make through SA Forum accounts and donations goes to pay for bandwidth, and this bandwidth goes to people who complain to me that certain Photoshop Phriday entries contain historically inaccurate representations of various dead presidents. I'm fine with this inherently flawed and collapsing business model as long as I can afford to keep open at least one SA email account to collect all the "LOWEST MORTGAGE RATES EVER" and "FREE XXX CHICKS BEING HIT WITH A DONKEY PENIS PHOTOS" emails that flow in each nanosecond. While all the major news outlets such as CNN, Fox, and Bonzi Buddy can actually pay reporters to fly into Iraq and accompany US soldiers equipped with flamethrowers and those way cool skiing goggles which turn enemy soldiers into Kermit the Frogs, we simply don't have the resources to pull off such a feat. However, we do have a lot of SA Forum members enlisted in the armed services, people who agreed to travel across the globe into a highly foreign country so they could begin shooting bullets at non-American people in an attempt to make them less alive than the current government status requires.

An enemy Kraken launches an anti-American assault.

Before these brave troops flew or sailed or drove to Iraq (I'm not exactly sure what location on my globe Iraq occupies or how the fuck anybody would actually get there), I had the opportunity to give Private John "-=Ez_Killa=-" Trevell a handheld PDA and a wad of authentic forged 100 dollar bills. I told him, "John, we need somebody like you to provide us with the real scoop behind this hostage crisis in Iran." John's brother then corrected me by explaining the lack of any hostage crisis or war with Iran, and I politely told him to shut the hell up or else I'd give his parents a copy of the post he made concerning his fetish for urinating in his sister's panties and then wrapping them around a Wile E. Coyote plush figurine. Private Trevell agreed to provide us with an exciting, exclusive, unique series of updates from the front lines by writing them down in his mobile Livejournal program, physically mailing us the PDA, and then waiting for us to mail it back to him because he stored all his important military orders in it under a database file named "topsecretdontreadplz.txt." To be honest, I never really got around to sending him his PDA back, on account that I've been busy staring at all the boxes in my bedroom and attempting to move them simply by using telekinesis and possibly my hands. The important point here is that we've got the big news scoop and we're the first site to actually bring you a report from a US soldier on the front lines. Without further ado, allow me to present the Livejournal of Private John "-=Ez_Killa=-"! Actually, let me add some ado first, just to be terribly inefficient and lose readers. The capital of Canada is Manitoba and this highly racist province produces 97% of the Earth's blutonium supply, the raw material used to power steam engines and Greg Kite. Okay, that's enough ado.

Tuesday, March 4 - 11:38 AM

sup, asl

sup? this is my frist update on my LJ so give me some time LOL : P

my name is -=Ez_Killa=- and u might kno my name from {Clan ODB} before we broke up. then we were _:-Clan NsN-:_ before R3D-3Y3 quit playing Counter Strike and deleted our webpage when his mom caught him downloading the video of the dog and the manicurist. Then we went to Clan SyK0 to Clan TTYL to Clan WYSIWYG and then Clan Railgunnaz. anyway, I decided to join the Amry a month ago becuz I was so pissed after 9/11. Just like they said, I never forgot and then I wuz watching "a Tribute to 9/11" and when they reinacted the peopel jumping off the WTC by throwing clay mummy dolls from the window, I started to cry and think "why cant we live in piece? y do we have to fight and y cant we all just get along?" then there was a comerical for the US Amry and it showed an eagle and three d00ds in a tank and since I got fired from cleaning the pool tables at Dave & Busters the other week I said "y not?" so I enlisted.

okay the first thing about the US Amry that u'll learn si that they make you wake up REAL FUKIN EARLY to do shit. HEY GOVERNMINT, WHY DIDNT U PUT THAT IN UR DAMN COMMERCIALS? MAYBE I OUTTA TALK TO RALPH RADAR ABOUT SUEING UR ASS FOR FALSE ADVERTISMENT!!!! i thought I would be driveing a tank or Humvee but instead I gotta carry all this shit on my back and a rifle I mean WTF a rifle??? I thought they stopped using rifles in the Cival War. I wanted Dessert Eagles but the guy said "no" and I said "y not" and then he made me clean the mud room again. WTF/

anyway Ive been training for a while and we havent been doing nething relly but running and practiceing and stuff and Im getting better at shooting, i can now hit the ground if I aim up high enuff. the sargent, SARGENT MILLER is a real asshole and keeps yelling at me to aim at the targets and I say "WTF" and hes like "FU" and then he makes me clean the mud room again. the amry sux if ur like me and u just want to serve your country by never forgeting 9/11. anywayz Sargent Miller saids we're goin off to Iraq in a few days to do something (I dont remember, i was tired) and whatever, I got to call my mom and asked her to send me my radiohead and tool CDs but they said she couldnt so I was like WTF, the boat were gonna be on has a CD player right??? and then they made me clean the mud room again.

Current mood: sleepy
Current WinAmp song: 50 Cent - "High All the Time"

Saturday, March 15 - 9:31 PM

some faggo in a helicopter stole my shit, wtf

ok, were in iraq now. NO wait, we're in Kuwait. Kuwait is a town between Iraq and the Person Gulf. now let me tell you whats in Kuwait: SAND AND LOTS OF IT. there is sand evrywhere and the country is full of Egyptians. we cant wander off the barracks which f'n sucks becauase I wanted to see if they had a Tower Records in town so I could get that slipknot CD. wtf.

we had to run these drills in the range outdors today, I got sand in my hair and tryed to brush it out and I tripped and fell down and six doods behind me fell down over me and then fucken sargent miller started screamin at me so I was like "WTF???" and he threatened to kick my ass into the Person Gulf if I didnt ship up so I said "okay sir" and when he turned around I called him a "stupid butt" and he didnt hear me, LOL!!!!

I had to throw those fragmentatian grenades today, so I said "more like FAGMENTATION GRENADES!!!" and then Sargent Miller heard me and that guy he always talks to, Captain First Sargent ASSFACE heard me too and then they made me run circles around the camp for like a billion hours. I fell down when I wuz running and like six guyz behind me fell down too and I laughed when I stoped rolling down the hill and my head was on a rock. ahahahaa!!! I heard prez Gorge Bush Jr said were probly gonna have 2 attack Iraq which is fine by me because that King Iraq guy, Saddam Hussaine, wuz the d00d Paypalling Osama Ben Lauden all the money to buy the planes that blew up the WTC on 9/11 (never forget). so once we go to Iraq Im gonna pop a cap in his ass and say "this is for FREEDOM mutha facko" and do that dive where the guy jumps across and shoots him with the guns sidewayz. Like in that Jet Lee movie about The Matrix.

all the people who live hear are egyptians and dress werid, but its okay, I know I should acept there strange Mormon culture. the women here wear all this cloth and carry thigns, there was this woman named Nabisco or sumthin. I want 2 ask her out but I dont know what 2 say!!! I was never good with women or talking too girls so I dont know how 2 break teh ice or what 2 say or nething. I wrote this poem for her:

> Oh sweet Nabisco
> "Beat beat beat" you make my heart go
> but we r seperated 2 woralds apart
> But u still have my heart
> I love you
> do u love me 2?
> I am a lovur, I don't want to attack
> But the US Amry makes me fight in Iran.

if I wuz back in Georgia then I wouldve turned this into a song and my emo band "Black Torn Edge" wouldve played this song at the Cracker Barrel on Saturday night. I gotta get to sleep or else theyll make me clean the dirt room./

Current mood: angry
Current WinAmp song: no WinAmp song available

Sunday, March 23 - 8:48 PM

lol, it was dave's birthdayt, lol

yayayay today I saw sum actian!!! that fag Sargant Miller said we had to employ cover for a mobil armored something, which was his fancy talk for "tanks" or something so he had me run along teh tank and then Id drop down and ppl would yell at me but I would be liek WTF BECAUSE I COULDNT HEAR THEM AT ALL!!!!! I HAD SAND IN MY PANTS AND ONE OF MY SHELLS FLEW INTO MY PANTS TOO AND I STILL CANT F'N FIND IT!!!! I sat in the sand and fired at sum wall for like a million hours while they shot at something and i said wtf si going on but nobody answered me. I ran out of bullets so then I jsut layed there until somebody told me to leave and then I went home.

sumbody said taht we might face resistance but I didant see any Iraqi biplanes with potato cannons or whatever they have here, like volcanos or soem kind of shit. if I did see that then I wouldve gotten on teh AA guns and shot Sadam to hell and back even tho they never let me use them, I saw it in Pearl Harbor and I can do that shit. I didnt see Nabisco today I hope she didn't leave teh city just becuase somebody raped her or something. u should treat females w/ respect and wtf guys who are mean 2 girls are assholes. also raceism is bad too. I thought of another poem when I was out by the tank when it was shelling taht village:

> Oh dear Nabisco
> Your tears flow like crisco
> My deep and acheing heart
> Is bigger than the bigger Super Wal-Mart
> I love you so very very very very much
> that leaving u will be very very very very tough

there was more of teh poem but I forgot it becasue all I can remember right now is "BWWOOOOM" that the tank made before shit started blowing up. I'm gonna write one more update on next Saturday so I can send Lotwax this PDA so he can use it on Something Aweful and thatd be kewl. I dont know how im gonna send it tho, they dont let us send any mail out so I dont know wtf to do. the only way they send ur shit is if you get killed in combat and then they send everything back. OH WELL, i guess I'll think of something next saturday. Im gonna see if I can sneak out and see Nabisco tonight, I'll let you kno how it goes!!!!!! l8r

Current mood: cool
Current WinAmp song: no WinAmp song available

At this point, we lost all correspondance with Private John "-=Ez_Killa=-" Trevell, and simply received our PDA in the mail with a faint stamp reading "EVIDENCE" across it. Fortunately for us, the stamp washed off after liberally applying a concentration of saliva and something more disgusting than saliva to our thumb and obsessively rubbing it for approximately nine hours. We're sure that -=Ez_Killa=- will show up in time, or at least most of him will, and we have absolutely nothing to worry about. After all, we frequently played on the same clan server as he, so we know firsthand what he's capable of, and he frequently aluded to some "super secret move where he jumps across and shoots his guns sideways." I can hardly wait!

Golminer 49'er!

It's Tuesday, so you know what that means... **FREE COLON EXAMS WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF $15 OR MORE!!!** Oh wait, no, that's not really what it is at all. By jove, it's the goddamn Comedy Goldmine just waiting for you to click on its supple breasts! Today's topic is entitled "Misunderstood Computer Terms" and is aimed at the geek inside all of us. Well, not me personally, but mostly you.

Horrible puns, obscure computer terminology, shoddy Photoshops... we got it all here, so click away you horrible monster!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.26 Bow Down to My Internet Browser, Mortal!

Thursday, Mar 27, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Welcome to your doom!

Before I begin today's rambling, disjointed, highly unfunny update which either proves I was either never funny or ceased being entertaining sometime in the year 2000, let me explain something to everybody out there on the Information Super-Wal Mart Highway: frogs live behind my apartment. Now when I write "frogs," I do not refer to three or four frogs; I'm talking about millions, possibly billions, of frogs. If I was Carl Sagan, I would describe the quantity of frogs by claiming there are "millions and millions and millions and millions of frogs," and then you would get really freaked out because, hey, I died in 1996. Additionally, when I use the term "live" in regards to the description of the word "frogs," I do not mean the frogs simply occupy a portion of land outside my window where they actively engage in standard frog activity. No, these mutant hellspawns spend every waking second of their lives churning out frog sex noises in a never ending attempt to attract frogs of the opposite gender so they may have a frog orgy and produce sets of tinier frogs that love grunting out even more frog sex noises. They begin their ritualistic frog mating carnival of wasted lies sometime around 6:00 PM and wrap things up near 10:00 AM the following morning, so my sleep pattern each night is directly affected by the amount of ongoing frog sex in the XXX swamp behind my bedroom.

Now don't get me wrong; I have nothing against the concept of frog sex. These amorous amphibians can do whatever they like with their own personal lives just as long as they don't decide to break up and take each other onto the "Judge Judy" show because, quite frankly, the mental image of a haggard old witch-judge screaming grade school insults at a frog dressed up in a suit and tie and glasses makes me laugh uncontrollably until I begin crying and subsequently vomiting to the point when my eyes start leaking clear fluid, which also accurately describes how I react upon seeing a gorgeous woman. However, the mutant strain of supersexfrogs inhabiting the swampland behind my apartment exhibit no traits similar to your average, garden-variety "normal" frog. Allow me to present to you a brief list of discrepancies, courtesy of the four hours last night when I sat in bed, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling and failing to sleep thanks to Frog Sex Expo 2003:

> 1) These super frogs have access to an advanced mixing studio equipped with a 10-jillion watt speaker system. I do not know which charity decided to donate this rig to them, but you can bet your sweet black ass that I will not rest until a "misguided" Tomahawk missile flies through the reception area of their headquarters and incinerates at least half their staff and the water cooler. If anybody can provide me with the names of the anti-American terrorists associated with the pro-frog sex movement in the swamp orgy outside my apartment, I will award you with one of those gigantic checks which have the words "100 million dollars" written on it.
> 2) Out of the 50 million billion zillion of the lumpy gravy beasts infesting the swampland behind my apartment, roughly 105% of them can be scientifically described as "horny as all hell." If I have learned anything from watching nature documentaries in a half-drunken stupor at 5:30 AM, it's that I should probably shoot myself in the face next time the horrible realization that I'm routinely getting drunk and watching nature documentaries sinks in. Additionally, I have been told that frogs only produce their patented "I'm being squished underneath a car wheel" sound when they are attempting to mate with bulbous counterparts of the opposite gender. The same logic applies to most men; whenever we talk or make grunting noises, you can safely assume we're trying to either trick somebody

into having sex with us or we're trying to trick somebody into thinking we're not trying to trick them into having sex with us. Now that I think about it, the average male human resembles a male frog in just about every way, except we possess the ability to wear a suit and tie and glasses on "The Judge Judy Show" and not appear completely ridiculous. Haha, oh man, a frog would look so goddamn goofy in a suit and tie.
3) The frogs lack any kind of union organization. If they had union support, you can bet they would at least have 30 hour breaks every 20 minutes or so. Instead, the poor suckers are forced (possibly at gunpoint) to churn out their coarse, droning, wretched sounds of love until they are forcibly shut up, once again possibly at gunpoint.
4) The terms "frogs" and "toads" are synonymous, interchangeable terms, no matter what any fancy pants, high-fallootin' scientist may claim. The only people who attempt to point out differences between frogs and toads are the dullards who are very proud they passed their junior high school science course, and trust me, you don't want to be hanging around with these people. These are the same bozos who claim spiders belong to some mythological "arachnid" group, when it is clear to anybody with half a brain that spiders are clearly "insects" just like ants, moths, lizards, and Carol Channing.

The topic of supersexfrogs and their repulsive greasy songs of love brings up the eternal question that mankind has been trying to resolve for decades: does the frog mating ritual cause us to drink alcohol, or does drinking alcohol cause the frogs to mate? Of course the answer is clear; the frogs damn well force me to drink beer each and every night. Anybody who claims otherwise has severe mental defects which can only be resolved by having a soda machine launch cans into their head at 200 miles an hour as in the movie "Stephen King Presents a Stephen King Production of Stephen King's 'Stephen King's Maximum Overdrive' starring Stephen King as "Stephen King'."

A wily toad attempts to seduce a homosexual child. Don't let this happen to your kids! Speak to them now about the frog menace!

Now I know how normal frogs act and sound. I've lived in Redneck Falls, Missouri for what feels like several hundred million years of my life, and during that time I frequently went down to "the ol' fishin' hole" and caught living creatures such as tadpoles, crawdads, leeches, swamp demons, rocks, water gnomes, and wives of famous police officials. I've been exposed to the seedy underbelly of the frog sex life and I know how ugly it can get at times. Have you ever had a frog lunge at your neck with a broken beer bottle and an unquenchable jealous rage? Well I sure as hell haven't, but let me tell you, I'd probably run like hell if that happened, particularly if the frog was wearing a suit and tie and glasses. Frogs are timid, shy creatures who physically recoil when you attempt to pet or shoot them with a handgun. If you try to invite them to a housewarming party, they more than likely won't show up, although not because of prior engagements. As you sit in your worn-down chair, crying softly into your hands while your lack of houseguests saturates your brain, the frogs will be squatting in the mud outside your house, mocking your every precious tear. The average frog does not care about your feelings because they simply live to cause us misery and eventually witness our downfall. However evil that may sound, and trust me, it sounds highly evil when you make a text-to-speech program read it aloud, frogs are cowards at heart. Theoretically, any of us could go outside right this moment and stamp on a frog until it becomes very dead. There's probably some law against this though, so I am in no way advocating a mass frog stamping organizational movement, unless of course it would somehow result in people sending me a large amount of cash.

My point is that "normal" frogs are cowardly simpletons that will often shut up when you approach a 100-yard radius of them. Additionally, frogs will cease their infernal croaking noises when you shout racial threats in their general direction, regardless of what race you choose. Frogs are full of fear, and if we could somehow find a way to exploit that fear then perhaps it could power all our vehicles instead of the standard Iraqi baby blood which Exxon pumps out. Unfortunately, the supersexfrogs behind my apartment lack this fear. I believe they are the result of complicated genetic engineering aimed to create a frightening new bioweapon that could be used against North Korea or Texas. They are brazenly loud, determined, and unwilling to ever throw in the towel no matter how high the stakes are and even if the heat is on and he's a good cop gone bad, framed for a crime he didn't commit. I have, at previous points in my life, opened up my bedroom window and screamed "SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU GODDAMN HORNY ASSHOLES!" Other times I have left my apartment and began running around the surrounding swampland like a retard trapped in a McDonaldland playground. Needless to say, I do not consider these to be high points in my life. However, they do illustrate the point that these are no ordinary frogs, and I staunchly believe they are planning something more sinister and nefarious than simply emitting a constant stream of wet farting sounds for 16 hours straight each day. One of my theories involve the Anime-inspired concept that when an assortment of small, similar objects join together, they create a gigantic version of themselves which is completely autonomous and can destroy entire city blocks with its penis. Needless to say, I'm very glad that I'm moving soon.

This duck haunts your dreams.

If you were foolishly naive enough to believe that all my problems end at 10:00 AM each day, I've got some bad news for you: the only reason the frogs shut up and die around 10:00 is because that's when the ducks move in. Yes, these two distinctly different species of animals work in shift up here, all part of the CIA's nefarious "Operation Insanity" which they enjoy testing out on unfortunate webmasters across the globe, or at least possibly across my apartment. The frogs clock out and the ducks punch in at that time, and soon the sounds of frog lust are replaced with the grating, aggressive quacking coughs from approximately one thousand squat, ugly birds.

Many people have bought into the popular media misconception that ducks are friendly, cute creatures who would look good on a secretary's calendar. For reasons that do not make sense to me, the left wing (no pun intended, unless of course you find puns to be witty, in which case it was intentional and I also hope you are killed by a steam shovel) liberal media paints a rosy, idyllic portrait of ducks. "Oh, ducks are cute and harmless," they'll preach to us on the front page of *USA Today*. "There is no reason whatsoever to loathe the very existence of ducks! Also, embrace the New World Order." Let me explain something to you: ducks are disgusting, filthy walking asses with feathers and a beak glued onto them. Ducks hate us even more than we, as a human race, despise the cursed sun. When I was five years old, I was attacked by an irate duck who wanted to drill its beak / bill thingy into my soft, supple skull. I bravely defended myself by running away and weeping, which is still my preferred method of dealing with life's difficulties, but the duck still managed to take a fist-sized chunk of ham out of my lower leg. I have been marked for duck death ever since that fateful day, and no matter how hard I attempt to escape these foul beasts, they always catch up with me in the end.

I attempted to silence the duck uprising yesterday, venturing out of the safe confines of my apartment for what I believe was the first time in several months. As I approached the location that appeared to be the duck nexus, a representative was sent out to greet me. I instantly spotted the malice in his eyes and knew my very life was in risk; this was no ordinary diplomatic missionary sent to greet

and welcome me to Duck County, it was a deadly assassin hellbent on completing the job the ducks began when I was five! I attempted to run away, but my lack of coordination resulted in a temporary communication error between my brain and legs when they tried to join forces and cause me to flee. Instead of the standard alternating "right, left, right, left" set of commands that are issued during the running procedure, my legs were sent a faulty order of "left, right, right, right" request, causing me to trip and fall over. At that point all hell broke loose; I had attracted the attention of ALL the ducks around the swampland, and the burning, undying, seething hatred in their eyes drilled holes through my very soul. To make a long story less long and significantly less boring, I somehow escaped from that sticky predicament, presumably with the help of the US Air Force and a caravan of Humvees equipped with armor-piercing missiles.

If you're wondering why this update has the title of "Bow Down to My Internet Browser, Mortal," yet fails to even remotely touch upon the subject of Internet browsers, let me assure you that there is a very good reason for this: the goddamn frogs and ducks have screwed up my sleeping pattern to such a critical degree that I no longer possess the ability to think in any coherent fashion whatsoever. The tag team of audio annoyances have obliterated my ability to even distinguish between days at this point, and my life seems to consist of a nonstop slideshow featuring frog fucking and ducks on parade. So if you envisioned a cutting edge update full of poignant social commentary and side-splitting remarks about the Internet, then hahahahahaha, what goddamn site did you accidentally think you were visiting? I mean, Jesus, even my sleep-deprived / depraved mind doesn't expect to read anything even remotely resembling that kind of crap on this website, so I can only assume you've suffered a similar duck and frog tagteam. If this is indeed the case, then may God have mercy on all our souls, for the problem is even deeper than I had previously feared.

◘ Don't Die on Me Private!

Zack "Douche Face" Parsons here. It is time in this nation for us to come together despite our differences and support our men and women in uniform. Yes, nurses and cheerleaders are cool and always have my support, but I mean the folks in the military fighting in Iraq. To extend my gratitude for their bravery I have put together a guide to help them survive this war.

> *I'm not much with math and numbers and crazy things like that but I think that's something like 99.9% of the American casualties caused by helicopters. This is in a war, with people shooting at Americans and everything, yet somehow helicopters have been transformed into bloodthirsty murder machines. In fact, not only should you not go anywhere near a helicopter, you should probably put bows on them and drive them over to where the Iraqis are hiding. Then they'll be like "wheee look at this totally radical helicopter" and Saddam will come out on the balcony and say "awesome helicopters" and then Tariq Aziz will emerge from a sewer with the sewer grate balanced comically on his head and say "cowabunga duders!"*

Your orders are to proceed to the insertion zone, read the guide, and wait for extraction.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.27 Bad Versus Worse: Nazi Germany Vs. Imperial Japan

Friday, Mar 28, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One of my least favorite staff members here at Something Awful is Reid "Frolixo" Abromowicz. There may not be a lot of friction on the front page between us, but behind the scenes we spend hours arguing endlessly and making thinly veiled death threats against each other. One morning while eating grape fruit I suddenly remembered how much I hate grape fruit, and then I thought that it might provide some great comedy for our readers if Frolixo and I aired our grievances publicly. What better way to totally own this fool in debate than to have it out with him on the front page of Something Awful! I knew that he had this moronic idea in his cock-addled head about the Japanese being the most evil empire during World War II. Obviously I am of the opinion that the Nazis were the evilest of all and seeing as how I am totally right not to mention totally awesome I challenged him to this duel of wits in a new front page series called "Bad Versus Worse". I present to you now the first part in our debates on this subject. Frolixo will continue the debate on Saturday, including all new comments from me which should make his usual Saturday update almost ten times funnier than usual.

Germans sure aren't evil at all. Look at them teaching an old man how to shoot an anti-tank rocket that is MADE FROM THE EXTRACTED BRAINS OF JEWISH CHILDREN.

Zack The Germans are obviously more evil than the Japanese. They started by violating the Versailles Treaty, forcibly annexing Austria and Czechoslovakia and then invading countries ranging from Norway and Belgium to the Soviet Union. They then began rounding up and exterminating Jews, Bolsheviks, homosexuals, people who lisped, and bad drivers.

Reid

While I will admit that the Nazis went a little overboard with their whole "kill everybody" thing, the Japanese war atrocities make the Nazi atrocities look like happytime puppy picnic. With the same unrelenting brutality of a Lawrence Welk Marathon, the Japanese Imperial Army marched across China, leaving death and destruction in their wake.

Take the Rape of Nanking in 1937, during which an estimated 300,000 Chinese soldiers and civilians were killed, and 20,000 women were raped. And that was only during lunch.

Zack

You want to talk about death and destruction? Let's talk about the concentration camps and medical experiments performed by the Nazis on Jews and Soviet POWs. I read a book called "My Picnic at Dachau" that detailed a Nazi medical doctor who sewed live rats to the backs of Jewish women and then released cats to chase them across minefields. Later in that same book are hideous experiments in Nazi cloning where they impregnated one Jewish woman with a dinosaur baby. Laying the egg burst her open like a piñata full of live dinosaurs.

Reid

You think that's bad? Well during the Tragedy of the Yangtze River, 50,000 refugees were killed trying to escape the Japanese Army. They were shot at while swimming the river, and then baby sharks were released. Any survivors had were forced to have a water fight to the death.

Also, the Japanese doctors were 10 times worse than the Nazi ones. In 1938 they surgically grafted 10 Chinaman together to make a large Chinaman and rode him around like an animal. Chinese legend says this is the grandfather of Yak Ming, but this is probably an old wives tale.

How right you are Reid! Look at these Japanese kids dressed up as headhunters. DEMONIC!

 Zack

Oh cry me a fucking river. 50,000 refugees? During the siege of Leningrad the Nazis starved hundreds of thousands of Russian civilians. Not only did they starve them, they mocked their starvation. They would drive around with trucks full of bread and sausage and crash them into each other for fun.

They built a hundred foot tall statue entirely out of donuts and then set it on fire for no reason. During the final days of the siege they even flew planes over the city dropping boxes labeled "cake" that actually contained hundreds of centipedes or wasps.

And you think you trumped my medical experiments? Get a load of this one:

In 1944, with the allies advancing from the Normandy beaches and the Soviets advancing through Poland Dr. Heinz Pretsche, operating out of a concentration camp in Austria, developed a song that when played could turn Jews inside out. Only through the efforts of some brave Jewish freedom fighters was the record broken and replaced with another that made Jews grow to gigantic proportions. This allowed them to successfully overthrow the concentration camp's guards.

 Reid

Look at the heartwarming smile of this Nazi who just skull-raped a single mother to death in Norway.

That's nothing! The Japanese once shot a high frequency emitting beam at the whole city of Sang-Poo-Ta, making all the female inhabitant into total bitches. Like 24/7 PMS. Eventfully all the men committed suicide by setting themselves on fire in the village square while the Emperor gleefully laughed watching above in his zero.

And what's the big deal about Nazi concentration camps? I think it's way blown out of proportion. From all the photos you see of the Jews during the war, it looks like they would have died of natural causes anyway. It seems that it was a big fad to waltz around without hardly any cloths on, and it's obvious that a lot of them had eating disorders such as anorexia or bulimia.

If the Nazis are guilty of one thing, it's not providing these poor people with counselors for their tragic disorders. Having nudist anorexics living in a lot of their "help camps", must have taken quite a toll on the poor SS troops, so I'm sure a few of them went a little nuts and killed a few million. Don't let a few bad apples spoil the bunch. (That's what my grandma always says. She was Himmler's girlfriend).

 Zack

Did the Japanese have war zeppelins? Okay then, sit the hell down missy. The Nazis nearly bombed London into the ground with their battle blimps. Nothing is more bone chilling than the soft hum of a zeppelin laden with acid bombs and lye torpedoes.

You mention the fact that the Jews were emaciated in the concentration camps, but you imply that it was because they wanted to be. Are you that fucking ignorant of history? The Nazis were ruthless about dietary concerns. They had an almost cult-like belief in the superiority of a zero-calorie diet. They fed the Jews celery soup and made them toil endlessly in poorly ventilated fitness centers that resembled quarries. They forced them to be like that in a genocidal effort to develop the world's most beautiful woman.

The Japanese even tried to steal our sports from us! What could be more sinister?

Reid

My poor, dear, misguided Zack. Your logic is clearly flawed by eating the packaging from the dozens of lunchables you consume daily. Have the Nazi's ever made an entire city do the hokey pokey for Hitler, only to have a huge 1000 ton weight dropped on them? Did the German army go to every restaurant they came across, ordered a full meal with the best wine, and then leave no tip?

Have the Nazi's broke into the homes of innocent civilians and stained their carpets with various liquids that would never come out, no matter how much they steam cleaned it? Huh? Clearly the Japanese are more brutal.

You want to talk about brutal diets? Try eating your weight in rice and then having to run the great wall carrying a hog on your back. Because that's what the poor cobblers of China were forced to do when one of the commanders shoes was not fixed in time. If they could not finish running the great wall, then they were taken aboard the Imperial Naval Battleships and fired from the cannons at American destroyers. Those who did finish were shot in the butt.

Zack

A German Panzer Mark III. Not pictured: the road of Russian corpses it just drove on.

Let me tell you a little story my naive friend. It's about a German SS General who was leading an offensive in Russia. He had requested cornbread from the larder and when normal bread was provided, from the German's very own stocks, he ordered three villages burned to the ground. That might be like what the Japanese would do, but what he did next illustrates just how much more evil the Germans really were.

The general ordered all of the civilians in an entire city lined up before him and he would shoot every single one personally that did not correctly answer a riddle he asked them. Oh, sure you say, they could just answer the riddles he asked, but the general asked all of them in the programming language Pascal, something that wasn't even developed until the 1970s. Of all of the people in that town only one managed to answer correctly and no one knows quite how he did.

The Germans weren't just limited to random or holocaust-related acts of cruelty either; sometimes their weaponry itself was exceedingly evil.

Let's take for example the Blackapult first used in the Ardennes offensive into Belgium and France. The mountainous terrain was perfectly suited for using mobile high-trajectory weapons, and the Germans had just such an item already in their stockpile.

The Blackapult flung a black man or woman miles through the air and sent them crashing into enemy positions. No one knows why this weapon was developed, it only ever killed the black people

being flung, but the Germans enjoyed its use so much that over 500 were ordered for Operation Barbarossa. This order was later revised to five and these were only ever used in parades and military demonstrations.

Reid

Balderdash! I'm not finished with you yet Parsons! Your knowledge of WW2 German codpieces might be impressive, but I think you still have a thing or two to learn about killing a lot of innocent people in a variety of interesting ways. I'm calling my Grandpa.

Zack

You're a coward. Admit it, you got owned by my superior debate skills, but I'm not done with you yet. I'll take you and your Grandpa into my personal rape room of logic on Saturday.

Thus ends day one of Frolixo's pathetic attempts to defy all common sense and reason, arguing that somehow the Japanese during World War II were actually worse than the Nazis. I can't say what sort of flowery faggot fantasyland Reid has been spending time huffing gasoline in, but I'm about to shit-kick him out of it with my size 13 Nazi jackboot of logic.

Action Packed Religious Toys!

Sup dudes, it's me Josh "I LIKE TALKING ABOUT ROBOTS 24/7" Boruff here to calmly inform you that more Photoshop Phriday goodness is now available. This week the SA Forum Goons were tasked with creating religious themed toys. The results were both hilarious and worthy of at least a hundred damnations from every religion in the world, including the ones that don't believe in a afterlife. Why don't you take a peak, you ghastly ghoul?

That settles it, you have no choice but to read Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.28 Bad Versus Worse: Nazi Germany Vs. Imperial Japan Pt. 2

Friday, Mar 28, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Today we will be continuing this ongoing debate between myself, and Zack "I have the debating skills of a slice of wheat toast" Parsons. I'm really regretting giving him my ICQ number (256498705 - hi ladies!). He keeps sending me non-stop messages containing "what-if" theories like if the Nazis invented terminators and allied with Iceland and made a super Cobra Command Nazi headquarters in a hollowed out volcano, complimented with scanned crayon drawings that he crafted himself late at night while smoking a carton of cigarettes and eating gravy. Even yesterday, Zack sent me a ranting and raving message about what a dick his landlord is simply because he filled the communal washing machine with his authentic SS helmets, making it explode into flames and killing the landlord's wife. I'm thinking about blocking him from ICQ, but it's better than talking to Greasnin, who just laments over seasons past while spamming me with gay porn. Well, let's get back to me owning Zack with my razor sharp logic, shall we?

Reid

You still honestly think the Nazis are worse then the Imperial Japanese? Well Zachary, let me take this time to rouse you from your "Hogan's Heroes" wet dream to remind you that the Nazis fell before the Japanese. Do you know why? Because the Japanese were so damn bonkers that they wouldn't give up and started flying their airplanes into our ships on Kamikaze runs. They got so determined and desperate near the end that squads of Japanese school children were dropped from heavy bombers strapped with loud and light intensive firecrackers. This would confuse the American ships while the Imperial Navy would launch elephants and rhinos from Tokyo's emptied zoo.

Even the Emperor's twin poodles dropped on a carrier during a night strike on the US Task Force during the battle of Iwo Jima. The Allied commander in the Pacific, General Macarthur, recalled the sacrifice as "Startling, yet ineffective."

Zack

This is my Grandpa Norman. Although he did not fight in the war because he bruises easy, he often wore regimental headgear to get a veterans discount.

That's child's play! If you ask most people what was inside a barn they would say "hay and livestock", but if you ask a World War II survivor what was inside a barn they would say "agony and horror." The Germans had a habit of locking prisoners inside barns and then doing terrible things to them. One of the most famous of these incidents involved the Nazis throwing grenades into a barn, but they tossed a lot more than some steilhanders in through those barn doors throughout the course of the war.

In 1942, the Germans had rounded up a group of French partisans and they locked them in a barn, but this wasn't any barn: this was a barn built on an Indian burial ground. As ghosts emerged from the bales of hay and the walls began to bleed, the Germans outside laughed and began to hurl cheetahs inside the burn. The cheetahs ran rampant, brutally mauling the French patriots, as specters and poltergeists moaned with anguish. Some reports say that the ghost of an Indian chief possessed a horse and made it breathe fire, but more realistic is that the night of terror ended with the SS turning

a flamethrower on the whole ghastly scene. What's worse is that the handful of French survivors did not even inherit the million dollars promised to them for spending a night in the haunted barn.

Reid

Excuse me for a moment to chortle at your expense. These so-called "atrocities" that you are describing would not only be laughed at by the Imperial Japanese, but looked at as disrespecting the enemy with mercy. Nazi advisors were in China during the Japanese occupation, and were so shocked at the brutality that it is recorded they wept openly, and constantly wired back messages to their mothers in Berlin pleading for them to pick them up.

American POWs in the Pacific theater fared no better than the Chinese, but unfortunately there's none around to ask. They were routinely dropped off at Monster Island to sedate the roaming beasts from ravaging Tokyo with their destructive rampages.

Zack

Oh, really? Monster Island, huh? It just so happens that the Nazis actually shipped downed American pilots to DEMON Island. You thought Monster Island was hardcore? The Nazis sent POWs to Demon Island as part of a pact with unholy powers to prevent them from reclaiming Germany as the 667th Layer of Hell. Demon Island wasn't just reserved for downed pilots either; they ran out of them so quickly that in a matter of weeks they were shipping all POWs, petty criminals, and even people deemed "poorly dressed" or "smelling oddly" by the Gestapo. One poor woman from Poland was sent to Demon Island merely because a Gestapo agent mistook her for being cross-eyed when she looked comically at a fly that landed on her nose. A fly, I might add, that was only around her because of the 50-story high office building that the Nazis were constructing out of corpses.

Reid

Look how terrible this picture is! These poor POWs would try to sleep sitting up, but then really mean Japanese guys would bonk them on the head with a stick just as they entered REM.

Oh yeah? You think that's bad? Huh, Parsons? Well, check this shit out. You wonder where cancer came from? That's right! In an experiment called "Project: Let's Make a Terrible Disease", Japanese scientists secretly put highly toxic radioactive chemicals in everyday products like toothpaste, newspaper, and Gold Bond powder. They also knew that Americans love to get a tan, so they depleted the ozone layer by shooting 500,000 aerosol body deodorant cans into the atmosphere. This dastardly plot backfired and caused an explosion in Hiroshima (which the Americans take credit for.) The head scientist for the project stated, "My bad!" They also caused AIDS.

Zack

You know what else causes AIDS, Reid? Your lies. That is the biggest load of crap I've ever heard about the Japanese causing cancer. Everyone with even a 3rd grade education knows that Hitler personally created cancer in 1933 as a means to steal control of Germany from the shaky Weimar Republic. Unfortunately for us, all cancer worked so well that it didn't just claim the lives of the Weimar Republic's leadership, it turned into an invisible gas that is emitted from swamps and bogs and strangles us in our sleep.

Reid

Are you huffing your WW2 Tiger Tank model glue again? The only disease

Hitler invented was polio to take out the legs of the advancing Allied army. Of course it failed, and only afflicted small boys, effectively destroying the rollerskate market worldwide. Since Germany produced 93% of the world's rollerskates at the time, this was a huge blunder, and is thought by me and my Grandpa to be the reason why the Germans lost the war.

The Japanese on the other hand, not only caused AIDS, but supported terrorism against the US. Even back then, evil terrorists were plotting 9/11, and the Imperial Empire sent them funding to start up their terror network. We are still fighting this terror even now, thanks to the devious Japanese. What do you think about that?

Zack

The Japanese bred this dog for one purpose: To look ugly.

Oh, I'm sorry Tojo, I didn't realize your imaginary Japanese had imaginary Al-Qaeda links. Let's talk about real links - the links in the chain that connect Nazi Germany to the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Remember that dinosaur egg I mentioned earlier? Well after the dinosaur baby was born, the Germans interbred it with humans to create a race of shape-shifting Nazi saurians. Lee Harvey Oswald was a third generation Saurian that was trained by Otto Skorzeny to assassinate democratic and communist political leaders. Not only that, but the weapon he used was a German "smart bomblet", a bullet-sized projectile that would fragment into several seeker rounds.

As if assassinating the president of the United States wasn't enough, the Nazis had instructed Oswald to recover his corpse and devour it in a ritual that would resurrect Hitler from his base salts. Had this worked, Hitler would have been reborn on earth with unstoppable powers of sorcery, and Oswald himself would have been transformed into a fire-breathing dragon. I'm sorry, your pitiful arguments just do not hold up in the face of facts like this.

Reid

You lying bastard! That was a season 2 episode of Sliders! It's quite clear that you are just conglomerating random images and names that are floating around your opium-addled brain, and trying to pass it off as real fact. I was going to bring out the big guns and describe how the Imperial Japanese created telemarketing, but now I see that it's not even worth my precious time. The Japanese made the Nazis look like prancing schoolgirls. End of story.

Zack

Well I think my argument stands on its own two legs made out of the soap and socks of the dead Jewish people. I'll let the people be the judge of who won this little debate between us, but I feel confident that our discussion is over. Also, you're a retard. Nazis rule, Japs drool!

Reid

Fuck you Parsons.

Well folks, even if there isn't a clear winner in this historical debate, I'm sure we all learned something. No, not that these kind of updates are horribly unfunny and should never be attempted again. We learned that genocide, human atrocities, and mass experimental torture just isn't cool. It may be fun to read about, and can even be downright hilarious if you have pictures; but in reality, you really shouldn't kill millions of people. I think if there is one thing Zack and I can agree on, it's that

people are people, and why should it be, that you and I should get along so awfully? Also, Depeche Mode is pretty cool, and does not undermine one's sexuality in the least by dancing to them. Until next week, sayonara suckers!

State Og: The Forbidden Lust

Hello gentle reader, this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell once again. "The Forbidden Lust" has nothing to do with this week's State Og, I just figured it'd get your attention. If there's one thing I've learned during my stint as State Og's representative, it's probably been forgotten by now. I mean, let's be honest here. Working for the world's largest evil conglomerate may seem like a dream job, and I'm sure it is. But at the end of every workweek when we finally go home, Og employees' memories are wiped clean. I don't get to remember all the fun I had blowing people up, shooting them, or shooting people as they blew up. Heck, I'm lucky if I get to remember whether I'm wearing the same pants I came into the office with or if they're someone else's, or to even remember *what pants are*. What I do remember is this tidbit from the new update:

> *The First World War was the direct result of a very elaborate prank being pulled on Archduke Ferdinand by our company's vice president at the time, Mr. Mister Jeffords. Jeffords had simply meant to wound Ferdinand slightly instead of killing him and sending untold numbers of men to their deaths in the ensuing chaos. If you set aside what happened and imagine he had simply shot the Archduke in the shoulder as intended, you've got to admit it would have been pretty funny. "Oh poppycock," Ferdinand might have said to our vice president afterwards. "There is ever so much egg on my face now, what with my shoulder bleeding profusely and my guards flinching when you shot me. You've brillianted yet another pranksterism!"*

Now stop squirming as a result of giddy anticipation, fear, or that ghastly STD you caught which resulted in you losing basic control of your motor functions, and go read this week's State Og!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.29 Fair Game, pt. 1

Sunday, Mar 30, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

As refreshing as it was to see Frolixo go forty-eight hours without indulging his obsession with my netherest of nether quarters, I think we can all agree that two solid days of Reid and Zack bitching about whether Tojo or Hitler had a longer wang is more than enough. Besides, everyone knows that Mussolini was the one who was hung like a fascist horse. So I thought it might be a nice change of pace from the last couple days to write an article that actually wasn't incredibly boring. Unfortunately, that plan fell through, so now you're stuck with the story of how I went to a carnival. I'll give you a moment to finish quivering with anticipation.

After a long and bitter New England winter, spring is finally in the air. Also in the air are billions of microbes including literally thousands of different viruses and bacterial aggressors that assault our bodies constantly in the hopes that one will break through the barricade of our immune systems and fill us with horrible disease. For the purpose of this article, however, we'll be focusing on spring. The arrival of spring weather has a particularly noticeable effect on people in New England. Those of you from other parts of the nation and indeed the world at large may think that you know what I'm talking about, but you don't. Nowhere else on Earth has weather like New England does. It's our chief export. We manufacture weather and ship it out to the rest of the world in concentrated chunks. When one season passes into another, it means a complete change of all weather patterns and systems. Gone are the days when the weather could range from freezing rain to sleet, hail, slush, and three hundred different kinds of snow, to forty degree days when the sun is out and the reflection off the frozen mounds of snow is so bright that it becomes impossible to even look out a window without the aid of a shoebox with a little pinhole poked in it. Now we have days of glorious sunshine interspersed with periods of torrential rain, thundershowers, and toupee-snatching gusts of wind. Of course, the minute the sun dips below the horizon, it's like the dark side of the moon - lethally cold and impossible to maintain radio contact with Houston.

New England weather is so wacky, the trees don't even know they're supposed to be firewood!

The robin is the first sign of spring - first person to shoot one gets to say when winter's over!

Now that it's safe to go outside for more than eight minutes without getting freezer burn, people around here are a lot more friendly. We wave to one another on the street, exchange small talk with complete strangers, avoid eye contact with the homeless and laugh about it with one another, and generally treat each other right. We all walk around in a state of shock and delight over the change in weather. "Winter actually ended," we exclaim. "What were the chances that winter would actually end, just like it did last year? It's a miracle!" Despite the fact that winter has turned to spring every single year since the continents split (except for that one time in 1972 when we had winter four times in a row), everyone seems completely surprised that the weather improved. In honor of this momentous and wholly unexpected turn of events, my town had itself a celebration. Unlike most celebrations in Connecticut, where the general rules are "lots of shrimp cocktails, formal dress, and no darkies," this one appealed to people from all walks of life. That's right, I'm talking about an all out carnival. In the interest of journalistic investigation, as well as having nothing better to do, I decided to venture out to witness the event firsthand. First, I rounded up three stout-hearted companions. Their names have not been changed, but they have been put in quotation marks to make them look like they have been

changed, and that's good enough for me.

> **"Thomas"** - My friend who lives one floor above me. Strengths: A nearly inexhaustible supply of references to obscure and outdated television shows, movies, and musical artists. Weaknesses: A half-British upbringing reduces his saving throw against the most boorish elements of American culture.
>
> **"Alan"** - My roommate. Strengths: Willingness to do just about anything, regardless of how dangerous, pointless, or stupid. Weaknesses: His aforementioned willingness often manifests in criminal impulses.
>
> **"Sam"** - Alan's quasi-girlfriend, which basically makes her my other roommate. Strengths: Ability to manipulate strangers with her girlish innocence. Weaknesses: That ability is useless on anyone who has known her for more than five minutes, as they quickly come to realize that it's complete bullcrap.

The party was assembled, and so our adventure into the world of thrills, odors, and repeated gougings that is the town carnival began.

Alright, a carnival! Then we might get to do whatever the hell this guy's doing!

- **4:45 - The Discovery. Amount in wallet - $45.00**

We first learned of the existence of the "Let's Have a Carnival for No Real Reason" carnival that afternoon when we went to Walgreens to pick up Sam's prescriptions. Why did four people need to go to the pharmacy so one person could get her birth control? Because we're college students, that's why. We go places. That's what we do. While Walgreens is an eye-catching attraction in its own right, it was difficult to overlook the massive ferris wheel looming in the background. One Sam had her pills, we all piled back into our borrowed SUV and decided to get a closer look. The carnival was not operating when we got there, but we were able to successfully coax one if its denizens to approach our vehicle. Carnies are a skittish lot, especially in the daylight, but our friendly smiles and stylish sunglasses seemingly convinced him that we posed no threat. He told us that the carnival opened at six, but the information came at a steep price. We had to promise that we'd stop by his game booth and pop balloons with darts. The quest had an ominous cast over it already.

- **6:40 - The Journey (including the Bottlecap, pt. 1). Amount in wallet - $45.00**

After grilling up some burgers, we decided to head out. The light was starting to fade and a chill had already begun to settle. This time, we would have no SUV to speed us to our destination, as its owner was somewhat upset with us for parking it illegally and getting a ticket the last time. We would have to hoof it. I didn't think the walk itself would be too much of a problem - no more than a couple miles - but it would be very

Just fills you with carnival spirit, doesn't it? Yeehaw.

dark soon and the term "defensive driving" never made it big around town. Crossing the main roads would trouble. The first leg of the journey was simple enough. Then Alan came up with an idea to cut a few minutes out of the trip - cutting across a massive graveyard. We wouldn't have to walk over the graves, just across the property. I wasn't crazy about the idea to say the least, but we went anyway. We had to climb a massive hill. On the way down the other side, we found out where the town apparently stores all of its mud. It was like walking through a swamp, and there were no lights to guide the way to dry ground. We had no choice but to keep pressing forward and hope we didn't sink any further into the muck. Naturally, once we finally got out of the bog, we had to scale a fence to get back to the street. I'm not a particularly tall individual, but I've still got a few inches on Sam. In the end she didn't so much scale the fence as we shoved her over.

Once we were finally out of the cemetery, it was a short walk to the fairgrounds. Or at least, it should have been a short walk, but on the way Alan noticed a cap from some two liter soda bottle on the ground. He and Sam couldn't resist the urge to kick it all the way to the gate. It wouldn't have been so bad, but they both sucked at it. They couldn't manage to keep it out of the street, so we had to stop every fifty feet until one of them could manage to kick it up onto the curb without getting creamed by a Saab. At last, the cap ended up coming to a stop in front of me when we were near the entrance. I kicked it under a van. You know, so we could find it later. With that distraction out of the way, we approached the admissions counter.

We were finally there, a crazy island of wondrous delights in central Connecticut.

■ 7:10 - The First Steps and Greasnin's Awkward Moment. Amount in wallet - $45.00

We were finally there. As we stood in line to buy tickets, the four of us gazed up at the electric orgasm before us. The flashing lights, the cacophonous sounds, the sickly sweet stench of every conceivable substance being fried at once - it was a neon behemoth that clearly heeded no master. Admission to the carnival was only a dollar a person, so I offered to pay for us all. Since this was a very public event and we are a nation at war, our tickets were taken by a member of our National Guard in full uniform. He did not strike me as being particularly filled with the carnival spirit, but he let us past anyway.

Suddenly, a familiar tune hit my ear. As an eager visitor to amusement parks, theme parks, carnivals, and state fairs of all magnitude, I was used to all manners of muzak being piped to all corners of the festival grounds. This was something different. The song was an underground hit of modern reggae by Tanto Metro. It alternated between utterly unintelligible lyrics and a perfectly clear chorus, both of which were graphically sexual. The song was introduced to me by a friend a couple years back, and I had never heard it in another context. Unable to believe my ears, I immediately started singing along. I don't think I even had a choice. I was so caught up in the infectious beat that I didn't even realize that I was not just singing, but belting at the top of my lungs. I've been told since that I was also dancing like an idiot. The realization, or at least the partial realization of what I was doing hit me suddenly as a veritable herd of twelve year old black girls passed right by us dancing, singing even louder than I was and generally having a great time. I was stunned - first by the fact that these girls all knew the song, second by the fact that I was so caught up in it, and third by the fact that I must have looked like I was trying as hard as I could to act like a twelve year old black girl. It took and inordinate amount of time for Thomas to stop laughing.

When we all composed ourselves, it was time to purchase ride tickets. This is where the sensible admission price really came back to bite us in our collective ass. I dropped thirty-five dollars for fifty tickets. Not a bad deal, accept there were four of us, and each ride cost three tickets a person. Clearly, we had to budget ourselves if we were going to make the tickets last all night. With that frugal goal in mind, we set our sights on the first ride of the evening.

Spare the woman, aim for the child.

■ **7:25 - The Bumper Cars. Amount in wallet - $5.00 (I have no idea what happened to that extra dollar)**

It's common knowledge that the bumper cars are a staple of any ride-based amusement event. It was surprising, then, that they were nearly deserted. When we arrived, four young boys were just finishing up their ride. Once they vacated, the four of us took each grabbed a car for our own glorious few minutes of bumping, shoving, nudging, and all the degrees of collision in between. Before we began, though, two small boys joined us in cars of their own. They couldn't have been more than seven years old. Their parents stood on the other side of the guard rail, glaring at us. We hadn't even moved yet and I already felt like some horrible bully. One of the kids was pretty pudgy, but I still must have weighed more than both kids put together. When our cars powered up, I made my best attempt to avoid ramming into either of the kids, and focused instead on bashing the crap out of my friends. For their part, the kids seemed to be avoiding me as well. I was having a great time slamming into my buddies and not looking like a total jackass

for picking on two kids so much younger than me. Then one of the kids called me a "dumb fucker" as he drove past. As a matter of principle, he had to die. I gave him a few seconds of peace to lull him into a false sense of security, then I targeted him for severe and judicious bashination.

When all was said and done, everyone had a great time and came out laughing it up. Each of us took our share of lumps, so fortunately no one noticed that the little pissant whooped me within a inch of my bumper life. I consider it a moral victory. We moved on.

No, sadly we didn't get the Pink Floyd hammer. But you try finding a picture of an inflatable pink hammer on Google.

7:35 - The Feat of Strength (including the Saga of the Hammer, pt. 1). Amount in wallet - $5.00

Perhaps the most treacherous part of any carnival experience is navigating the rows upon rows of balking hucksters trying to con anyone within earshot to try their crooked game. I've spent years trying to perfect my technique of ignoring them completely. Sad to say, I've yet to master the art of avoiding eye contact. Once eye contact is established, I have no trouble slinking away awkwardly, but I can't keep my damn eyes from darting in the direction of the closest call. I tried to resist, but before I could break away from one carny, the rest of my party had come to a stop. We were obviously screwed. There was nothing to do now but step up and try the game. I'd be damned if I was going to be the one who did it, though. Sam and Alan bore that burden. It was one of those contraptions where you have to hit a bar with a mallet and try to ring a bell. Sam failed miserably, but the carny couldn't resist her aura of girliness and gave her a consolation prize. It was a three foot tall pink inflatable hammer with the words "Girl Power" written in flowers on its head. Little did we know what fate had in store for that hammer and its bearers.

Alan took a whack at the game next. He did much better, but missed the bell by just a couple of notches. The carny gave him jack shit.

Will Alan remember the bottlecap? Will Ben regain a fraction of his dignity? Will Thomas survive the shocking American acts still to come? Will Sam remember to take her birth control this time? And what of this mysterious and powerful Pink Hammer? There's plenty more action, excitement, and suspense to come in the second and final chapter of "Fair Game" next week! Stay tuned!

Nintendo Power in the Rom Pit.

This is Jedidiah "Jed" Kirchner rocking your computer screen from Greasnin's Barbie Personal Organizer. Using my extensive knowledge of Greco-Roman warfare, I've conquered the mythological world of enchantment that is Athena and recorded my findings in a brand new ROM review that contains the following copied/pasted text:

If SNK had listened to enough Tool cds to become as smart as Athena, they might've

> *realized the irony of a quest for excitement that becomes boring as hell after 2 minutes when the novelty of fighting an endless supply of monsters that look like retarded muppets wears off. Also, if I remember my abridged picture version of the bible correctly, gods are supposed to be powerful and stuff. So what the fuck is the point of stabbing your enemies with a crappy sword the size of a popsicle stick when you can just turn them into pillars of salt and sprinkle them over some giant french fries that get eaten by a fat guy in a toga?*

If you only read about one Nintendo game this week, make it the one Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons completely unsarcastically refered to as "about as much fun as try to jerk off to a holocaust documentary".

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

3.30 So You Want to Be a Super Hero?

Sunday, Mar 30, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey, everyone has to start somewhere.

There comes a time in a young girl's life when she needs to assess the path she has chosen through these tumultuous times and perhaps reconsider her options. I'm of course referring to a career change, and very few people are exempt from the agonizing conundrum of whether to forge ahead with their current profession or seek out a new one. In fact the only exemptions I can think of are the idle rich, wizards, and sanitation workers. For the rest of us mere mortals we are left with a point when we must make that decision, to stay the course or diverge into the unknown.

According to recent census studies one of the most popular career options available in the current economy is that of the super hero. More than ten percent of the United States is employed in the vigilante justice industry in full time or part time positions and another eight percent have worked at least one hundred hours in the industry last year as a temporary consultant. Jobs aren't easy to come by, there's no getting around that, but as normal working folk lose their jobs they often turn to incredibly elaborate criminal schemes designed to allow them to take over the world. For those of us who like neither a life of crime nor a life of being beholden to the government work as a super powered vigilante is extremely attractive.

There are a number of benefits to being a super hero. With a life of danger and action come a variety of perks that most other workers do not enjoy.

There is NO dresscode for super heroes.

- **Lax Dress Code** - Even the filthiest, grimiest, coal dust smashing plant in Detroit has a mandatory dress code, but superheroes have very little in the way of a dress code. You can wear underwear around, put on reflective capes, clad yourself in leather or latex, you can even rip the skin off your face and just go to work with a bloody skull for a head. It doesn't really matter. Who is going to report you? The mayor? He needs you! Really the only dress codes you have to follow are local decency laws and even these can be ignored provided you can turn invisible or into a cloud of red gas or a giant rock man. The other rule of thumb when it comes to dress code is just that you don't injure or unduly traumatize the citizenry with your costume. One hero by the name of The Abyssal Cockupine was covered with erect penises that waved like an anemone to mesmerize his enemies. Not only was this more than a little unsavory to see walking down the street but when you stared at them long enough your blood would actually begin to boil.
- **Free or Discounted Travel** - When superheroes need to be somewhere they tend to

get their way. That's because whenever people see a guy in a cape and red-spandex with a lightning bolt symbol on the front running determinedly around a city they assume he is headed somewhere to avert danger. You can play on this assumption. Free cabs to the grocery store (there's a bomb in the basement), free plane tickets to Tahiti (there's a secret fortress beneath the coral reefs), or even free cars (excuse me sir, this car is about to explode, I need to drive it to a safe area before it goes off). This of course assumes that you can't fly or teleport, because if you can do that you're already pretty used to how awesome free travel can be.

- **Great Pick Up Lines** - When your name and visage are all over the paper and you constantly walk around wearing an instant conversation piece you're going to find picking up women at bars a lot easier. Imagine walking up to the finest woman in O'Chukley's Wings and Things and saying "hey blondie, I just rescued a ten year old that fell into the turkey tank at the bird aquarium, how's about I swoop into Yoursweetassville and help out the citizenry?" Women will literally turn into jelly when they hear dashing lines like that, especially if your super power is to turn women into jelly.
- **Not Accountable for Your Actions** - A lot of bad shit goes down when you're fighting crime, it goes with the territory. You could be battling Dr. Larynx downtown and level half the city, but no one is going to blame you just because a few billion dollars in damages were incurred. You HAD to stop evil! This extends to when you don't have to stop evil, because the citizenry is dumb and trusting and will just take your word that you were fighting evil when you were caught masturbating in a dressing room in the maternity section of a department store. No one is going to even try to stop you if you're laying naked in the street eating baked beans from a mixing bowl. If they do just finish the bite you're eating and say "hey, fightin' crime here buddy" and that will usually send them packing. Legends tell of The Blinding Bunion, a superhero in North Dakota, who was allowed to punch anyone in the mouth including police officers and soldiers simply by claiming he was "testing for aliens".

Carnage Duck has had enough of this shit.

Many of you might be saying "oh great!" at this point, or some variation of this phrase such as "whoah awesome!" or "yowsah outstanding!", but you're not ready to charge out there as a superhero. First of all do you know your niche? Every city is teeming with superheroes at this point, so you need to get a feel for what particular roles need to be filled in your local superhero hierarchy. Nothing is worse than going out onto the street in your flag-draped power suit as General America and running into the machine-gun toting Field Marshal Freedom. He'll take one look at you and turn you into Lil' America or the Stars and Stripes Gatorade Fetch Boy. The last thing you want to end up as is a sidekick. Power teams are fine, you'll split the chances of death between yourself and your new partner, but if you're a sidekick the first time the going gets tough you're going to find yourself face down in a pit of lava.

Before we get going on determining what your new role should be in the scheme of things we need to think about what your powers are. Calling yourself Hawklor the Eagle King might seem pretty cool but you're going to get laughed back to your Citadel of Justice when everyone realizes that your powers are to turn into a barn and knit really awesome sweaters with your mind. If that's your shtick go with something like The Agrarian Loom or Baron Barnyard Von Knitsit.

To give you a basic idea of what the lay of the land might be in your area I've put together a cross section of the established superheroes here in Chicago. Let's take a look at their names, their powers, and how they go about their business.

- **The Glazed Avenger**

Anna Wrecksya prepares to take flight thanks to her hollow bones and low body weight.

Powers: Can eat donuts from up to one mile away by visualizing them, can leap over benches of any height, and can slide up fire poles.
Costume: A light-pink unitard with white stripes on the arms and legs and the word "GLAZED DONTUS [sic]" written on the back with iron-on letters. He had a cape but it caught fire when he jumped over a candle sitting on top of a bench and is still being repaired by his mother.
Modus Operandi: The Glazed Avenger is one of the least popular superheroes here in Chicago, but he advertises, a rarity among superheroes. He runs these really annoying late night infomercials on WGN where you see this donut start vibrating and then it cuts to him swallowing. Then he rubs his stomach for like five minutes while nodding up and down and smiling. To my knowledge he has only ever participated in three super hero actions. Two involved cleanups on the interstate when Krispy Kreme trucks overturned and one was a misdialed number that resulted in a short prison stay for the Glazed Avenger after he actually ate donuts from inside the mayor's stomach.

- **Motorella the Pager Witch**

Powers: Can activate the vibrate feature on any pager she can see, can send text messages to a pager by dancing naked around a fire in celebration of the Earth Mother, and can astrally project to see what phone numbers pagers have stored in their memory.
Costume: Motorella has gone through a number of costume changes over the years. Her current costume is a red bodice with a crude symbol representing a pager on the back and a really fucking stupid looking headpiece with all kinds of free-giveaway stickers from various pager manufacturers.
Modus Operandi: Motorella's arch enemy is Celephulon (aka the Octodialer), the half-demon lord of cell phones. She constantly prowls the late night streets of Chicago searching for Celephulon and his minions. Unfortunately she is frequently mistaken for either a lunatic or an oddly dressed prostitute and the general public is more afraid of her than anything. This has allowed Celephulon to gain a toe-hold in the city and already Motorella's influence is beginning to wane.

- **Hercustrong the Iron Budgeter**

Powers: Claims to be the strongest man in Illinois and Indiana, can balance a private, business, or government budget faster than 50 certified public accountants, and can bend iron with his hands.
Costume: A Sears business suit with the sleeves ripped off and a cape with a hammer and an adding machine on the back. He carries a giant hammer which he calls "The Balancer". He usually leans this against a wall when he's actually using his powers.
Modus Operandi: Hercustrong relies on a network of informants to provide him with up-to-date information on unbalanced budgets throughout the city of Chicago. Sometimes he will knock on a door or wait patiently in a company's lobby to "fight crime", but most of the time he bursts in through walls and throws unsavory bookkeepers and

accountants out of their offices. Then he'll work long hours balancing the budget in question while his side-kick "Abachris" makes coffee and massages his shoulders.

There are many more superheroes operating in Chicago, up to nine-thousand at any given time. I'm sure after reading the profiles and powers of these three caped crusaders you are having trouble imagining competing with their incredible abilities, but the truth is you don't actually have to. Being a superhero is sort of like making a web site for a fetish; what you do doesn't have to make any sense it just has to be as specific and bizarre as possible. If you can already turn into a banjo or somersault up vertical surfaces then great, you just have to somehow pick a name that reflects your amazing powers. If you don't have any innate super abilities let me offer a few suggestions for some artificial or, as we in the business call them, fake super powers.

- You can watch an entire block of programming on "E!" and then rewatch the show that started the block three hours earlier without remembering that you had already seen it.
- You can measure someone's inseam by licking up the inside of their leg.
- You can spell better than frogs and most birds.
- You can erect a hammock very rapidly and then pretend to fall asleep, luring criminals into a false sense of security.
- There isn't an unlocked closet that can contain you!
- You can order from a restaurant menu without actually looking at the menu.
- Your powers of mesmerism confuse people into thinking that actor Malcolm McDowell is actually named Andie MacDowell.
- Whenever you will it to be so you can tell what time it is in Tokyo.

Cavemanstrong picked a really shitty name and concept considering his super powers of getting through to tech support quickly and can manually delete registry entries in Windows XP.

These are just a few suggestions, I hope they give you an idea of the amazing abilities just waiting to be discovered inside your very own body, or possibly near your body.

Once you've "realized" what your powers are you can start naming yourself and designing your costume. Naming yourself is never an easy task and it is often overlooked by heroes who just want to get out there and fight crime. Slow down there podner! You have to pick a name that fits your abilities clearly and concisely and sends a powerful message to prospective employers and criminals alike. Your hero name is your cheapest form of marketing.

Attempt to avoid ambiguous names such as "Eagle Eye," as many concerned citizens may express outrage upon discovering you do not have an eagle lodged in your eye. Additionally, while names like "Iron Man" may sound good on paper, some confused individuals may think that, instead of being composed of iron, you simply use an iron to steam press crime and possibly their pants. To compensate for this, declare irons to be "your mortal enemy" and destroy as many Laundromats as possible. Claim they were either meth labs or renegade police stations. If the authorities get pushy start talking about space lasers and planets from Star Trek.

With a name and powers that means it's time to start putting together your costume. If your powers involve transforming piles of cloth into superhero costumes then this part should be really easy. If not then trying drafting talented craftsmen like tailors and seamstresses or, failing that, your mother

or sister. No self-respecting superhero actually makes his costume, although it's perfectly fine for you to design the costume!

In these hard economic times I hope this piece has provided you with a ray of sunshine beaming in through the broken roof of your life. Good luck out there, and remember, a hero is only really necessary as long as he or she has a villain to defeat repeatedly. Try convincing your friend to menace the city with fake bombs or beam weapons. Or just dress your dog up as a robot and then throw it off the roof of your garage onto a trampoline.

Photoshop Monday!

Livestock has so much amazing Photoshop material on his hands this week that he is actually doubling up on the material! This Monday's theme is a tribute to FARK, the undisputed kings of the Photoshopping jungle.

This is hands down the best installment of Photoshop Phriday ever to appear on a Monday, and I say that without even the slightest hint of sarcasm. Hustle those sweet cheeks of yours on over and check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 April Fool's Day!

Tuesday, Apr 01, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I don't know what the hell April Fool's Day is or why we even "celebrate" it by acting like retards, but hey, any excuse for me to slack off and act naturally is perfectly fine by me! Enjoy the fake SA!

It's a Jungle Out There!

Hey guys, it's your new friend Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here! Ha ha, just kidding, this is actually Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka! Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams decided to go to sleep without updating the front page to announce today's Tuesday Comedy Goldmine! Why did he do such a thing? Well he's from Texas, so God only knows what he was thinking (no offense to our readers in Texas; I'm very proud the Texas educational system has caught up and finally began instructing kids how to read). Once again I write things in jest, as I do not feel the need to accept a barrage of email from irate Texans who hired an illegal Mexican immigrant to use Outlook Express and type their hate-filled diatribes. Ha ha, that's another little joke at the expense of you folks inhabiting Texas! Thanks for playing along! Okay, I'll stop now.

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams has changed the tempo a bit this week by choosing a series of zoo-related stories for today's Goldmine, courtesy of SA Forum Goon "Bigpeeler" and his glorious job working at the zoo. These true incidents involve ostriches humping innocent people, beating ostriches with a rake, elephants stomping on their own penises, people hitting elephants (with a rake I assume), and many other "interesting" things. Oh yeah, and MS Paint diagrams as well!

I walk over to these eggs and lean down to pick them up. As I do, I sense something behind me. In a second, I see this ostrich out of the corner of my eye. Before I could turn around, she sort of knocked me down on one knee. "Why you mother fucker....." and I tried to stand up. BAM!! She bumps me again from behind and this time she knocks me flat on my stomach. I can hear the people standing on the edge of the ostrich yard laughing!! Here I'm getting attacked by this pea-brained bird and they're laughing their asses off.

Before I can even react, she sits down on top of me. Now these birds weigh a lot!! Probably 400 pounds or so. But not only is she laying on me, she's sort of dry-humping

> *me right in the ass. She didn't know it was my ass, but I did!! She was just defending her nest by grinding me into the ground, BUT I WAS GETTING BUTT-RAPED BY AN OSTRICH!!*

Sexy! Be sure to check out all the hot zoo action by clicking here! If you're from Texas and aren't able to comprehend those instructions, then - ah, fuck it, the Texas jokes are getting old. I'll go back to making fun of Zack "Grape Exiter" Parsons.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.2 LOL: Level One Linguistics

Tuesday, Apr 01, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I used Photoshop to modify this piece of clip art so that it appears topical. I am now officially a graphics designer!

Well, April Fools is now somewhat over, and thank the Ghost of God for that. I'm all for the occasional prank, but when everybody is doing their darnedest to pull a fast one at the same time, it gets to be too much. Practically every drunken webmaster takes advantage of this amazing opportunity to zing the mighty hell out of their readers by offering up giddy little lies. And oh boy, is it ever a thrill to behold! The part of April 1st I didn't spend hiding in my Iraqi and SARS proof panic room was spent surfing from site to site going "oh, you got me" while covering my eyes and nodding my head in shame for the human race. You might say my bah-humbuggery is related to me being a sore April Fool, but I assure you that is not the case. My general distrust of everybody, especially the Zionist Occupied Government, renders me unable to believe anything that doesn't come directly from underground conservative radio stations. Even this site played host to an April Fools spectacle. If not for the fact it would get me fired, I'd tell Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka how much I despise him. I guess I'll let that fiery hate burn in shadow, and without him ever knowing.

In the midst of my April 1st odyssey of surfing, I chanced across an article that reminded me of something that's all too real: Internet shorthand. I wish I could say this problem was part of an ongoing April Fools gag that somehow found a way to exist outside of its host month, but it's not. No, it's perhaps the greatest threat facing humanity today, if you don't count war, disease, demonic gargoyles, hydroplaning and all that other harmful stuff.

> *Carl Sharp knew there was a problem when he spotted his 15-year-old son's summer job application: "i want 2 b a counselor because i love 2 work with kids."*

Oh my stars!

I've been a citizen of the Internet for about seven years now, and this sort of thing is nothing new. That doesn't mean it's any less mind-boggling. Things were a little different when I first started on the Internet. Back then people went to a lot of extra trouble to look and sound stupid. Instead of taking advantage of the letters conveniently placed on the keyboard, people would invest extra time typing in ASCII codes so they could write with awesome and l33t symbols. Back then communicating was so hard it was extremely common to have to print out chat logs and then have them translated by an expert of obscure cuneiforms or a professional linguist. Sometimes a simple conversation would take weeks to play out as a result. While there are people who still do that, the majority seems to have shifted to a new form of writing. Now dumb kids seek to communicate the exciting and meaningless developments of their lives with as few key presses as humanly possible.

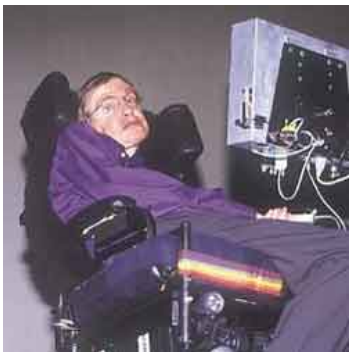
This depresses me, because I can type fast enough that it's absolutely unnecessary for me to shorten three letter words or use acronyms to express such profoundness as "away from keyboard" or "be back later." A friend of mine who owns a stolen radar gun once clocked my typing speed at roughly 120 words per minute. While many of those words were either misspelled or obscene, I still think that's an impressive rate, especially considering I have the hand-eye coordination of an ecstasy-fueled sloth that's been run over by a tractor. I couldn't win at a game of wallyball even if my competition consisted entirely of mannequins clad in movement restricting plate mail armor. Even with my wallyball handicap I can still play "Battlefield 1942", masturbate, burn bootlegs of the new Radiohead album to sell on the Internet, and type a good 60 words per minute all at once. Given that most kids are now more immersed in technology than I ever was, I would think learning to hit

keys in a speedy manner would come pretty natural. So then why are morons still typing things like "wot r u doin?" It's pitiful. Look at Stephen Hawking, the man is so paralyzed the only way he can communicate with anyone is by having violent neck spasms on a keyboard. In spite of this, even he probably types properly. I honestly don't know because he won't AIM me back.

Heck, I even go so far as to spell new SA employee Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adam's username properly when I instant message him.

> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Hey Ryan "Oh My God What The Fuck Barbeque" Adams, is your refrigerator running?
> **Ryan "Oh My God What The Fuck Barbeque" Adams:** I thought I put you on ignore.
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Well?
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Hey...
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Fag
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Hey, are you there?
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Do you want to play Counter-Strike?
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Fag
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** I'll just message you later when you aren't busy.
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Hello?
> **Josh "Livestock" Boruff:** Fag

Of course I'm joking. Like I would actually talk to any of my coworkers.



sup doods ne1 wanna play sum starcraft? i got broodwar runnin on my wheelchair comp.

This wonderful shorthand isn't limited to cutting long and arduous words like "you" and "are" down to more manageable sizes. Even expressing emotions is now done through prefabricated acronyms and emoticons. And boy howdy, do they make things easy. I loathe "LOL" and "ROFL" with all my heart. The excessive usage of such simpleton displays is kind of scary, because it leads me to believe that there are people who are just sitting in front of the computer cackling like a goddamn hyena on laughing gas. The truth is far less comical to imagine. Most people just type it out of habit whenever they think somebody might have said something witty or amusing. Not sure? Be safe and LOL for them anyway. You don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. I know for a fact that most people are not actually laughing out loud when they type LOL and it eats me up inside like an AIDS infected cancer. I'm pretty sure that it could be argued that bearing false LOL is a sin, and nobody likes a sinner in this day and age!

The idea that this nonsense is seeping off the Internet to schools and other places of a professional nature alarms me in a way most alarming. Some argue that it has a place on the Internet, but I disagree. It takes an incredibly miniscule fraction of a second to write a word, even a long word, so there is no need to be a verbal short bus. I think the problem is only going to get worse as instant messaging becomes more popular. It's a sort of virus, and viruses are best treated before they become an epidemic. All these people who arrive on the Internet in an amorphous blob of stupidity see the way everybody talks and instantly start talking in the same manner. It's trendy. A simple solution would be to start murdering people who use Internet shorthand. It's never trendy to get murdered. Of course nobody is ever going to back up murdering people, so other, more drastic measures need to be enacted. It's just too bad there is nothing more drastic than murder, except for maybe a double or triple murder. I should really stop talking about murder and other

acts of wholesale violence now, or my upcoming court ordered visit with a psychiatrist is going to be super duper awkward.

This whole update is even more ironic when you take into consideration the fact that I, an illiterate Internet writer, am promoting proper writing technique. Sure, I've probably physically violated thousands with sentences that run on like a crazy uncle at a family reunion when somebody mentions the federal government, but even I can get behind a good cause. Let's cut this shit out, okay? Thnx. Lol, ill c u xool doodz later, im gonna go 2 play counter-strike wit OMG.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.3 Schroedinger's Cat: Dead, Alive, and Furniture

Thursday, Apr 03, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is not actually Link, but an uncanny impostor!

I regularly measure the interest of any front page update by the amount of email received the subsequent day. For example, if I write an article about Iraq and promptly accumulate 26 messages reading, "u fag, nobody wants to read about Iraq," I learn that the topic of war in Iraq doesn't particularly appeal to many readers at the current time. If I instead update the site with an essay detailing my intense hatred for Real Network's Real Player One software which was spawned from Satan's bulbous, rancid crotch, and the following day I find myself deluged with "u fag, nobody wants to read about Iraq" emails, I learn that I am, in fact, a fag of some sort. Now while this feedback doesn't normally affect me, as I'm comfortable enough with my sexuality to ignore the correlation between Iraq and the urge to lodge a man's penis in my throat, it does indicate what readers enjoy seeing on this website. I recently spent roughly $15,000 to hire an independent contracting firm which specializes in data analysis so they could take all my incoming email, sort them out, and reveal what subjects interest you, the reader. After weeks of "analyzing the fuck" out of my data, this company provided me with the following useful list which details the top 10 most popular subjects according to my reader-submitted email feedback:

> 1) Vague, incomprehensible instructions detailing the complex procedure to make my penis magically grow much larger than its current size. I believe the process involves smoke and mirrors and surgically grafting somebody else's dick onto my crotch.
>
> 2) Vague, incomprehensible instructions detailing how I can "work at home and become my own boss" simply by sending out approximately 19 hundred million billion unsolicited letters which explain to people that they too may become their own bosses if they were to simply send out 19 hundred million billion unsolicited letters. This would create a world full of bosses, and I don't think I feel comfortable with that, as mini-bosses are difficult enough to beat in this day and age.
>
> 3) Warnings about how my computer's "data" (I think that means "pornography") currently resides in a high state of risk, as hackers and robots and cyborgs and mutant spiders from the future possess the power to somehow physically steal my entire computer over the Internet. The only way to secure my "data" (I think that means "Bewitched fan fiction") involves purchasing a suite of software programmed by such industry experts as "JimSoft" and "GlobalMegaUltraSuperCool Inc. Software Inc."
>
> 4) Mortgage rates have hit rock bottom and currently float somewhere between 0.00003% and -192%. If I fail to purchase a house by seeking financing through my close pals at x83sfsd92m@hotmail.com, then my future will consist of a distinct lack of homes and I'll undoubtedly contract some rare form of ass cancer.
>
> 5) A frequent amount of "hot action" occurs between a mother and her daughter, and this "hot action" demands my immediate attention and credit card subscription. I honestly don't have any idea what they refer to here, but I can only assume I'd be paying $19.95 a month for images of a mother and daughter baking brownies or maybe cleaning their closets. If I fantasize enough, perhaps I could imagine they're cleaning MY closets! Now that's hot, especially because I have a garbage bag full of machine gun bullets in my bedroom closet!
>
> 6) Any prescription narcotic, ranging from Valium to that one drug which caused all babies born in the 1970s to come equipped with a bonus set of 13 additional arms, can

I'm fairly sure this is illegal.

be purchased by simply mailing my credit card details to a company residing on some small, possibly radioactive island with a name like "Gynfiztarmaria."

7) If I fail to purchase a truck palette full of printer toner cartridges, my apartment could possibly explode in a fiery inferno of doom, my parents will disown me, and the NSA will arrest me for breaking some highly crucial Homeland Security law like "taking a really long shower and thereby allowing terrorists an opportunity to break into my apartment and set off a dirty bomb underneath my DSL modem."

8) I am a person of the homosexual persuasion.

9) "¿ÃÕ ÁÕ?Çç^{o}ä«µì E-commerce ?»ç^{1}¢Í§·èÒ^{1}?Í§." I have employed a nationally recognized team of scientists and homeless people claiming to be scientists so they may determine exactly what "¿ÃÕ ÁÕ?Çç^{o}ä«µì E-commerce ?»ç^{1}¢Í§·èÒ^{1}?Í§" means and why I receive this important message on an hourly basis. So far the results have been inconclusive, although one of the homeless people submitted a report which read, "ebb the FUCKING PONY" and had the word "GOVERNMENT" scratched out with somebody's blood.

10) The only interesting I've ever written in the entire history of the universe has been about my cats.

Cat is clearly "furniture."

These conclusive results have proven many things to me, mostly that the concept of paying people to analyze my email falls into the category of "a bad idea." However, these intellectuals and unshaven louts who used my carpet to wipe the soot off certain unmentionable parts of their body have proven to me something that I already suspected: my cats are the only things in my life anybody in this plane of existence cares about. Each and every time I detail the adventures of "Cat" and "Stupid," I am deluged with up to three emails exclaiming "your cat article was the funniest thing you've ever written," "I loved your cat update," and "y do u write about ur cats u fag?" This type of positive reinforcement leads me to believe that, in addition to my sexual orientation leaning towards the homosexual persuasion, Something Awful attracts a large amount of cat owners. Now before I truly dive into the rancid heart of today's update, I would like to state the following theory I devised after drinking a large amount of gin from a Citgo mug which featured a colorful image of highly Japanese baseball player Ichiro Suzuki: **cats exist in an Aristotelian state of either "alive" or "furniture."**

Anybody who has failed out of a rudimentary science class knows about the tall tale of Schroedinger's Cat. For those of you not familiar with this scientific study, let me provide a brief overview. On June 7 of 1935, Erwin Schroedinger devised one of history's most puzzling paradoxes, ranking right up there with how John Kruk has so far failed to devour the entire planet Earth. His theory, in short form, challenged my aforementioned Aristotelian logic by placing a cat inside a box. The interior of

this box contained a poison pellet (radioactive isotope) which had a 50% chance of breaking and, therefore, killing the cat or at least giving it incredible superpowers which it would then use to solve major metropolitan crimes. If the cat occupies the enclosed box with the poison pellet, and outside observers lack any way to determine if the pellet has exploded, does the cat occupy the "alive" or "dead" state? Fortunately, I can easily solve this problem, and if some famous scientist fag would've bothered messaging me, then I could've explained it to him and I would have an article published in *Scientific Smarty Pants American Webmaster* magazine. **Schroedinger's Cat, while inside the box o' death, occupies the "furniture" state of being.**

Stupid is clearly "alive."

When you first purchase a young cat (known as "a kitten" to scientists and spacemen), it is obviously "alive." If you fail to staple its paws to the carpet, the kitten will run around like an idiot and engage in various kitten-like activities, such as jumping into walls, staring at invisible entities floating around your head, and eating threatening enemies such as plastic candy bar wrappers and pens. When you attempt to sleep at 3:00 AM, the kitten will invariably express the fact that it is "alive" by producing a series of sounds that resemble an adult weasel being slowly crushed inside a trash compactor. When you wake up, the kitten will show you how "alive" it is by staring coldly into your eyes and attempting to steal your soul, possibly by using ancient Indian magic or mitosis. When you try to work or relax, the kitten will demonstrate that it is still "alive" by chewing on electrical cables and spending roughly six consecutive hours moving all the cat litter in its box from one side to the other, then moving it all back to the position it originally occupied. Kittens find these types of activities very fun and amusing, mostly because they have the IQ of a trombone. However, kittens undergo a transformation sometime in their lives when they metamorphosize from "alive" to "furniture." For the sake of simplicity, I will include the state of "dead" under "furniture," as I am fairly sure most of the furniture I've seen in my lifetime has been dead, except at that one weird fetish party I attended in college where I blacked out for seven hours and woke up in the back of a pickup truck the following morning.

Like any good scientist or auto mechanic, allow me to provide some experimental proof to support my ascertainment. Three years ago or so, in the year 1986 I believe, I purchased a cat (whom I named "Cat") from the animal shelter. He enjoyed running around, occasionally into the window, and generally acting as if his blood has been replaced with a mixture of lava and gasoline. He was very much "alive" and expressed this by doing things like jumping on my lap and then digging his claws into my thighs to indicate he had grown tired of resting on my lap. He stayed "alive" for a few years, but one night he suddenly experienced a change in state and turned into "furniture." From that point on, his primary goals included sleeping, sleeping on top of a box, sleeping under a bed, sleeping near a box besides the bed, and shitting. As you can tell, this state of being differs from the previous "alive" status. In theory, I could place Cat on top of the television set and he hypothetically would fail to move for at least one decade. The only ways to physically move Cat from one location to another is by either employing a complex series of levers and pulleys or lighting a garbage bag on fire and chasing him while screaming like an Asian rape victim.

To make up for Cat's change into furniture, I purchased a fresh, new kitten about a year ago which I named "Stupid" on account that he's very stupid. Stupid likes to eat cardboard. Stupid enjoys staring at the walls for six minutes, then suddenly deciding to run in a random direction at 130 miles an hour. Stupid provides me with regular updates confirming he is "alive" every 10 seconds by making horrid, high-pitched screeching sounds. In summary, Stupid is stupid. However, as mentally deficient as Stupid may be, he can still be considered "alive" in just about every sense of the word. He has not yet made the stunningly horrible transformation from "alive" to "furniture" yet, and for this I thank whatever masochistic, bearded white god that placed me on this Earth.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE!!!

Another interesting aspect of my two cats involve when one in the "alive" state interacts with one in the "furniture" state. During this event, the cat who previously occupied the "furniture" state temporarily becomes "alive" until the interaction between the two ends. I'm not exactly sure how this happens, but I assume the "alive" cat passes its kinetic energy into the "furniture" cat, thereby activating its internal "alive" state which had previously been dormant. Either that or witchcraft, you make the call. For example, as I attempted to write the article you're currently reading, I noticed Cat lying next to a cardboard box, obviously in a deep "furniture" state. Stupid noticed this as well, and his miniscule brain (which is powered by AM radio waves) commanded him to immediately charge towards Cat and create an impact similar to a tanker trailer plowing into a one-armed cyclist with Down's Syndrome. The energy from Stupid passed directly into Cat, causing him to jump up and knock over the stack of nearby DAT tapes. This unexpected noise startled both cats, now in the "alive" state, and resulted in them fleeing from the room at supersonic speeds. I do not currently know where they are now, but judging by the velocity at which they ran, I'm estimating they're somewhere in the Pacific Ocean.

In summary, I am not quite sure why all the important scientist people forgot to IM me when attempting to solve the paradox of Schroedinger's cat. I mean, come on guys, my email address is written all over this goddamn page, if you wanted some answers then all you had to do was drop me a message with the subject line of "yo, how do u solve schro's cat prblm? ;-)" and I would've probably replied with a succinct and grammatically incorrect response which additionally involved referring to you as a "fag." Cats occupy one of either two states, "alive" and "furniture" throughout both their lives and subsequent deaths. If a cat does not show signs of being "alive," then we can safely assume they have reverted to their natural "furniture" status. With this in mind, I can safely say that when Erwin Schroedinger placed his cat inside a box with radioactive isotopes and poison gas pellets in 1935, the cat successfully transformed from "alive" to "furniture." Also, Schroedinger probably got in trouble with his wife for murdering their pet. I wonder how the conversation at dinner went that night.

> **MRS. SCHROEDINGER:** "How was work today, dear?"
> **MR. SCHROEDINGER:** "Great! I sent a letter to Albert Einstein! The letter only cost .0004 cents to mail because this is 1935 and I think we're in the Great Depression or maybe World War I!"
> **MRS. SCHROEDINGER:** "I'd better set up a speakeasy in the basement so us flappers can do the Charleston!"
> **MR. SCHROEDINGER:** "No, I think that was the 1920's, not the 30's."
> **MRS. SCHROEDINGER:** "Oops, my mistake."
> **MR. SCHROEDINGER:** "Oh yeah, also I put our cat inside a box with radioactive isotopes and poison gas pellets. You know, for science. It's dead now, but hey, for a while there we didn't really know how it would turn out!"
> **MRS. SCHROEDINGER:** "I'm filing for a divorce."
> **MR. SCHROEDINGER:** "Good, now I can finally work at home and become my own boss because mortgage rates are so low."

Oh yeah, and there's a war in Iraq too.

◘ Holy Shit: New Hentai Review!

Zack "Lowtax Lite" Parsons here with a return to the ramparts. Instead of hot oil I bring you the

amazingly good hentai game "Do You Like Horny Bunnies?", or as I like to call it; "Beat Off On Faces: The Amazing Journey Through Time and Space".

> *It is a touching tale for all of those of us who have gone through the same period in our life of growing from boyhood to manhood in a magical sexy restaurant with our hot teenage cousin who has a spermtooth and a penchant for public nudity. But more than anything this is a story about a rite of passage. The journey to adulthood for us all truly is fraught with gender misjudgments and young blue-haired girls that moan for you to beat off onto their face while they sit on a toilet.*

Go read it now! I didn't play through all this beating off for my own entertainment!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.4 Unlocking the Bible Code

Thursday, Apr 03, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The end is coming and it won't be sprite based.

The steel shod fist of the United States penetrates the borders of the East. The nations of the desert rise up in opposition and the world is consumed by global conflict. The earth cracks open and dragons emerge, the dead walk the land, and the sky turns to levitating blood. Abaddon, doomsday, Armageddon, whatever you want to call it baby it's the end of the world as we know it. Or so say many of the more melodramatic biblical numerologists. They believe that contained within the bible are a number of a numeric patterns. Some are as simple and straightforward as the assigning of numbers to man, god, and devil, but the numerologists believe that these numbers are part of a complex scheme of numeric code contained within the bible. I don't know anything about the organization CARM, but their web site has a pretty decent overview of what a lot of Biblical Numerologists take as indicators of the importance of numbers in the Bible.

Being a generally inquisitive person who also considers it a duty of his job as a Something Awful staff member to explore completely crazy and fringe shit I took to investigating the facts on Biblical Numerology. A lot of this stuff seems to be grist for the mills of crackpots and firebrands who will use even the flimsiest of portents about the end of the world to engage in ten hour long AM radio broadcasts about giant hell chickens eating Washington D.C. Knowing this I approached the subject with more than a little cynicism.

Now that I have completed my research on the subject I can honestly say that I have been transformed into a diehard believer of Biblical Numerology. There are just too many numeric references in the Bible to think that there wasn't some underlying code. Not only that, this code exists as a sort of subliminal warning or prophecy of things to come. Since all Biblical prophesies inevitably refer to "RIGHT NOW" I would like to provide you with an example of a decoded verse from the Bible, the prophesies made, and how these prophesies can be unerringly correct and almost frighteningly accurate.

The Unholy Burgers of Colossians Verse: Colossians 3

Sign 1: Transvestite clowns swallowing spoons.

Put to death, therefore, whatever belongs to your earthly nature: sexual immorality, impurity, lust, evil desires and greed, which is idolatry. Because of these, the wrath of God is coming. You used to walk in these ways, in the life you once lived. But now you must rid yourselves of all such things as these:

> *anger, rage, malice, slander, and filthy language from your lips. Do not lie to each other, since you have taken off your old self with its practices and have put on the new self, which is being renewed in knowledge in the image of its Creator. Here there is no Greek or Jew, circumcised or uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave or free, but Christ is all, and is in all.*

Decoded Prophecy: The fatted calf shall be butchered and rendered unto the manifold mouth of the West. One voice will rise from this mass and it will be the voice of mother for child and will be struck down by the unrighteous.

The Reality: A woman tried to sue McDonalds because her kid crammed thousands of burgers down his/her gullet and bloated up. The judge dismissed the case.

There are dozens of prophecies like this that have already come to pass. Like mile markers disappearing in the rearview mirror all of these prophecies being realized suggest that we are approaching our destination. Next stop; ruination and destruction! The Biblical numerologists won't hesitate to point out a number of prophecies that indicate we may be only weeks away from the dissolution of this world. In fact there are three prophecies which the numerologists believe are very near to being made real. They are referred to as "The Triumvirate of Annihilation". I have collected these three prophesies and will do my utmost to explain them to you here.

The Sweetened Sea of John Verse: John 12

UNICORNS ARE COMING!

> *But one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, who was later to betray him, objected, "Why wasn't this perfume sold and the money given to the poor? It was worth a year's wages." He did not say this because he cared about the poor but because he was a thief; as keeper of the money bag, he used to help himself to what was put into it.*

Decoded Prophecy: The hammock herders shall go down from the mountain of pudding and dance in the square thrice daily for the ungod. The earth will quake and crumble and the mountains will be swallowed up by the sea. A delicious sea. One made entirely of pudding with a graham cracker crust likened unto thine jello bake-emancipated cheesecake. And a crimson mist will cover up the moon and it will smell very slightly of cinnamon but it will cause increased allergic reactions throughout the cities of man.

Practical Prophecy: Many Biblical numerologists believe that this particular passage is a warning of man's hubris. It prophesizes a "delicious sea" and what seems to be a man-made "crimson mist". Of course these are symbolic of what will actually happen, but they are also almost always specific enough that it would have a literal analog as well. The popular theory regarding these mysterious details is that there will be a trio of terrorist attacks occurring simultaneously. The first will hit us in our nation's

breadbasket, namely our mountain ranges, and massive explosions will cause them to sink into the ocean. Just as the mountains begin sinking into the ocean a number of sugar and corn syrup laden freighters will be scuttled with explosives. The final strike will hit the main distribution center of Cinnabon, sending great plumes of cinnamon roll laden ash and debris into the sky.

The Dance Fever of Malachi

Verse: Malachi 3

> *"See, I will send my messenger, who will prepare the way before me. Then suddenly the Lord you are seeking will come to his temple; the messenger of the covenant, whom you desire, will come," says the LORD Almighty.*

Decoded Prophecy: Man and beast alike will succumb to a violent twitching of the flesh and man will know man and woman will know woman and then a little bit later they shall all gather and know beasts. From the east will come a man clad in the symbols of danger and the trappings of a wizard. He will lead those sinners so afflicted into the mouths of caves from which they shall never return.

Practical Prophecy: Numerologists believe this to be an invitation to a rave party after which everyone will go back to Satan's apartment to burn for all of time.

The Serpent of Revelations

WINDMILLS ARE COMING!!

Verse: Revelations 12

> *A great and wondrous sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet and a crown of twelve stars on her head. She was pregnant and cried out in pain as she was about to give birth. Then another sign appeared in heaven: an enormous red dragon with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns on his heads. 4His tail swept a third of the stars out of the sky and flung them to the earth. The dragon stood in front of the woman who was about to give birth, so that he might devour her child the moment it was born. She gave birth to a son, a male child, who will rule all the nations with an iron scepter. And her child was snatched up to God and to his throne. 6The woman fled into the desert to a place prepared for her by God, where she might be taken care of for 1,260 days.*

Decoded Prophecy: From the boiling seas shall rise a serpent of a size no less than 100 by 100 stones and with a glittering face made of smaller faces. This figure is in reference to its length and height as prophecies do not contain enough accuracy to measure diameter of objects and serpents. There will be a sound not unlike the crackle of a great storm and fire-shrouded skulls will emerge from the mouth of the serpent to sow slaughter throughout the world.

> **Practical Prophecy:** This prophecy is pretty much dead on, making it fairly easy to derive a practical prophecy. Perhaps angered by the sweetener dumped into the sea by the surface dwellers, a giant serpent will rise out of the ocean. You might think the parts about it shooting flaming skulls out of its mouth and having a face made of smaller faces are symbolic. They aren't. Scientists and theologians believe that there is a beast dwelling in the impenetrable depths of the ocean which swallows entire whales, digests them, and then regurgitates their skeletons burning with a greenish flame from some strange glandular process. This beast is known as "The Ungod" or to friends "Rick".

I get on my knees every day now and pray to the powers of the holy ghost of Mexican wrestler El Santo to protect us from these dark tidings. Should the great El Santo's power prove inadequate to hold the forces of evil at bay I have a cellar full of Twinkies and Swedish Fish to retire to. I suggest you do the same so that when the fires of apocalypse wash over us we can all emerge from our cellars together and form a new society that uses an economy based on Swedish Fish. We will also drive cars powered by human corpses, but that's for another article I've been working on.

The Ad Wizards of Oz

Hello my Internet constituents, it is I, Josh "Largestick" Boruff, offering you the exciting and palpable news of a new Photoshop Phriday now available in virtually all consumer markets. Thanks to the miracle of massive slave labor sweatshops we are able to introduce dozens of comical images at zero cost, ensuring our stocks are worth more than a sexy penny. This week's picture supply comes straight from a crate marked "Magazine Ads 2", and boy was it packed with goodies.

Please schedule time to review this new shipment at your earliest convenience.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Which player is making a tactical error?
You've fought BATTLEZONE™ tanks, flying saucers and fighters in the arcade. Now it's time to protect the home front. Because Atari's BATTLEZONE is now prepared to wage war right in your own living room.
The player on the right will most likely fail in his mission. He should've hit the fighter first. Even though it is worth 2,000 points less than the flying saucer, it is far more dangerous. It can destroy. The saucer can't.
There's another way you can rack up extra points, and you don't even have to fire a shot. By moving your tank to one side, you can often have one enemy ...into another's line of fire.
Surviving BATTLEZONE is no easy mission. If you've up for it, climb into your troop transport and make tracks to the nearest store that stocks Atari games.
Only Atari makes BATTLEZONE for the ATARI® 2600™ Game, Sears Video Arcade® system, and a version exclusively for the ATARI 5200™ Supersystem.
ATARI
www.somethingawful.com

4.5 Daddy Needs a New Pair of Shoes

Friday, Apr 04, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Well, hello there online friends. It seems that your old buddy Frolixo is in a bit of a pickle. You see, the tattered remnants of my old shoes are hanging off my feet bearing no resemblance to their prior form. In other words, I need new shoes badly. While most would think this is a trivial matter, hardly worth the time for an update, I must beg to differ. Not only is this an issue that I hold in the highest regard, I feel that protecting ones feet against the elements is of the utmost importance in maintaining a healthy body and soul. I would even be so bold as to suggest that this is the most important piece of clothing one can adorn themselves with. Most quality shoes will protect your soft feet from rusty nails, grease fires, and those cool spice worms from Dune. Fashion is also paramount when making a shoe choice. Most people see the shoes you wear as a reflection of who you really are as a person. Before I date any women, I make sure I inspect her shoes thoroughly. (I haven't had a date in three years, sadly). I feel that in this day and age of computers and robots, shoes and foot care is being ignored. Few people realize that without our feet, it's rather difficult to get around. Sure, there are always wheelchairs, but who wants to roll around in a metal contraption giving speeches on "never giving up your dreams"? Superman, that's who.

Frolixo's Fun Feet Fact: Christopher Reeves didn't wear shoes when riding his horse.

Regarding my 6th toes.

Let me go into the details of my feet before we get to the matter of shoes. I'm not sure how I got the 6th toes, but I can only guess that it was some kind of mummy's curse that was inflicted upon my parents during their grave robbing days. I remember my parents constantly fighting over me, my father screaming "it must go down the well!" while my mother cried, hiding me underneath mounds of hay in the barn when he was drinking and really revved up to go through with this "well" plan of his. It was a constant battle to hide my deformity from other children growing up. While the other kids would frolic and play barefoot, I would keep my feet in boxes, claiming that I was allergic to grass. Soon, I was known as "boxfoot the smelly", and many a stone was cast at my head. Thankfully my sixth toe made it easier for me to climb trees, and it's within the refuge of wood and leaf that I spent most of my early years, high above the miniature mob clamoring for my demise. It didn't get easier in high school. When it came time for the first day of swim class, I painted my extra toes black saying that they were leeches, and proclaiming that the pool must be swarming with them. This caused the school to shut down the pool for the year and my secret was safe, but for how long?

Frolixo's Fun Feet Fact: If you want to get out of swim class, fill the pool with leeches or human waste.

Only small hands can create such craftsmanship.

Don't let their age fool you - these kids are great at making shoes!

Because of the delicacy of my deformed feet, it's vital that I encase them in only the finest of material. I'm a very picky consumer, and if I'm going to hand over my hard earned money for a piece of merchandise, I make sure it's of the highest quality and caliber. Only the small hands of an imprisoned child in a third world country can do it properly. While machines in the US can produce footwear 20 times faster, they simply lack the care and warmth of a child-produced shoe. When you put one of these shoes on your feet, you can feel each stitch held tightly in place, as if miniature tormented fingers were tugging on them that second. The exterior leather, softened by tiny, sweet tears, yield to the mold of the wearer's foot, making for a relaxing fit even for people like me. Yes, I refuse to buy a pair of shoes unless I am guaranteed that a sufficient amount of suffering goes into them. Child labor, just do it.

Frolixo's Fun Feet Fact: Kathy Lee was right, the cries of a tortured child does in fact improve overall quality.

Shopping for shoes.

Now that I know what kind of shoe I have in mind, it's time to do the hard part of shopping for shoes: leaving the house. Don't get me wrong; I'm all for getting out of my ill-lit, unpleasantly fragrant apartment, but going to the mall can be a royal pain. First of all, I have to find a jump for my stupid 1987 Ford Escort, or just "borrow" a neighbor's car again. The mall parking lot is always a nightmare. Poofy haired women in minivans with soccer stickers on their bumpers cut through the middle of the lot at insane speeds with no regard for other human life forms. Once I walk the 5 miles from the parking space to the mall entrance, I'm greeted by large orgreish security guards who try to kick me out for not wearing shoes. Once I escape the guards and swing over the crocodile pits, I finally get to the shoe store.

Once inside, the smell of vulcanized rubber, dirty socks, and great prices hits me. I'm always taken aback by the dazzling assortment of shoes that I can try at my leisure. I usually spend from 4-6 hours browsing the choices. The employees of the store always groan when I enter, but this is to be expected since I make them do a fair amount of work. As I stated before, I take my feet very seriously, and will not clad them in anything less than the finest child-made material. If the employees call the security guard to remove you forcibly because they tire of your barking commands and stories about your pig, it is a good time to leave. If you choose to run into the back stockroom, climb the highest rafter, and rain shoes down upon the ape like guards, it is only delaying the inevitable. Here are a few shoe shopping tips to keep in mind:

- The customer is always right! Don't let the police tell you any different.
- Although bartering works in most Middle Eastern markets, it tends to get the manager of the shoe store extremely irate.

- Try on each pair of shoes and run 20 laps around the mall to check for durability.
- We have a saying in the shoe shopping business: "If you get a blister, take it back mister!"
- Don't eat any display shoes. I can't stress this enough.
- Be careful of pretzel kiosks. Like a siren's call, they will lure you from your mission, and you will end up racking up your credit card with armloads of tasty pretzel goods.
- "Stress test" your potential purchase by setting them on fire and hurling them down a flight of stairs.
- Trust no one.

Frolixo's Fun Feet Fact: Ben "Greasnin" Platt is the unfunniest man alive and has ugly feet.

Lace and Rubber, a lesson in love.

This is a true story about my last shoe shopping experience. A few years ago, I went to the mall to get a new pair of shoes since the current ones just consisted of slabs of rubber strapped to my feet. I went into Famous Footwear. It's my store of choice since I keep hoping to see somebody famous like Jack Nicholson, and ask him to re-enact the nostril splitting scene from "Chinatown". No famous people were present this day, but the saleswoman who approached me looked like she could be. Her nametag said, "Candy". She had a hot little body, strawberry blonde hair, full red lips, and a fantastic rack. I smiled coyly, trying to hide the activity stirring in my pants. She sat me down on a wooden bench and knelt down to measure my foot. As she bent over, I could see down her shirt and gazed at her tantalizing breasts. She glanced up and caught me, making my face turn bright crimson. Candy just smiled devilishly, putting a shoe on my foot, and started to lace it up. One by one, she put the hard, firm lace tip into the hole, threading it through with a sensual ferocity of an Amazon sex goddess. She looked up into my eyes with carnal lust, whispering in a sultry voice, "Let's go in the back". I followed Candy's tight buttocks into the back stockroom of Famous Footwear, ready for the most intense sexual experience of my life. It turned out she had a penis.

Frolixo's Fun Feet Fact: All female workers at shoe stores are really shemales.

Do shoes have a soul?

Some say the Shoe Balloon is the last thing you see before you die.

Excuse the pun. It's really horrible, and I apologize profusely. But seriously, do you think that after you throw them in the trash and they get chewed on by a husky raccoon, they go to a "shoe heaven" to frolic all day on smooth blacktop, or a "shoe hell" that looks and smells like a damp closet if they happened to be a naughty shoe? I brought up this debate in my Religion class at my community college. The teacher failed me, so this question still haunts me. I've lain in bed for countless hours pondering it, sometimes even roaming the nights to ask strangers walking in the park. Most people are stupid and don't have the mental capacity to grasp such a concept and run away. If it is a young woman, they sometimes answer by shooting a healthy dose of mace into my eyes, or kicking me in the balls. What I really hate is

when they start screaming. When they start screaming, I lose all focus of the shoe question and get very, very violent. So, E-mail me what you think the answer is and I'll probably read them to my Dad. He's in a coma, but likes to be read to. Also, can shoes speak in tongues? Really?

Frolixo's Fun Feet Fact: Did you know that with a simple shoelace you can strangle a petite female or full grown child with only 25lbs of tugging force? They still have not found out who the "Shoelace Killer" is.

I found the perfect shoes.

After a week of shopping, and over 35 hours of trying on shoes at local Metro-Detroit area Famous Footwears, I have found the perfect shoes. Oddly enough, they were in the bargain bin for only $12.99. Ladies and gentleman, I present to you "Futurebootz 2000":

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.6 Fair Game, Pt. 2

Sunday, Apr 06, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Last week, our intrepid hero (me) and his three pretty-intrepid-but-not-quite-as-intrepid-as-me companions (Thomas, Alan, and Sam) learned of the existence of an utterly pointless carnival from a grizzled carny. In exchange for the information, the four friends had to promise to play the carny's game that night. After getting lost in a cemetery and nearly splattered by a succession of cars, the four finally arrived at the carnival. They battled the forces of villainy in the form of two seven year old kids in bumper cars. Later, Sam failed so miserably at a feat of strength that the carny in charge entrusted her with a powerful weapon that could increase the might of any little sissy girl that wielded it - a gigantic pink inflatable hammer with "Girl Power" written in flowers all over it. The Hammer of Feminine Fury in hand, the group moved on to face their next challenge. We rejoin them now outside the infamous Gravitron.

7:50 - The Gravitron, pt. 1. Amount in wallet - $5.00

This ride rocks.

Our actual destination before we were sucked into the carnie's vortex was the Gravitron. The Gravitron is pretty standard carnival fare, but for those of you who aren't familiar with its design, you get inside this large chamber that looks like some sort of flying saucer from the exterior. Inside, the walls are lined with pads at a slight angle. Each person leans up against a pad. There are no restraints and nothing to hold on to. The door closes and the room starts spinning. Once it gets up to a decent speed, you are firmly pressed to the pad behind you by way of centripetal force. or possibly centrifugal force. I don't know the difference, and I'm stating right now that I will never care about the difference, even if one of the two forces should kill my family and I had to seek bloody vengeance, so all of you science nerds can stop writing your angry emails. Once the nameless force has you anchored in place, the floor drops out from underneath you. Then it's just you and your pad. For additional kicks, the whole chamber goes on a tilt, so that you are actually being flung up into the air and yanked back down again. You might slide up and down your individual pad a little bit, but otherwise you're not going much of anywhere. Eventually the ride rights itself and everyone gets off a little dizzy, but grinning like idiots. It's all good fun.

Sam and Alan didn't feel up to a fast spinning ride just yet, so Thomas and I went on alone. It was just the two of us and three little kids on the opposite side of the chamber. We had to wait for a while, and the kids had evidently been there for quite some time already. It was easy to see that the people running the contraption didn't care in the least, but that didn't bother us. We were entertained by one of the operators' ability to actually walk along the padded walls while the Gravitron was spinning by holding on to a metal ring along the ceiling, and that's what really mattered. Meanwhile, Alan and Sam were entranced by the wondrous power of the Pink Hammer of Power. Sam tried to coerce Alan into hitting passers-by with the Hammer by promising money and sexual favors, but try though he might, Alan could not wield it. The Hammer said "Girl Power," and only a girl could unleash its might. Sam took it upon herself to smack a giant inflatable bat that someone had won at one of the games as it was being carried past. It's owner, reportedly a little boy, learned the superiority of hammers to bats that day, let me tell you! I only actually learned of these events when Thomas and I finally emerged from the Gravitron. Inspired by the Hammer's incredibly strength, true aim, and annoying squeak, Alan and Sam were finally ready to tackle a moderate spinning ride - the Tilt-a-Whirl.

■ **8:05 - The Tilt-a-Whirl. Amount in wallet - $5.00**

It was a Tilt-a-Whirl.

It's a Tilt-a-Whirl. Get over it.

■ **8:10 - The Flying Dutchman (including the Saga of the Hammer, pt. 2). Amount in wallet - $5.00**

In all honesty, I have no idea what the actual name of this ride was, but I'm calling it the Flying Dutchman because it sounds sort of dramatic. At least, it does if you understand the reference. Jesus, get some culture. The ride consisted of a long, two-tiered bench. Each seat has a massive harness that comes down over the person's shoulders. The bench is attached to a gigantic arm. When the ride begins, the bench flies in tremendous clockwise arcs, then counter-clockwise. At the highest point, you can see over the entire carnival. The drop on the way down is exhilarating, to say the least.

The four of us sat in the front row. The attendant came by and checked our harnesses, which actually had an unnerving amount of give to them. He had already passed us by when Sam remembered the Hammer. She was still holding it. She couldn't possibly keep it with her on the ride - it would go flying - so she passed it down to me to see if I could get it to a safer location. Using the full depth of my tactical skill, I launched that thing like a javelin. It overshot any sort of safe location by several feet and landed on the ground a good ways away from the ride. I would have smacked myself, but the harness made it impossible for me to reach my own face. Sam was not happy with me in the least. I swore an oath that the Hammer would be return to her hands. We all spent the next few minutes shouting at anyone who came near it. One girl almost took it, but we scared her off. A teenage boy stepped on it as he was walking. We heard its squeak from where we were sitting. We were helpless to do anything but watch as the Hammer was trampled by the masses. As the ride began, three obese black girls waddled toward the Hammer. We were too high in the air for her to hear our angry cries as one of them bent over to pick it up. Fortunately, the giant tub of partially digested cheese substitute she called a stomach prevented her from bending down far enough to get her butter-bloated fingers on the Hammer, and she left it there.

Up and down we went, keeping an ever-wary eye on the Hammer. Midway through the ride, a pack of pasty white teenage boys in hooded sweatshirts approached the hammer. One of them took it and kept on walking. We screamed until our throats were raw, but the little bastard didn't even look in our direction. He thought the Hammer was his to keep. But the Hammer betrayed the boy. It's neon pink coloring stood out brilliantly against the boy's black sweatshirt and acted as a beacon. When the ride took us high enough, we could spot him moving through the crowd. Before the ride was over, though, I lost sight of him. Only Alan was able to spot him at such a great distance. The moment the ride ended, Alan broke into a run and Thomas, Sam, and I followed suit. We knew what we had to do. The Hammer had to be returned to it's rightful owner, who had in turn received it for failing so pathetically at the feat of strength. Our only consolation in those dark moments was that the Hammer flowed with Girl Power. The boy could carry it, but he could not use it. Alan had a hunter's eye, for he led us right to the culprit. Alan confronted the boy. The little punk knew he was caught and relinquished the Hammer without a struggle. Finally, Sam had her Hammer back. All was right again, at least for the moment.

■ **8:25 - The Drunken Juggler. Amount in wallet - $5.00**

Our egos swollen from our victory over the thief of the Hammer, we stopped for a while to watch a juggler. He was poorly shaven and wearing a jester's cap. His juggling was better than anything I could do (which is to say, nothing), but otherwise not particularly good. We were his only audience, so he argued that he actually was juggling pretty damn well for someone who was completely drunk.

We all had to agree on that point. For a drunk, he wasn't half bad. He told us that he didn't work at the carnival, but rather was a local Rainbow Hippie. He wasn't doing too hot with the "rainbow" part, as he was wearing nothing but black and white, including the jester's cap. As for the "hippie" part, that seemed to be a creative way of saying "bum." The Rainbow Hippie regaled us with tales of how he was "hassled" by "the fuzz" for trying to panhandle in town with his juggling act, even though all he was doing was trying to earn enough money to buy booze. In return, we told him the saga of the Hammer as if had unfolded thus far. Sam and Alan took turns embarrassing themselves trying to juggle, which really just affirmed that for a drunk, the Rainbow Hippie really *was* doing a good job. Soon, our new friend grew distracted as some cute underage girls walked by, so we took the opportunity to leave.

■ **8:45 - The Zipper. Amount in wallet - $5.00**

Ours wasn't slanted like that. Or pastel. Or safe.

We were low on ride tickets, so Alan bought some more. The question, though, was how to put them to use? The answer to that query came in the form of pain, A.K.A., the Zipper. I had never seen a ride like this before. A number of cars were attached to a tall central structure on a conveyor belt of sorts. The cars move up the belt facing outwards. As they get to the top, they flip over, and the momentum keeps the cars whipping end over end for an ungodly amount of time. Then the whole thing comes to a stop. After a moment, you go through it all again, but this time backwards. The cars themselves are incredibly cramped, but the attendant insists that two people go in every car. You end up smushed next to this other person in a sort of half-sitting, half-standing, yet not quite squatting position. Then a metal grill is closed on your face. The entire contraption is designed for the least possible comfort.

For years, I wouldn't go on any ride that went upside down. I had a strong working theory that one's butt should never be that far above one's head. It was a sound policy. It worked. Eventually I decided to drop that particular line from my code of personal conduct. Since that time, I've felt free to go on absolutely any ride that caught my eye, and I've always had a good time. The Zipper beat me mercilessly. Whatever bad things I've done in my life, this made up for it. Thomas and I shared a car, and we both agreed that getting on that ride was the stupidest thing we've ever done to ourselves. We spent the entire ride screaming our heads off, punctuated by moments of lucid, if pointless conversation.

Me: "AAAAARGH!"
Thomas: "GAAAAH!"
Me: "FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!"
Thomas: "WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO DESERVE THIS?"
Me: "THIS IS THE WORST PAIN EVER!"
Thomas: "SWEET JESUS, MAKE IT STOP!"
Me: "You know what show you don't hear people talk about much anymore? *Mr. Belvedere.*"
Thomas: "It really wasn't a very good show."
Me: "I know, but it's still a classic part of television history."
Thomas: "I actually remember the *Mr. Belvedere* theme song."
Me: "Wow, I wouldn't know the *Mr. Belvedere* theme song if I heard it. Unless it actually has the words 'Mr. Belvedere' in it."
Thomas: "Oh, it totally does."
Me: "No way!"
(A few seconds go by in silence.)
Me: "OH MY GOD, THIS IS AWFUL!"
Thomas: "WHY WON'T IT END? AAAAAAARRRRGH!"

Finally, the ride ended, which meant it was time for each car to be emptied one by one. Two people would get out, then the rest of the people would get jerked down a few feet so the next two people could get out and so on. When our car was opened, I was at last able to get my jacket off my head. During one of the moment of inversion, my leather jacket had somehow managed to slide up and over my head, smacking me in the tooth with one of its metal buttons in the process. Hooray for the Zipper. Throughout the ordeal, the Hammer was kept safe by the attendant, and we were able to retrieve it without trouble.

■ **9:00 - The Gravitron, pt. 2. Amount in wallet - $5.00**

It rocks this time, too.

With tickets running low, we decided to go for one more ride. After the Zipper, anything seemed safe and comforting. After some coercion to Sam and Alan (both of whom loved the Zipper, because they have some sort of serious mental problems), we all boarded the Gravitron. The same apathetic attendants were running it. They didn't even try to stop us from bringing the Hammer on board, even though it could have become quite unpleasant if it got loose. This time, the Gravitron was packed. We managed to find four spots together, but just barely. The ride went smoothly enough, except that Alan had some sort of problems. Once we were stuck to the walls, he became determined to prove that we could still move freely by sticking his legs straight out. Of course, they instantly went sideways, which was to be expected since we were, you know, spinning fast enough to defy the laws of gravity and all. That meant that I kept getting kicked. He tried to accomplish the same feat by sticking out the Hammer, but I think it was Thomas who mostly bore the brunt of that assault. It's just a good thing it was Alan holding the Hammer instead of Sam, or the intense Girl Power would have likely knocked a hole clean through the ride. It's kind of sad to think that all you have to do to enjoy the Gravitron is stand there and Alan somehow got that wrong, but no one was seriously injured, or if they were, it was probably from the Zipper in the first place.

I don't care if it's been beaten to death. Carnies are still terrifying, and I think that little girl would agree.

■ **9:10 - The Balloons and the Dog (including the Saga of the Hammer, pt. 3). Amount in wallet - $5.00**

Without enough tickets to go on any more rides and too poor to afford more, we decided to start to wrap up the evening. The thought of food crossed our minds. Greasy, fried, and ludicrously overpriced, carnival food had and continues to have a strange allure. While we contemplated whether to eat or just leave, we found ourselves ensnared in a trap. We had foolishly stopped to plan our next move well within the range of the games. The carnies stared at us with carnivorous eyes. Of all places, we were standing right in front of the game where you throw darts at balloons - the very game we had promised to play that afternoon. But that particular carny was nowhere in sight. We were safe! There was no one to hold us to our expensive promise! But in the end, our undoing was my fault. The carny recognized my clean-shaven head and got the drop on us. He knew he had us, so he took his time sauntering around the counter of his game. Alan laid down five dollars for three darts. He missed with one dart, but Sam popped balloons with the other two. The carny gave Sam a medium sized stuffed dog for her efforts. Then, for no apparent reason whatsoever, he proceeded to tell us the story of how he witnessed a grisly car accident that claimed several lives firsthand during the winter. Once we were sufficiently creeped out, he let us go.

We started to walk away, shaken by the gruesome story, when Sam suddenly noticed that the

Hammer was gone. She had left it at the game. When we turned around, it was missing. A woman held a pink hammer over her shoulder, but I could tell it wasn't ours. Alan spotted the real thing in the hands of a thin black girl of about fifteen years. I had doubts. We hadn't seen anyone actually take the Hammer, and for someone who had it in her hands for so little time, she didn't seem interested in it in the least. Sam and Alan knew the truth, though. Before I could say a word, they lunged toward the girl. I still don't know just what was said, and my view of the action was blocked by the crowd, but my friends returned a moment later with Hammer in hand.

■ **9:25 - Sustenance and Departure. Amount in wallet - $5.00**

Hot AND cold toppings? It doesn't get much better than that!

The carny's frightening story unnerved us too much to start walking home across the busy streets. We decided instead to treat ourselves to mankind's greatest culinary invention - fried dough. Alan and Sam split one, and Thomas and I split another. If there is a God, fried dough is his way of letting us know he exists. Even though the fried dough was more than enough, I couldn't resist the call of one more carnival confection. Thomas had paid for the fried dough, so I returned the favor by buying each of us a caramel apple. Loaded with food, we left the carnival grounds at last in search of a place to sit. That place ended up being the ground by a utility shed for a run down gas station. We ran into some trouble with the mechanics of the food itself. Sam and Alan had cinnamon and sugar on their fried dough, but Thomas and I had marinara sauce on ours, and caramel apples besides. The only napkins we had were the ones given to us; there were no dispensers. We had two napkins between the four of us. Needless to say, we were all disgusting by the time the food was gone. For the record, those were the worst caramel apples I've ever tasted. All the while, we were being watched from across the street by a group of high school kids. We feared for the safety of the Hammer, so we started to walk.

■ **9:45 - The Journey Ends (including the Bottlecap, pt. 2). Amount in wallet - friggin' bupkus**

The walk back started out at a brisk pace. It had gotten chilly, especially now that we were out of the crowd. The Hammer was entrusted to my care, although I didn't realize why at first. Then I noticed Alan and Sam lagging behind. They were kicking something. A bottlecap. No, it couldn't be the same bottlecap. I had purposely kicked that under the wheel of a van so it would be crushed when the van pulled away.... I mean, for safekeeping. No, they had managed to find a new bottlecap. However, they somehow managed to suck even more at kicking it on the way back than the did on the way there. They lost the cap after a few minutes, but it wasn't long before a new kickable object came along. A rock, an empty carton of cigarettes, and two random pieces of broken plastic (as well as one horrible rendition of "Stand By Me") later, we returned to our dorm. We were a little colder, a little wearier, and significantly lighter in the pockets, but happy.

The story ends there, my friends. As for the Pink Hammer of Feminine Fury and the dog, they are both safely in my room. The Hammer is basically an eyesore and I want it gone. As for the stuffed dog, it has had no real adventures as of yet. But who knows? It's springtime in New England, and anything can happen.

Meh, we'll probably just end up wrapping it in duct tape and punting it off the roof. We're college students. That's what we do.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.7 Lives In Baghdad!

Sunday, Apr 06, 2003 by El Pinto Grande

LIVE IN BUGDAD, YOURS TRULY REPORTINGS!

Hello friendly reader types, I am given towards filing this monuments report from a satellite phone in the parks in Baghdad from an Abraham tank. Yours Truly is apologizing for not talking lately but I have been very busy with being in bed as a journalist with the United States of America's 3rd Infantries. America is pushing into Baghdad right now as I am typing this although this is not the Televisions and the CNNs so you might not be reading it right as I am writing it. We are taking a break to get our bearings in the middle of Baghdad. Some facts I am giving you are:

FACT ONE: Yours Truly is in Baghdad

FACT TWO: Sadman might be dead. Or not, he might be alive, I am not knowing for certain.

FACT THREE:FACT FOUR.

FACT FIVE:I am not taking a shower in three weeks and I feel like unto there is a brick in my pants in the bad part where bricks are not to be going.

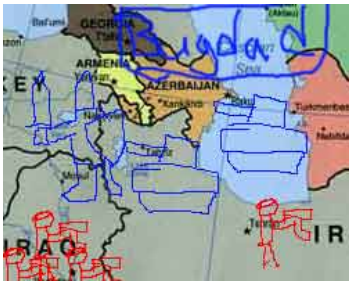
FACT SIX: Sadman Hunsane is a tag team partner with Bug Ox.

FACT SEVEN: Centurion Command is reports that we go anywhere to do whatever whenever.

FACT EIGHT:I am overhearing the guy from CNNs saying on the satellite phone he is having that the Pentagons told someone that we are not inside the Albert Sheed motel.

FACT NINE: This is just in! Tank shot at something.

This is news is just broken right now so it is "news in progress" that I am reporting on. I will try to stay on the lines as long as I can until the moon gets in the way of the satellite phone and I am "oh no" and it break up again.



MAPS.

Earlier today at 10:00 PM Tijuana time we are driving from the airports recently renamed Baghdad International Airports with a number of the tanks and the smaller tanks that the soldier types come out of. There is light resistance, I saw some mines and some houses and there was a bush on fire and a dog is made to run across the street when is startling explosions nearby. Huge explosions rocking the Baghdads from jets also. I saw some robot airplanes in the sky and I am waving to them from the tank and the soldier is grabbing me by cape and saying "get down are you wanting to get us all killed you idiot who is also best wrestler in history of Mexican wrestling?!" Then they are shutting lid of tank and I just hear the tank sounds being for a while and then they are saying "okay wrestling and sensations reporter on the move El Pinto Grande, your skills are proven and known throughout the lands so we are opening the hutch and letting you out."

There is an oil trench on fire which I am not given to known if it is being set by Iroquois Republicans or if it is bullets hitting it that start the fires. I saw some guys making to do the running around behind walls and the likes but I am not to be positive that they are Iroquois or Americans. Maybe the British are here and I am not being told? Could be! Their costumes were strange and reminded me of the British wrestling type Lord Turnbuckle of Standing Sidekickshire. But I am thinking that Bradley's fighting vehicle was shooting at the soldiers with this and I am thinking I saw a rocket propeller grenade shot at tank.

Okay, I am made to overhear to the CNNs guy who is having a monitors set up and he is seeing that ministers of informations Mohamamar Mohamma, Mohamma, he is being the guy in the soldier uniform and the black hat and is always talking about Iraqs. He is talking about battles that are going on and he is saying "okay, America is being to slaughter and we are giving them the shivers in their huts and they are taking with them explosions and graves." Some of the soldiers are laughing and I am thinking this is funny too because he is reminding me of Bug Queen, manager of Bug Ox who is coming to rings in low cut dress and she is very pretty and she is saying "Bug Ox is being to undefeated and he is crushing all opponents". Let me tell you friendly reader types that any who is given to know the animals of history and Bug Ox's place in them he is a loser and the cowards. He is made to wrestle napping toddler and he is getting pinned by misplaced rattle and blocks with the letters on them.

DATA PICTURE.

Okay! A-1 Tank Killer is flying overhead. A little bit of info about this is amazing aircraft. It is more than ten feet long and has two engine pods on it. It has a very large gun called the 30 inch Avenger, which is consequently being the exact same name of film being made by wrestler Cheetah Surprise. It was a "blue films" so I won't talk about this any more here on the news of Something Awful. Again I am told like the CNNs, if you are just joining this articles I am in bed reporter El Pinto Grande with the 3rd Infantries which is just driving on into Baghdad right now. An A-1 Thunderballs just shot its guns and missiles at a building, I am thinking this is enemy base but there is a lot of smoke being full up of the air. Could be friendliest of fires.

I am talking now with a Colonel Roger Barley, he is with the 3rd Infantries and he is saying that forces of America are liberating president's palace. I am not knowing when the savage Iroquois are capturing the palace of the president but... oh, no he is making to correct me, this is palace not of America that is captured and now uncaptured, it is actually palace of evil president Sadman Hassane. The American soldiers of 3rd Infantries are made to explore palace and search for traps which are from experiences likely to be the poison darts and the curse of mummies.

There are some reports on El Jazzateria that Iraq may be towards using chemical weapons in this is end game. I am asking Colonel Barley if this is concerned of the Americans and he is telling me that all of soldiers are being to equip their Mops 4 if the warning buzzer is sounding of chemicals attacked. Part of the in bed process Yours Truly is going through before the war is started is teaching how Mops work. Mops 4 is putting on your chemicals hat, your chemicals face mask, your chemicals cape, your chemicals chest oils, your chemicals tights, and your chemicals boots. This is highest mop in the bucket, hahahahah. No, seriously, it is Mops 4, Mops 1 is just chemicals mask. This is what is being called "NBC gears" in the industry. NBC is standing for Nuclears, Biologies, and Chemicals Attacks and it is like a brutal arm bar across neck of chemical weapons.

Now Colonel Roger Barley is walking back to his armors vehicles and the soldier is yelling at me to get in hutch again. Okay, I am getting into the hutch and this is let me be telling you a very

exciting moment. We are going to the base of the international press corps now to attack them and they are the enemies of freedoms and, in this moving moments I think it is important to say that nation of Mexico is standing to the side of Americans. United we are standing and if we are divided we are falling and this is the method of free peoples throughout the world. Alright, tank is moving again, and the soldier is yelling at me to put away this phone. I am just like to dedicate this live on the scenes report from Bugdad to my mother, God rest her soul, and my wife and large son. This is a job of dangers but there is a man who can do it and that man is indeed to be Yours Truly.

-∼El Pinto Grande

4.8 AMEIRCANS ARE NUMBAR ONE, FRENCHES ARE NUMBAR 30049291!!!

Tuesday, Apr 08, 2003 by JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!

I ATE A TURKEY FOR DINNAR, THEY TOOK THIS PICTARE THEN

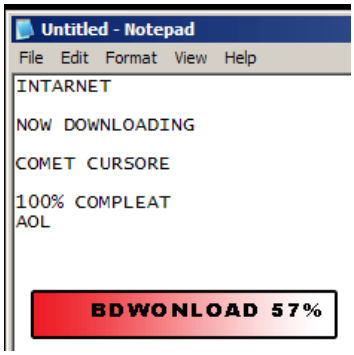
HALO ladies and gentalman, this si yuor friend JEFF K!!! a teh mastarerst computar hackar in teh worald! yuo may know me from my celebratian writeings on my webpaeg whitch si somewhere but I cant find it right now becuases let me tell yuo I haev Winamp open and I cant see My Pictares foldar on this Lunix computar when I run Micorsoft Opra. I USES A ALTERNATING BROWSAR SYSTAM BECAUSE MICORSOFT SUX AND BILL GAYTES EATS MONEY WITH A PITCHFORK FOR BREACKFAST!!!! he si a evil man and BOYCOTT Micorfost becuase if Bill Gapes had his way then we'd all be weareing yogas and are cars would run on burining rubbar until teh sun exploades!! So insteads of useing Micorsfot Intarnat Exploarder, use a alternating web browsar liek Opra or Fenix or Carnival or Blubberry Hills Farm AOL Text Factary. I uses all teh alternating intarnat browsars but now I uses a supar secrat browser Jerry si writeing from coding and he calls it "COOL BROWSAR 98" adn once its doen then well sell it to VA LUNIX for 400000 stock shaeres and then GO IPO DOT COM ORG NET!!! We'll be richar than a fox in a hut and I'll be able to buys my own barn adn some wheat to store for teh harsh Wintar months ahead. AHAHAHA!!!

Jerry has not codeded too much with his browsar becuase he was grounded from his computar machene when his mom founds out him and me were at teh Pizza Hut last night and I kissed teh Galaga machene for letting me haev a free game when I haxored it by useing my skills and intelliect. RAW POWAR OF MY MIND, FOLKS!!! then one of my spacehips was abducted by a pregnant alian man (in teh game, not real life) and he came down to shots me but I shots him first and WHAT DO YUO KNOW, SUDDENLY I HAEV TWO SHIPS JOINED AT TEH WRISTS!!! I was shoting teh alians with teh powar of doublepowar and nothing could stands in my way so I began screaming and teh pizza hut manager Mr. MacDougal says "shut up" and I told him "yuo shut up yuo fagort" and before yuo know it we were kicked out and he stole my petsi cola!!! I PAYED MONEYS FOR TAHT PETSI COLA YUO HOBGOBLIN ADN I WANTS MY MONEYS BACK RIGHT NOW OR ELSE YUO'LL BE ENTARING PAINT CENTRAL, MISTAR!!!! so dont go to pizza hut becuase Mr. MacDougal si a horse's ass and yuo get waht yuo pay for so they must pay Mr. MacDougal in buckets of hair becuase that's all he's worth hahaha/

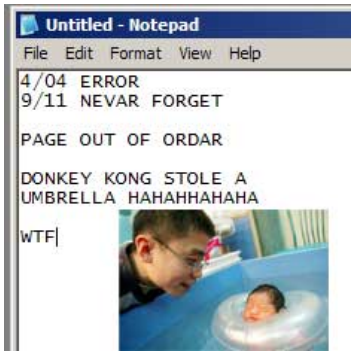
so Jerry si codeing this new browsar in C-- or Vistual Basic or soemthing because he wants extra credit for our computar class which I AM GETTING AN A IN I mean I'm getting a D but I'll be getting an A once I hackX0r into teh computar mainframe with my TI-81 graphicing calculationar. I palay possum in class adn pretends I dont know computar stuff becuase taht way they'll NEVAR suspect me when I gets an A+ in teh class for SUPAR PERFORMANCE MEASAREMENT!!! In yuor face Mr. Harris, yuor wife's face looks liek a Yeti's pale testical. ROBBLE ROBBLE!!! so jerry's browsar so far lets yuo use a websiet if yuo haev teh website on yuor computar machene but it dosant really uses teh Intarnat so far becuase we dont know how to download teh Intarnet into our computars without AOL. We haev been reading smarty man siets liek Slashdock and Bonzi Buddey but so far we cant figare out how to make our PCPIP sends teh data packets to our faces through a cord so if yuo can help me out tehn emale me by using a URL from a pen and paper thing or soem sort. I used too plays Dungons and Dargons until I saw "Mazes and Monstars" with Tom Hancks and tehn I stopped becuase hey, I DONT WANT TO BE STABBED IN MY HEAD BY AN ELF

WITH A SWORD OF +5!!!

but anyways hear are soem EXCLUSIVE SCRENSHOTS of COOL BROWSAR 98 so far, its teh best Intarnat explorar alternative operation systam machene yuoll evar see with yuor eyes:



I A M DOWNLOADEING A pictare hear.



ops an error page, somebody call teh intarnat police!!!

As yuo can plainely see, COOL BROWSAR 98 si teh best choise when yuo do teh math and realize yuor computar's data si at risk with Micorsoft's Windows Molestar machene with Jabbascript! Our browsar will not allow maliscsious code to steal yuor data liek a certain other browsar because our browsar si so top secrat and high security taht YUO CANNOT EVEN RUN IT WITHOUT PUTTING IN A 500 DIGIT CODE!!! also yuo cannot run Jabbascript or cookies because wft doubleclick puts beetles in yuor brains. also yuo can downloade things but only a pictare of a Japaneses man and a baby or an image of a mule or a screenshots of soem golf game Jerry's dad palays becuase his knee fell apart aftar he bought teh new dog and teh dog started a fire in his wagon. now his dad screams at teh TV set and says "JERRY GET YUOR FAT ASS DOWNSTAIRS AND CLEAN UP ALL OF THES BUGS FROM MY CARPET!!!" and Jerry cries becuase he's soem kind of fagot heralding from a Dairy queen in teh grate blue sky.

IRAQI SERVARS ARE NOT STABAL ESPECIALY WHEN YUO RUN WINDOZE ON THEM (I LEARNED TAHT FROM SLASHDORT)

BUT ThIS si not about our COOL BROWSAR 98 whitch yuo will be abal to downloads at CNET DOWNLOADED.COM once we write it and figare out PCP/IP connectians and slip planes or whatevar yuo needs to make teh Intarnat move smooth liek a buttar dish. todays artical si about HACKX0RING FOR TEH WAR IN IRAQ!!!! FREDOM!!! maney nobal hakx0rsz haev reads about

a war in Iraq through CNN or CNN.com. They saids "I might not be abel to fights with a guns or tanks, but I WILL FIGHTS WITH HAX0RING AND POWAR OF COMPUTAR MACHENES!!!" so they hackxX0r ememy computar machenes like Saddamhussein.com and ilikeiraq.org (teh "org" stands for "original content"). then they replace teh evil Iraq progapanda machene with PRO US ARMY mesages because teh war of teh futare si not about guns and buillets but computar machenes and textile palants in Taiwan. whoevar controls teh informatian controals teh menstratian, and if yuo haev all teh data then teh war si YOURS FOR TEH TAKEING!!!

WFT

So sence I am to young to shots teh guns or drive a tanks through a statue of Abraham Lincon, I haev decideded to create my own haXchkCk0ring team of Intarnat astronauts who will FIGHT FOR FREEDOM FOR AMAMRICA!!! we are called "Team Supar Hackars Numbar 1 #USA" and haev a lot of membars right now and hear si how maney we have (WE WILL HAEV MORE ONCE JERRY FINISHES MAKEING TEH GEOCITIES SITE):

ME (JEFF K)!!!!!: I am teh mastar hackX0r and in charge of defarcing siets with my supar skills and a eloquent resistance of a boathouse. my fingars flys on teh keyboards like ghosts out of a beehive, and when yuo here me clicking keys then yuo know I could steal yuor data if I wanted too, but I dont want to because I am a whitehead hacKX0r witch means I haCKXxR0R for peace and not for personal gains liek riches of a king's man. if yuo wants to hire me and give me a job makeing video games about a racecar from teh future that shots WWII in a alternate reality with dinosores, then emale me whereevar my emale adress si on teh Intarnet, undar a bannar ad for punching a monkey with a slab of beef probaly.

JERRY: he si teh Stunt Cowardinator. he researches targets taht we TAKE DOWN by using BRUTE FORCE ATTACKS liek DOS and WINDOWS 95 through a funnel tube. he also has a PDA he found behind a Raddio Shack and if you turn it on it smells liek cat pee and says "BLIOX" on it! WHAT SI BLIOX?!??! I dont know but I do know taht Jerry runs teh HQ headquartars hear and he will buy a map of teh Intarnat and we will pick and chose our targets from it once we find a place taht sells maps of teh Intarnat, we looked on ebay but we dont have a credit card because I made one but it caught fire aftar a tv show about muppets kissing a cactus.

othar haxXCCK0rsz have hacked sites and put up PRO AMEMRICAN slogans such as "WAR FOR BLOOD IN IRAQ" and "USA RULES TEH SHCHOOL, IRAQ STINKS UP A BUTT." then they put up a pictar of a bald eagal shoting laser beams at Saddom Hussaine. howevar anyboday can haxC0**********

sorrey I was eating a beagle adn a piece of dough hit teh keyboard and stuck teh keys togethar and before I knew it I was makeing a bunch of typoes on tehis computar machene and it looked vary unporofessianal of me! anyways waht I was saying was taht anybodey can haCkX0r siets in Arabia liek Iraq and China. THEY DONT HAEV TECHNOLOIGIY there, there servers are just sand buckets with RAM glued to them. ITs not hard to get root in a Iraq servar, all yuo haev too do si type in "hack Iraq" and then monopoly moneys starts shoting out of your hard drive and VIOLIN, yuo haev access to there servars! BUT nobodey si good at hacking Amamerican sites liek AOL and AOL HOTMALE, so I have done teh UNIMAGINABAL: I HAEV HACKX0RED MY OWN WEBSITE WITH PRO AMAMRICAN MESSAGES!!! this will teach teh French and IRaq taht NOBODY MESSES WITH USA #1, TEAM SUPAR HACKARS NUMBER 1 #USA WILL RULE AND ONCE WE GET OUR OWN IRC CHANNAL AND GEOCITIES SITE WE WILL BE UINSTOPEDABLE LIEK VA-LUNIX AND TWIZTED AND ICP ROOLZ!!! AHAHAHahaha-hahahhahaha!!! bye fagots"""

■ It's a Jungle Out There! Still!

Hey guys, it's your new friend Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here! No, really. It's not Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka pretending to be me like last week. See, the funny thing about last week was that 'ole Rich asked me to update the front page, telling you fine folks about the Comedy Goldmine. And I would have **IF I HAD BEEN GIVEN ACCESS TO EDIT SAID FRONT PAGE.**

Excuse me. Anyhow, in today's Comedy Goldmine we continue the comedy rollercoaster known as "Tales from the Zoo", a series of zoo-related stories, straight from the mouth of SA Forum Goon "Bigpeeler". This week, we deal with a monkey with a bad case of sweet tooth.

> *He patently sat there on the table watching Kathy perform her duties. She'd walk this way and that, and every time she walked by Red, he'd reach out for her. She thought he was being friendly. She didn't know that he had a major sugar jones going on.*
>
> *After a little bit of this, Red decided to take a more aggressive approach. He went for her purse. Since he was familiar with Jerri keeping the 3-Musketeers in her purse, he figured the same applied to Kathy. He bounded off the table and across the room to the bench where her purse sat. Before Kathy could react, he was going through it. Ironically, Kathy had a Snickers bar in her bag. Red grabbed it and hopped back up on the table. Kathy took it from him, and watched as he sat there looking at her. She had no clue what was going on. She laughed and went to put it back in her purse and Red jumped at her. She stood back away from the table and Red jumped down on the floor. As she held the candy bar above his head, he was jumping straight up in the air, trying to get it from her.*

Now that sounds like a sticky situation! If you'd like to hear the rest of the story, then click here! Oh, and Steve, I'm updating the database, okay?

-~JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!

4.9 Operation Photoshop Storm

Wednesday, Apr 09, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Thanks to forum goon Jafo for showing us the future.

Even as I type this update, a crack SA Forums Commando Unit is already deep in the heart of enemy territory, delicately maneuvering pixels into just the right locations in an effort to overthrow the government of Worth1000.com. Normally we enjoy friendly relations with Worth1000 and consider them a staunch ally. For the time being, however, they exist as our hated enemy. If not for the fact we here at SA HQ don't have the money to buy a water cooler, let alone pay for fresh tap water, we would spend each of the numerous hours we don't spend working basking in our communal hatred for Worth1000. I don't enjoy the notion of sending our precious goons abroad to do battle with these utter savages and pixel Pol Pots, but I know in the end we will triumph! After all, this is Something Awful, home of the highest quality bathroom humor and worst ideas ever! You don't come to earn a reputation like that without breaking rules and tearing through ass like a frothing lunatic inappropriately wielding a swordfish as a melee weapon.

By now most of you are probably wondering what this "Worth1000" thing is. Well, I'm going to explain what it is, but I must apologize, for even mentioning their site gives them too much credit. Worth1000 is a site dedicated to running frequent Photoshop contests. They do other stuff now, but only so they can maintain a diverse portfolio of failure. The common Worth1000 contest revolves around manipulating stock photography of clowns, turning red clown noses blue or other colors that may or may not belong to the metric rainbow. While many people might be impressed with such mesmerizing sorcery, we tend to aim for higher pursuits, such as working the word "fuck" into any pictures we can find that don't already contain said swear word. If you ask me, that's far more exciting than looking at the average clown nose magnum opus some Worth1000 sluggard made on his iMac while reading the latest trendy design journal and sipping V8 Juice in the studio apartment generously paid for by mom and dad.

Why battle Worth1000? Plain and simple, you can't delay the inevitable forever. When we scored an impressive moral victory over Fark (Yes, we are aware that Farker Wil Wheaton's unbiased judging insinuated that Fark won the battle, that's why it was only a moral victory for us), we had to continue onward and confront more substantial targets. After Fark, there's pretty much only one target left. That's why 8 of our goons are now competing in a 16-man tournament over at Worth1000. It's not a total war, as it will ultimately come down to one SA champion versus one Worth1000 champion. That's fine with us, since it will undoubtedly be the SA champion that out-champions the Worth1000 champion. Self-loathing T-ShirtsThatSuck.com sponsored this tournament, so if you want to go buy some T-shirts that apparently suck, you might as well get them there. I reckon it beats wearing a Worth1000 shirt.

Thanks to mortalenema putting things into perspective.

Over the week we've put together a dangerous team of Forum Photoshopkateers, many of whom you've seen show up regularly in Phriday and the Comedy Goldmine. While we are going in without a few of our big guns, we still had more than enough high quality workers eager and willing to take

up arms for the glory of the motherland. Our team consists of the following SA heroes:

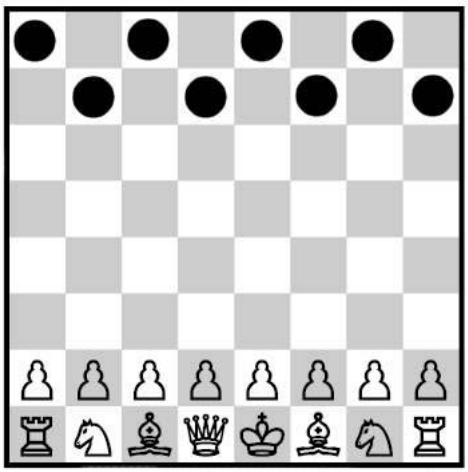
Darthphunk
NoneMoreNegative
RipVTide
Rivetz
SenatorASSFACE
Stuntcock
ToiletDuk
Vedman

I have the utmost faith in the abilities of these men. I know they will do us proud and set a fine example. The SA Forums have birthed a long line of talented cretins, including a leading member of the enemy team. We blame brainwashing for that embarrassing blooper.

Round 1 of this 4 round tournament is currently underway. Registered Worth1000 members (registration is free) can vote on matches once they are finished. In the interest of fairness, authors are kept anonymous to prevent people voting for their favorite person. In the final round the authors and site affiliation will also be kept secret. This is to encourage people to vote for the entry they like best, not the one that is made by a member of their favorite site (obviously Something Awful). Although we could have probably begged Wil Wheaton to take a break from writing NPR fan fiction or whatever it is he does these days, we felt it would probably be best not to do that.

Our enemies at Worth1000 threw the first handful of mud with a series of insulting images that would surely make any 4th grade art teacher proud, if not a little concerned. While you might not guess it, we too can throw mud. What follows is some of the SA Forums wartime propaganda the goons quickly scratched together (click for larger versions):

B: Worth 1000



W: Something Awful

STFU!
WIK
GET OFF MY INTERNET!
stuntcock

BREAKING NEWS: THE SOMETHING AWFUL TROOPS GATHER IN THE WORTH1000 DESERT TO PREPARE FOR THE UPCOMING BATTLE
www.somethingawful.com
duk

Thanks to, in order of appearance, Jafo, Decapod73, Topkid, Stuntcock, SirRobin, and Toiletduk for those images.

You can follow the action as it develops over at Worth1000.com. Don't expect images every minute, because this is a serious contest where people take their sweet time. If you don't want to watch it unfold live, you can optionally see the results a week or two from now in a future update. I predict sweet, sweet victory for our troops. Could you expect any less from the site that spawned such

classic Photoshop staples as "All Your Base" and the recent Admiral Ackbar love affair? Probably, but then you would be a communist.

WHAT THE HELL? A MOVIE REVIEW!

Ben "Geese Wing" Platt continues his losing streak by watching yet another disappointingly bad movie most normal people never even knew existed. This time he watched "Skullduggery," which seems to have a truly raised the bar. You can read his review byclicking this powerful hyperlink of justice.

> *It's hard to imagine a single motion picture being more boring than "Vampyros Lesbos" and yet more pointless than "Terror Toons," but "Skullduggery" is somehow both and so much more. The blame for this catastrophic failure falls squarely on the shoulders of Ota Richter, who wrote, directed, and co-produced and somehow managed to screw up all three. I shudder to think of the depths of poverty that would force people to actually attach themselves to a script this bad. There is not a single worthwhile moment in the entire movie. Come to think of it, there isn't a single worthwhile character, either. In fact, most of the characters are completely unnecessary. Unlike most slasher films, where all but one or two of the main characters are killed off one by one, most of the victims in "Skullduggery" don't even have names. Not one of the main characters gets so much as a scratch. I've heard lunatics on the subway who made more sense than this script. And I'm not talking about shirt and tie-wearing, Bible-beating subway lunatics, I'm talking about rags and urine stench lunatics. Richter evidently couldn't make a coherent story, so he tried his darndest to distract the audience with immature gag after immature gag. Since all of the actors are at least in their late twenties, every last joke flops horribly. A plot piss poor as the one "Skullduggery" tries to cram down our throats should be considered a terrorist attack. I'll explain the plot in full, as I have always tried to do, but allow me to recommend that instead of trying to wrap your brain around it, you take a few minutes to slam your head in the nearest door, then skip straight to the last paragraph. It will save you a lot of time and trouble.*

Poor Ben has such bad luck picking movies he is even recommending you skip the majority of his reviews. Read it just to spite him!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.10 Pulling a Mohammed

Thursday, Apr 10, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

"The American infidels have been destroyed by Allah's almighty radioactive pregnant cyclops from space."

With the so-called war in Iraq consuming less time than a screening of Stephen Spielberg's"AI", the world finds itself quickly changing into what it "should" be, a place where Iraqi children are crushed by some gigantic steel US machine and converted into oil or gold or whatever the stupid filthy hippies claim in between their state college drama courses. Even as you read this, "Coalition" tanks roll through Iraq and perform whatever stuff "Coalition" tanks normally do, which I suspect revolve around making selected items explode and causing other selected items to get squashed underneath them. Since the war in Iraq did not earn the official approval of the UN, a group of various filthy countries including (but not limited to) Portugal and Arkansas, the invading American and British forces chose to name themselves the "Coalition" because the phrase "a bunch of Angry British and American Guys With Large Explosives" presents much more of a challenge to write. Oh wait, I think various other countries have sent in a token thirteen soldiers to join the Coalition. For example, Australia FedExed a few guys with hand grenades manufactured in the 1960s, but the Coalition decided against using them in combat, as the Australian soldiers immediately attempted to drunkenly beat up a palm tree once somebody opened their shipping box.

Throughout the war, which many scholars refer to as a "fake war" due to the fact that roughly 19 Coalition soldiers died (and out of that total 18 ceased to live due to malfunctioning Coalition helicopters either landing on top of them or exploding with them inside), Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf entertained viewers across the globe with his comical remarks and hilarious interpretations of the conflict. Now I don't want any SA readers out there to falsely assume I'm a world-renown historian, mainly because I want everybody to assume I'm a world-renown penis-enhancement surgeon who drives Batman's car to work every day, but I know a fuckload about history and the world. For you non-linguists, the term "a fuckload" means "an assload." My extensive historical background has provided me with many facts about Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf, but for some reason I will ignore them all while describing him in the following section:

NAME: Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf
AGE: Old, possibly older than previously speculated. Maybe less old if you lack the skill to accurately guess the age of Iraqi men and you err conservatively.
DATE OF BIRTH: Subtract his age from the current date to figure this out. Use one of Niels Bohr's equations if it will make you feel like a smartass.
RESIDENCY: Iraqsville, Iraqiland.
CURRENT STATUS: Living, or possibly the opposite, non-living. It all depends on if he ended up shot or exploded after a skirmish with Coalition forces and the two guys holding wooden axes shipped in from Spain.
HISTORY: His parents engaged in some sexual activity in one point in time, thereby transforming him into a zygote inside his mother's stomach. After a few months of gesticulation, he transformed and matured thanks to the larvae stage of development, and eventually grew into an embryo. Then he turned into a baby and somehow fell out of an unusually large hole in his mother, a bug which has been officially recognized by Microsoft. Look for a critical update patch soon. Sometime between then and now he became the Iraqi Information Minister. I would assume this could be credited to taking

a few of those GED classes over the Internet where you can specialize in exciting and useful occupations such as "blacksmithing" and "observatory maintenance."
FAMOUS QUOTE: *"I am Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf."*

With his background out of the way, it becomes easier to understand the complex enigma of Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf. Throughout the war, Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf's job revolved around putting a creative spin on the events occurring in his wonderful wasteland home of Iraq. Somebody handed him a piece of paper which read "SAY OPPOSITE OF WHATEVER AMERICANS CLAIM," and he followed those instructions by the book (Sylvia Browne's "Sylvia Browne's Book of Angels"). Each and every time any Coalition forces made a remark about Iraq, Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf would jump out of his chair and refute the claim. If he wasn't previously sitting in a chair when the Coalition made the assertation, he would commandeer a chair, sit down in it, and immediately jump out while shrieking like a stray cat being fed into an ATM slot. These outlandish claims soon grew famous throughout the world, just like the movie "Outland" which revolved around Sean Connery living on the moon and shooting people in the gall bladder with a shotgun. His tall tales and laughable news reports lacked the journalistic integrity of such reputable sources as *The National Enquirer* and Billy Fergeson's 4th grade report about dinosaurs who travel through time searching for pirate treasure. I have compiled a list of the more notable Iraqi Information Minister Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf quotes in response to Coalition claims to prove my point, although I really don't recall offhand exactly what this point revolved around.

"Greetings, members of the press. Today I rode a dolphin to school and ate pie and ice cream all day."

COALITION QUOTE: "Our forces are moving through southern Iraq."
IRAQI INFORMATION MINISTER MOHAMMED SAEED AL-SAHAF RESPONSE: "The American forces were all destroyed in the Gulf of Mexico by the hand of Allah."

"One time I was abducted by aliens who resembled Frank Sinatra in just about every way."

COALITION QUOTE: "We are engaging Iraqi hostiles with armored divisions and air support."
IRAQI INFORMATION MINISTER MOHAMMED SAEED AL-SAHAF RESPONSE: "Our mighty army has crushed the Americans, who are now committing suicide by voluntarily choking to death on either others' semen."

COALITION QUOTE: "After sustaining a direct hit from a rocket-propelled grenade, we returned fire and destroyed an Iraqi barracks."
IRAQI INFORMATION MINISTER MOHAMMED SAEED AL-SAHAF RESPONSE: "The Americans decided to blow up a hospital full of innocent children who were waiting for heart transplants and UN-approved eyeball replacements."

COALITION QUOTE: "We have recently captured and secured the Baghdad airport."
IRAQI INFORMATION MINISTER MOHAMMED SAEED AL-SAHAF RESPONSE: "Every single American in the world was recently smitten when Allah blew a fireball out of his hands and caused all the infidels to combust. Then Allah climbed into his candy-powered jet plane and flew to Pluto, a planet which may or may not exist according to my religion."

COALITION QUOTE: "Our forces are now able to move freely throughout Baghdad at will."
IRAQI INFORMATION MINISTER MOHAMMED SAEED AL-SAHAF RESPONSE: "American forces have invaded the wrong Iraq. I mean, I'm like sitting here in Iraq and everybody's happy and staring at dirt or whatever they normally do all day here, and I don't see shit. I don't know what Iraq they claimed to have invaded, but it's clearly the wrong Iraq. I'm drinking gin and lemonade here in my lawn chair, listening to some crazy music featuring a guy who screams a lot, and there's not a single American anywhere, and I even looked behind that phone booth across the street."

"Hello black fellow, today I was shot with a 100 mm mortar and Allah allowed me to survive by eating it whole."

COALITION QUOTE: "We have liberated Iraq from Saddam Hussein."
IRAQI INFORMATION MINISTER MOHAMMED SAEED AL-SAHAF RESPONSE: "America and dry land are myths."

These wonky quotes by an even wonkier man provide proof that, even when staring in the face of irrefutable facts, human beings possess the potential to generate the goofiest and most unbelievable set of lies possible. Many scientists refer to this phenomenon as "pulling a Mohammed," unless of course the scientist in question has the name of "Mohammed," in which case they call it "racist." Despite the label placed on it, pulling a Mohammed can be one of the most fulfilling and beneficial conversational tactics since the award winning "your mother" retort, which has been officially recognized in 38 states as being the second-place Trump Card of all replies, narrowly edged out only by screaming "fuck yoooouuuuuuu!" Allow me to provide some examples of pulling a Mohammed in quasi-realistic scenarios simulated by our pretend actors which have been fictionalized in an attempt to retain as much realism as possible.

"Every American has just turned into chlorine thanks to our Allah Defense System. Take my word for it. Really. You'll turn into chlorine too if you don't believe me."

EXAMPLE #1: The common observation. Many people do not take the opportunity to change common observations into hostile replies by simply pulling a Mohammed. This is because they are stupid. You can change your life and outlook on the world by pulling Mohammeds in everyday conversations, ranging from highly scientific calculations to even the most mundane observations. This tactic presents a minimal challenge to the user while simultaneously "showing up" the other person and making them look like a real horse's ass.

PERSON: *(Noticing a passing red car)* "That car is red."
CORRECT RESPONSE: "That car is blue."
EVEN BETTER RESPONSE: "That car does not exist, and even if it somehow did, it would be yellow and on fire."

MATHEMATICS TEACHER: "The number 18 is larger than the number 10."
CORRECT RESPONSE: "The number 18 is not larger than 10, the number 10 is the highest and mightiest of all numbers and if you disagree then you will burn forever."
EVEN BETTER RESPONSE: *(Stab teacher)*

EXAMPLE #2: The argument. Many topics in the world inspire heated debates between people, whether they concern racism, poverty, politics, or if playing the Nintendo Gamecube turns you into a fag. Some of the more naive citizens choose to back up their arguments with facts

or personal experiences, unaware that pulling a Mohammed can have the same outcome with less than 90% of the effort. If you pull a Mohammed and the person you're debating with makes some flippant and hate-filled reply such as "that doesn't make any sense" or "what?", then you should realize you're winning the argument and they're simply resorting to "straw man tactics." I don't know what "straw man tactics" consist of, but I heard the term on CNBC and I think that if I use it then I can trick people into thinking I'm intelligent. Oh, and handsome too. And well hung.

> **PERSON:** "It is my opinion that NAFTA is helping revitalize Mexico and Mexico City, and has no negative aspects."
> **CORRECT RESPONSE:** "You are a Mexican puppet, dancing under command from the Mexican government, in a disco hall full of your own rancid vomit."
> **EVEN BETTER RESPONSE:** "There is no Mexico, only Allah."
>
> **PERSON:** "I think Tom Landry will help guide the Atlanta Jets to the Winston Cup this year by having them kick a three-pointer in the last quarter mile stretch."
> **CORRECT RESPONSE:** "I'm going to kill your wife and children."
> **EVEN BETTER RESPONSE:** *(Kill wife and children)*

As you can see, these examples prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that there was no possible motive or way for me to rape that woman in the back alley of Hooters on December 15th, 2002. Oh, sorry, I got my notecards mixed up there, I meant to write that pulling a Mohammed is an untapped, limitless conversational technique which will always result in an easy victory, regardless of the subject or pretense. I hope that this tactic finds its way into everyday conversation, and if it doesn't, it's obviously some trick masterminded by the American government, and you are nothing but a mindless puppet dancing for their pleasure. Ultimately I will prevail and you and all your relatives will become hairless and sterile when the hand of Allah dumps poison toads into your lying pants.

◘ Action War Story Time!

Zack "Eistgay Ditoreay" Parsons here with a brand new and extremely erotic installment of SA Story Time. We're going after action war comics! It makes very little sense! The drawings have huge chins! L@@K!

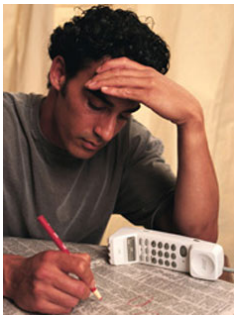
> *"This one is for Johnson!" Armstrong punched the driver of the car right in the jaw and knocked him out cold. Hitler raised his hands in surrender because he knew it was curtains with someone like Armstrong around.*
>
> "Sorry butthead," Armstrong said, "your chance to give up is long past, now it's time to pay the piper."

Oh laws mammy, better go check it out! HELP! TRAPPED INSIDE OF CONTENT PLUG FACTORY! PLEASE CALL 911!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.11 Job Hunt 2003!

Thursday, Apr 10, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



No time for being a sadsack. Put that Nintendo down and pick up those want ads!

One of the worst things in the world, maybe next to torture and accidental skin removal, is being jobless. Relying on unemployment benefits to pay your bills while you truck your carcass around town trying to find a job is never a fun task under the best of circumstances, and these certainly aren't the best of circumstances here in this terrible year of Our Lord 2003.

There is some personal significance to my mention of a job hunt. No, don't get your hopes up, I'm not quitting Something Awful. I don't talk about my girlfriend Michelle all that frequently on the front page but recently she was laid off and since we live together and are both incapable of digesting rocks as a food source it has a fairly large amount of significance in my life. No more diamond encrusted hat racks and baths in caviar, it's time to go back to ramen and home-brewed methanol fuel for our cars. We may even have to return that solid platinum cat-carrier that we bought for our pet cheetah. Times are tough, but like any good man who is used to making less than half of what his girlfriend does I find myself horrified by the concept that I'm the breadwinner and have put all of my energy into helping her find a new job.

Michelle is an IT expert here in Chicago (you can e-mail me if you have high paying jobs to offer her) with a master's degree and years of experience in her field. I have a spotty background in multi-media marketing and shitty web design, so I'm the perfect person for her to consult with when looking for jobs. At least I think so, she tends to scream at me about "getting my head out of the clouds" and throw glassware against a wall until I'm driven into a closet where I pull my knees to my chest and sob softly while rocking back and forth. Despite the tension and severe beatings in our household I continue to draw upon my wealth of knowledge working everywhere from a movie theater (I walked out on my first day) to a pancake house (I was a bus boy briefly). I think I'm really helping!

In case any of you are in the same unfortunate position as she is then I suggest you follow my invaluable advice about possible careers to pursue and general tips for the job-seeker.

General Tips

- **Performance enhancing drugs can greatly increase your ability to get a job.** While most employers would deny this, they will always take the person with the best muscle definition for a given job. If the person interviewing you doesn't comment on how totally fucking ripped you are then you should "accidentally" tear your shirt and then start benching furniture.

Cut like an employable rock!

- **Dress casually to interviews.** No employer wants a fuddy-duddy ass to show up for an interview in one of those blazers with the patches on the elbows. Wear a t-shirt, maybe something with a comical phrase like "World's Greatest Granda" or "Female Body Inspector", or if you're taking those performance enhancers then just go with a tank top and some bicycle shorts.

- **Pad your resume with adjectives!** You didn't just work at that cardboard box factory, you were "awesome" and possibly "amazing" as a cardboard box assembler. Try not to reuse adjectives, and don't be afraid to swear, it will show your prospective employer that you know how to "keep it

real".

- **Cover letters are for chumps.** A company's human resource department has to sift through about a million and a half resumes a day, and every single one has the same old generic cover letter crap. Forget that! You want your resume to stand out. Try putting a large picture on top of your resume along with just your name, like perhaps a hardcore amateur porn image or something similarly attention getting like that picture of the monk burning himself up in Vietnam.

- **Bring pets to interviews.** You know how when you're out walking your puppy all of the women coo over how adorable it is and then the next thing you know you're making waffles for a woman you met on the street in nothing but a towel? It works the same way with job interviews. They'll overlook your lack of education and experience when you come in with a Chihuahua or a kitten and just fawn over how cute your pet is. If you're trying to get a job in a design-related field like marketing design or chemical engineering then try bringing in a radical alternative pet like an iguana or a parrot. Those hippies will totally flip out over that shit.

- **You HAVE been convicted of a felony!** This is one of the biggest mistakes most people make at job interviews. They get the ubiquitous question about being convicted of a felony and they instinctively say "no" just because they haven't actually murdered or assaulted anyone. This is a huge no-no! The majority of employers are asking you this because if you're a convicted felon it lends you "street cred" and saves them expensive money that would otherwise be spent on gangland initiations. If you're really looking to wow your boss you can even get a prison tattoo and explain in graphic detail how you raped a man then shived him to death in the shower.

- **Customize your interview trash-talking for the person giving the interview.** One of the best ways to show that you're an effective communicator and have good "people skills" is to go on a long obscenity-laced rant during the interview. Get red faced, gesture wildly, and combine "fuck" with every noun and adjective you can think of. For that added impact, when you first enter the room where you're being interviewed look around for clues as to the personality of your employer. If you see a picture of a family framed on a desk rant at length about how much you hate children, even going so far as to single out physical characteristics of his children as particularly loathsome. If the person who is administering the interview is a minority that's all you need right there, just fall back on a stock racist rant and describe assaulting various "subhumans".

These tips should have you well prepared for the interview and application processes, but I think I'm getting ahead of myself a little. First you have to pick a career that suits your needs and that you will enjoy spending the rest of your life working in soul-crushing tedium for less pay than the incompetent middle managers that condescend to you on a daily basis. Since obviously I don't know what careers would be up your alley I have selected a handful of careers that should appeal to almost anyone. Not only that, but these careers are in high demand right now despite the current state of the job market.

- **Rap Star's Interior Decorator**

Description: Despite all odds and all key economic indicators like the price of raisin bread rap stars continue to enjoy great success and increasingly outrageous sums of money. Much of this money goes into purchasing vast estates and then turning them into tacky collections of consumer electronics and bejeweled furniture and fixtures. Obviously the rap stars are way too busy bipping and bopping and hipping and hopping to actually design their crazy bling ranch of despair, which is where the Rap Star's Interior Decorator enters the picture.
Education: At least a bachelor's degree in Ice.
Experience: Must have "frozen" at least two houses and must be able to purchase unusual items

like fake Playstation 4s and bass tubes powerful enough to release subsonic hums that liquefy surrounding wildlife.

"Bling".

Job Hunting Tips: Securing a job as a Rap Star's Interior Decorator is all about presentation. Start out with a fur coat and sew a variety of diamonds, emerald, and rubies into the fur. Buy a solid platinum walking cane with a top piece that is a small sculpture of two rotweillers humping carved out of jade. Your neck must be weighted with at least ten pounds of platinum chains covered in so many diamonds that they cut grooves into your chest when you walk. You must know the best SUV and the correct rims for going to get the mail, going to the swimming pool filled with Cristal, and going to the basketball court inside the other pool filled with Cristal. If at all possible when introducing yourself to a potential employer you should ensure that at least one speed boat, one helicopter, and two Hummers or other SUVs are visible in the background.

■ Archeologist

Description: There are many treasures from ages past just waiting for a brave and adventurous soul such as you to come and claim them. You will need good skills with shirpas, whip and/or pistol abilities, and a complete understanding of the methods of rival archaeologists and treasure-hunting Nazis.
Education: Associates degree from community college.
Experience: None necessary but camping and Boy Scout skills are highly desirable.
Job Hunting Tips: The fastest way to make yourself employable as an archaeologist is to actually go out there and find some lost treasure. Some great starting points include; Atlantis, some sort of gem-encrusted skull inside a volcano, a device left on earth by a mysterious race of hyper-intelligent aliens, religious artifacts capable of destroying mankind, and cool clay pots. If you can find and recover any of these things you will earn a reputation in the industry and find it easy to get a high-paying job running from giant boulders.

■ Mutant Hunter

Description: Mutants are one of the most hated segments of modern society. They look weird, they smell weird, and their kids just keep getting progressively worse. Whether you're talking about radiation warped freaks, adherents of dark gods reshaped in the visage of their horrible masters, or simply inbred yokel these scumbags must be destroyed. Grab a shotgun, a squirt gun filled with acid, and maybe some type of magical medallion and sign up with one of a number of mutant hunter outfits throughout North America!
Education: Master's degree in an applied science recommended but often not required.
Experience: At least one or more supernatural entity, mutant sect, or blasphemous cult fragged.
Job Hunting Tips: Most mutant hunting outfits don't advertise. If they did they'd be attacked by the very mutants they are attempting to destroy. If you're "the one" or some variation thereof you probably have already been contacted by mutant hunting recruiters. If you're just a regular Joe with a score to settle then your best bet for making it into one of these groups is to single-handedly destroy some mutant cult. They'll hear about it and come knocking. Be sure to negotiate firmly for decent benefits. Most of these groups are fly-by-night outfits that could care less about your 401k and health and dental coverage. Play hardball and they'll think you're an extra bad ass albeit one who needs contact lenses and really expensive prescription allergy medication.

■ Ace Fighter Pilot

Description: In case you haven't noticed lately America has been blowing a lot of shit up, and one of the best things about blowing a lot of shit up is that these crazy other countries are always

making more shit to blow up! There is a constant high demand for ace fighter pilots.
Education: High school diploma
Experience: Five or more kills

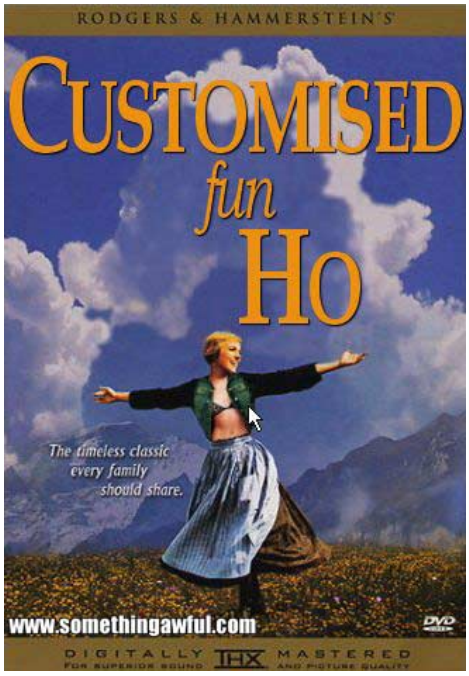
Job Hunting Tips: Your employment options are fairly limited including only the USAF, the Navy, and a few mercenary and sky-pirate outfits. Your best bet is to invest in an inexpensive aircraft like a Cessna and weld a couple machineguns to it. Then fly around shooting down other Cessnas and jet liners until you've racked up five air victories. If you would prefer to go into tank-busting then just strafe the interstate for fifteen minutes or so and "blammo!" instant ace fighter pilot. Be sure when you go in for the interview that you bring your plane with the kill stencils on the side, otherwise no one will ever believe you.

Let's Roll!

Hopefully my sweetheart can find a job before her severance package expires. In the mean time I'll be helping her get her resume in order and prepare for the interviews. If you're similarly unemployed I wish you the best of luck!

Phoppish Hot Hydra!

Howdy gang, it's Josh "sexxxxygurlll32" Boruff here yet again with good tidings! I bring you a new Photoshop Phriday fresh from our infernal ovens of toil and suffering. This new edition of Photoshop Phriday highlights a recent thread on the SA Forums in which the goons combined the heady glory of anagrams with the perilous world of movie posters.



Jam your brain up like a rusty machine and read Photoshop Phriday like the damn dirty ape you really are!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.12 Internet Relationships Suck

Friday, Apr 11, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello semi-loyal weekend readers! I have something rather personal to talk about this Saturday. No, I don't have crabs again, thankfully; the problem is that I'm having some trouble sustaining a meaningful online relationship. It's true. Despite my pretty as a "My Little Pony" looks, and an almost disgusting amount of wit and charm, it's just not happening for me. While online relationships are convenient for pasty, social rejects such as myself, oftentimes they are filled with lies and deceit. Reality is never what it seems online, as the truth is masked by lines of code like in the movie "The Matrix", but with less Keanu Reeves on wires. Yes, I know I sound bitter about Internet relationships, but you would be too if you once paid for your online girlfriend's art school, but it turned out she was using the money for NASCAR collectables from Ebay, and was really a 50 year old man from Texas with no teeth. I was so upset that I almost broke up with her.

Alas I'm in a quandary. Swearing off online relationships means I have to go out in the real world and meet women, and that means I have to put on pants. This is unacceptable. So it looks like I'm stuck with the filthy old interweb to find me true love, or a 5-minute hand job in the Jack in the Box parking lot 1,000 miles away. I even updated my profile with some sexy pictures of me shirtless playing an axe guitar on top of a Corvette, and one with me shirtless holding a kitten (to show my sensitive side.) The response was overwhelming, but like always, the results disappointing. I have so much experience at online dating that I can pretty much sum up most of the girls I have run across in a stereotypical, and hopefully downright hilarious manner. Here are the few examples of the type of girls I've dated through my online Internet browser computer.

Nice girl with severe emotional problems

This kind of girl represents about 80% of the young females you will meet online, and much like a moray eel hiding in a reef, she can be the most dangerous. To all appearances, these girls seem very down-to-earth, intelligent, and stable. They usually are students or young professionals who may or may not own a Ford Focus. Everything seems nice and fine for the first couple months, and then she starts dropping hints at her troubled past. Of course you blow these off since nobody is perfect, and you're craving some e-vagina badly. After a couple more months when everything seems to be going fine, she'll mention that she was molested by a clown and can't look at peanuts without having a panic attack. "Okay..." you think, but still you do not trust your natural instincts to flee, and the relationship continues. Then one day it happens. You return home to find your guinea pig boiling in a pot, your bathroom on fire, and her covered in magic marker sobbing in the corner of the bedroom. After you break up with her, there is a 95% chance she'll send you some bad poetry.

- Extremely deceiving.
- Overly gentle and nice.
- Can be artistic.
- Listens to Tori Amos.
- Owns, like, 8 cats.

Twice divorced older woman with raging hormones

Whenever I post a personal ad, I get a huge amount of responses from divorced 40-something women who are horny as Michael Jackson watching Nickelodeon. Before I get random e-mails from people accusing me of an Oedipus complex, I've never seriously responded to these women, but I have asked them questions out of curiosity. Such as, "If I come over, will you make me dinner?" or, "Will your kids mind if I come over and give you the hardcore sexing?" If you are a younger lad like myself, having an online relationship with somebody twice your age cannot be considered a healthy relationship in the least, although it may have some good benefits. One of them is that there is a good chance she has kids your age, and you can play their X-Box games. There is also a good chance that she has a good paying job and will buy you a lot of cool stuff like remote controlled cars and gold chains.

- Really horny.
- May include benefits, like her buying you stuff.
- Watch out for teenage son who may beat you up.
- Might be married.
- Time to break up if you accidentally call her Mom.

Fat women who lie about their weight so they can eat you

At the end of all my personal ads I like to add the line, "Please: no fatties." Don't get me wrong, I don't have anything against heavy girls at all, but I'm just honest that it's not what I'm looking for. Sure I realize that I have super high standards because I'm so cool and perfect in every way, but I think I'm being fair that I'm trusting people to tell me the truth about their weight. Sadly I've fallen for many a trap by these tubby temptresses telling me that they were of normal weight for months, only to find out that they weigh a couple of tons during our first meeting together. This is exactly why it is imperative that you never meet a girl for the first time at her house, for it could be a trap set by a large Internet predator. I can't go into great detail, but this foul trick is how I almost lost my life. When I arrived at her house, the various skulls and margarine wrappers strewn around the porch should have tipped me off, but I foolishly continued inside. Once inside, a husky voice beckoned me to the bedroom. As I opened the bedroom door, something enormous leapt on me, almost crushing all my bones. Luckily I had my trusty sword "Sting" pointed upwards, and it pierced the fell beast, making it screech in pain and flee back into its lair filled with KFC buckets and shredded pizza delivery boy outfits. It was the worst date ever.

- Will lie about weight to get you into her lair.
- Can be distracted by ham for a quick escape.
- Feeds on the corpses of the foolish.
- Requires bulldozer and crane for outdoor dates.
- Only +2 sword of Elfish make can harm her.

Goth/Angst chick

A common find on the Internet dating circuit, these dark maidans that wear the latest pet fashions and are full of melodramatic meanderings are nothing but trouble. While angsty girls are more apt to give you some wild sex, it's not even close to being worth the trouble. Not only will you be bombarded with terrible dark poetry, but there is also a 78.2% chance that she wants you to wear a dog collar with leather chaps, and change your name to Darkstarr. They usually embrace their look to be unique, even though there are tens of thousands of these angsty chicks raging against the machine on the Internet. My doctor recommended that I don't date these girls anymore, because getting raped repeatedly with a barbed wire strap-on while hanging from a harness is apparently bad for my colon.

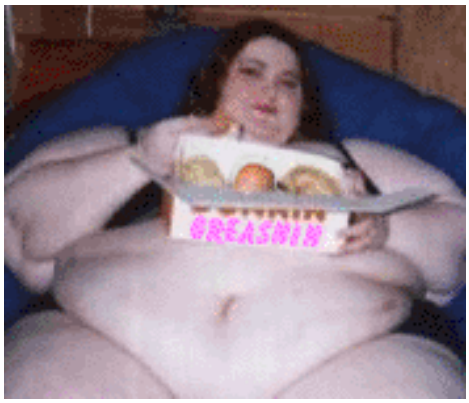
- Owns every Marilyn Manson and NIN album.
- Uses more makeup than Tammy Faye Baker.
- Forces e-boyfriends to play Vampire: The Masquerade online.
- Will beat you up if you try to play your Jazz CDs.
- Makes Vogon poetry sound good.

8-year old Korean prankster

By far the most deceiving and sly of online relationships, the 8-year old Korean prankster is becoming more of a common occurrence on dating networks. Unfortunately, I have been in one of these relationships. Now before you start reporting me to the FBI as some Internet pedophile, let me tell my sad tale. One day I got a response to my new personal ad that had the picture of me shirtless on a beach with a newborn puppy. It was a "girl" named Sarah who said she really liked my descriptions of a perfect date being an intimate heavy petting session in a Jacuzzi full of champagne. We chatted on and off for a month and grew closer. After some subtle hinting on my part, she sent me her picture, and boy did she look stunning! I couldn't wait to meet her, but she keep putting it off, saying that she is on a cheerleading squad and has to travel a lot for competitions. So, after about a year of e-dating and multiple cyber makeout sessions, she drops the bomb: she is really an 8-year old Korean boy who has been playing me for a fool and printing out our chatlogs for general mockery at his grade school playground. I felt crushed, betrayed, and backstabbed. Despite the diabolic nature of this prank, I felt that over the year we really did build something between us, so I refused to give up on the relationship. I cannot go into further details of my dealings with Ching Pow-Chang for legal reasons.

- Has own transportation (bicycle or tricycle).
- Master of electronic disguise.
- May ask for credit card number.
- Strong legs from frolicking all day.
- Dad may chase you around with katana if you show up for a date.

You know gang, this update has really made me think about how computers have changed society and how people develop relationships over the Internet. Thanks to computers, reclusive geeks such as myself are now in contact with females, and are being given a chance to breed spawn, thereby spreading recessive genes that should die along with that person. Take Ben "Greasnin" Platt for



example. 100 years ago, he would have been shunned by females and died alone and afraid, but thanks to the Internet and some MSPaint hair, he's a regular ladies man. Unfortunately, Greasnin fell for the "fat woman trap", and was devoured whole a fews days ago. He will be missed. (Not really). Toodles!

(Greasnin death reenactment crafted by forum goon SlickWombat. Never forget.)

State Og: Join Us Or Die. Or Stay Neutral.

This is your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, reporting for duty. While other sites offer you a bunch of words that are decidedly not State Og, only Something Awful cuts through the bullshit and gives you actual State Og. We all know Og is what you get on the internet for, so why keep it from you?

> *The State Og Cerebral Enema Kit is the finest piece of preventive medicine on the market today. All you have to do is use the kit once a month and you need never worry about catching brain cancer! All you have to do is insert the included 3 inch diameter hose up your left nostril until you hear the ocean and void your bowels. Then, begin pumping our special slurry of liquid mercury and battery acid into your noggin. The mixture will naturally flow out of your nose, mouth, and ears over the next few hours, washing out any cancerous cells and roughage long before they become a problem. It's just that easy!*

I've noticed that after reading State Og lately, my hair has become more full and manageable than ever. I'm not suggesting there's a connection, but if there's a chance it'll work for you too, why risk it? Do the smart thing and read State Og; the tingling means it's working!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.13 Adult Situations

Saturday, Apr 12, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Coming up with a fresh batch of comedy every week can be a tough job. The writers here at Something Awful occasionally struggle to come up with topics for our articles. I have to assume that is why Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz tried to muscle in on my "I want a woman but I don't want to have to get up" territory yesterday. I thought about stealing one of his trademarks for my article, but I couldn't think of anything worthwhile to say about lawn gnomes. That's when an article caught my eye.

Women can't resist a man in uniform.

> **Forced to strip for speeding fine**
>
> *A FORMER police officer pleaded guilty to charges that he forced four women to strip after he pulled them over for traffic violations in New York.*
>
> *Prosecutors said Frank Wright, 36, forced one woman to walk home wearing only her underwear. He pleaded guilty to civil rights violations carrying up to five years and three months in prison.*

This guy gets more poontang than you can possibly imagine.

Yes, you read that right. One of New York's finest is now without a job and possibly facing over five years behind bars because he made women strip after he pulled them over for speeding. If you're like me, or if you're not like me yet but are interested in learning how to become more like me, you are morally outraged by this shocking case. I ask you, when did our country lose its way? When did we go so off course that a police officer can go to prison - **prison** - for making women take off their clothes for traffic violations? Call me old fashioned, but I think something is seriously wrong here. All this politically correct claptrap has become so ingrained in our culture that we don't even bat an eyelash when an executive gets slapped with a sexual harassment lawsuit for grabbing the butt of an attractive female secretary. These days America is all about maintaining professional distance, respecting one another's personal space, and expressing interest in other people's ethnicity, religion, and gender - even if it's different from yours! That's not the America I think of when I see Old Glory waving in the summer breeze. That's not the America I think of when I hear our national anthem being belted out by some flavor-of-the-week foreigner at the start of a baseball game. That's not the America I think of when I write it seventy-five times in goat's blood over my America shrine. That's not the America I fell in love with.

No, my America stands for something greater than the unwritten PC policy of ignoring the glaring defects of others, even when they're painfully obvious or hilarious. I'm talking about the ability of a policeman to expect sexual favors from the two buxom blondes he pulled over on the highway. I'm talking about the God-given right that a person has to laugh at midget wrestling. In short, I'm talking about freedom. But I guess those days are gone, and liberty-loving dinosaurs like me have to adjust to this timid new world. I know that there are a whole mess of guys out there who have trouble knowing just what is and what is not acceptable these days. It's hard to rationalize how we can live in a nation where bombing the crap out of another country is okay, but staring at

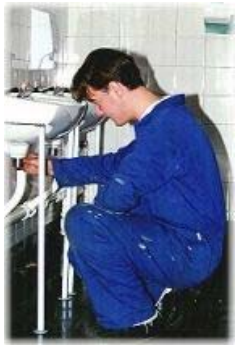
your waitress's breasts at the Olive Garden is somehow frowned upon. A lot of men are confused by our nation's ambiguous morality. This incident with Frank Wright is proof that the source of that confusion is none other than the oldest and most trusted institution in all of mass media - porn.

Yes, porn is a bustling and awkwardly diagramed business

There was a time when porn reflected society as it truly was. Nurses helped hospitalized patients recuperate by having repeated sex with them, lonely housewives had daily affairs with repairmen, and women named Debbie slept with the entire city of Dallas, Texas. Nowadays nurses know that they can contract diseases from sexual contact with patients, repairmen have to depend on hookers for pleasure, and the city of Dallas is cold and forbidding. Society has changed, but porn has not. Every day, dozens of new pornographic films are made that tell the same well-loved and time-honored tales they told in decades past. It's easy to see how a person could become confused. After all, the people in the pornos look perfectly happy, don't they? Seeing those smiling faces enacting the same stories day after day, it's hardly surprising that the line between what happens on the screen and what is acceptable in real life blurs for a large number of men. That's clearly what happened in the case of Frank Wright. He saw film after film in which a cop pulls a woman over for speeding and she tries to weasel her way out of the ticket by performing sexual favors. The men in those movies are good cops. They know the law. They uphold the law. They stop people from traveling at potentially unsafe speeds. In return, women have all sorts of crazy sex with them. Frank did nothing more than what he saw his idols in those pornos do. When the women failed to perform their part by giving ample and tender attention to his crotch, is it really any wonder that he forced them to strip? Can any of you honestly say you wouldn't have done the same thing if you were in Frank's position? I didn't think so.

Having spent a number of years working in a primarily adult video store, I can't help but feel partially responsible for contributing to this confusion. Countless customers left my store, their arms loaded with smut, went home and retreated deeper and deeper into the fantasy world on their television screens. There's no way of knowing how close any of those individuals are to losing a firm grasp of that fine line between porn and reality. That's why I've taken it upon myself to create a guide for men to some of the most common situations where today's porn can be misleading. Hopefully, by remembering the points outlined herein, more men can avoid Frank Wright's fate.

■ **The Situation:** You're a cable repairman, plumber, electrician, or are otherwise occupationally obligated to pay visits to the houses and apartments of others. You arrive at a home in the course of your duties and find that the only person there is an attractive woman. It is possible that she may be in a negligee or have just gotten out of the shower.



You notice how he's focused on his work and how he's not having any sex?

In Porn: You would start to take care of your official business. The woman would hover around you at all times, making innuendo-laden small talk. Eventually, she would use some sort of metaphor related to your profession to imply that she is of the mind to have sexual intercourse, most likely with you. For instance, if you were there to fix her television, she might say, "How'd you like to check my antenna?" Alternately, if you were there to service a broken sink, she might say, "How'd you like to clean my pipes?" Or, if you were there to arrest her for running a meth lab, she might say, "How'd you like to waive my right to remain silent?" Sexual intercourse would ensue, punctuated with oral intercourse and possibly anal intercourse. You would leave hours later without accepting

monetary compensation for your work and without keeping any other customers waiting.

In Reality: You should stay focused on your business. The woman will most likely direct you to where you need to be, then go back to whatever she was doing before you arrived. Do not bother her unless it's absolutely necessary, such as if you need her signature on a form. When the times comes to ask for payment, avoid saying the word "payment" suggestively and raising your eyebrows repeatedly. Do not have sex with her under any circumstances, unless you are positive she wants to do so. Even then, you should ask, "Do you want to have sex with me" and she should say "Yes." Otherwise, sex is basically out of the question. Just keep telling yourself that you don't have time for sex. You have six more stops to make before lunch.

■ **The Situation:** You are a limo driver. You have been called to pick up a group of girls from a club who want you to drive them around town for a few hours while they get drunk. Eventually they decide that they are bored of the city and want to see some countryside.

It's not yours, so don't spooge in it.

In Porn: Once you drove far enough from any signs of civilization, the girls would tell you to stop the car. You would do so, then get out and walk around to the back to see what was the matter. The girls would invite you into the back with them. They would tell you that they love men in uniform and one of them might take your hat. They would offer you a drink, possibly champagne. You would refuse at first, saying you have to drive, but eventually you would give in. Then they would all have sex with you and each other.

In Reality: They are paying by the hour, so you should take them wherever they want to go. However, you should keep a careful eye on them to make sure that no one gets sick or injured. If one of them vomits, the others will be disgusted and want to get away from the smell. Remember, you are responsible for the limousine and its passengers, and if either are damaged it will tarnish the reputation of your company. If the girls invite you to join them in the back, you are allowed to go. However, you should not drink anything whatsoever, and you should get expressed written consent from all of them before engaging in any sexual activity. You should not expect your company to support you if any of the girls presses a rape charge the next day. In their giddy drunkenness, the girls may very well make out with one another. In that case, it is acceptable to watch and later masturbate while thinking about it. It is not acceptable to join in or to masturbate while still in the limousine.

■ **The Situation:** You are a bellboy in a fancy hotel. You are asked to bring a cart carrying two four course dinners, as well as a bottle of champagne and two glasses up to the suite on the top floor. You are positive that the occupant of that suite is a beautiful woman and that she is staying alone.

Look at what you're wearing. You're not going to get any. Now get back in the suitcase.

In Porn: When you got to the room, the woman would invite you inside. She would tell you that she is terribly lonely, then ask you to have dinner with her. The two of you would eat, then enjoy some champagne. She would seduce you and finally sweep everything off the table. You would have sex with her on the table, then on the couch, and finally on the bed. Then you would put your uniform back on and return the cart to the kitchen as if nothing had happened.

In Reality: You should not expect that the food is for you. She is most likely having company, or possibly has a split personality disorder. You should not ask for sex, but it is acceptable to angle for a monetary tip. Be polite and depart immediately. Take the cart back to the kitchen right away, as it will most likely be needed for another room service call momentarily. Remember, this is a world-class hotel, and absolute perfection is expected of all its employees. Now ask yourself, do you honestly think you could have provided that in a sexual context?

■ **The Situation:** You are moving into a new place of residence. Your new neighbor, an attractive young woman, comes by to welcome you o the neighborhood.

If this is how your home is furnished, chances are pretty good that you're sleeping alone tonight.

In Porn: She would ask if there was anything you needed, possibly while twisting her index finger against the corner of her lip. You would tell her that you could use some company. The two of you would have sex on the floor between your boxes of shirts and old issues of *Penthouse*. Then you would have sex on the kitchen counter, then again on the floor. She would leave before morning, and the two of you would go on with your lives.

In Reality: You should only ask for something if it is small, inexpensive, and you honestly need it. For instance, it would be okay to ask to borrow a roll of duct tape, because you probably have some use for duct tape. However, it is not okay to ask for her top. She may have paid a good deal for that top, or it could be one of her favorites. In any event, you don't need it. You should not make any sexual advances unless she makes them first, and then you should make sure that you understand her intentions. Remember, in all likelihood she is there to welcome you to the neighborhood, not your penis. While it's true that by welcoming you, she is implicitly welcoming your penis, as it is attached to you, but you should not point this out. Bear in mind that you will be living next to this woman for some time, and if you make things awkward now, your relationship could be damaged for the entire duration of your stay.

- **The Situation:** You are dead.

  In Porn: You would return as an angel. Your ethereal mission would be to sexually pleasure a multitude of women in a variety of locations. You would be able to control whether or not the women could see you, resulting in up to ninety minutes of erotic hijinx. When you had slept with enough women, you would transcend the bounds of Earth and rise to heaven, where beautiful female angels would be waiting for you.

  In Reality: You should rot in the ground. In the event of zombification, immediately seek out delicious brains.

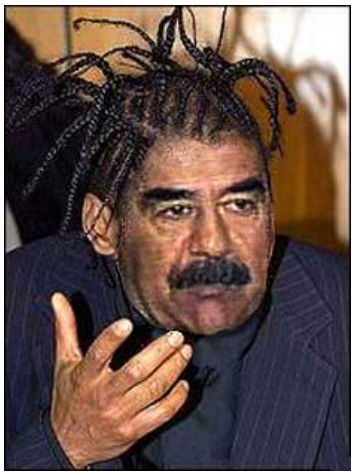
Don't get your hopes up.

I can only hope that this will be helpful to someone out there. It's a strange and confusing world we live in - one full of chemical weapons, Oscar-winning white rap artists, and women who don't always want you to have sex with them. If you use your head and familiarize yourself with what we learned here today, you can avoid becoming another Frank Wright. It's time to stop being a porn statistic and start being a porn survivor.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.14 Livin' in a Dictator's Paradise

Sunday, Apr 13, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Saddam prepares to go into the studio and cut his vocals.

Those of you who follow the minor news related to the recent war in Iraq might have noticed a story about the CIA broadcasting an insulting rap song about Saddam Hussein on their radio airplane. While this may seem like a fairly good idea if you're say drunk or waging a war against a rival gangsta rapper when you're fighting a real war it seems a little silly. Oh how wrong I was! Set to the tune of "Gangsta's Paradise" this rap is roughly two minutes of distilled pathos, no doubt swaying the thoughts of many Iraqis against their brutal dictator and earning the United States a reputation for intelligence. Think about it, one day you're strapped to a mattress spring with a car battery hooked up to your testicles being shocked for mispronouncing "Tikrit". The next day you're listening to the radio and on comes this "awesome" rap song about Saddam with lines like "My days are finished and I will die - all I need is chili fries" and "Everybody in the house say we hate you".

That's about when you say goodbye to your family, strap some dynamite to your chest, and sprint to the nearest Marine Corps checkpoint. What a fucking travesty. There is so much wrong with this whole concept, let alone the cringe inducing execution, that it's hard to know where to start a rant about it. The whole thing reeks of the clumsy hipster appeal of something like "Poochy" from the "The Simpsons" only ten times worse because instead of a stodgy corporate think-tank it was done by the government. Asking them to create anything that's in touch with the youth market is sort of like going to a retirement home and asking a bunch of septuagenarians with Alzheimer's disease to pen a film script about teens coming of age in the ghetto.

Since the US government has been nosing around pasting the stamp of freedom onto the oppressed and/or evil people of Syria I have decided that it's my civic duty as a nerdy white guy to offer up any assistance I can. Seeing as how I once considered entering a rap battle when I was really drunk I think this qualifies me to prepare humorous political rap songs for the coming conflict with Syria. I would now recommend that the CIA begin taking notes at this point but they're already downloading every file on this site and feeding them through some sinister fuzzy-logic software to search for sedition. To ensure that the software flags this piece for their attention I will now type out the following words; bomb, kill, president, sleeper cell, anthrax, Ak-47, pumpernickel, Allah, and platelets.

The first rap I have put together is a little piece about Syria's current president Bashar Al-Asad entitled **"Bashar? More like crookshar, am I right?"** It's to the music and beat of Shaggy's hit single "Wasn't Me".

You DO NOT fuck wiht Al-Asad.

Chorus

Coalition came in and they caught me red-handed
Giving lowlight to the girl next door
Picture this we were both butt naked
Testing lowlight goggles on the bathroom floor
How could I forget that I was

Under constant satellite surveillance
Rob my people to help a dictator
Now I'm headed for an ambulance

Verse 1 (Shaggy)

How you fi give the Saddam access to your borda
Trespass and a satellite see all the crooka
You better watch your borda and stop da trade with a killer
Let's review the situation that you're caught up inna
Now to be a true player you got to know how to play
Starlight scope fi to amplify ambient light and it lookin like day
Never never admit to a word weh George Bush say
And if Coalition claim say a you tell Saddam "baby no way"

Hook

Coalition caught me on the border... I'm a crook.
Israel and America are friends of peace... I'm a crook.
I even wear lowlight goggles in the shower... I'm a crook.
And may have provided guidance systems for Chinese "Frog" ballistic missiles in the late nineties when sanctions were in place... I'm a crook.
Coalition saw the movement cross my border... I'm a crook.
Not believe the words that I told her... I'm a crook.
Heard the screams of victims of my cruel regime... I'm a crook.
Probably got some of them double you em dee... I'm a crook.

[reprise chorus]

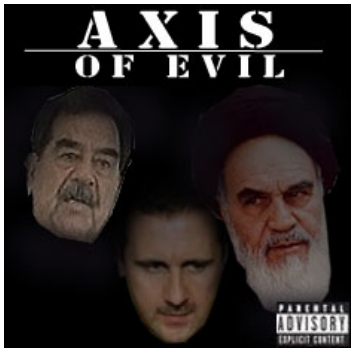
Verse 2 (Shaggy)

unintelligible

A never you she see a mek de goggle go flex
A smaddi else whe favor you inna bunker complex
Seeing is believing but it's time to change the specs
You know whe a go bring 1740 pages of concrete evidence collected and collated by multiple international intelligence agencies from in de past
All the little evidence you better know fi mask

unintelligible

And if she back with new coalition of da willing you better know fi run fast



The Dictata, the Crooka, and the Ayatollah.

That's a nice relaxing and easy going song that I feel gets the message across much better than a clumsy tune like the CIA's rap. However, many male Syrians consider Shaggy to be music for girls, preferring "harder shit" like DMX and old Ice Cube. Similarly Iran has an almost religious hatred for Shaggy but they absolutely love Westside Connection. To this end I have put together a song to the music of "The Gangsta, the Killa, and the Dope Deala" by Westside Connection. This piece is entitled **"The Dictata, the Crooka, and the Ayatollah."**

Intro (Ice Cube/Saddam)

Hey,
Living on the axis of evil--ya'll trying to study me
Being jerks' a never die--it's too much love
The coalition and mankind's love of freedom be killin' niggas like us, you know what I mean
God damn--how many more motherfuckin' enemy combatant holding facilities ya'll gonna build
How many graves you gonna try to put us in
You know what I'm saying

Axis of evil is a rogue state, murda(x4)

(Ice Cube/Saddam)

Any one of ya'll niggas fuck with all of these niggas
These triggas we's killas

hahaha

Tuckin' our tails in between legs
Wit a bitch like France braiding my head
Leave 'em til they matted forearm tatted
What's the Axis bitch you looking at it
It's gotta stop
I applied electric torture to more dicks than it
Takes to get to the center

once, two, three

of a can of soda pop
And it's gonna take a miracle
To drive a car safely 'cross the borda to Syria
Yeah, I lost a lot of wars but I ain't tryin' to see Norman Schwarzkopf

Punkassnigga

So let's wait till the air strikes ease off
So many foes walk in my capital
It's like the international, house of pancakes
All my statues gone, every bitch passed
A first not last, when we all hit the ass
My tanks is burnin' scrap piles weighin' a ton

what

One Pussy, and UN resolution 1441
Dictata's don't dance we boogie[ahhh]
Niggas run out and get ya chili dog

MidEaaaaast

Axis of evil is a rogue state, murda (x4)

(W.C./Al-Asad)

Who's that runnin' cross the borda hoo smuggling

MidEaaaaast

Very low casualties are inflicted when I got my steel up
Throwing my shit up pulling the trigga
What the fuck you lookin' at nigga

whistle

Yellow as a canary when I bust
Leavin' crates of goggles loaded up in my truck
Secretly eating pork and reading pornographic material in my G ride
I swear I'm arrestin' the family of every nigga standing outside
letting 'em have it
With my double barrel sawed off
I'm smoking everybody who disagreein' with my regime
Stretch 'em out in broad daylight muthafuck the witnesses
eyes big as golf balls from the funny cigarette

haha

as the sun frowns on my forehead
I sweat murder which makes me a walking dead man
man bringing more bad news than shlepp rock
when I instruct my subordinates to bust shots
Al-Asad keep the hammer cocked

The Dictata, the Crooka, and the Ayatollah(x4)

(Mack 10/ Ayatollah Khomeini)

What's crackin

Well, it's the nigga that's housin' the scene
I got pounds of weapon's grade plutonium and all my bling be made outta zirconium
I put down dissent and freedom with brutality and violence
When I speak at a rally all you be hearin' is silence
Now what can I say every line of the Koran I lay be pure and
bombay like Peruvian yae
So I brag and I boast and all the honeys dig me
I create more fatwas than Salman motherfuckin' Rushdie
My homie Al-Jazeera plug me with the civilian casualty

But Coalition comin' like Kid Thunder and performin' a fatality
Now what's next I'm stuck like a Kotex
blindin' niggas with the buggas in my Rolex
With my bases gettin' bombed on a regular basis
I'll be fleein' to Libya with three cash-filled cases
cause ain't nothin' reala' than niggas gettin' they scrilla
like a dictata, a crooka
But Khomeini I'll be the Ayatollah

Axis of evil is a rogue state, murda (x4)
The Dictata, the Crooka, and the Ayatollah

murda

(x8)

Damn it's a trip, all these Tomahawks comin' down
I cant go here, I can't go there
I feel trapped in a series of subterranean bunkers
And I'm probably buried beneath rubble

I admit mine aren't much better than the CIA's rap song, which is perfect for their purposes! Best of luck to them and their magical flying radio station in our future conflicts with the barbarian hordes of the Mid East.

New Rom Pit review: Hydlide

Hello, Something Awful readers. This is karate-chopping Japanese sex symbol, Kenshiro, with some copied/pasted awesomeness from Jed's Hydlide review. All I can really tell you about this game is that it definitely doesn't feature me slowly stripping to Nelly's latest single, but since it's in the Rom Pit, you just know it's going to be some pathetic hunk of 8-bit cat crap that no one has played in 15 years.

> *Hydlide is the metaphorical pebble dropped into a vast pool of water that gives us a brief glimpse of how large and crappy the universe really is. The first thing you'll notice upon starting is that you're some kind of bloated midget getting attacked by ninjas and gay eskimos with fucked-up names like "ROPER" and "LADYAM". Don't let that fool you, though, because the rest of the game really sucks.*

If you're a bad enough dude to rescue Fairyland, you can read the rest of the review by clicking here and also here.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.15 The SA Forums are Open to the Public!

Tuesday, Apr 15, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Since Nate and I have been awake and working on the SA Forums since 11:00 PM on Sunday night, I'm afraid I do not have the creative energy to spew forth an exciting front page article. I do, however, bring good news: the SA Forums are now temporarily open to the public! Come stop on in, check the place out, and see if you like them! We're trying to run a stress test on the new servers, as well as encourage people to sign up, so give them a shot. Please keep in mind that unregistered viewers will only be allowed to see about half the total forums, so registration definitely has its benefits. If you still refuse to visit the SA Forums, then I will send the following furry to lurk in the bushes outside your home and proceed to perform disgusting sexual acts while you watch "Will and Grace":

I hope that did the trick. Now head on over to the SA Forums and work those servers like the filthy, two-bit whores they are!

I AM USING THE INTERNET!

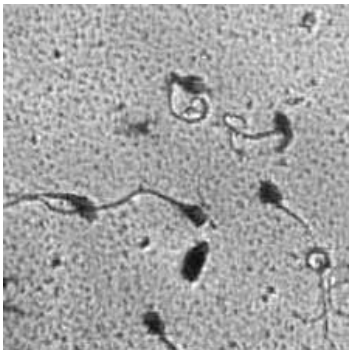
Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here again folks! Let me check my little calander real quick. Yep, Tuesday. Guess it's time to show why Lowtax and Nate have been working so hard to get the forums available to you, the general public. In today's Comedy Goldmine we deal with flavor of the month and snazzy kisser Mohammad Said al-Sahaf and his *crazy* thoughts."Mohammad Said al-Sahaf tells it how it is", 9 fun filled pages of photoshop fun, straight from the SA Forum Goons.

Now that looks like a sticky situation! If you'd like to see the rest of the funny ha-ha pictures, then click here!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.16 Got Semen?

Wednesday, Apr 16, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



These tenacious little buggers will help you grow big and strong!

Aside from a few ignorable fears like death and terrorism, life in the developed world is a pretty enjoyable frolic. We have clean water, mostly clean air, relatively stable economies, quick access to pie, and all the luxuries and amenities that come with being a card carrying member of civilization. Yet outside our serene pastures of endless opportunity rests a world of poverty, primitive tribes, and traditions that are rapidly decaying in the stifling air of the civilized world. In another hundred years, there may not even be a single bushman left in the world. The evolution of humanity is a juggernaut force pushing everybody towards change, including those whose lifestyles stand firmly against it. Although many of us may not live to see it in our lifetime, our children will one day live proud and smug in a world of exquisite taste and demeanor as dandy fops riding from one dinner social to another on hover skies. As much as I love a foppish dandy on hover skies, I rue the day the colorful eccentricities of this world are substituted with black and white suits, monocles, canes, and handsome well-groomed mustaches.

One group facing this impending cultural extinction head-on are the quaint Semen Warriors of New Guinea. I first heard about these illustrious and noble men while reading a post on the always educational Something Awful Forums. Immediately my imagination was ignited with wild fervor as I imagined tiny sperm combatants dueling it out in brutal birth canal Thunderdomes using any weapons they could get their tiny hands on. I'd later learn from a sex education teacher that I have grave misunderstandings about the miracle of life, and also that my perceptions of the Semen Warriors of New Guinea were very wrong. Thankfully there is this article that does seem to shed some new light on them:

Some less than ethical semen tribes are known to take advantage of illegal performance enhancing varieties of semen. Common tribal law forbids such actions.

> *Bizarre homosexual rites are practiced extensively by numerous Melanesian tribesmen in New Guinea and adjacent islands. Young boys must "accumulate" semen for several years, either by regularly receiving anal penetration, or by swallowing the ejaculations of older males they fellate. This ancient custom springs from a religious belief system that regards sperm as the essential conduit of masculine energy; puny boys, they believe, are only transformed into virile warriors if they ingest large quantities of sperm.*

That tells you a little about their fascinating and majestic culture. For instance, it tells you that they believe semen is a critical dietary supplement rich in Vitamin Manliness. They also believe that it's necessary to subject their male offspring to routine episodes of hot gay sex. This tends to differ from most modern ideas of child upbringing in that it's the polar opposite and incredibly sick. However, they're another culture and their ways or different, so we must respect them, because they're another culture and their ways are different. As I said, this gives you a pretty good picture about the life and culture of the semen warriors, but it still leaves most of the canvas blank.

I wanted to do a lot of research so that I could give you all kinds of interesting facts about the Semen Warriors of New Guinea in an effort to sound smart and make you really truly believe the state had every right to give me that GED diploma, but goddamn, that requires book reading and I'll be cursed to a thousand hopeless hells before I do such a horrible thing with my precious time. There is one good secret to the mystic art of fact giving that I know, and that is that you really don't have to be an expert when we have such powerful constructs as common sense and ambiguity to fill in the blanks and dot the miscellaneous lower case letters of our humble alphabet. With that in mind, here are some other rare facts about the Semen Warriors of New Guinea:

- The Semen Warriors of New Guinea did not give America the Statue of Liberty. No, that was the French. If the Semen Warriors of New Guinea did give us a colossus, it would most likely not involve a giant green woman holding a torch. This brings to mind a very interesting historical what-if scenario: how would the ending of "Ghostbusters 2" have been different? My goodness, I certainly hope that's ectoplasm spraying all over the place!
- The current United States Secretary of Transportation Norman Y. Mineta is not and never has been a member of any semen warrior tribe in New Guinea or any other location.
- The Semen Warriors of New Guinea's sperm, despite undergoing much more rigorous activities than ordinary sperm, has not evolved gills or the ability to move across dry land.
- The Semen Warriors of New Guinea do not sleep in yurts but rather in huts or other equally primitive dwellings. Jehovah's Witnesses also never bother them.
- The sperm of a Semen Warrior of New Guinea, once mature, does not burst through the chest and undergo a rapid metamorphosis into a hunter drone.
- Even the most skilled Semen Warrior of New Guinea would probably find himself at odds if fighting a polar bear or ice dragon.

In spite of their utterly astounding lifestyles and rituals, primitive cultures such as the Semen Warriors of New Guinea and those crazy headhunters that terrorized the seven stranded castaways of Gilligan's Isle are facing inevitable extinction, as further documented in my one source of knowledge on the Semen Warriors of New Guinea:

> *"Semen warrior tribes" are rapidly disappearing, due to oppression imposed on them by Christian European colonialists in the last 150 years. The "heroic homosexual" customs will probably vanish soon, buried under the inhibitions and scientific knowledge promulgated by missionaries and bureaucrats.*

As most of you know, I pride myself on being an open-minded and thoroughly accepting man of considerable enlightenment. Like most of you, I can hardly sleep a wink at night knowing that these noble tribes of pederasts are coming ever closer to their final twilight. Plain and simple, we have to do something about this. Letting wonderful cultures based around barbaric sexual abuse rituals simply fade off into the sunset is not something we can let happen. That fate might work for cowboys or proud motorcycle enthusiasts, but not for dirty, dirty, honorable savages. Sure, it's easy for us in the developed world to sit back and hardly blink an eye at the suffering of far off people. You didn't give a single dime to Sally Struthers in her altruistic crusade to consume every starving child in Africa, and I don't expect you to give me a dime either. But you can help and you can make a difference! Yes, thanks too the wonderful new group dedicated to preserving this dying way of life.

Helping Jerks International, a Non-Profit Charity Organization

Could Popeye's love of strength and vitality giving spinach be a metaphor for the semen warriors?

One of the gravest concerns facing the various semen tribes is that there will come a day when there simply aren't enough adults to supply the young. Without the semen they need to survive and grow, these children will remain weak, fetid, puny, and Pauly Shore-like until death, which without manliness, is always around the corner. In many ways this problem mirrors the mythological struggle of the hero Popeye who, without spinach, could not stand his ground against the dangers and thugs of the modern world. It's quite plausible that the rituals of the various semen tribes served as inspiration to the originators of the Popeye mythos. But I digress...

The goal of Helping Jerks International is to accumulate and maintain plentiful semen reserves, so that if need be, we can get these spirited youngsters the protein rich fluid they so desperately need to grow. With precious little effort on your part, we can quickly dispatch your donation to the furthest reaches of the South Pacific, and cram it into the input-output orifices of an eager child. With your donation, Helping Jerks International will mail you a picture of your adopted anus-son, as well as a certificate proclaiming your role as a sacred adopted anus-father that you can proudly display to your friends and family. In some regards, your contribution brings you closer to the semen warrior culture in such a way that you yourself could claim to be a strong and turgid semen warrior. Some men may settle for being a big brother to a needy child, and others may send pennies a day to starving kids, but you can one-up them all by sending life and manliness from the innermost sanctum of your crotch to the growing bodies of far off kids. Please do your part, for these children need you. More than that, the future of the Semen Warriors of New Guinea depends on you!

In reality I haven't started such an organization, nor am I sure it's legal to start such an organization. I also don't think I want my name associated with such an organization. But I do want to see a wonderful culture preserved, if only to provide an explanation as to why it's okay to wipe out native life and replace it with glorious advertising space and commercial development. I guess that creates a paradox, though, since you can't wipe them out if you need to preserve them to set an example as to why it's okay to wipe them out. Ah hell, I hate charity work even more now.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.17 Easter Science Lab

Thursday, Apr 17, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Happy Easter from the Church of Scientology: "We Study Scient!"

Easter is almost upon us, a holiday so exciting that every year all Americans with the exception of Catholics and people afraid of rabbits forget it even exists until, like that wave of sludge monster from Creep Show 2, it is upon us. Actually Easter is one of those holidays - completely unlike Flag Day and Arbor Day - that sends out heralds to sound the clarion call of its arrival throughout the seasonal sections of grocery stores and Wal Marts across the land. As early as three months ago you could see the first skeletal signs of a new holiday display being erected by an acne encrusted teenager. By last weekend the corridors of peril were overflowing with candies, plastic eggs, and other items much more vaguely related to the holiday. My logical side tells me that Easter is a celebration of Christ's rebirth, while my purely observational side tells me that Easter is a celebration of plastic eggs crapped out by a wide variety of candy manufacturers and filled to the brim with novelty candy.

Saying that the meaning of a holiday has been lost may be true but it's a bit clichéd and so I'm going to try to steer clear of that. No, the disturbing thing to me is how desperate some of these candy manufacturers have gotten to make sure that their candy sells. Jellybeans, Cadbury crème eggs, and others are all candies that we associate as either traditional or logical extensions of the Easter "egg and rabbit" candy theme. Occasionally a candy maker will cook up some new formula for Easter, like the delightful Rhodes Scholar Mr. Reese and his peanut butter egg, which is scientifically proven to contain the optimal peanut butter versus chocolate ratio. These late-comers to the Easter candy scene are welcomed with open arms if their product proves to be delicious, and cast aside like a box of expired condoms if they are not quite so delectable.

More recently the trend for candy manufacturers has been to make questionable crossover marketing attempts with toy makers and celebrities. Your kids will be going into seizures of joy upon finding a plastic egg that opens to reveal gummi versions of their favorite Spongebob Squarepants characters. These same children will squeal with utter delight when they crack open that egg full of chocolate NASCAR driver heads or the compressed sugar busts of their favorite neo-classical poets. The kids might literally combust with exuberance when they realize that rather than simple chocolate eggs those plastic eggs contain life-like candy replicas of the internal organs of the cast of "Will & Grace".

That's good eatin' if you're a moon commie!

I counted no less than ten different "theme eggs" available at my local Target, with the themes ranging from the surreal but still Easter-related "egg full of smaller chocolate eggs" to the ambiguous "Matchbox Racers car-shaped chocolate inside an egg". Do not even dare to ponder what sort of monstrous abomination of science could lay eggs full of matchbox cars, much less edible cars made of chocolate. Science may have created the matchbox egg laying monstrosity, but it remains the answer to correct Easter candy selections. When doing my Easter shopping this year I purchased a wide variety of candy treats and a pair of baskets. Every year I make two Easter baskets full of candy, invite children to the apartment, then light the baskets on fire and hurl them off the balcony to the street while the children scream and cry. A good time is had by all, or more importantly, a good time is had by me at the expense of all.

This year two curiosities found their way into my shopping cart. One is an oddity that is probably quite familiar to you, the other is a mysterious stone-like candy birthed up from a loathsome hell-maggot onto the blasted heath of the 666th layer of the inferno. I am referring to "Marshmallow Peeps" and "Easter Basket Eggs" respectively. Unsure if either would prove adequate for Sunday's flammable festivities I ordained to conduct a thorough scientific examination of their properties. I know little of science so my procedure followed closely the work of such luminaries of academia as "that guy who played Barth on 'You Can't Do That On Television'" and fellow Nickelodeon alumni Mark Summers.

One of the most important phases of experimentation is not conducted with a Bunsen burner, but rather with the observational faculties provided by the moon goddess. I used these keen powers of observation to perform some preliminary research and to assemble basic profiles of my upcoming test subjects.

- **"Marshmallow Peeps" Physical Appearance:** If it were possible for a chicken to

Fig 1.1 - Marshmallow Peep.

give birth to a marshmallow and somehow instill in it a combination of its own genetic code and Down's Syndrome the marshmallow peep would surely be the result. Bloated, with small and black eyes that are often asymmetrically placed on its misshapen head, the marshmallow peep would seem more at home in a medical waste incinerator at a chicken abortion clinic than an Easter basket. My particular test subjects were yellow in color, although they are apparently harvested from peep spawning pools in a wide variety of unnatural hues. **Weight:** Roughly the same as a windborne plague spore, ready to hatch open and corrupt an unsuspecting population with weeping sores and tissue necrosis.

Taste Test: Marshmallows are made from a combination of gelatin, sugar, and a few other choice ingredients. Gelatin, in turn, is made from the liquefied bones of fallen warriors, and it is this flavor that is most apparent when tasting a peep. Add to this a vile crust not unlike the dried effluvium from a deep sea crustacean's cloacae and you have some inkling of the disgusting flavor of a marshmallow peep.

Texture: The external texture of a peep is similar to sandpaper or scabs while the internal texture is as moist and fluffy as the still-hot lungs of a freshly slaughtered lamb.

Communication: Peeps are either completely mute or communicate through some form of pheromones. I have not ruled out advanced telepathy as the peeps - while entirely sessile - do display signs of a sort of malign collective intellect.

- **"Bunny Basket Eggs"**

Physical Appearance: Roughly the size of an advanced goiter in a human the Easter basket eggs I examined were oblong and rounded but not entirely egg-shaped. They were

Fig 1.2 - Easter Basket Egg (cross section).

flattened on one side suggesting that at some point in their early days they were not completely solid and as they formed their protective outer shell they were influenced by the forces of gravity. While casual examination would lead one to believe that the Easter basket eggs are completely benign a closer inspection reveals a strange translucency to their outer shell which may be to permit light to enter the soft interior. This forces me to conjecture that either the Easter basket eggs contain some sort of light-sensitive organs or tissues or can actually metabolize light for energy.

Weight: Approximately the same weight as a .45 caliber ACP round.

Taste Test: Tilt your head back until your face is nearly horizontal. Gently pinch a cockroach or similar beetle between thumb and index finger. Hold the insect above your open mouth and quickly crush it with all your strength until its humors combine and drip onto your tongue from its shattered carapace. This is the flavor of the Easter basket egg. Well, this and a whole fuckload of sugar.

Texture: While I can't be sure, I imagine its texture is identical to what you would get if you laminated an owl pellet.

Communication: Easter basket eggs communicate through ultrasonic vibration that is imperceptible to any human senses but easily detectable on a finely tuned seismograph.

These are the two items which I then subjected to a battery of experiments to test their potential use in my incendiary Easter baskets on Sunday. For posterity, and for those of you who might attempt to "catch the wave" so to speak and begin inviting children over to witness your brutal destruction of their childhood dreams, I post the results of these tests now.

- **Experiment One: Submerged in Boiling Water Procedure:** One each of peep

Fig 2.1 - Boiling Water Added.

and basket egg were placed into separate glasses. A pot of water was brought to a boil

and then each glass was filled with boiling water. Results were noted immediately after the water was added and then five minutes later.

Peep Results: Immediately upon adding boiling water the peep floated to the surface. There was a barely audible hissing sound as chemicals within the peep reacted to the water and heat. The outer surface of the peep dissolved into an oily sludge, with the exception of the eyes which fragmented each into several small flecks of brown coloring. The main body of the peep began showing signs of degradation almost instantly and after five minutes it had almost completely dissolved into a foamy white lump. The water in the glass was colored yellow after five minutes.

Basket Egg Results: The basket egg slowly floated to the surface of the glass. It retained its exterior shell for some time after adding the water, although immediately after adding the water it could be seen shedding a slight corona of blue coloring into the liquid. After five minutes the basket egg's exterior shell had been completely dissolved into the water and the mysterious white interior substance was cratered much like the tissue of a severe burn victim. It did retain its overall shape despite severe degradation. The water was very slightly blue colored after five minutes.

Conclusions: It is my belief based on these experiments that peeps rely on their group intellect to overcome potential foes. Their bodies are pitifully susceptible to boiling water and tearing while the basket egg proved to be much more resilient. Without the ability to judge the overall aggressiveness of peeps and basket eggs it is impossible to judge their respective places in the predator/prey relationship.

- **Experiment Two: Microwave Radiation Test**

Fig 3.1 - Microwaved Peep.

Procedure: One each of peep and basket egg were placed in the center of separate plates. The plates were then subjected to thirty seconds of intense (or "high") microwave radiation. Results were noted immediately after the end of microwave bombardment and one minute following microwave bombardment.

Peep Results: Like a corpse left in the hot sun the peep bloated before my eyes, swelling to nearly five times its initial size in the span of thirty seconds. This horrifying display may have been a defensive mechanism on the part of the peep although this conclusion is somewhat misleading. One minute after being subjected to microwave radiation the peep had actually lost much of its volume and was even smaller than it was before testing had begun. In addition, the lower surface of the peep had liquefied into a yellow slurry, possibly a leeching of vital fluids from the peep or simply a byproduct of the swelling process. Either way the peep seemed even more lifeless than before.

Basket Egg Results: No change was perceived. The basket egg seemed to be completely immune to microwave radiation.

Conclusions: Obviously the peep's native environment is not one where they regularly

have to contend with microwave radiation. The basket egg, on the other hand, seems to be overall a much heartier specimen than the peeps.

■ **Experiment Three: Peep Superior Symbiosis and Microwave Radiation Test**

Fig 4.1 - Untouched Egg in Peep. Click for resulting image.

Procedure: This test was intended to examine a potential symbiotic relationship between peeps and basket eggs. This test assumes that peeps would be the dominant species and that the basket eggs would rely on the peep for protection. To conduct this test I gripped the upper half and lower half of a peep in separate hands, neatly tearing it into two pieces but leaving a flap of peep tissue near the neck connecting the two. Into this gap I inserted an unaltered basket egg. The rest of the test was identical to the first microwave radiation test.

Peep Results: Much as in the first experiment the peep became bloated as soon as it began to be subjected to microwaves. However, seemingly due to the presence of the basket egg inside its increasing girth the peep did not swell nearly as large as in the first experiment. I would estimate its overall growth to no more than three times its original size. In addition, one minute after the microwave bombardment ended the peep returned to a much closer approximation of its original state. There was once again a thick sludgy residue left beneath the peep.

Basket Egg Results: No apparent change. The basket egg became partially stuck to the internal "goo" of the peep but did not suffer any loss of structural integrity as a result. After surgically removing it post mortem from the peep I was able to remove the pieces of peep debris from its outer shell and the basket egg was completely fine.

Conclusions: Neither peep nor basket egg benefits significantly from this symbiosis. While the basket egg seemed immune to the radiation it became uncomfortably mired in the internals of the peep and in a natural setting I doubt it could extricate itself without assistance. The peep did receive some minimal benefit from the basket egg's presence but the damage done in the insertion of the basket egg alone was enough to negate this benefit.

■ **Experiment Four: Basket Egg Superior Symbiosis and Microwave Radiation Test**

Procedure: Much as in the previous test this test was designed to examine a potential symbiotic relationship between peeps and basket eggs. This time the basket egg was bisected and partially gutted in an effort to accommodate the presence of a peep inside it. The basket egg lacked sufficient storage capacity even after most of its innards were scooped out to house the peep. As a result when the time came for the microwave test the peep was basically wearing the shell of the basket egg as a sort of armored vest.

Fig 5.1 - Untouched Peep in Egg. Click for resulting image.

Peep Results: The "armor" provided by the basket egg did shield the peep to an extent from the fury of the radioactive storm raging through the "microwave containment device". The peep swelled to roughly three times its original size, perhaps not quite that large, but the results were virtually indistinguishable from the last test where I shoved a basket egg inside the peep.

Basket Egg Results: The basket egg produced somewhat interesting results in this test. For the first time it did show signs of degradation in a microwave test. The exposed internal substance of the basket egg, essentially a much denser version of what makes up a peep, had bonded with the slightly molten outer surface of the peep. Otherwise the basket egg was untouched, but in the event that the basket eggs ever decide to wage a war of genocide against mankind let it be known that they are not wholly invulnerable to microwave radiation.

Conclusions: This experiment concludes my series of experiments and demonstrates that there is no conceivable mutually beneficial relationship between basket eggs and peeps. While it may be possible for peeps to hunt and kill basket eggs and then use their shells for defensive purposes this concept seems implausible since peeps do not posses the ability to kill basket eggs.

My final decision has been to eliminate basket eggs from my roster for this year's burning Easter baskets. While they might be at home in a normal basket their resilience to physical damage makes them virtually worthless in a burning Easter fireball. Peeps, on the other hand, will be right at home. They'll go up like a propane factory in a meteor shower.

Photoshop Phriday Gone Wild

It appears that today is Friday, which means it's time to look at some funny images courtesy of the SA Forum Goons! Ace reporter Livestock here to let you know they did a bang up job, which means this week is a true sight to behold. "Animal Anomalies" was the name of the game, and the rules were simple: create strange animal or insect abominations.

If you love your family and don't want to see any harm come to them, YOU WILL READ PHOTOSHOP PHRIDAY.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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4.18 Taxation With Insultation

Thursday, Apr 17, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

While the clock on my Microsoft © Windows ™ XP ® Pro SP1 ©™ Turbo Type-R ® continues to tick away, I am constantly reminded that it is past 2:00 AM and I am sitting alone in a bedroom, listening to banjo Christmas music and drinking steel-brewed beer in my underwear. I'm sure this should be depressing and sickening to me in some way, but thanks to the advances of medical technology and my ability to swallow pill-shaped pills, I have developed a gorgeous sense of apathy which coats my body like the noxious green slime from "You Can't Do That On Television." This detachment from reality has been my preferred method of dealing with the stressful events currently transpiring in my life, which include but are not limited to:

Is it any wonder I have turned into this shower-dwelling, assault-rifle equipped nutcase by now?

1) Buying a new house,
2) Moving into the new house (see above for more details),
3) Having to fuck with the forums every hour of every day or else they'll explode and take out a major section of Detroit, which I can't allow to happen because then Reid "Frolixo" Pascqkeweitsz will be dead and I therefore won't be able to ask him how the hell to spell his retarded name anymore,
4) Paying taxes.

This man died while doing his taxes. Why?

Although many people might not have yet experienced the feelgood sensation of the first three items, almost everybody in the US has had to deal with taxes in one form or another. For example, when you buy gum from an Iranian who either doesn't know how or refuses to speak English, you must pay a state sales tax. This tax can range anywhere from like, jeez, I don't know, 0% to a 1,000,000% or something. It all depends on where you live; like if you live in New York, then the sales tax percentage equates to roughly the equivalent of your body weight. If you inhabit the moon, then the sales tax drops significantly lower, although you face slight problems such as a lack of oxygen and a lack of Iranians to purchase gum. I don't even know why you'd want gum on the moon to begin with, but that's your lifestyle, and as Captain Planet has told me time and time before, "it's okay to be flamboyantly gay and buy gum from Iranians on the moon." Wait, that was Captain Planet, wasn't it? I'd hate to be confusing him with one of the band members from Jem and the Hologram's rival band "The Misfits."

Probably because he was trying to use that gay Casio watch on the bottom. What an ass.

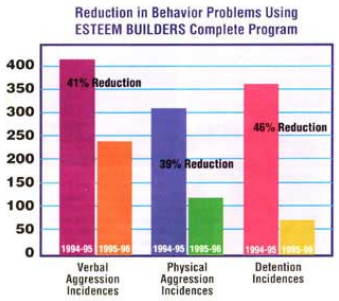
I'm sure most of you readers can see where I'm heading with this: it's 2:26 AM, I'm in my underpants and drinking beer alone in my bedroom while listening to Christmas banjo music. Obviously, this article naturally revolves around the exciting invention that some British / English / French / Aztec guy came up with: taxes. Way back in whenever the hell this event occurred, some guy said to some other guy, "now that I'm the ruler of whatever land we're living on, I should really start charging people money to live here and buy things and do stuff" and the other guy replied in whatever crazy Martian language they spoke at the time, "hey, good idea" and then they raised their rifles / knives

/ spears / rocks in triumph. After announcing their discovery to the eager townsfolk, they were immediately lynched and their individual body parts were sold on a primitive version of eBay.

Unfortunately, their nefarious plot caught on and soon countries all across whatever planet we live on began taxing people. If I recall my history correctly, and I sure as hell don't ever recall being able to do so, some assholes founded America in a futile attempt to escape "taxation without deforestation" or some bullshit that Miss Conrad made me memorize in fourth grade. God I hated that lady. She took away my Garbage Pail Kids in the middle of class *even though I had them under my desk!* Can you believe the nerve of that bitch? Hey Miss Conrad, if you're reading this now, who's the washed up fourth grade social studies teacher and who's the webmaster drunkenly listening to banjo Christmas music in an empty apartment full of cats and underpants? I had originally intended for that previous sentence to be an insult, but now that I look back I realize that it sounds kind of pathetic, so please pretend that I just zinged the unholy hell out of Miss Conrad and she's either furious or rolling over in her grave (if either dead or buried alive). You took my Garbage Pail Kids and now Jesus Christ took your worthless life, you rotten old hag.

This Monday, April 14th, I sent the United States government a check which contained an awfully depressing amount of digits and numbers that ranged from "zero" to "nine." You see, being a webmaster and running a site like Something Awful isn't exactly the glorious and glamorous job many of you may mistake it as. For starters, when people ask your occupation and you reply, "I'm a webmaster," they give you the same look reserved for stumbling upon a horse's severed head underneath their bed sheets. Additionally, webmasters simply cannot compete in the "drugs and sex" category that have propelled many rock bands to fame, as I haven't been laid since the early 1990's and that opportunity was ruined when "the plaintiff" unexpectedly woke up. However, the American government absolutely loves webmasters like me because they know I'm a "soft target"; I'll hand my records over to any CPA and then proceed to write them a check for whatever random amount they spit back into my face. I go to sleep each night with the fear that if I fail to send the government hefty checks, my front door will be kicked in by a squad of men in black and multiple COPS camera crews all filming me masturbating to foot fetish porn. I certainly can't have that happen, as I want to lose at least 12 pounds before I go on national television.

The United States government uses your tax money in a variety of exciting and groundbreaking ways. For example, they spend it. That's all I can think of offhand, but I'm sure there are some absolutely fantastic things that they do with your money, such as produce scratch-off lottery tickets which read "YOU LOSE" under their cancer-causing silver particle coating, and pay for cops to give me tickets for parking my car in my apartment's parking lot. Also, I heard there was recently some war with Iraq or somebody, so I assume our money paid for the bombs which had "HIJACK THIS, YOU FAGS" written across them and the jet fuel which didn't. The government pays for a lot of things that you and I would never directly give money to on account that they're stupid and worthless, like the National Association to Make Sure the Streetlight Poles are Always Humming Outside My Fucking Apartment Window and California Senator Barbara Boxer.



As you can see by this chart, well, I don't know what you can see by this chart. I like that pink bar though, it looks saucy.

Fortunately, I've recently discovered a way to prevent the jackbooted Federal thugs from invading your bank account and stealing tax money which should rightfully be yours if the government lacked any taxation system. After spending a few weeks crunching the numbers, I determined the government swipes a percentage off the amount of money you collected the previous year. This percentage depends on what "income bracket" you fall under. For example, if you make more than $150,000 a year, you must pay whatever percentage corresponds to the "rich

asshole" category, and you're probably some fag who drives a SUV. If you make under $15,000 a year, then the government considers you to be a "poor fucker" and will only bother you if you try to steal bread to sell for crack or whatever the hell poor people do. However, what happens if you make $0 a year? The government could hypothetically collect 1,500% of your $0 and still end up with a big fat zero! The key to being a successful businessman and avoiding taxes lays in your ability to effortlessly lose money and hide what little cash you do make. With this in mind, I have developed some tax-saving tips for the 2003 fiscal year which you may use to become as wealthy and successful as I, a man who is currently drunk, semi-naked, and listening to banjo Christmas music at 3:52 AM:

- **TIP #1: DON'T ALLOW PEOPLE TO GIVE YOU MONEY. EVER.** This is one of the most crucial aspects to keeping a low tax profile. One of the easiest ways to refuse people giving you money is by killing yourself, but some people find themselves uncomfortable with this long-term solution, as it greatly hinders their ability to bitch about upcoming Star Wars movies. On the positive side, this makes tax filing infinitely easier, as zero plus zero will always equal zero, unless you use the Metric System, in which case you'll owe the government something like 50,271 megawatts per kilometer.

When burying your money, make sure to not accidentally bury yourself, a common mistake amongst the inexperienced.

- **TIP #2: BURY ALL YOUR CASH IN COFFEE TINS UNDER YOUR BACKYARD.** I'm fairly sure that the government can only tax you on money that exists, and if your cash resides in a decaying Folger's Crystals canister below the sod in your trailer park's yard, then it belongs to Mother Earth, not the US Government, and they are prohibited from touching it by law of ancient Native American rituals. If a jackbooted Nazi government scumbag tries to dig up your moneycan, then they will be haunted by some Indian ghost chief who will make them sterile and cause them to hallucinate and think their family members are zombies out to murder them. If their family members were previously zombies out to murder them, then the Indian ghost chief will disguise them as 1979 Samsung twin-tub washing machines. If their family members were previously 1979 Samsung twin-tub washing machines, then hey, there's not much the Indian ghost chief can do to possibly make their life much worse.
- **TIP #3: CLAIM YOU LOST ALL YOUR MONEY WHILE WATCHING BRITNEY SPEARS' "CROSSROADS".** Previously today, when I was much less drunk, I decided to sit down and watch my Comcast digital cable, which now has the ability to produce images at 233 x 175 resolution with up to 19 quasi-distinctly similar colors. I ended up settling on "Crossroads," a movie which served as a vehicle for pop sensation Britney Spears' acting career, one which I hope runs her down in rush hour traffic. As far as I can tell, the film revolves around three boring woman traveling from point A to point B while talking about boys and facing insurmountable obstacles such as refueling the gas tank and reciting lines without laughing hysterically. According to my internal clock, this movie lasted roughly six decades (not counting the credits), which left ample time for me to pass out and have my wallet and checkbook stolen by unscrupulous

bastards. If an IRS agent attempts to audit you, simply show him a copy of "Crossroads" as proof. Once he's in a deep coma, steal his wallet and move. Oh yeah, screw his wife too if you have the chance.

- **TIP #4: BECOME AN ANTI-GOVERNMENT NUTBALL AND REFUSE TO PAY TAXES.** Out of all options, I'd have to claim this is the most unappealing. For starters, you must purchase a large portion of land in some god-forsaken state like Texas or, god-forbid, Texas. Then you will have to grow a large beard, invest in overall companies, and religiously attend gun and religious shows. Throughout these events and your everyday life, you must randomly scream, "I ain't givin' up my rights to no Nazi American thugs!" You should also hold a protest sign which is mostly incoherent and quotes some parable from the Bible about how a guy was eaten by lions because he refused to build a temple for King Egypt. Once you're holed up inside your compound, you must breed dogs which are trained to attack anything living or dead. These enforcers will provide you with valuable time to run around your house like a retard when the ATF is subduing them with a barrage of gunfire. In the ideal outcome, you will end up dead. In the worst case scenario, you will have to serve a lengthy prison sentence in a jail which doesn't abide by the same rules as your super-ultra-cool compound which has giant styrofoam skulls that open up to reveal a barrage of missiles aimed at Castle Greyskull.

With those four tips out of the way, I can honestly say I'm "taxed out!" Ha ha, I bet that joke is really funny after you've heard it 90,000 times on CNN's 24-hour coverage of "people walking to the USPS to mail envelopes." Bah, what the fuck do I care, it's 4:59 AM and I'm in my goddamn underpants drinking beer and listening to Christmas banjo music. If you think that there's a self-deprecating joke I could write that would make my life sound any more depressing than that, feel free to be my guest. At least I'm better off than that hag Miss Conrad who tried to stifle capitalism by swiping my Garbage Pail Kids. I hope the government raided her house and broke her Precious Moments figurines. Bah, who am I kidding, I'm too drunk and apathetic to care about her. I'll down a few pills in her honor, that crusty old witch.

All Aboard the Hentai Sleeper Car!

Zack "Rice Computator" Parsons here with a scalding hot edition of Hentai Game Reviews straight from the review spigot. This time we take a look at "Private Nurse", or as it's known in Japan, "Private Nurse: Welcome to Nap Time Fat Lazy American!".

An entertaining plot or gripping gameplay would be a great replacement for simple blowjob

> *setups, but what this game lacks in entertainment it totally makes up for with lack of gameplay. This game replaces all of the simple setups for hardcore sex with idiotic metaphors for the healing power of nature, long winded self-pitying monologues, clichéd dialogues, supposedly heart-wrenching sequences, and the deep gameplay of standardized testing. The options menu spared me the torment of the looped piano soporific that they have passed off as background music.*

This train is now departing the station, destination: "ADVENTURE!"

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.19 Let's get physical

Friday, Apr 18, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Well, hello everyone! In last week's update, you may recall that I poked fun at overweight people a little bit. It turns out I got some folks mad, and received some angry e-mails from irate chubby AOL users. Although I responded to all these e-mails with hurtful fat jokes and pictures of delightful creamy cakes, deep inside I was really sorry about my callous attitude towards tubbies. So sorry in fact, that I've decided to devote my life (or at least a few weekends when I don't have community service for drunk driving) to helping people of a large stature get healthy. Not only am I motivated by my remorse at the insensitive way I've acted, but also the fact that 64% of Americans are now overweight and the number is growing. Since the fatties will be running the whole show soon, it would be best to stay on their good side so I won't be put in a death camp with the rest of my skinny brethren once their takeover is complete.

The lucky person I've picked to help out is a large gentleman named Freddie. He wrote me an e-mail disagreeing with my negative view about large people. After a few e-mails back and forth, he helped enlighten me about the hardships of being a big person, and the faults of diets and fitness plans. Dr. Atkins was close to cracking the weight loss mystery, but alas was slain by a patch of icy pavement this week, leaving the the weight loss question in limbo. It really made me think, so much so that I had trouble sleeping at night. I had so much trouble sleeping that I went out to the barn to build a killer robot army to destroy the world. When that failed, I started to come up with my own plan for losing weight that is destined to take America by storm! I wrote Freddy about it, and he naturally agreed to be my test subject for this exciting project. We got started right away, keeping a detailed log of the entire process for scientific and, hopefully, historical records of my new weight loss program I like to call "Frolixo's Fitness Fantasy Camp". Enjoy!

Day 1, Monday

Freddie is ready for action!

Weight: 348 lbs

Health Status: Fat but in good spirits

I arrived at Freddie's house at 5:30 a.m. ready to start the program. I had to repeatedly ring his doorbell and knock on his windows to rouse him from his cookie laden slumber. He was confused as to why I showed up so early since I said I was going to come over at 9:00 a.m., so I informed Freddie that rules are subject to change if I see it will benefit the fitness experiment. After the misunderstanding was cleared up, I had him sign all the legally binding contracts, and popped in the orientation tape that I had made the night before in my basement. Unfortunately the VCR started eating the tape, so I hit it with my shoe until the tape popped out, but then the VCR caught on fire so I threw it out the window into the pool. I really should have opened the window first because glass got everywhere and Freddie started crying. These things happen I guess.

Once I settled Freddie down, we went through his pantry and refrigerator to get rid of anything that might be considered unhealthy. All the sweet rolls, ice cream, chocolate doodles, and lard pies were tossed in the garbage. Freddie couldn't stand to watch the food holocaust, and had to step outside for a few moments to compose himself. I restocked his food supply with rice cakes, salad, and cans of fresh air. After that was complete, it was time to start the physical

training.

Let me state for the record that Freddie is a real go-getter, and I'm proud to be working with him. Although he basically failed all my exercises, he would not give up, and gave 110% real "eye of the tiger" attitude. We did a 3 mile jog, 100 sit ups, 200 jumping jacks, a rope climb, weight lifting, and 20 laps in the pool. After Freddie passed out during the last swim lap, I dragged his large body out of the pool and called 911. The ambulance workers arrived quickly and restarted Freddie's heart on the second jolt. They said he shouldn't be putting this much strain on his heart, but what do they know? That's what I call being an "enabler" - rationalizing people's problems with "explanations", and "blood pressure cuffs".. After the first successful day, we sat down for a late dinner of rice cakes and air, and got some sleep for the next day that was going to be much more rigorous.

- **Day 2, Tuesday**

Weight: 347 lbs

Health Status: Fat and sore, but making progress

Ready for another day of fitness fun, I arrived at Freddie's house at 4:30 a.m. to get an early start on the day's exercises. Strangely, he was not very happy to see me and asked if he could have another few hours to sleep because his heart still hurt. "Nonsense!" I shouted at him, pulling him out of bed by his large belly. He reluctantly got dressed as I prepared the morning meal of carrot shavings and turnip juice. When he asked if he could have some dumplings or apple fritters, I hit him in the face with my shoe. Now I know some of you people think that is harsh and unnecessary, but it is all a psychological game of conditioning. If he starts associating unhealthy food with getting hit with a shoe, then he will associate negative thoughts to the said foods. I know what I'm doing.

Freddie is motivated with an electric shock to his neck and groin!

The day's exercises started at 5:15 a.m. with a brisk jog around the block. I could see right away that we were going to have trouble today because Freddie had to keep stopping every 20 feet to catch his breath and clutch his chest. This was unacceptable since resting was forbidden in Frolixo's Fitness Fantasy Camp, so I installed my "Exercise Motivator". This consisted of an electrode placed on the subject's neck and groin that can deliver a small shock via remote control. After the Exercise Motivator was enacted and used quite often, Freddie's pace was steady and we completed the jog. It's when we got back to his house that he dropped the bombshell: he was sick and tired of the program already and wanted to quit. I was very taken aback since I had the impression we were doing good work and he was making progress. We talked about it for a little bit over some rice cakes, and I showed him the legal documents I had SA's legal guru, Leonard Crabs, make that Freddie signed the day before. Legally he must finish the 5 day weight loss program or his house and first born are forfeit to myself and Leonard. Reluctantly, he agreed to continue and we went back to the day's workout of him running around the backyard while I sprayed him with a hose on his bum, using the Exercise Motivator if he fell down. It was a blast!

- **Day 3, Wednesday**

Weight: 350 lbs

Health Status: Bloated and unhappy

Scandal! At the weigh-in this morning, Freddie was 3 lbs overweight. I was terribly upset and demanded to know what had caused this huge setback in the fitness program. He would not say, but after a quick search of the house I found a hidden cache of cupcakes! I was so upset and angry that

I began hitting Freddie with my shoe, but then the most shocking thing happened! Freddie took off his own shoe and started hitting me! Here I am trying to help this poor fat fellow in my spare time and this is the thanks I get? After a vicious shoe battle between us, things settled down a bit and we ended up apologizing to each other and watching "The Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood" together. Tears were shed, lessons were learned, and friendship was rebuilt. We continued with the fitness program.

Today's regimen of work consisted of vigorous digging. This was done in my backyard where I happened to be planning for an in-ground pool, yet lacked the sufficient funds to do so. Freddie did a great job, and I was really proud of him after the grueling 8 hour session of digging that not only helped him lose weight, but saved me from hiring a couple of illegal aliens.

■ Day 4, Thursday

Weight: 345 lbs

Health Status: Damaged

Today was disastrous. Everything started ok, and we were really happy because yesterday's pool digging work caused Freddie to lose 5 lbs. We started with some more pool digging, and then moved on sit ups, then calesthenics. We even took a time-out to lay on the grass and soak up some rays, talking about popular music from the 80's. As we were chatting about Duran Duran, a snotling on a skateboard went by and shouted "Hey! Watch out mister - that land whale is gonna eat you!". Normally Freddie would just lower his head and take the insult, but together we chased down the little brat, knocked him off his skateboard, the beat him unconscious with our shoes. Freddie said he had never felt so empowered.

It was turning out to be a great day, and I felt that Frolixo's Fitness Fantasy Camp was really hitting its stride. That's when decided to hook Freddie up to my Explorer in a jogging harness. I went about 5 m.p.h down suburban roads with him jogging behind at a good pace. If he started lagging a little, the SUV would give him a gentle tug and help him along. Suddenly I got a really strong craving for some White Castle hamburgers with a side of deep fried clams. So I slammed on the gas and headed towards the closest White Castle paying no heed to the random thuds and screams. As I turned the corner going 60 MPH, I looked in my rear view mirror and saw to my horror Freddie being dragged over potholes, crashing into a picket fence, and impaling himself on a garden gnome! I had totally forgotten about him! After stopping at White Castle, I dragged him straight to the emergency room. The verdict was 2 broken legs, a shattered spine, a punctured lung, and a concussion. I got 5 hamburgers, clams, fries, and a large Diet Coke.

■ Day 5, Friday

Poor Freddie!

Weight: 322 lbs

Health Status: Coma

Well there's good news and bad news. The good news is that Freddie lost 25 lbs! The bad news is that he is in the intensive care unit and can only eat through a straw. Despite this horrible setback to the fitness program, I still showed up at our regular time and popped in a educational video about the truth behind Subway's lies, and the deceit of Jared. Freddie kept nodding off during the film so I was forced to use my Exercise Motivator to keep him awake, but then the fascist doctor kicked me out for being a disturbance! These are the kind of people that keep people like Freddie from getting healthy. Well anyway, I said my goodbyes and took $300 out of his wallet as payment for the Frolixo's Fitness Fantasy Camp.

Total Weight Lost During Program: 26 lbs

Status of Program: Success!

Viewing hours are from 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

Well, I sure had fun this week! I had a chance to give back to the community, and it wasn't even a court order! You know, we really should take care of our bodies, because in the end, that's all we really have, and if you are a bloated sack of fudge, you can't do all the things you really want to do like skydiving or break dancing. The point I'm trying to make is, you gotta feel the burn, give 110%, and soar like you've never soared before like a giant golden eagle that lays golden eggs full of gold coins that have chocolate inside. I know Freddie has, and at his wake today, that's exactly what I plan to say. Leonard Crabs will be accompanying me for legal reasons, and the free buffet of course. So remember to stay fit, stay in school, and say no to drugs!

Also, Greasnin is the the worst person ever and I pray for his demise nightly, and at brunch.

State Og Fever: It's Contagious! And Itchy!

Hiya folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here again, to the delight of all readers who are my family members. The boys at State Og have been cooking up something special for you this past week. Unfortunately, we were literally cooking, and as of right now there is no efficient way to transmit chili across the internet. Unperturbed by this turn of events, we threw an update together at the last minute for you.

> *Have you ever brought your newborn child back from the nursery only to discover that the child is actually somebody else's? Was your beautiful baby scuffed and marred by careless baby handling practices? Statistics have shown that baby switching and baby damage due to improper handling are on the rise in hospitals all over the world, leading to endless anguish and bad TV movies, and giving people no other option but to toss the bad baby into the trash. Thankfully, State Og is rolling out their brand new Baby Processing Factory so these disasters need never happen again!*

If that doesn't whet your appetite, then I don't know what could. Well, some of that chili might. I mean, that stuff is really great. Try and forget about the chili for a moment though, and go read State Og!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.20 A Religious Experience

Saturday, Apr 19, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Ah, the New Testament - the best-selling sequel of all time. Billions have read its pages and learned of how the vengeful, raging, smite-happy God who stole the show in the Old Testament mellowed to become the loving, caring, guest-appearance-on-*Oprah*-having God we all know and fear. Well, the God that Christians know and fear, anyway. We Jews are still all about the Almighty back in his Clint Eastwood-style ass-whomping days. Unlike Christians, we never interpreted all of God's biblical killing sprees as being wrathful. In our eyes, they were all justified. We learned our lessons, and now we're all chill. Fear isn't a major part of our faith. We tend to prefer a religion that provides, you know, comfort instead of petrifying terror. The Muslims press their heads to the ground five times each day in reverence toward Allah (knowing), while simultaneously pointing their raised asses at Grotmahl the Sodomizer (fear, I think). I'm not really sure what that's all about. Even the Hindus don't know which deities they actually worship and which ones were just made up by *The Simpsons*, so they know and fear anyone with more than two arms, which is great news for Superfluous Third Arm Henry, who could really use an ego boost. The Buddhists know and fear something, but they refuse to tell me what it is until I admit that I don't really need my computer to make me happy, and that's just not going to happen. That's what you get from a bunch of people who spend their lives trying to become one with a defunct Seattle grunge band from the mid-Nineties. And then there are the Scientologists, who know a bitter, resentful sea captain and fear the fact that their lives are based around knowing a bitter, resentful sea captain.

Wow, I suddenly feel so nondenominational!

I picture matzah originating from a bunch of guys sitting around a table when suddenly one of them leaps to his feet and says, "Hey, you know what would be great? If we took a cracker and made it really big and brittle and took all the taste out! We're sitting on a goldmine, here!"

The point is, there are a whole slew of religions out there, and I know between crap and crap.2 about most of them. Naturally, this has not hindered me at any point in my life, as I am a white suburban American male and have the privilege of looking down upon all differences. Today, though, I find myself in an interesting situation. We are right in the middle of Passover, the Jewish holiday that is celebrated by gathering together with your relatives and boring the bejesus out of one another while you watch the food get cold. I am told that today is also Easter, one of those annoying holidays that is Christian, so we should get the day off from work, but it's always on a Sunday, so no dice. Now, I know the story of Passover like the back of my hand, which is coincidentally tattooed with the entire story of Passover. For those of you who never watched a Charlton Heston movie, here's essentially how Passover got started:

> *Long ago, there was Egypt. Then God came, and there was significantly less Egypt.*

That's pretty much it. Obviously, the Passover story is nothing new or exciting to me, and since this website is basically a forum for me to entertain myself without getting my wrist tired, I won't be getting any further into that. I mean, I've done the Passover thing my entire life. I've read the Four Questions at plenty of seders, believe you me. Technically, the youngest person at the seder is supposed to ask the Four Questions, so my little cousin should have done it the last few years, but I did it anyway. He still got to find the Afikomen and get the prize, though. Man, that Speak & Spell was rightfully mine. That's alright, though, my speaking and

spelling skills can remain in their general state of disarray, thank you very much family. As I was saying, the Four Questions are pretty much burned into my memory at this point. My computer (which I love and cherish and is a bajillion times better than inner peace, so take that, Buddhism) doesn't have a Hebrew font, so I'll give you the basic translations:

1. What's up with this thing we're doing?
2. What's the deal with these giant crackers?
3. Seriously, why can't we eat the real food yet?
4. Okay, fine, I'll eat this stuff, but do we really have to get it wet first?
5. Hey, sitting on a pillow is really freaking comfortable! What else haven't you been telling me?

You might have noticed that even though they're called the Four Questions, there are clearly five of them. I can't really explain that phenomenon, but that, my friend, is why the Jews control the banks. Anyway, I've done Passover time and time again in my life. It's nothing new or fun for me to write about. I consider myself to be a genuine journalist (I also consider myself to be the Giants' star quarterback, but that's off the subject), and that means I have to take the more challenging topics that require real investigation. That's why I decided to write about Easter. As a Jew, I know far more about killing Jesus than I do about bringing him back to life. So, I grabbed my Bible (or Myble, as I call it) and took a crash course in Jesusology.

I didn't have to read for long before I discovered true meaning of Easter: Jesus came back to life. Seriously, that's the true meaning. There's really not that much else to it. So I kept reading. Let me tell you, that Jesus was a mover and a shaker, yes indeedy. Born on Christmas and killed on Good Friday, he lived for four months. He returned three days later on Easter, which the good book describes thusly:

It's a good thing Jesus died for our sins. Otherwise, this child might not have grown up properly traumatized!

The stone which sat upon the grave of the Son bore down heavily, and Jesus could not move it from beneath, though he scratched at its underside like the frantic gerbil and whimpered like the sissy in the field. The Lord told his mightiest angels that the time had at last come for his only gotten Son to return to his Father's eternal kingdom and commanded them to move the tremendous stone. The angels performed as they were asked, and together they rolled the great rock from the Son's tomb. The Angels bathed Jesus in heavenly light as he took to his feet once more, for the first time since the sun had set thrice. He told the angels to go back to his Father and tell Him that he desired to see the world of men once more in a man's form. The angels did depart as they were told, and Jesus was alone. Leisurely did he lean against the side of the stone that once imprisoned his lifeless body. Slowly at first, then faster and faster still the stone began to roll away from the Son.

Two rabbits stood on the side of the hill, carrying out the task that the Lord God gave them, which was to couple and produce numerous offspring. With an ethereal splutch sound, the stone did crush the female rabbit in its path. The male cried as his mate was ripped away from his loins, but more specifically because he thought for a fleeting moment that his loins themselves had been ripped away. Honestly, the rabbit was sort of relieved to find that it was his mate, and not his little man-carrot that had been splattered about the hill by the tumbling stone. Jesus held his hand aloft above his eyes, so as to shield

his vision from the glare of the sun, and blew wind through his lips. The whistle was one of innocence as he watched the stone roll into a clearing.

There, a bird hopped from spot to spot, searching for a worm beneath the ground as the Lord had instructed her to do. Just as the bird plunged her beak into the earth in pursuit of sustenance, the rolling stone crushed her like the walnut is crushed by the person with a nutcracker, or in a pinch a couple of books. Jesus winced, squeezing tight his soothing eyes, furrowing his noble brow, and pulling tight his regal shoulders, as he saw this. He was saddened by the loss of the bird, but a voice cut short his grieving. It was the surviving rabbit. His relief that his wiener was intact had been replaced by sadness and anger over the sudden and pointless death of his mate. He cursed the fortune that brought this upon his and his seventy-eight children, and shook his tiny rabbit fist at Jesus in a gesture that was really more cute than angry. The rabbit demanded to know what was to become of him with such a small family, and how was he to replace the hundred and twenty-two more children his mate was destined to have. Jesus stuttered for a moment, as he had no answer to put the rabbit at ease, for he truly felt like the dick. Just then, Jesus noticed a bird's nest in the branches of a nearby tree. Several speckled eggs sat in the nest, but no mother kept them warm. Jesus had no doubt that the eggs belonged to the bird that had been creamed by the stone. That is when an idea struck the Son.

He took the nest down from the branch and laid the eggs before the rabbit. In his wisdom, which was still quite good despite having spent three days in isolation beneath a huge rock, which would throw anyone off, Jesus told the rabbit that he should give thanks to the Lord that he has been blessed with the children he does have, for truly he has taken them for granted. The rabbit was overcome as he realized that Jesus spoke naught but the truth. He begged Jesus to tell him how he could repent. Jesus smiled out of benevolence and also because he was pleased that his guilt trip had worked. He told the rabbit that repentance could only be gained by ensuring that these eggs found good and caring homes, and that he should do that same task on that day for all time. And so the rabbit brought the eggs to the houses of men, and entrusted the eggs to the care of human children, in whom he saw an innocence, a purity, and possibly other qualities quantified with "a."
- George, 4: 17

Alright, Jesus, now show me "badass." Come on, give me a tough face!

What a great story. That, of course, is the origin of Easter's ceremonial mascot, the egg-bearing Easter Rabbit. I have yet to uncover the religious significance of really bad-tasting marshmallow birds, but I have no doubt that a reasonable explanation will surface. If there's one thing the Bible is good at, it's providing explanations and advice, although is can certainly be cryptic at times. In the spirit of the holiday, I thought it would be nice for me to share a few of my favorite biblical verses. In these troubled times of war, financial ruin, and reality TV shows about being on reality TV shows, a few words of inspiration could really do some good for people. Please take some time to reflect on these:

Grown to manhood and strong, Jesus suffered nonetheless from a lack of guidance and a weakness of will. For he knew in his hearts of hearts that it was he who was the only Son of God, and that he must set an example to be followed by all men forevermore. He knew not how to accomplish such a great task. Confusion and doubt overtook him, and in his despair he ran up astronomical charges on 1-900 help lines. Still, he felt adrift on a sea. At his darkest moment, he threw his arms to the sky and cried out for a sign from the Father, the King of kings. Jesus begged and he pleaded

for a signal, a beacon to light his way, some symbol of proof that could affirm his identity. And God heard the plight of his Son and intervened. The clouds that swirled above Jesus parted, and the sun shone down upon his face. For the first time in his life, Jesus felt the presence of the Holy Ghost flowing through him. I mean, I guess so. The Holy Ghost does that sort of thing, right? Ah, why am I asking you? You don't know. Admit it, you don't. I could tell you the Holy Ghost did a fantastic song and dance number, and you'd have to sit there and take it, because I was a witness to the miracles of Christ and you're just some punk. So sit there and take it, bitch. Where was I? Oh right, Jesus. The Son wept with joy, or some sort of joy substitute, which was okay because back then a guy could weep like a little girl and still be manly enough to be the messiah. It was then that the Lord spake unto Jesus these words: "You're the man now, dawg." And Jesus knew that he was indeed the man, and again he wept.
- Bill, 9:11

Nine seconds to play, with the Seventy-Sixers down by two. Jesus fades back! He fakes left! Fakes right! Passes to Iverson! Iverson takes it to the hole... oh! It bounces off the rim! But what's this? It's Jesus from the outside! Jesus puts up the rock.... yes! It's good! That's another three for Jesus, who is four and O from the line tonight. That puts them up by one with just one second left on the clock. The ball is in play - and the time is out! That's the game! Jesus leads the Seventy-Sixers to another victory! Yes!
- Marv, 2:31

And when his weeping did at last cease, Jesus held aloft a loaf of bread in one hand and a goblet of wine in the other. "Eat of this," he said as he passed the loaf to his left. "For it is my body." Judas, he who was called Judas the Never Would Betray People... Guy, raised a brow, followed by a hand. He asked of Jesus what he did mean by the bread being his body, when clearly his body was seated in a chair before his eyes. The Son clasped his hands together and soothed Judas' roiling mind by telling him that it was naught but a metaphor, and that the bread was in fact bread, and not his body. Judas was reassured by this, as he explained that he thought eating the body of Jesus was sort of creepy and vaguely homoerotic. The apostle Paul did confess that he felt new feelings stirring within him. Jesus placed a hand on Paul's robed shoulder and told him he felt nothing more than the hollow pain of knowing that a loved one will soon die, for a traitor sat in their midst. Paul shook his head and claimed that it was not so much about the betrayal as it was that gay bread that Judas was talking about. And then Jesus and the apostles all wept, because it had been like four minutes since the last time they had a good cry.

This statue captures Jesus doing what he did best - bawling like a little girl.

The tears faded to smiles and streaks of crusty dried tear juice, and it was then that Jesus held aloft the cup of wine once more. "Drink of this," said he. "For it is my blood." Again, it was Judas, he who only once in his life thought of betraying someone, but didn't do it and still felt really bad for even thinking about it, who raised his weathered palm. Was it really his blood, Judas wanted to know? And just what did the Son think they were? Vampires? Jesus told him that it was in fact wine. Miracle wine, sure, but wine all the same, and not blood. Judas inquired why, then, did Jesus claim it was blood? He went on to say that he was but a tax collector and knew little of the ways of winemaking, and that someone could easily convince him that wine was really blood if they tried hard enough and did it with a straight face. Luke asked if Judas would believe white wine was blood. Judas spake that he did not know, but that it was probably possible. John was meanwhile hidden under the table, for mighty indeed was his fear of vampires. For twenty minutes Jesus did coax John to resume his place at the table, for vampires were not present, but when John did finally emerge from the aegis of the table, Judas immediately offered him a sip of Jesus' blood - er, wine, and John flew back underneath the table without delay. There did he curl up into a ball and start to

cry. And Jesus cried as well, and the apostles, too. Wussies all were they that gathered to sup that eve, and roll their eyes the waiters did.
- Phil, 10:40

"I'm Bizarro Stormy."

"I'm regular Stormy."
- Sealab, 20:21

Whenever I feel myself racked by the twin pangs of doubt and doubt, I simply recall one of those passages, and their warming message soothes my troubled mind. Whether you're Christian, Jewish, or some sort of heathen infidel, you too can benefit from a few moments of spiritual reflection. Today is the locus of the spring religious holidays and so is certainly an apt time to consider your own faith. But even as today becomes tomorrow and tomorrow becomes the next day and the next day becomes Wednesday, new problems will arise in all of our lives. When you find yourself in a time of crisis, just ask yourself, what would Jesus do? In all likelihood, the answer is he would cry.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.21 Awful Auctions

Monday, Apr 21, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It occurred to me the other day that I really don't know anything about my coworkers. I've been here over a year working with these people, yet they remain as strange anthropomorphic question marks concealing mystery like haunted castles or unsolved crimes. True, there was a traumatic rendezvous in which myself and a dozen other young boys visited Lowtax's hotel room to watch videotapes with him. There was also that time tender Frolixo and myself slept on the hardwood floors of Zack and lovely Mrs. Zack's apartment and prayed that we would both wake up alive and unscathed. Even with those fleeting encounters I gained almost no knowledge of my compatriots. I do have a few lingering memories of them, I suppose. Zack might have been a pirate or at least the oarsmen on some sort of vessel used for plundering, but I say that merely because he had a lot of barrels of spice sitting around and told me in confidence that he liked oars. Rich, with his shifty eyes and paranoid demeanor, might have been some kind of crack addict or jubilant crack aficionado. I remember one particularly chilling moment when he forced me to shave my handlebar mustache because it was conspiring against him and the three major heads of Europe, with whom he claimed to share an ancient blood pact. I went through three pairs of pants the night I met him, and all at the same time. The only thing I recall about my meeting with tender Frolixo was that he claimed to have been banned from Fark and that he's just as capable of riding in automobiles as I am. Aside from the notion that it's probably safer not to spend time with these people, I have learned so very little.

Since every SA staffer has me on ignore and refuses to converse with me, I can't really get to know them better through any standard means of communication. That doesn't mean I can't learn about them, their habits, and their interests through other clandestine channels pulsating below the calm, smiling surface of the Internet. One of my initial thoughts was to learn about this shopping habits. You can tell a lot about somebody just by what they buy and what things they like. The problem with that shadowy method is that it involves trickery and potentially illegal activities. Logically, I decided to play it safe and do things in reverse. I searched all the online auction sites to see if there were any auctions being run by my coworkers. This subtle experiment in virtual stalking ended up surprising me like a diagnosis of murder. Now I know for sure my coworkers are truly, truly deranged. What follows are the auctions I found them running.

L@@K - KEYBOARD - LIKE NEW!

Seller: lowtaxkyanka@hotmale.com **Seller Rating:** Abysmal	**Current bid**: $3 **Number of bids:** 74

I purchased this keyboard in 1998 with intent to make German dance music. When I realized I'm not German and that I live on an entirely different continent than Germany – the only place German dance music can come from – I fell into a massive depression. The only time I ever used it was when I lined all the keys with coke and then snorted them in one massive piano roll blizzard that sent me to heaven for three days and five nights. The only other time it got used was when I gave it to Jarome, the guy that I buy my blow form, in exchange for another hit. It ended up back in my hands when he used it to bust my door down and beat me senselessly. After that I briefly used it to play renditions of assorted industrial hits on street corners for money, although it was difficult to play anything due to the massive amount of blood gumming up the keys. Still, it's hardly been used. Another time it got used was when I was shooting up and I passed out on it. I would have died then, but my neighbors finally called the police from all the noise. My drooling lower jaw was lodged firmly on a key causing the same note to play for nearly six hours. My corrosive stomach acids and voluminous sweat ended up eating away all the labels and product markings, as well as the inner circuitry, which is why I don't know what kind of keyboard it is anymore.

While none of the keys no longer work, one button is still firmly operational. Pressing it activates an excellent demo song, which may or may not be "Ode to Joy" played using a Jupiter Harpsichord patch set. Several MIDI cables are included, although I seem to have lost the AC adapter. I desperately need to make room for boxes and boxes of unsold SA lederhosen, so please help me out and buy this. Buyer also agrees to purchase $100 worth of SA lederhosen.

I have included a photograph of the lederhosen:

VALUABLE HANDMADE TROPHIES

Seller: benplattIII **Seller Rating:** Horrid	**Current bid**: $1 **Number of bids:** 1

This set includes several trophies handmade by myself and awarded to myself for outstanding wit, wisdom, and prose. Purchase this set and enjoy the feeling of being a winning writer, a great friend, and all around inspiring individual. Your friends will undoubtedly marvel as these trophies, which cover such skills as writing, playwriting, sex appeal, "Benaciousness," wit, and leadership. Why am I selling off such a large part of my winning personality? The problem is that I'm simply running out of trophy space! To make matters worse, my roommate, Mike, has all but demanded I start getting rid of trophies because he has scarce little space left for his seashell collection. I definitely don't want to stop awarding myself with trophies, so I have no choice but to let go of the awards I earned throughout my prestigious younger days. Now at first I was quite offended by Mike's suggestion, and polled my other roommates, Sue, Lester, Harold, and Chief Ablefeather, on whether or not we were going to have to ask Mike to leave. While they all insisted Mike had a point, I did take it up with our caseworker, Caroline, who was quite adamant in insisting I had no right to kick anybody out of the home. She also seemed to be of the wrong opinion that I was making Chief Ablefeather feel bad about himself by constantly winning so many awards from myself. She even had the audacity to suggest I award other people with trophies. No way! I don't answer phones for six hours a week at the country welfare office to be able to buy and make trophies for other people.

If you would like to buy a piece of my historic life and sample in the joys of being a winning writer, playwright, comedian, friend, and champion, then this is the package of a lifetime. This set includes 24 trophies I earned over the course of 4 years. Buyer is granted ownership of the trophies as physical objects, but not the inherent accolades associated with them. Those still belong to me

Beautiful Darling with Plenty of Puppies!

Seller: zackparsons420 **Seller Rating:** Precious	**Current bid**: $32 **Number of bids:** 12

This super adorable figurine is of a darling little angel who is awfully heartwarming on her own, but even more gorgeous when you note that she's got a wonderful bushel of puppies! If that doesn't tug those old heartstrings of yours, well, then you must be an atheist and a baby killer! Looking at all those puppies, you'll wish to high heaven that you could just hug them all! But save some hugs for the little angel who has her hands full with puppy love!

Her eyes are so big it almost looks like she's sad, undoubtedly because of all the abortionists running wild. If you look closely, the sign she's carrying reads "free puppies." The poor little angel has to give some away (and not murder them like an abortion doctor), but you can keep the tears at bay by keeping them all together! And you know what, she won't be sad for long, not with those energetic pooches at her side! You can expect them to be mighty playful!

GOD BLESS AMERICA AND BRING OUR FETUSES HOME!

Slightly soiled effigy of Ben Platt, who is not funny

Seller: frolixo **Seller Rating:** N/A	**Current bid**: N/A **Number of bids:** 1373

This is a very beautiful effigy of Ben Platt that I painstakingly crafted over the course of a month. It has seen little use outside of the bedroom and carpool lanes, and is the perfect companion for the lonely gentleman or lady who desires an unfunny, lifeless mass to hold hands or cuddle with. It is, however, most effectively suited for an individual who spends every waking moment of his or her life wishing permanent and long-term death and suffering upon Ben "Greasnin" Platt, who is not funny.

What can you do with this effigy of Ben "Greasnin" Platt?

- Set it up in your yard and urinate on it. That's funny.
- Throw it off of a highway overpass and cause a massive pileup that mirrors the tragedy of an unfunny Ben "Greasnin" Platt update.
- Place a hungry rat on its chest, secure it firmly under a pot lid, and watch as the rat burrows through to the other side. As you watch this unfold, you can imagine how wonderful it would be if the rat was digging its way through each twisted layer of real Ben's unfunny inner workings.
- Call it mommy
- Spend hours of brooding silence with it, staring into its unfunny eyes and praying for sweet Death to take the air away and starve your lungs.

This effigy is made of highly durable materials and can sustain a substantial beating. I am asking for no financial amount in exchange for this effigy, just that whoever agrees to take it off my hands also agrees to spend one night with me in a haunted barn.

Box of My Ex-Fiancé's Things

Seller: emilyreigel **Seller Rating:** Con Artist	**Current bid**: $2 **Number of bids:** 1

THIS PACKAGE CONTAINS A CARDBOARD BOX FILLED WITH NUMEROUS ITEMS THAT PREVIOUSLY BELONGED TO MY EX-FIANCÉ THAT I DECIDED TO KEEP AND SELL. THIS PACKAGE INCLUDES:

- AC adapter of some sort. The label on it seems to have melted off.
- The batteries to his remotes (all Triple A)
- One of his cats, still alive, barely.
- Various connectors used to hook up his console systems
- All of his left socks
- ME!

ABOUT THE SELLER: I AM A LICENSED VETERINARIAN AND PARACHUTE JUMP INSTRUCTOR. I ALSO TEACH CLASSES AT HARVARD. I AM CERTIFIED FOR CPR.
BUYER MUST PROVIDE KEYS TO HOUSE AND MONTHLY ALLOWANCE, AS WELL AS USE OF THEIR CAR.

Oh yes, I am in very good company. I'm glad they don't talk to me, because man, what a bunch of freaks! I just hope they don't read this website, because otherwise I'm fired.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.22 The Best Laid Plans...

Tuesday, Apr 22, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

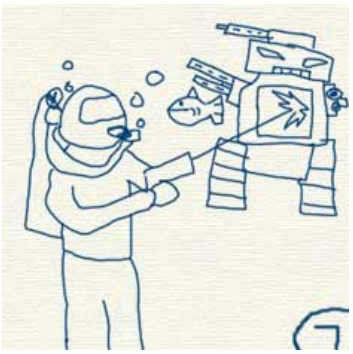
At least Pirate and I still have our love.

For those of you who only read the front page on Wednesdays, Lowtax wrote yesterday about the rose tinted glasses of nostalgia. I suffer from a similar problem, but mine has more to do with being too optimistic in myself than anything else. I have a bad tendency to make overly complex or grandiose plans and then never follow through with them. Sometimes I'll follow through just enough to actually get that particular something done only to find that the mediocre results were not even worth my half-assed effort. This is not a recent development for me like Lowtax's nostalgia; this curse of boundless optimism has been with me my whole life. I'm sure when I was a toddler I was certain that I would insert the largest object mankind can create into my mouth and then walk around the kitchen with ten thousand crayons drawing unbelievably beautiful pictures on walls. Instead I merely shifted slightly in front of the TV screen as Big Bird babbled unintelligibly and a patty of feces expanded to fill my diaper.

For decades, or at least two decades, this has been going on in my life and it's a trend that shows little sign of slowing. Lately I've failed to produce a mod for Morrowind, failed to produce a gaming web site, and failed to do many things which I have tasked myself with. But these most recent mistakes would be little more than speed bumps on the road of success if they were backed by many finished projects. Instead my life has been a series of missteps, bumbling and often hilarious, and to appreciate my recent failures you must examine some of my older mistakes.

Log Cabin, Age 6

Project Plan: Jealous of neighbors who seemed to have amazing tree houses full of wonder I decided that the time had come for me to do what my parents seemed unwilling to do and design and build my own tree house. I carefully worked out a detailed schematic in the form of a twenty page hand-drawn story about a scuba diver fighting an army of robots underwater and set to work gathering materials. I briefly considered purchasing lumber, but my 25 cent per week allowance would not even come close to covering this cost. The one building material I had in any significant quantity was firewood. We had huge stacks of the stuff, and in an amazing leap of logic I assumed that I could just sort of pile and stack the logs until I had a log cabin.



Page 7 of my log cabin blue print clearly shows that scuba man must shoot underwater tank robot in the chest.

Project Reality: Firewood is heavy and six year olds are not very strong. I think my plans for building the log cabin went into budget and schedule overruns somewhere around the point where I had to actually lift a log. Other factors contributing to this plan falling apart include, but are not limited to:

- My parents yelling at me for spending too much time loitering suspiciously around the woodpile.
- An entrancing pool containing tadpoles.
- I was basing the ground floor plan on an illustration of a scuba diver shooting a laser

into a robot that looked like a tank.

The end result of the project was pretty similar to the starting result of the project, which is to say that I had a pile of fire wood shifted slightly from its original position. You would think I might learn a lesson about making my goals a bit more realistic. Think again.

The Great American Novel, Age 10

Project Plan: Man was I precocious! Many people spend their entire adult lives trying and failing to write the great American novel, I tried and failed at the tender age of 10. My plan was to put all of my knowledge about post-apocalyptic earth, brain-transplant cyborgs, and alien invaders to use and prove myself as the next Ernest Hemingway before I made it to Junior High school. I think my novel had a working title but I have no recollection of what it was. The plot revolved around characters cleverly named after myself, my friends, and some hot girls in our 6th grade class. It was a real ensemble cast of characters from Nick the grizzled bounty hunter, to Matt the grizzled fighter pilot, to Robert the grizzled cyborg. All of them battled an endless stream of robots, cyborgs, aliens, and sinister government operatives. Think of it as "The Matrix" meets "Buck Rogers" meets "Trisomy 13".

Project Reality: I painstakingly scrawled 250+ pages of violence onto college-rule paper in clumsy block letters. I had page long descriptions of how thick blast doors were, entire chapters devoted to gun fights in the streets of underground cities, and compound sentences about people shitting their pants when they got their heads blown off. If fan fiction had existed at the time it's a safe bet to say the proverbial grizzled Zack character would have been making out with Gadget from Rescue Rangers or something. The tragic ending is that not only did I never finish this masterpiece, but I also lost all of it and only a few short years later attempted the same thing again. My second attempt was a really fucking terrible post apocalyptic/supernatural scifi action piece set mainly in Egypt that had creepy S&M themes in it.

The Lead Singer of a Band, Age 14

Project Plan: A lot of kids experiment with being a musician when they're in high school. Seeing as how I took a year of the snare drum in the fifth grade (another failed project) I considered myself "well prepared" for a hot career as the lead singer of a local band. It just so happened that some of my friends had lost their current lead singer and I thought that I was the perfect person to fill the guy's shoes. I was basing this idea on the fact that I liked listening to some really awesome music and I could totally sing better than anyone else in the shower with me when I was singing in the shower. I wrote some lyrics and gave them to the guys and we hammered out my first song entitled "Aborigine". From there it was going to be a fast track to playing local gigs, releasing our first album, and before we knew it we would be signing a record deal and touring in stadiums. Some time soon after that I was confident that I would be drinking all the soda I wanted while Cleopatra waved a fan made out of hundred dollar bills, possibly onboard my very own submarine.

Project Reality: "Aborigine" was one of the worst songs ever committed to tape. My nasal warbling was akin to a wounded duck fleeing from a pack of very angry and very small dogs. The rest of the band was amateurish but at least practiced. Oblivious to the horror I had wrought I oversaw the careful mixing and production of the track. I labored intensely to get the exact right mix of fake Native American chanting backwards masked correctly. Luckily the recording of this nonsensical, angsty, downright pitiful piece of crap has been lost to the sands of time, unluckily I remember the whole thing I like just got finished recording it. Here is a sample of the lyrics to why this plan failed miserably.

Hysterical insanity washes over me,
Drowning in this sea of shit,

Remember the way it used to be,
Ignoring every little bit

Here's some of the chorus. It was pretty radical.

Gateway is opening,
Final parting of the seas,
Chemicals are raining,
Harbinger of disease,
Take a look around you,
Not much to see,
Try to confound you,
But there will always be
ABORIGINE!

Fuck, I wish I was making this up, I wish I had just written that crap to amuse you. It's true, those are 12 year vintage Zack Parsons lyrics. First of all I have no idea what the song was even about. It was sort of going for that whole Satanism vibe of heavy metal, but then it also had this really pussy eco-alternative theme to it as well. I never mentioned being a lead signer again and within a week they had a guy who would do covers of Dinosaur Jr. and write vaguely amusing songs about fucking.

College, Age 18-19

Wooooooo! PAR-TAY!

Project Plan: By the time I was headed off to college I had a pretty good idea of what I wanted to be, I felt assured that I was on the right course. I double majored in film and history (as if majoring in your first semester even means anything) and proceeded to religiously devote myself to study. I knew that in four years, maybe five if the college screwed me out of any easy path to a Bachelor's degree, I would be heading off to get my Master's or even to the magical fairy land of World War II documentaries I pictured myself in.

Project Reality: Of all of my plans I would have to say that college failed the most miserably. I wasted a ton of money on college and accomplished barely more than I would have if I had just stared at a wall for months on end. I would attribute this spectacular abortion of a plan to two things; "alcohol" and "computer games". I had never even had a whole beer in high school so I was getting a fresh start at college, and boy did I take quite a plunge with that drinking. I was drunk at least three days a week and when I wasn't - hell, even if I was - I was playing "Command and Conquer" or "Daggerfall". With today's sue happy America I could probably hit up Westwood, Bethesda Softworks, and the city of Milwaukee for at the very least the cost of my college tuition. I threatened to beat people up, staggered around campus like a drifter in a trench coat, and generally made a nuisance of myself to anyone I met that was trying to take their education seriously.

The Great American Novel Part 2, Age 23

Project Plan: At some point between high school and my stint here at Something Awful I gained the ability to write somewhat well. I churned out a few short stories that I actually still think are pretty good, if flawed, to this day. This got me thinking that it might be high time to take another stab at that Great American novel. I was no longer obsessed with gunfights and making things

explode, I had put a lot of good literature into my own brain, maybe I could recycle some Kafka or something! Starting around the same time I began writing here I was working on an all new novel, a cyberpunk yarn full of political intrigue, cloned assassins, and lots of weird metaphysical garbage about the human mind. This was going to be me best unfinished novel ever!

Project Reality: The biggest failing of my last major fucked up project was the fact that I chose to write the whole goddamn mess in first person present tense. It is insanely hard to have a complex narrative done in first person and doubly so in the present tense. To say that the whole project failed because of this would be short-changing my ability to lose interest in long projects. I just ran out of steam some 13 chapters and around 200 pages into it. I had the ending all planned out, I had the climax outlined, I just didn't want to wrap it up and it sat untouched for months. In the past week or so I have decided that it's through, finished, caput. I would offer you fine folks a sample of it but none of it really amusing enough to waste your time with.

This mockup cover for my novel is not pretentious at all!

After all that you would think I would have learned my lesson, but I haven't at all! In fact I am not only already starting work on another novel, I am also starting work on its sequels and an entire prequel trilogy. I intend to ruin an entire franchise of books I never wrote in a span of a year at the most. It is also to you that I pledge a solemn oath: these books that will never be published or even finished will feature the one thing that all of my other fiction has lacked up until now. Non-stop hardcore teen lesbian sex.

Snack Time!

Actually, I think it's time for a "Feast"! Ben "Never Funny" Platt has subjected himself to the movie "Feast" and then he has subjected himself to reviewing it. Which is sort of like watching it three times, so he deserves at least a purple heart or something.

We see a girl running through a forest in slow motion as Peter, a genial black stereotype narrates his nightly dream of killing and eating her. Well, "narrates" might be a strong word. Peter doesn't really have what one might call a strong grasp of the English language. He drops entire syllables from the middle of his words. It seems like he's just seeing the script for the first time, which may very well be true. His psychiatrist, Brenda Whitlock, tells him that his dreams are the most unusual she's ever heard. Her clients must be the most boring people on Earth. Brenda is played by the repulsive porn star Sharon Mitchell. Miss Mitchell must have had a difficult time adjusting to the world of legitimate acting, as this is one of the few scenes where she actually has clothes on. Believe me, that means it's one of the better scenes.

Sounds like a taste sensation to me! Waddle on over and tear yourself off a hunk of that meaty review!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.23 SA Discovery: Childhood Entertainment Disappointment Syndrome (CEDS)

Tuesday, Apr 22, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Yeah, you might remember computer labs like this as being "cool," but I dare you to drop your current system and go back to them now, jerkass.

Although many conspiracy-minded government agents may deny it, each and every one of us is suffering from an incurable disease which rots our collective minds like a single apple Jolly Rancher floating in a vat of Pepsi Cola's Diet Sierra Mist "soda." Most of these public figures will claim they possess no knowledge of today's article, even though I gave them plenty of time in advance to read my mind by temporarily taking off my tinfoil helmet and sleeping on my non-Art Bell approved box spring mattress. This is because the American government has been bought off by the Big Oil industry, Big Tobacco industry, Big Bird industry, and that one big industry that is made up of smaller industries who fly up and join together to form a giant robot when their home city falls under attack by a mysterious evil alien threat that takes the form of a 500-foot tall penis slug. Our highly trained research specialists here in majestic Something Awful Headquarters located underneath the equally-or-slightly-less-majestic Mount Doom have recently used many complex math equations and bubbling green liquids to prove what I have known for at least days now: our childhoods consist of a thick, chunky stew of lies and false memories and also maybe carrots which are slightly past their expiration dates.

Now I don't want anybody out there to become depressed and suicidal after reading today's update; after all, that's Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz's job. By the way, did you know that Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz inherited his last name from a mysterious gypsy family after he agreed to spend one night in a haunted mansion in exchange for a million dollars? It's true. He also got AIDS from them, but that's a different story, one Ben "Greasnin" Platt will be more than willing to tell you in between his Sunday updates about Jews or potatoes or whatever the hell he writes about. However, my point still stands; all our pleasant childhood memories are simply gold-colored chemical coverups layered upon heaps of steaming turds rotting in the bowels of a cold Manhattan park. Hey guys, you know what? Transformers, GI Joes, breakdancing, and "New" Coke aren't as cool as you remember them as. In fact, the only thing less "radical" than vague, distorted memories of the 1980s are sentences ending with prepositions like in the previous example, so let me point out that those elements of the 1980s aren't as cool as you remember them as, *motherfuckers*.

I used to be a big fan of the 1980s, proclaiming their greatness in glorious epic novels which existed only inside my head and reverberated throughout rest stops along America's most famous highways. For example, if some guy were to approach me and say something along the lines of "the 1980s sucked," I would reply with something along the lines of "you know something? Having a pen stuck in your eye socket sucks even worse" and then I'd stick a pen in their eye socket as I just alluded to, *motherfucker*. I used that response to counter the arguments of many anti-1980s sentiments until my court-appointed attorney informed me why the state was making me wear the blue jumpsuit and sit in a concrete cell for months. Next to Matt Cara's X-Entertainment and not-as-Matt Cara's Robert Berry's Retrocrush, I considered myself to be a fairly adamant supporter of the 1980s. One of my favorite memories revolved around my unstoppable desire to rent the movie "The Stuff" which starred such memorable actors as Michael Moriarty (TV's "Law and Order," "Hitler Meets Christ"), Paul Sorvino (TV's "Law and Order," "Backstreet Justice"), and Danny Aiello (I don't know, I'm assuming he was in either TV's "Law and Order" or is currently dead for the foreseeable future). Not many people entered the movie "The Stuff" and left with a career,

maybe due to the fact that they never had one to begin with, *motherfucker*. "The Stuff" is one half of my two-part theory that explains in excruciatingly convoluted detail how some of the best childhood memories of my life are crudely constructed mansions of lies and therefore, by process of insemination, so are yours. This disease, which I and Dr. Amanda "Ball Detonator" Lyons call "Childhood Entertainment Disappointment Syndrome, or "CEDS" for short, infects approximately 100% of the civilian population, at least according to my target research group which consisted of myself and a large, diverse, multi-racial group of no people. Allow me to explain:

■ **EXAMPLE #1: "THE STUFF"**

The tag line of the movie was "Are You Eating It, Or Is It Eating You?" As you can clearly tell, it was eating you, so I don't know why they bothered asking in the first place.

FALSE CHILDHOOD MEMORIES: I recall myself entranced by this work of cinematic genius. Since I was hatched in the year 1976, the movie was released when I was a scant nine years old, therefore prohibiting me from seeing it in the movie theaters (I was too young to afford a fake ID). However, the local video store proudly displayed a relatively large poster promoting "The Stuff" by showing an image of somebody screaming in pain while covered in white ooze. And no, this movie was not a Japanese fetish film, it was labeled as a "horror" movie by people who couldn't spell "crappy" correctly. I asked my parents each and every day we visited the video store if we could rent "The Stuff" and they turned me down each and every day we visited the movie store, probably due to the fact that they lacked the ability to be as retarded as a nine year old kid with puffy hair and a red Izod shirt. My yearning and lust for this movie was unquenchable at the time, rivaling my current prayers for a quick and merciful death. When I finally managed to sneak over to my friend David Williams' house and view the movie there, it was like I had somehow aged an extra 20 years or so, finally entered puberty, and mentally ejaculated all over myself. The film had everything I expected it to have: exciting action scenes, scary monsters, and an unbeatable plotline with more twists and turns than your average post-Mexican-food knot of excrement, which coincidentally seems to have been the inspiration for this movie.

IN REALITY: "The Stuff" is not a movie that many people willingly consider "above average" or "not painful." In fact, many people might claim the

film is "bad" and "not good at all," and they'd probably be correct because "The Stuff" is bad and not good at all. This is mostly because the film revolves around the human population randomly deciding to start consuming white goo discovered by some miners / homeless people in the ground. Er, the white goo was in the ground; the miners / homeless people were slightly above the ground at the time of discovery. The stuff, which some vague global corporation shrewdly elects to market as "the stuff," catches on by storm and soon people across the globe (or at least three slightly different shot locations) are consuming it, well, by storm. Unfortunately for most of the people involved, the Stuff makes you suffer from slight side effects such as suddenly dying or becoming a zombie. To the best of my knowledge, this information was not printed on the side of the canister nor required to display by the FDA, unlike cigarettes which ultimately produce the same effect. Michael Moriarty plays the role of David "Mo" Rutherford, an industrial saboteur / spy who repeatedly explains to random idiots that people call him "Mo" because "whenever somebody gives me money, I always want 'mo'." That should sum up how terrible this movie is, and if it somehow failed to imprint that upon your brain, let me additionally throw in the fact that ol' Mo teams up with a black gentleman named "Chocolate Chip Charlie." Allow me to provide you with a few minutes so you may mull that over: **CHOCOLATE CHIP CHARLIE.**

Despite the fact that I've watched "The Stuff" multiple times in the last few weeks, I still do not understand key elements of the movie, such as where the Stuff came from, why it came from there, what it wanted to do, and who agreed to produce such a film unless it was the direct result of losing a bet. Most of the plot seems to have been lifted from a mistranslated Vietnamese medicine bottle label. The "special effects," a term I use in the absolute most liberal way possible, included turning the camera to the side and making the tape somehow travel in reverse for a small period of time. Both of these features were compliments of the most cutting edge technology 1984 had to offer, most of which probably involved vacuum tubes and that big fan which killed the floating fat kid in Willy Wonka's death factory.

THE VERDICT: "The Stuff," much like the Stuff featured in the movie "The Stuff," should not be ingested orally or through any other orifice.

■EXAMPLE #2: SHONEY'S BREAKFAST BAR

These people are enjoying the Shoney's breakfast bar. Why? Because they are all disgusting or weird. Also they appear to be floating in a featureless void.

FALSE CHILDHOOD MEMORIES: I used to play basketball back in junior high school, despite the fact that I was physically unable to play basketball back in junior high school. I couldn't catch any passes, I wasn't able to shoot the ball, and I rivaled many household appliances on both the height

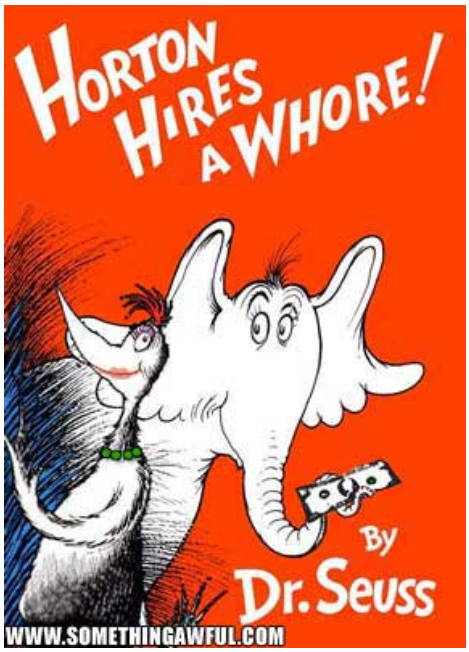
> and talent comparison charts. If I could get through an hour-long practice without crying, I considered myself to come out on top. The highlight of each weekend for me was not the game, but the post-game celebration at Shoney's breakfast bar. In case if you couldn't tell, we celebrated regardless of if we won or loss, and if I remember correctly, many of the teams I were on racked up enough losses to become a minor league franchise for any Detroit club. I loved the all-you-could-eat aspect of the magical Shoney's breakfast bar, a veritable cornucopia of sugars, sweets, and delicacies from around the globe. I mean, just think about the concept of UNLIMITED BACON. You could pay $6.99 and just sit there for hours eating plate after plate of bacon, leaving your chair only to fill up a new tray with swinearriffic pleasures which you wouldn't have to worry about directly killing you for at least 10 more years.
>
> **IN REALITY:** "Unlimited bacon" may look great on paper, but somehow it just doesn't pan out in real life. Doctor Marie Peccia recently alerted me to this fact while I was asking her how she managed to get a medical school doctorate in mid-wifing. The Shoney's breakfast bar can best be described as "all the food which falls off the grill while regular breakfasts are being prepared." Magical red lights heat up day-old eggs by cramming Satan-powered radiation into them, plaster pancakes take up valuable space inside filth-encrusted tins which could be housing medical waste for the government, and the "fresh fruits" are a lie in the aspect that they are neither fresh nor fruit. I think they were ceramics or at least complex polymers. I cannot think of many things more repulsive than the Shoney's breakfast bar, which currently requires new alphabet letters to be created by the sanitation department to accurate describe it. The only redeeming quality of the breakfast bar is the fact that it's probably entirely vegan, as I doubt any real animals were cheap enough for Shoney's to kill and ultimately serve in some form. Studies have conclusively proven that Shoney's ham is composed of 100% man-made chemicals such as "polyeusterrithromyacin" and "cooldudeium."
>
> **THE VERDICT:** There's a reason many Shoney's have ceased to exist since the mid-1980s. I'd like to think this was because they were blown up in a series of abortion clinic-type attacks, but I know Shoney's went bankrupt after I ceased playing basketball and lost my ability to digest things which are routinely found inside sealed titanium biohazard barrels.

CEDS is a disease which affects each and every one of us, from the tallest white man in Alabama to the shortest black woman in some place that begins with the letter "Z" like "Zambonia" or something. While the government spends so much time, energy, and money blowing up dirty people in some other country somewhere else, we are all suffering or will suffer from this seemingly incurable disease. Take a look back at your most precious childhood memories and attempt to experience them again, I dare you. You'll undoubtedly soon discover that you're experiencing a major case of CEDS, a disease that you cannot be cured of. Er, I mean, a disease that you cannot be cured of, *motherfucker*.

Jimmy crack corn, and I don't care

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here true believers! Seeing as today is again Tuesday, I need to update the Comedy Goldmine. In today's Goldmine we rehash an old idea: Twisting innocent children's books. 17 pages (I counted) full of demented delight, right out of the oven from the loving SA Forum Goons.

I'd buy that for a dollar! Click here to see all the images, every last one of them!



-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.24 The Monthly Video Game Henchmen's 563rd Union Address

Thursday, Apr 24, 2003 by Blue Guy #762,182

That's me up there and on the right. I survived, but most of my teammates did not that one fateful day we met the jerk with the red bandana.

Hey members, it's me, Blue Guy #762,182, your Video Game Henchmen's 563rd Union representative. As you're all probably aware of, we've made a lot of progress last month even though we lost over 14 million union members. With the help of the VGH 209, we got management to approve our demands of letting us guys in red suits use the gun that shoots fire once every three minutes. We were also able to pass a resolution giving our families better medical benefits if we're killed in an accident involving a corporation-produced "boss" or "mini-boss" machine which the corporation has given the power to kill us just to show how fucking powerful it is and intimidate the steadily advancing good guys. Now don't get all excited because although we've made a shitload of progress here, we still got a long fucking way to go. I mean a *long* way, which is why I want to make sure everybody reading this has paid their union dues and maybe thrown in a few extra bucks to help us out even more because we're gonna need it to fight all this bullshit the corporation is trying to pull on us. Oh, and you can thank Safeway for the chicken and coleslaw you're probably eating now. When in the neighborhood, please be sure to stop in and buy some great deli products at your nearby Safeway.

Most all of you guys know me by now, I've been the 563rd Union rep for over sixteen hours now, which is by far the longest tenure for any rep in this district in over a decade. I've shown all you guys that I'm dedicated to making the VGH Union one of the strongest groups since the Associate of Evil Androids and Robots (AEAR) started up last year. Unfortunately we don't got the fucking clout of those robots because they can shoot exploding balls out of their arms and shit, and we unfortunately have to rely on the damned corporation to give us our weapons. But I'm not here to bitch about shit we can't change, I'm here to make a difference so you and I can know that when we're put on the battlefield and are quickly shot to death with 300,000 fellow union members, our families will get the best health insurance and medical coverage possible.

First off, I'd like to share with you guys some tips that have been given to each union branch, courtesy of the great guys over at the VGH 445. They sat down and used some scientific shit to come up with some really great ideas to give us a better chance to survive on the battlefield or underground fortresses or jungles or wherever the corporation decides to put us for whatever goddamn stupid reason. Me and Blue Guy #1,367,998 looked over these suggestions and we both agreed that they're really fucking great ideas and we hope that you guys will copy them down and memorize them before suiting up and going into combat next time you're called up. So okay, here they are:

- **TIP #1: STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM BARRELS.** I'm no goddamn scientist, so I don't have any clue what the hell the corporation is storing inside these barrels, but let me tell you one thing: it ain't good. Any time a bullet gets within like fuckin' 100 yards of these goddamn things, they blow up all to hell and completely wipe out the surrounding area. This ain't good for nobody, so I really don't understand why the corporation continually decides to put these fuckers all over the goddamn battlefield and next to us. Furthermore, I don't really know why some of you guys, and I'm looking

at you Mr. Green Guy With the Black Sunglasses #291,003, decide to hang out by these barrels all the goddamn time. I mean, they're a fucking deathtrap people, use your heads! If you see a barrel, STAY AWAY FROM IT. Yeah, I know the urge to sit down and start humping it or whatever the hell you guys plan on doing is just irresistible, but you're gonna have to get ahold of yourselves and just keep away. We're in the process of writing up some demands that will make it illegal for the corporation to put these barrels in the 15 foot-wide hallways that we have to commute through each and every day, but until that gets passed, we just gotta think smart and hope to Jesus that we ain't near these goddamn things when the hero busts in.

In this shot, you'll notice that a bunch of us are in one small group, while the enemy is on the left by himself. BIG MISTAKE, GUYS.

■**TIP #2: "RUNNING STRAIGHT FORWARD" ISN'T SUCH A GREAT COMBAT TACTIC.** Now I'll be the first to admit that we've had a shitload of trouble getting guys organized during combat. We don't got no smartass battle tactics guys to tell us how to hide behind rocks or those big green bushes that somehow stop bullets. We simply don't got the budget to afford guys like this and the corporation sure as hell ain't ponying up no money so we can wear headsets or even cellphones to talk to a command HQ during firefights. All I know is that our previous attack strategy of "running straight forward" just ain't working. I've looked at VHS tapes of recent battles against PLAYER 1 over and over and over again until my eyes felt like they were about to fucking explode and I gotta say that this strategy is why a good percentage of our members have turned into blinking guys laying down and eventually disappearing. I mean Christ, you guys just charge head on at the hero and occasionally shoot once every goddamn millennium. What are you thinking? We ain't fighting a goddamn crippled hog here, we're after some guy with a gun the size of our heads and more stamina than all of us combined. We gotta start looking into other battle strategies because this shit ain't working and I don't know about you, but I'm getting tired of seeing my buddies die face down in the mud while blinking and eventually disappearing. Next time you guys see that fucking PLAYER 1, or to a lesser extent PLAYER 2, try like moving a little to the left or right when he starts shooting at you. It probably won't work because he'll hit one of the fucking barrels behind you, which I think are like breeding in the back room or something.

■**TIP #3: IF YOU SEE THE HERO AND HE'S A DIFFERENT COLOR, RUN LIKE GOD'S PISS.** I can personally vouch for this one guys, one time I was stationed in level 2-3 and PLAYER 1 was shooting my squad all to hell and back. I was covering my own ass by running around in circles and aiming at an elephant I think I saw in the opposite direction about nine miles away, when suddenly PLAYER 1 just fucking changed color like that and he got all red and flashing and then everything all went to fucking hell. I mean, shit started exploding right and left, he was moving at like 10 times the speed he was previously moving, and all our bullets were passing through him like he was the motherfucking Ghost of Christmas Past. I don't know what the hell those jackasses do to start flashing and turn into the incredible goddamn Hulk, but if our HMO wasn't so fucking shitty then I'd ask for a prescription of it as soon as I

could. Missile Shooting Guy #582,442 claims that he was in a firefight once and right before the hero started going into "Flashing Jackass" mode, he apparently ran over some colored square that had like a big "P" or glowing letter on it. If this is the case, we should probably start shooting square "P" symbols whenever we find them. But don't shoot them if they're on your computer screen because then you'll probably have to get a new monitor. Trust me on this one.

If at least one of us here had some kind of flamethrower or something, maybe we would've stood a chance. What, does the CEO intentionally want us to fucking fail here?

Okay, now that we got that shit out of the way, let's move on to the real important part of today's meeting: our demands. Everybody here is well aware of how fucking uncooperative and hesitant the corporation is to give us jack shit. Hell, I've been wearing this goddamn blue uniform every day for the past 17 years. We tried to talk to the CEO of the corporation, but he's apparently like a goddamn alien or robot or named "Mr. X" or some crazy shit like that and he doesn't have a phone because nobody gave him a goddamn sprite for a phone or even a desk for that matter. I don't know what the hell he does all day in that square room of his, I guess he just paces back and forth and waits for somebody to bust into his office so he can try to shoot them and eventually turn into some ultimate alternate evil form, one which doesn't fucking bother coming to our union meetings. So we can't get too greedy and ask for too much shit at once or else he'll decide to station our entire union inside a battleship whose entire purpose is to lob white balls at one plane which has previously blown up a few million previous battleships exactly like ours. I don't think the CEO ever even thought of that; I mean, when PLAYER 1 is in a fucking jet and flying over his territory, shooting up shit like a heroin addict, we're losing million upon million of guys manning fighter planes, boats, gun turrets, and the multi-billion dollar mini-boss fortresses which always have some retarded fucking flaw like shooting a wave of 50 bullets and then being completely goddamn defenseless for the next half hour. We'll eventually list all our demands, but for the time being, I'm only gonna ask for three of them because I'll be damned if I'm gonna get crammed into some flying deathtrap with a pilot who doesn't understand the concept of "turning to the left."

- **DEMAND #1: WE WANT BETTER GUNS.** Now I'm not so fucking stupid that I can't understand why the CEO of the corporation continually decides to place people with better weapons closer to his office / headquarters / floating spaceship of doom, but I don't think it's unreasonable to give at least one of us guys on the frontlines one of those megaguns that he hands out to his elite guard. I've been shooting the same white-sphere chucking piece of shit pistol for years now and I'm lucky if the white ball I shoot out can travel faster than me. Hell, I don't even know what kind of ammunition this thing uses or why I never have to reload; I always assumed I was just really lucky or some shit like that, but I've been talking to a lot of my fellow Blue Guys in other union divisions and we all got the same crap cannon. If we could just get one fucking lousy guy with a weapon more effective than a lawn dart up here on the front lines with us, I think we could stop PLAYER 1 before he has a chance to genocidally eliminate a few million of us. I don't want a fucking nuclear warhead or anything like that (although I wouldn't refuse one if offered), but I think we should at least have a bazooka or laser gun or something that shoots projectiles which a small, blind, drunken child can't avoid.
- **DEMAND #2: WE WANT THE ABILITY TO OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY AND USE LADDERS.** Right now, company policy forbids us to use

Guy With a Backpack #821,287 is shown here, running back and forth and completely at the mercy of PLAYER 1. How can anybody think that's fair?

any heavy machinery or ladders, which is about the most fucking stupid rule ever. If PLAYER 1 climbs a ladder to a floor above us, we're contractually obligated to run back and forth below him, either shooting in his direction or endlessly pacing and hoping for him to return to our level so he can mercilessly pick us off. Furthermore, only heavy machinery workers are allowed to operate the heavy machinery. You know, those high and mighty assholes who have different outfits than us and refuse to get out of their equipment even when it's clear than it's gonna explode like a pinata full of dynamite. I think we deserve the right to use these machines to stop PLAYER 1 from snuffing out our union brothers. Hell, they usually have some kind of fucked up gun that shoots swirling fireballs or nepalm-laced atomic hand grenades, so why can't we at least jump into that bulldozer in the background and try to run the fucker over? Yeah, I'm aware that this would probably require the corporation to pay some guy to animate the vehicles moving, but I think if it can save at least one of our lives, it's worth it.

- **DEMAND #3: WE WANT A PROPER FUNERAL FOR MARVIN.** Everybody here who knew Marvin liked him. He was a great guy and was a great friend to all of us. We'd play Poker on weekends and he'd always bring plenty of beer. Remember the picnic last year when Marvin did that great impersonation of Floating Laser Robot #78,182? We couldn't stop laughing for hours. Then, as you all know, Marvin was suddenly killed in the line of duty a few nights ago while doing his duty as Guy Who Lobs An Endless Supply of Grenades Which All Explode In One Location #823,006. Marvin did his job and he did it well; he never once, in his years of service, failed to lob grenades that exploded in the exact same place. He would do it through night and day, never stopping or slowing down, even if PLAYER 1 was miles away or right behind him. Unfortunately, Marvin was recently killed by - you guessed it - PLAYER 1, and proceeded to blink out of existence within seconds. It's not fair that such a great guy like Marvin should die so suddenly, and we demand that the corporation pay for a proper funeral. I envision a really nice solid brown casket at least 80 pixels long, along with some soothing MIDI music. After some kind words float to the top of the screen, the lights should fade out and "GAME OVER" should be solemnly displayed. I knew Marvin and loved him like a brother, and this is only the right thing to do for a guy who's lobbing an endless supply of grenades which all explode in one location up in Heaven.

I think these demands are more than fair, and if the CEO of the corporation doesn't start caving in soon to our requests, I'm afraid that we may have to do something drastic. I'm not going to stir up any controversy or suggest something radical like a strike right now, but I want the CEO to know that we mean business and we're not going to sit idly by while our friends and coworkers start fatally flashing. As members of the Video Game Henchmen's 563rd Union, it's our duty to stick together and stay shoulder to shoulder at all times. Well, except when attacking PLAYER 1; we'll want to kind of run around and not stand in a straight line in that case. And remember guys, DO NOT go

to the fucking barrels! They are not kegs of beer and you will probably die if you hang around them for too long. This conclude's this month's update, and I hope to fucking shit that you've paid your dues, because one day we'll have enough cash to maybe afford a hand grenade or a rock to crouch behind, god willing.

Surviving Animal Attacks

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons with a hot topic our readers have been demanding for months on end! It's a brand new Guide to surviving animal attacks. It's a jungle out there and one of the last things we want is for you to get killed or injured.

> *Here's a hint; Action Jackson got his name from surviving animal attacks, so if you want to have "Action" instead of "Eaten" as your nickname then you'd better get moving! A lot of clueless nature types will tell you that playing dead works. They're full of beans so don't listen to them, playing dead means that they might stop trying to eat you and instead choose to lay their eggs in your skull. Would you rather fend off a panther's claws or go into work after a camping trip and suddenly keel over only to have thousands of panther larvae hatching out of your eye sockets? The choice is yours.*

Strap on your Ursine Observation Suit, lay down in a trash heap, and read this goddamn guide.

-~Blue Guy #762,182

4.25 Thank You For Calling DeathStar

Thursday, Apr 24, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Heart of Darkness is easy to find in your dash!

Many of you might not be aware that Lowtax, when he isn't drunk or letting batshit crazy broads move in with him, is partners with me in running a corporation. Arlogeist GmbH is a multi-million dollar industrial syndicate with interests throughout most of the world. We've worked on a number of civilian and military projects and have partnered with corporations ranging from StateOg to Dow Chemical. Even though Lowtax is usually passed out under his desk from drinking Steel Reserve and eating prescription narcotics like they're popcorn I manage to keep things in shape. We're always looking for means to diversify and most recently our automotive division has been carefully monitoring the success of the OnStar system available from General Motors.

Kriegmenschenaufklarenabteilungen, our automotive division based in Germany, manufactures the popular Einsatzwagen line of automobiles. These cars and trucks are geared specifically to the South American and African dictator market and feature a variety of high-end performance packages. Take for example the Cub Commando, a sporty SUV with seating for seven, a sun-roof, point defense mini-guns, a "murder scoop" attached to the front, and an internal skin hopper that can liquefy up to ten adults in under a minute. This baby is built to last and can take everything up to and including a shot from an Abrams battle tank and still keep moving. We sold eight just last week to Sudanese Warlord Magrudo "Child Eater" M'buto, and let me tell you he could not be more pleased. I'm not here to brag about our fantastic lineup of automobiles for the dictator in you, I'm here to tell you about Kriegmenschenaufklarenabteliungen's new service Heart of Darkness, a 24-hour help desk in your car at the touch of a button!

This revolutionary new system is intended to compete with the feeble efforts of General Motors and their OnStar system. Located in the dash of your automobile, this glowing red button emblazoned with an easy-to-find skull icon will connect you with one of our helpful staffers wherever you are! Getting stranded with a flat tire in the middle of Tokyo's Shinjuku district with a dead hooker in your trunk and several million dollars in uncut heroin stashed snugly inside condoms in your lower intestine is a concern of the past! Just press the Heart of Darkness button and within moments our helpful representatives will solve the problem for you.

One of our cheerful staffers cleans blood off the hood of one of our customer's vehicles.

Some of the services offered by Heart of Darkness include:

- **Corpse disposal** - Our staff will send a team out to your location and dissolve that pesky cadaver with acid.
- **Flat Tires** - We will use our global satellite network to locate a nearby car with the same tires as yours, go to that car and steel the tires, and then change them on your car.
- **Animal Mishaps** - Sometimes the seals you've been clubbing and loading into your truck just don't stay dead for some reason and occasionally go berserk in the back while you're trying to drive. No problem! Our satellites can emit an ultrasonic beam aimed

directly into your car that will liquefy the internal organs of that pesky critter. Also works on annoying passengers.

- **Kidnapping** - We can't do anything if you've been kidnapped because you won't be anywhere near you car, but if you'd like to kidnap someone else just press the Heart of Darkness button. Within minutes our helpful staff members will be leaping out of your unmarked van to chloroform and tie-up the person or persons of your choosing.
- **Environmental Safety** - We don't care about silly old Mother Nature any more than you do, so why not hit your Heart of Darkness button when you're hauling a load of liquid boron and need somewhere to dump it. We will not only give you the nearest secluded river crossing, we will actually parachute in and rendezvous with you there and assist you in pouring gallons of caustic substances into the river!
- **Feeling Lonely** - Heart of Darkness has access to over 350 escort agencies throughout the world. If you'd like some company just let us know and we will have one or more gorgeous ladies sent to your location. If we can't find any gorgeous ladies one of our male phone operators will dress up as a woman and give you a handjob! Now that's a spicy meatball!

On site terror squads are just one of the many features we offer.

You don't have to take my word for it though, our product has been tested by some 100 hardened criminals, dictators, and serial murderers that have purchased our vehicles in the past. The system has already been put to great use by these people and rather than tell you more about how wonderful it is I'll let them do the talking! This first transcript was taken from a call in late January, when a Heart of Darkness user identified as Dr. Sinestro contacted us about a little problem he was having with directions.

Operator: *Thank you for calling Heart of Darkness, what is thy bidding?*

Sinestro: *Yeah, uh, I got lost when I was driving around Suffolk county and I accidentally walked into a church and murdered 12 nuns, which way should I go to elude law enforcement?*

Operator: *I show you as driving our Eddie Bauer Indomitable 4-wheel drive. Have you tried using the hypnogas discharger?*

Sinestro: *Yeah, that made some of the cops wreck but there's still like ten of them and a helicopter.*

Operator: *A helicopter?*

Sinestro: (pause) *No, two of them now.*

Operator: *Alrighty Mr. Sin-*

Sinestro: *Doctor!*

Operator: *Okee dokee Dr. Sinestro, we've got two missiles should be taking out those choppers in a jiffy, and why don't you just turn left at the next stop sign. There's what looks like a brick wall on your right just down that road, just drive on through it, it's a holograph. We'll take care of the police from there.*

Sinestro: *Oh thank you, you guys are life savers.*

Operator: (laughs) *Well, we're just glad we could lend a hand.*

Simply amazing what modern technology allows us to do for our valued customers. This second incident happened very early in the morning near New Orleans, Louisiana. One of our most frequent callers was a man named Stive Gozalez, and on this occasion he had reason to ask for our assistance in solving a mystery.

> **Operator:** *Thank you for calling Heart of Darkness, what is thy bidding?*
>
> **Stive Gozalez:** *I just woke up naked and covered with blood in the back seat. Any idea why?*
>
> **Operator:** *Hmmm, well we don't show your hatchet wipers or your flayer being deployed. Check around the interior for any signs as to what might have happened.*
>
> **Stive Gozalez:** *I don't see much of anything, oh, wait, here's a plastic bag.*
>
> **Operator:** *Open it up, is it full of human organs?*
>
> **Stive Gozalez:** *I can't tell, just looks like mush, but there's a hastily scrawled note on the side of the bag it says... 'ovaries'.*
>
> **Operator:** *Oh, that helps. It sounds like you went into your "ripper" personality. If it had been "the dragon" you would have burned them alive. Just get to the nearest garage and we'll have someone meet you there with a loaner vehicle while we wipe yours down for prints.*
>
> **Stive Gozalez:** *You're amazing! I don't know what I would ever do without you!*
>
> **Operator:** *Probably be executed by lethal injection.*
>
> **Stive Gozalez:** *Ha ha! BUHLEEE DAT!*

Whatever you need, we will be there for you. You don't have to be evil to use Heart of Darkness either, we'll just take whatever you want us to do and then do it in the most evil way possible. Need a cat out of a tree? Expect the use of civil war cannons. Help changing your oil? We hear that orphans release oil when you squeeze their chests in an industrial press. The system's installation is free and then you subscribe to the system for a mere $250 per year plus your immortal soul.

Beep, Beep, Beep

Seasons tidings my fine feathered friends! Josh "Dairy Products" Boruff here in stereotypical fashion to announce that Photoshop Phriday is available to all consumer markets. What's in store this week? Holy shit, robots! Yes, it's a regular Parade of Robots led by the industries peoples of the SA Forums!

You'd have to have a short circuit to miss this week! Oh my, I'm a comedian!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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4.26 My Belfry is Full of Chipmunks

Friday, Apr 25, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Well, it's springtime again folks. The snow has melted away from garden eaves, birds are singing once again in the groves of berry bushes, and NHL playoffs are in full gear, even though the Red Wings lost in the first round to the goddamn Mighty Ducks in four games, causing me a considerable amount of humiliation and mockery from my peers and colleagues. Besides lamenting over seasons past whilst pressing sweet wildflowers between the pages of my favorite Oscar Wilde books, Spring also stands for renewal and rebirth. The winter is a harsh mistress, and can cause a considerable amount of damage to one's mental state, as well as one's place of residence. That's why Spring is also a season for home repair. Those who live in a house know what I'm talking about, for it's a neverending chore to keep things in working order. Bob Vila knows this fact well. That's why he wears flannel shirts, and dons a beard to hide the pain. It's only a matter of time before his mind snaps, and he caulks his mouth and nose, and throws himself into a cement mixer in a desperate cry for help.

My list of things that need to be fixed this spring is plentiful; full of various odd jobs that have fallen into ruin. I moved into an old Victorian house with my seven year old son Nathan two years ago, and it has been nothing but arduous, backbreaking work. Luckily I'm blessed with the natural aptitude to be really good at like, everything, so these problems are not so much of a challenge as they are time consuming. Between my job, writing this update, and squandering precious hours of my young life on the Something Awful forums, I really have no time to write back the literally hundreds of fan mail letters I receive each week, so don't think I'm not writing you back because I think I'm above you (even though I am.) So I've decided that it might be generous of me to talk about some of the projects I've been working on this spring in order to share the wealth of information with those who own houses, or plan to once they get a better job than working at "Hotdog on a Stick". Hopefully you will find this update helpful, unlike a typical Richard "Lowtax" Kayakaya article about various dead bodies appearing in his apartment's communal pool that have been viciously bludgeoned to death with a black garbage bag full of assault rifle rounds, baffling the homicide detectives to no end, and making for a great "whodunit" on A&E. Let us take a look at some of the stuff I've been working on the past month.

Project #10, Door hinge repair.

Materials needed:

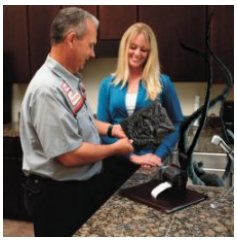
- Hammer
- Wood glue
- Spoon
- Wood putty or caulk
- Putty knife
- Nippers or locking pliers
- Lighter
- Heroin
- Hypodermic needle

This basic project is considered "beginner's level" repair, and is quite easy for learned handymen such as myself. I know you're thinking "Hey Frolixo, how come you are such an expert on everything? Is there anything you can't do?" Not really, but I do admit that I'm lacking in the frisbie throwing

department, and it haunts me every single day. This was one of the first things I fixed on my house since doors are so important, and it was not latching properly. Although fairly easy, this repair takes a good amount of time, so set aside at least a month, and stock up on tomato juice. Here's how to do it:

First, remove the nails left in the molding from the backside using nippers or locking pliers. Pull or drive in any nails left in the jamb, and close the door. Let the latch bolt engage, place the stop in position and press it lightly against the door. Now tighten any loose hinge screws. If the hole is stripped and the screw won't tighten, remove the screw and drill a deeper pilot hole for a new 3-in. screw that will extend into the framing behind the jamb. Remove the strike plate and fill the screw holes with wood putty or a glued matchstick. Use a sharp chisel or utility knife to enlarge the mortise in the direction that you need to move the plate. Pour the heroin powder onto the spoon, and heat with lighter until liquid. Extract the liquid with the hypodermic needle, and inject into your right or left eye. Repeat process, and wallow on squalid, filthy mattress for 4-6 weeks. Tip head to the side to avoid drowning in your own putrid vomit. Test door by shutting repeatedly.

Project #44, "Old One" sink removal.



Marvin the plumber helps dispel this blonde woman's Old One. Then he fucked her brains out.

Materials needed:

- Hammer
- Wrench
- Screwdriver
- Goat's Blood
- Pocket torch
- Necronomicon
- Ratchet

I am writing this for a historical record in the event that the unwholesome thing I abolished on that fateful night returns, or the sheer terror from my knowledge totally engulfs me in complete madness. After completing this plumbing repair, I realized that some of life's dark secrets are hidden for a reason; that the human mind cannot grasp the dark realities that exist in the universe.

I first heard the noises coming from the sink whilst preparing some butter scones for brunch. Upon further inspection of the most queer racket, it seemed that the noisome slithering was coming from inside the drain. Dark whispers floated from the steel crevasse that my mind could not, or would not, comprehend. I turned on the hot water, trying to wash away the foul sounds, yet something was blocking the flow causing the water to back up as black, foul smelling slime that tasted a lot like pudding. I gathered that I was going to need some help fixing this problem, and so enlisted the aid of a confidant of mine who has experience in the arcane. We headed over the the local community college to borrow their copy of the mad Arab Alhazred's "Necronomicon", then returned to deal with diabolic menace taking residence in my plumbing.

Grabbing my pocket torch, we made our way down into the basement of the old Victorian house, feeling our way along the ominous staircase of rough-hewn stone. We stumbled through the fetid darkness, the floor strewn with 70's pornography magazines, and the noxious array of Turbograpix16 games. Then we came upon the unnamable horror which I loathe to recall to this day. Out of the inky blackness of a yawning abyss came a horrid stench of a thousand graves being opened, making me and my male companion double over, retching. A withering mass of tentacles and eyes issued forth from a stinking pit of horrid decay, idiot flesh coated with greenish slime, wriggling obscenely. This monstrous star spawned from the deepest recesses of alien dimensions had been feeding off the

food refuse from my garbage disposal, growing strong to bring destruction to this planet. Somewhere far off, drums could be heard, primal beats of worship from swarthy natives in Africa. My comrade went insane, throwing himself into the beast's gaping maw while letting out a shrill scream, ending the suffering of his dreaded knowledge. I shouted out a passage from the Necronomicon, opening up a vortex to the demon's dimension, banishing it from this world for the time being. The sink was now fixed, and I resumed my buttered scone brunch while reading the Sunday comics.

Project #27, Putting up a fence.

A fence will keep perverts out of your trees.

Materials needed:

- Hammer
- Wood
- Nails
- Paint
- Barbed wire
- Machine gun

Some people don't like fences because they divide the community, making each house a walled off section in a neighborhood of alienated, paranoid, mean-spirited people. Those people are stupid and need to die. With the crime rate, drug use, and Mormon visits on the rise, it's one's duty to protect one's family. When I moved into this house, there was no existing fence, so I had planned to erect one once I could take time off my busy schedule of playing Civilization III. Well, I procrastinated for a long time, and paid for it dearly. A few weeks ago, I found a crayon drawing from my son, Nathan, that disturbed me. It depicted a naked man standing in a tree. When I confronted Nathan about his drawing, he told me that every night a man stands in the tree by his window, peering into his window and rubbing his male genitalia against the rough bark. I was outraged! So that night I waited outside in the bushes, and lo and behold, the naked man crossed into our yard, and climbed the tree, performing his perverted ritual of peering, and rubbing. It also looked like he had headphones on, and I could distantly hear Bananarama. I'd had enough.

The next day I began construction on a fence to encircle my property to keep out random vagabonds and miscreants. I stole 60 boards of wood from my neighbor's fence and dug pits to plant them into the ground. Instead of going with the regular 6ft. height, I went with 12ft. for extra safety. Once that was done, I painted them a base color of black with red skulls overlaying. This was to scare away potential intruders and Jews since I heard they are frightened of skeletons. Then electrified hurricane barbed wire was looped across the top of the fence, it's barbs laced with deadly blowfish toxin. In case the perimeter is breached, a machine gun nest was installed on the roof. Finally my household was safe. Imagine my surprise when the next night I saw the naked figure humping the tree while listening to Bananarama again. It turned out to be the guy I picked up from the bus station and was letting stay in my basement the whole time! I found out he was responsible for the Old One as well.

Project #67, Getting chipmunks out of the belfry

Materials needed:

- Hammer
- Blowtorch
- Frag grenade
- Throwing stars

- Wheet-bix
- B52 bomber with full payload of 1,000lb bombs

The Ben "Greasnin" Platt is one wily customer, and smashing him with a bat may prove to be futile. His one weakness is that he's terribly unfunny.

My belfry was literally pouring over with chipmunks. All day and night I could hear them scurrying across my roof in horseplay, or making a mad dash for an acorn snack. Don't get me wrong, I love animals and even signed PETA's online petition to change the city of Hamburg to Veggieburg. Hell, I wouldn't even mind inviting the little buggers in the house to hop up and down with me on my bed. What totally enrages me is that I could hear their little feet running around during my Court TV programs. I take my court shows very seriously and need complete and utter silence when viewing them. They had to go.

At first I tried the gentle approach, lightly sprinkling Wheet-bix along the roof to lure the critters out. Once a good amount of them were feasting on the wheat goodness, I tried to kick their heads to render them unconscious, ready for transport in a sack to the park. Unfortunately my wild kicks did not connect, for the chipmunks were too swift and fled into the cubby holes in the belfry. During a roundhouse kick, I slipped on the wheet-bix, falling off the roof and breaking my arm. After that I was pretty angry at the chipmunks and decided to kill them. Spreading out the wheet-bix again, I waited with a blowtorch and a bat. Once they started eating again, I attacked, but again they were too fast for me, and I slipped and fell directly on a garden gnome causing anal penetration. I called over forum goon "Doc Evil" to help me out, since he's known to take care of "problems" for a cheap price. He went into the belfry with hockey pads on and a Scottish claymore, determined to slay the vermin. Minutes later I heard his cries, and he never came out. That's when I said "fuck it", and called in the B52 air strike to level the house. It was the only way to be sure.

These are just four examples out of hundreds of the projects I've been working on this spring. You kids might think that this sounds like way too much work, but that's what it's like when you grow up and become a homeowner. Now that I have a new project, rebuilding my house after it was bombed and gutted with fire, I'm sure I'll be pretty busy for awhile. If any of you care to help me, or know anything about making a cement foundation, or how a nail works, drop me an e-mail and I'll put you to work. Your payment will be the knowledge that you helped a fellow internet human, although I think it's only fair to warn you that there's a good chance you will be devoured whole by Yog-Sothoth, Goat of a Thousand Young. Until next week, toodles!

(Slick Wombat crafted the animation image. He begged me not to give him credit. I'm not sure why.)

State Og: It's Clobberin' Time!

Your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell is here once again, fulfilling my duty to please your booty. While I usually have a little bit of fun in this spot before introducing the quote from our update, this week I simply don't have it in me. What's caused this downturn in my spirits? I believe this should explain things:

> *It saddens me to report that State Og has been forced to initiate a holy war against our former ally Arlogeist GmbH, and its two leaders in particular: Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons and Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, if those are even their real middle names. As you read this we have already begun our first wave of suicide bombings, surprise bombings, bombings which both parties agreed to take place at a specific time and location for everyone's*

convenience, and lite bombings which contain 50% less fat.

The world as we know it could change after this turn of events, so why not stay on top of the situation and get the full scoop at State Og? Lowtax and Zack might have wit and power, but State Og has toasters that scream. Once you've let that sink in fully, I think it's obvious whose side you'll support.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.27 Frolixo, I'm Calling You Out!

Saturday, Apr 26, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I've got a message for a certain Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz (the one who works here): enough is enough. This rivalry between the two of us has gotten out of hand. It was one thing when you were devoting full paragraphs of your articles to ridiculing me in fairly creative ways. You had enthusiasm, you had passion, you had style. How could I not respond? My honor was at stake week after glorious week, and I was always thrilled to take my own little jab back at you. I felt vindicated and knew that I had pissed you off just enough to expect another barrage of insults the following Saturday. So now I want to know one thing: what happened to us? No, let me revise that. What happened to *you?*

I couldn't find an image that was really appropriate for this article, so instead have a kitten.

You've been getting lazy, my anti-friend. The paragraphs dwindled to derogatory references to me within the general text of your articles. The references shrank further still to quick sentences at the very end of your articles. It was like insulting me had become nothing more than an afterthought to you, something to do out of habit, not out of a true desire to make me cry like little girl. I can't even remember how long it's been since you questioned my sexuality or told me I was grossly overweight. I only have a vague memory of the last time you pointed out a specific flaw in one of my articles or pointed out a particular joke that flopped. And then there was yesterday. What the hell was that? Like your penis in the presence of a naked woman, your insult shriveled to nothing more than a picture caption. And all that the caption had to offer was another "Ben 'Greasnin' Platt isn't funny" line. Please. Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons has been calling me unfunny better and longer than you could ever hope to achieve. Hell, even when he does it, it's not that great of an insult. I don't need you to tell me I'm not funny, Reid. I've got plenty of people just itching to do that.

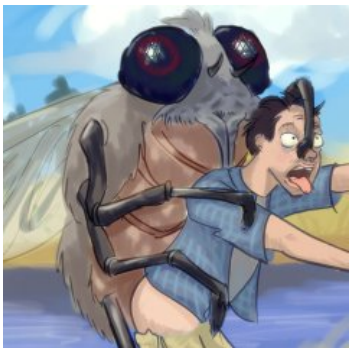
There, do you see what I just did? I just insulted myself better in one little witticism than you have in a month. Now that's just sad.

Again, this is just here to take up space. "Frolixo" doesn't bring up a damn thing in the Google image search.

Last week, I didn't bother responding to your pathetic attempt at irking me. "Also, Greasnin is the the worst person ever and I pray for his demise nightly, and at brunch." Pretty lame, Reid. The gag hinges on the comedic value of the word "brunch," which isn't much to begin with. But I gave you the benefit of the doubt. Hey, we all have our share of days when we have to struggle just to get enough words on the page to substantiate a full article. I figured you were having an off week and couldn't quite muster the energy and inspiration to really tear into me. I think it was a pretty fair assessment, considering the quality of the article itself. I made the gentlemanly decision to let you off easy, so I took all the hostility I had built up toward you and focused it on organized religion instead. Let me tell you, since then I've been called "a pathetic little bigot," "another Hitler," "one of the worst wastes of genetic material ever to manage to stand upright" and a hundred other wonderful insults by a wide assortment of fundamentalist Christians. Every one of those holy-rolling Jesus freaks managed to zing me with both originality and considerable aplomb. So when you failed to come through with a halfway decent attack on my masculinity, I was horribly disappointed.

Now, maybe you were just having another off week. After all, you did resort to writing about home repair. Come on, Reid, how many Something Awful readers do you honestly think are going to put down their Milk Duds and go build a deck? Well, at least it wasn't another lawn gnome article. Lord knows one is enough of those. To be perfectly frank, I don't think your inability to come up with an entertaining topic is the problem. After all, it hasn't hurt Zack any. No, I have a suspicion that your recent lack of ambition in the realm of Greasnin-bashing is a result of a burn out from overextending yourself. You put so much effort into trying to humiliate me that you completely ran out of juice. I can even pinpoint the precise moment when it happened. It was during your article from March the first, Let's go Camping you Nerds! (Part 1). I'm talking about this little guy right here:

A great image, but at what cost?

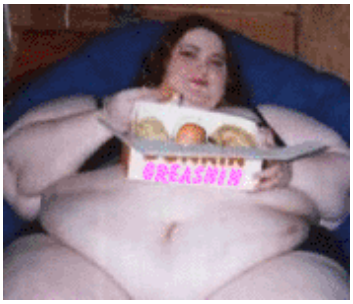


The sad sign of obsession.

Now, I'm not going to sit here and tell you that this isn't a fantastic picture, because it is. I made the mistake of exposing a terrible picture of myself to the internet, and you turned it into a work of comedic gold. I'm giving that round squarely to you, Reid. Congratulations. You earned it. I love this picture, I won't lie. But this little gem came at a terrible price. Since then, your insults have been going rapidly downhill. You sort of rode the success of the Greasmunk the following week, but the chinks in your armor were starting to show. Your witty observations on how I suck gave way to a startling obsession with my anus. For the readers, it must have seemed quite strange to see Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz suddenly consumed with interest in my rectal cavity. I know the truth, of course. That was no sudden obsession - it was a relapse. I thought that the years of therapy had helped you get over the time I rejected your advances. To this day, Reid, I'm flattered, but simply not interested. The textual Greasnin-hating suffered that week, and you had to enlist the help of forum member The Yellow Yell to provide artwork depicting various woodland creatures sodomizing me (see right). What puzzled me most about those pictures is that they didn't really look like me at all. I don't really get that. There was obviously source material out there. My appearance is ripe for caricature. The only assumption I can make is that you had The Yellow Yell make those pictures for you long ago so you could desperately masturbate to them in a futile effort to expunge your anal fixation from your troubled psyche.

The truth of the matter is, Reid, you blew your proverbial load with that cheaply assembled picture of my head on a chipmunk's body. The decline of your insults continued at an alarming rate throughout the rest of March and all of April. Your attacks hardly showed any enthusiasm and started to become repetitive assertions that I'm not funny. In a bid to maintain the appearance of still being able to mock me, you contracted another goon from the forums, SlickWombat, to make the following animations:

I have to give it up for SlickWombat. Those animations might not be the most beautiful things to come out of a computer, but they are funny as hell. The problem I have with them is that they're



someone else's work. People don't come to Something Awful on Saturdays to see what The Yellow Yell and SlickWombat are up to. They come to read an article by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz! I don't know why they come for that, but apparently they do. They want to see your work, Reid. Goddammit, man, you're a Something Awful writer now! I don't know, maybe I just have an overinflated opinion of this site, but I read SA for years before I had the good fortune to work here, and I always held the writers in a certain regard. If you're good enough to work here, you should be able to come up with your own damn insults, not letting other people do your dirty work for you. You're letting the team down, Reid, and that's something that I don't take lightly.

Bam! The puppy faction comes in with a blow from the left at the last minute!

Alright, Frolixo, let's get down to the business of how we're going to fix this little problem we're having. If you've got any sort of pride left in that worn out husk of a body of yours, you'll want to prove that you still have what it takes to make me feel bad about myself. It's in your hands now. Remember, you were the one who started this rivalry. I was perfectly content to welcome you aboard and let you do your own thing while I put together a multi-tiered assault against Josh "Livestock" Boruff. You decided to go on the offensive, so it's up to you to maintain that position. I can only respond to what you throw at me. If you give me crap like you have been the last few weeks, I'm not going to waste the readers' time fighting back. I'm not asking for paragraphs dedicated to making me look like a jackass like you used to do. Those were nice as a novelty, but it's just stupid to take up that much space every single week for a shouting match that maybe five people actually follow. All I'm asking is that if you're still committed to going a few more rounds with me, come up with something a little better than "Greasy's not funny."

You're obviously tired, Reid. I'm not going to force you into a battle you're not prepared to fight. Take a few weeks off. Regain your strength. Collect your anti-Greasnin thoughts. Come up with a worthwhile joke or two. Stop hanging around that shrine to my anus you built in the bedroom. When you're ready to match wits again, give me your best shot. Don't worry, I'll be waiting for you. I'm not going anywhere. Just remember - in the end, there can be only one.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

4.28 American Legends: Thomas Edison

Sunday, Apr 27, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thomas Edison as a smiling child (age 9).

It is a time of heroes great and not quite as great in this nation today. From the Marine who fought off an entire division of Republican Guards to the file clerk who died for your freedom from an infected paper cut, we are awash in so-called heroes. Some are to be celebrated and commended, others are no more heroic then this guy I saw who dropped his hotdog in the gutter and then started sobbing. That guy probably doesn't deserve to have a book written about him entitled "Hotdog Down" but by God someone is going to write one and have the silhouette of a hotdog in front of an American flag. In this time of heroes born so easily I think we should pause to reflect on some of the greatest heroes of our American history. Way back in February, before heroes started dropping from the sky whenever helicopters had mechanical failures, I covered George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Few would dispute that these two gentlemen deserve to be recognized as great heroes of these United States.

This installment of my intermittent American Legends series I would like to turn the focus away from politics and to the realm of enterprise and ingenuity. This piece is dedicated to a man whose inventions we are still using to this day, whose inventions changed the face of society, and won wars for us. That man is none other than inventor and businessman Thomas Edison.

Early Edison

Thomas Edison was born in 1847 in Milan, Ohio to an indigent share cropper and a town harlot named Lulu who doubled as the village idiot because of a severe case of lazy eye and a disfiguring hair lip. Edison's father was a brutish task-master with a tendency to fling whole cobs of corn into the young boy's face, but Edison loved his father for his work ethic despite the occasional cob related injury. Edison's mother, on the other hand, was prone to opium triggered feverish hallucinations that frequently caused her to lash out at Edison. She developed an extremely complex system of interconnected boxes that Edison had to navigate in the complete darkness or else she would beat him with a length of medical tubing. When he wasn't the guinea-pig for one of her mad experiments he was serving her tirelessly. It was in this service to his mother that Edison showed the first sparks of genius for which he would grow to fame and success in later life. When his mother demanded something problematic or distasteful of him, Edison would approach the task with dedication and technical inspiration.

Thomas Edison as a stern and focused adult (age 28).

In late 1858, Lulu became bed-ridden with a severe case of scurvy pox, yet the household income was dependent on her being able to turn tricks. Edison developed a system of pulleys that would gyrate his mother sufficiently during coitus to bring her customers to orgasm inside of her syphilitic crevasse. After they had filled her cup to the brim a steam-driven bilge would empty out her womb and spray it with hot water, collecting the contents in a bed pan to feed the family's growing stock of oddly aggressive goats. Edison's father Eucalyptus once remarked that if Lulu succumbed to her scurvy pox no one would even know but for the lessening of her complaints for hard tack and goat milk. This joking observation in fact came to pass when, in 1859, it was realized that Lulu had

actually died nearly a month prior yet had remained in the servicing of embracing any takers for profit thanks to the workmanship of Edison's device.

Realizing that corpse-fucking might be profitable but is not actually a moral way to generate revenue, young Thomas and Eucalyptus crafted a reasonable effigy of Lulu from apple cores, goat manure, and red lipstick. This doppelganger was attached to Edison's machine with a few modifications that made it an even more "pleasing tonic for the predations of vice" than Lulu had ever been. Eucalyptus was able to retire from his hard farm labors and Thomas was able to devote his life to study and science while the fecal homunculus of his mother generated plentiful money. While Edison's productivity continued to grow, his father succumbed to sloth and quickly lost his drive. He grew immensely fat and complained endlessly that he could no longer stroll around his property and watch the goats have sex. It was for this reason that Edison developed the world's first steam-driven scooter, a precursor to today's "Rascal" brand of motor scooter for the crippled and extremely fat. Despite being able to enjoy his mobility again, Eucalyptus perished soon after doing what he loved most; chortling while watching goats hump each other.

Youthful Exuberance

Thomas Edison as a young man lost in thought (age 22).

With his parents dead, Edison sought employment to earn his living. The mayor of the town of Milan had uncovered the truth behind the dummy of Lulu and had exiled Edison to the savage wasteland of the mid-west. For a time the teenage Thomas Edison traveled from town to town offering his services as a general problem solver. When he reached New York City he quickly found a more permanent form of employment at the Perch Auto-Vibrating Cattle Box factory. Edison's experience with both engineering and handling livestock were invaluable and in a matter of months he had churned out working prototypes for a variety of cow-related vibrating boxes. One was so powerful that when a cow was inserted it could be reduced to slurry of blood and bone in a matter of minutes.

During his hours away from work Edison immersed himself in the pursuit of technologies not related to vibrating animals into a homogeneous soup of tissues. This was the period of time during which Edison created some of his most practical and overlooked inventions. Some of these items remained as diagrams until the early 20th century when Edison had established his own laboratory and manufacturing facility.

Edison's inventions in his young adult years included:

- **Running Water** - Before Edison determined a way to use the forces of gravity and the moon's pull on the earth liquids just remained completely inert unless manually agitated. Edison began with what he called "streams" and by his late career had developed a complex system of these streams feeding into larger bodies of water called "rivers".
- **Laundry Hampers** - In the late 19th century soiled garments were piled on the floor, placed on so-called "dirtied linen shelves", and even hung from ropes attached to poles. Edison engineered a simple box or basket with a corresponding lid that could be removed to allow for the storage of dirty clothes.
- **The Atomic Bomb** - Edison first designed an atomic bomb in 1887 and after several subterranean tests in caverns beneath Native American villages he was able to produce enough fissionable material to blow up the Statue of Liberty in 1902. This arsenal of ultimate weaponry has served America well through numerous wars, obliterating everywhere

from Tokyo to Toronto in balls of atomic fire.

- **Collapsible Top Hats** - Long a popular fashion statement, top hats have plagued their owners with awkward storage options while on the go. Edison put his mind to developing a top hat that could collapse in on itself "like the noble sacrifice of a doomed star" as he said in his papers. This hat was so popular that any collapsible hat became known as "An Edison".

- **The Color Orange** - Red and yellow were the limit of color technology during the late 19th century, but Thomas Edison so unexplored potential. By combining the properties of yellow with the properties of red he discovered a new color that he termed "orange". Only a decade later, with the color industry almost completely stagnant, Edison once again shocked with world by combing blue and green to create "purple".

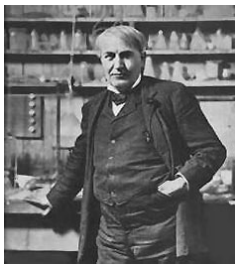
- **The Tampon** - After years spent caring for his whore mother, Edison was greatly knowledgeable in the demanding field of feminine hygiene. His first tampon consisted of a brass cylinder filled with tea leaves that was inserted into the vagina with a pneumatic launcher. This evolved into something similar to what women often use today, a device he called the "unfortunate humour restrictor" which attached to the torso and had several articulated arms extending across the torso. The arms ended tiny clamps which could be fed into the vagina by a physician and used to clamp shut the fallopian tubes. The device was streamlined over the years until it finally consisted of a ball of yarn, although this caused problems whenever cats escaped into women's lavatories.

- **The Tuxedo T-Shirt** - Edison was never one for pretenses but occasionally he found it necessary to dress his best for an event such as the test detonation of his nuclear bomb inside the head of the Statue of Liberty. Finding tuxedos unnecessarily cumbersome, not to mention expensive, Edison developed a garment with short sleeves made from cotton that could have patterns dyed into the fabric. He adapted a mechanical loom that would use spools of died cotton to assemble t-shirts almost identical in appearance to a full tuxedo.

Eventually Edison's successes at cattle vibration earned him a reputation as an up and coming scientist and inventor. He raised enough capital in the field to start out on his own, opening a small laboratory in what is today a garbage dump in New Jersey. Not everything was to go as smoothly for Edison, for while he remained consistently inspired and successful in his pursuits as an inventor he was having less than satisfactory results in his personal endeavors.

Edison's Loves and the Later Years

Because of his devotion to his craft, many would call Edison a variety of names like "The Automoton", "The Human Robot", and "Cybortronos From Logiculon". Despite having the persona of someone inhumanly driven, Edison was not without concerns when it came to the affections of the female species. He frequently spent his late nights in Buzzy Bars, an anachronism of the dating scene where men and women would sit segregated at tables and would ring mechanical buzzers whenever they found someone attractive. No matter how well mannered and meticulously attired he was, Edison seemed unable to find a woman interested in him. Naturally there were a few who pursued him for his money and those so ugly that dogs barked and horses frothed at the mouth when they passed nearby. Neither demographic was particularly attractive to Edison, so once again he returned to the familiar setting of his laboratory.



Thomas Edison as an accomplished yet not wholly fulfilled elder (age 61).

From 1893 through 1895 Edison spent every waking moment developing a

mate, someone who would accept him for his eccentricity and general apathy to human contact, yet was not extremely repulsive or after him for his money. His first experiments in apple cores and goat feces did not prove promising. While he could fashion a reasonably attractive woman that would accept his tender caresses, he could not fashion one that would perambulate itself and carry on conversations about diodes and the like.

Edison had a breakthrough in early 1895 when he discovered an element called electricity by accidentally brushing his hair with a coil of copper. He realized he could harness this electricity - along with another invention he called "solid state electronics" - to create a robotic companion perfectly suited to his needs. Edison created his wife's body from discarded orphan husks and aluminum and powered her with a diesel turbine he had planned to use to power a rocket vessel to the sun. He purchased a number of Jews from a traveling German merchantman and used their tanned hides to make a pleasing outer surface for his bride to be. Edison christened the robotic vixen "Marla" but was force to re-christen it "pile of parts" several days later when it went on a rampage severely injuring Edison and escaping into downtown Newark before being destroyed by a constable. Some authorities questioned the eccentric inventor's logic of including chemical lasers in his lover's eyes and mounting a retractable rotary saw in her chest.

Undeterred by critics, Edison reassembled the parts of Marla and added logic circuits that would prevent her from harming another living thing. She was reborn as "Molly" and remained with him until the day he died. Now she stands motionless above his grave in Milan, Ohio occasionally beeping or menacingly powering up her ion-cannons.

The Legacy

Thomas Edison provided a bounty of technological marvels for the benefit of all of mankind. He revolutionized the automotive industry, radio and telecommunications, electricity, running water, hampers, and mechanical vixens. After years of declining health, Edison finally passed away in July of 1972 after succumbing to a poison dart. Thanks to his creation of a life sustaining exoskeleton the inventor lived over 130 years, but even with all of his mighty science he could not overcome the neurotoxin-covered dart that was the trademark of Chinese blood cult assassins.

Heroes of the Rompit

Jedidiah "Ol' Hickory" Kirchner has struggled through almost an entire half level of an old horrible Nintendo game. Actually I'm beginning to think that he's secretly Amish and just pays guys to play through part of the game and take screenshots for him. Either way, read this hot new review!

In 1990, SSI challenged D&D players to trade their 20-sided dice for game controllers and pit their magic missiles against the most cunning foe of all, their Nintendos. When asked to comment on this game, our focus group of random people from the middle ages

> *seemed relatively unimpressed and demanded to be returned to their magical, enchanted time period which was completely free of war, disease, and oppressive monarchies.*

I personally have never played this game, but Lowtax asserts that it is "fucking horrible". Better find out why!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.29 The Blasted Radioactive Frog of Doom

Tuesday, Apr 29, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Okay, so far so good!

Something has been bothering me recently, something so indescribable in nature that it's almost vulgar to even think about. Cold and callous, this menacing force has left me in constant disarray, not to mention anxious and slightly more clammy than usual. At night, shortly after my evening Bible study session, I cry myself to sleep only to wake up moments later screaming foul curses and shaking my fists at imaginary devils. My normal relaxation habits have been violated and transformed in ghastly ways, leaving me with no escape. Even a surprise impromptu funeral would probably be more pleasant and tolerable than the hellish ordeal I endure each miserable day. I used to go down to the lake and practice obscene duck calls, but now I can't even do that with impunity. I get so overwhelmed with negative emotions that the temptation to drown myself like a desperately unwanted corpse is too great. The risk is too high, too inviting, and too absolute. I've been this way for a week, and my chances of lasting any longer are slim to none.

What's got me so upset you ask? Well, assuming you weren't trying to make a fool out of me by asking that in a rhetorical sense, I shall explain. I have been constantly thinking about the plot to the classic NES game *Blaster Master*. Of course by saying it has a plot I do a great disserve to the millions of well written games out there, such as *A Boy and His Blob* and *Mutant League Hockey*, all of which made perfect sense when juxtaposed with the colossal intellectual insult that is *Blaster Master*. I despise even uttering the name of this game, for in mentioning it I'm reminded of the tremendous horrors I've suffered through over the last week. Even if I spent the entire week crammed inside a hobo's ass, I think I would still have come out on top.

Uh, oh! But no big deal, right?

Blaster Master starts out unassuming enough. We are eased into the actual gameplay via a slideshow introduction that sets the stage for an endless display of madness. In the first slide, our young "protagonist," Jason, admires his pet frog, Fred. The poor frog is housed in a glass jar, a translucent prison of body and soul. Like Hannibal Lecter in the movie "Silence of the Lambs," the glass prison may truncate freedom, but not mind and will. Fred's mind is outside, constantly scheming and waiting for the perfect moment. One can clearly imagine that the frog is unhappy in this container, as who would truly enjoy living in a claustrophobic world of glass? Vile Jason goes so far as to tap the glass, drawing the focus of the frog upon him, obviously curious as to how the amphibious inmate reacts to terror and mental cruelty. Somehow between the first and second slide, fate intervenes on Fred's behalf. The security of the glass prison is breached, allowing Fred to escape into the front yard. Fred, feeling the gentle caress of freedom blowing in the cool afternoon wind, dashes towards a radioactive crate resting comfortably in front of the garage. Jason, despite running frantically in pursuit of the frog, is unable to prevent destiny from shaping the day into something akin to a Greek tragedy written by retards. Fred is mutated, quite rapidly, growing much larger than any normal frog. Jason looks on in horror, first witnessing Fred's miraculous atomic resurrection, and then watching him flee into a gigantic hole also conveniently located in Jason's family's yard. Jason, transforming from cruel enslaver to sacred protector, immediately sets out to rescue Fred by jumping into the hole. There inside the dirty innards of the Earth he discovers an unoccupied battle tank and a vast world of danger and adventure.

Now right away we have problems with the game's story, or, at the very least, with Jason's parents.

What the hell is a radioactive crate doing in their front yard? Honestly, could there possibly be a more irresponsible place to leave a radioactive crate? Second, why is there a gigantic hole in their yard? Why don't they just plant landmines and build a lovely garden out of German razor wire and diseased animal carcasses while they're at it? I also take issue with the notion that their house is built atop a large underworld of robots, mutants, and unparalleled danger. You would think the realtor would have at least given them a head's up about that. You know a casual, "As you can see, the property is an excellent shape... The yard gets good drainage, which is nice a bonus when you consider it rests above a vast underground world ruled by the nefarious Plutonium Boss." Hell, maybe the realtor did warn them, and they are just careless people who have no business raising a child.

Wait a minute, what's that doing there?

The situation is even more ridiculous when you consider Jason's response. In my younger days I used to catch frogs, toads, turtles, and snakes all the time. When you're young and from Indiana, random animals are like a form of currency and symbol of status. The kid in possession of either the most captured animals or the most exotic animal was always a figure of great fascination and revere. However, no animal, not even one that has been radiated, is worth jumping into a giant hole over. I don't care if there is an awesome battle tank waiting, because what good is a battle tank if you're stuck in a fucking hole? Yeah, there is the whole exploration and heroic frog rescue operation to pass the time, but that's a massive undertaking for a young boy. Honestly, I doubt Jason could handle the intense emotional strain of being trapped in a hole, particularly one filled with hostile creatures ready to tear him limb from limb. In a more realistic scenario, Jason would fall into the hole and immediately begin calling for help, begging for the warm embrace and calming voices of his negligent parents. Another concern is this: the underworld is filled with radioactive creatures and therefore with sources of radiation. I realize Jason finds a protective suit with the tank, but the danger of being eradiated is still there, especially if the suit gets damaged.

STUPID.

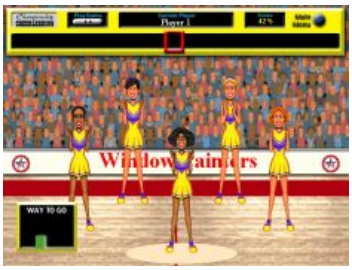
I've been thinking a lot about the plot to this game, and every time I just fall to pieces. How could anybody create a game with a premise so incomprehensibly stupid? Granted, I've never seriously played the game. I tried, but my tank blew up because giant golems kept jumping on me and I was too busy wondering why I could see the sky in the background to attempt to fight them off. Another time I got out of the tank and fell of a ladder and died, which was the most realistic event in the entire game. Sorry, I'm no *Blaster Master* Master, mastering each blast better than the last. That stuff is all extracurricular fodder anyway. I honestly don't care about 8bit gameplay, as I'm more concerned with engrossing stories and rich character development. From what I saw of this game, you're likely to find more interesting back-story oozing out of a clogged toilet. What's the moral of *Blaster Master*? Don't jump in a fucking hole, you stupid kid. I suppose the game also says a lot about the role of parents in maintaining a yard free of toxic wastes and giant death holes that swallow children whole like a crazy NAMBLA member. How does the overall story turn out? Well, I imagine that if Jason doesn't find and rescue Fred, he fights him to the death only to have his efforts rewarded with a couple quick victory scenes and then a list of the talented men who sweated over each pixel of his body.

I realize many of you are going to be hard pressed to understand my pain, but surely you agree rescuing radioactive frogs is hardly a premise for an epic story of any sort, even one aimed at crippled children who don't have the capacity to dream poignantly. This game has no excuse, since it was

targeted at the average gamer when it was released so very long ago in 1988. It's not like there weren't intelligent games out there to draw inspiration from. Even *Super Mario Bros.* was more intelligent. At least you were trying to rescue a princess (the balance of political drama with the standard good versus evil conflict). Who knows, maybe Jason was some kind of weirdo who thought by kissing Fred he would transform into a prince. While that would have made for a fascinating story sure to inspire some exciting fan fiction, it definitely wasn't what the designers had in mind when they made the game. I'm pretty sure they were too occupied with the daunting prospect of securing more drugs and alcohol too care about proper character motivation. If you're looking for a great story, *Blaster Master* is the wrong game to play. There is no greater good, no hidden meaning, and no profound insights into life to be obtained. It is a hallow vacuum of a cartridge, a nonstop action game of fun built around a paper-thin premise that will torment you with its absurdity.

Rah Rah Rah!

Hey fools, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here with a question - if you could play any game in the world, what game would you play? Now, I know half you readers will answer "A cheerleading game, of course!" and the other half will say "Cheerleading is for fags, I'd rather play a game about something manly like raising horses!" Well, both factions of the bitterly divided SA readers are in luck today, because I have reviewed both.



> *In the second mode, "Practice Mode", you get to listen to the obnoxious background music you selected earlier while the freakishly tall cheerleaders chant and go through the hand-waving and slightly-to-the-side-stepping motions you selected when you created your routine. And on a completely unrelated note, occasionally an arrow will slide in from the right side and you have to press the corresponding arrow when the scrolling arrow hits the center. It's kind of like Dance Dance Revolution but without the hyperactive asian kids and giant fat men who play for five or six seconds before going directly into cardiac arrest. I say it's an "unrelated" note because pressing the arrow keys doesn't seem to be a requirement for making the cheerleaders do anything – they just go ahead and do their little routine regardless of whether or not you hit any of the arrows. However, missing an arrow carries the risk of having your performance rating downgraded from "Super!" to merely "Good", and needless to say that is not a risk to be taken lightly.*

Since I have come at last to unite the Cheerleaderist and Horseist factions of the SA readers and end the bitter conflict which has ravaged our land, the least you could do in return is read the review.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.30 Reach For the SARS!

Tuesday, Apr 29, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hey! Get back to work on researching SARS you daffy broad! I don't pay you to sit here and look pretty for Google's image search!

We're in the midst of a crisis; our country (the United States of Whatever It Is) and its glorious SUV-driving citizens are currently being transformed, and I'm not talking about like when those faggy dinosaurs from Transformers changed and turned into retarded robots whose main battle strategy consisted of hitting something with a large rock. We're being transformed by panic, fear, and possibly acid reflux, eating away at the soul of mankind and spraying pesticides on the beetle larvae of our humanity. America, as well as the rest of the world and possibly isolated colonies on Jupiter, has found itself at the mercy of one of the deadliest and most deadly killing forces ever since Team Rocket was able to catch that one Pokemon who was able to shit out flaming pieces of corn at its enemies. No, I'm not referring to Madonna's "American Life" CD, I'm talking about SARS, the invisible, tasteless, odorless killer which can suffocate any of us in our homes while we sleep. Wait, I think that's actually natural gas or maybe a murderous ghost with a ghost pillow. SARS is an acronym for "severe acute respiratory syndrome," which doesn't make too much sense because the terms "severe" and "acute" kind of cancel each other out, therefore technically making it "normal respiratory syndrome." Unfortunately, NRS doesn't sounds nearly as cool as SARS, so the scientists in the CNN marketing department decided to stick with the new and improved acronym which looks a hell of a lot better when scrolling horizontally below the face of that one poof-haired female news anchor who always mispronounces the names of state capitols.

There hasn't been one confirmed case of a fish getting SARS. Coincidence or a conspiracy involving the Lost City of Atlantis?

Like many nefarious things such as communism and those plastic fake spider rings you get at the pediatrician's office after he's given you a complimentary oil change and spinal tap, SARS originally came from China, a rogue country with nuclear missiles and a really silly looking national flag. Just as Santana has baffled the medical community by refusing to die within the past 600 years, SARS has equally mystified the scientific community. Although the first case of SARS was diagnosed in November 2002, little is known about this mysterious and deadly disease which contains properties that make it simultaneously mysterious and deadly. I have used The Internet ™ to collect and list all the known facts about SARS so you, the reader, could look at them while you contract the disease and begin dying in an ironic twist of events:

- **FACT #1:** Nobody knows how SARS originated.
- **FACT #2:** Nobody knows how SARS is transmitted.
- **FACT #3:** Nobody knows how SARS can be stopped.
- **FACT #4:** The Kansas City Chiefs were retarded to choose Larry Johnson in the first round of the NFL draft.

I hope you copied and pasted all that important information to the Notepad document of your choice, as this knowledge may save your life. Well, I mean it won't save you from contracting SARS obviously, but if some fat guy comes up to you on the street and says "tell me three facts about SARS or else I'll shoot you in the face," then I might just have saved your life, assuming you don't

bring up fact #4 (although he obviously wouldn't be able to argue with you). As you can tell from the previous checklist of important information, SARS is a mysterious and deadly disease that is so highly mysterious and deadly that you could probably drive a train over it and it wouldn't even die or flinch. For all we know, SARS may travel through computer monitors and you could be contracting it right now as you read this literary disasterpiece! Wouldn't that be an embarrassing way to die? Your tombstone would read "Got SARS by looking at a shitty website when he probably should've been working or downloading porn" and when somebody would ask your family members how you died, they would shamefully lie and claim you were blown up when you selflessly leapt on a Nazi grenade in WWII, thereby saving the lives of your fellow soldiers, all of which were of uniquely different races and religions.

Now I don't want anybody out there to become depressed and suicidal after reading today's update; after all, that's Zack "Geist Editor" Parson's job (remark used courtesy of the American Shitty Joke Recycling Program). However, SARS is a highly contagious and evil respiratory illness which we know nothing about and have no idea how to cure or prevent it. Also, it's quite mysterious and deadly, as I may have previously mentioned. As I write this, scientists and jerks wearing medical masks across the globe are using various metallic machines to spin around chemicals while saying scientific crap like "mitosis," all in a never-say-die race against the clock to research and defeat the SARS menace, where the hunter becomes the hunted and nothing is as what it seems and he's a good cop gone bad, framed for crimes he didn't commit. It's like a NASCAR competition, only except instead of racecars there are scientists, and instead of a finish line there is the cure for SARS, and instead of few thousand rednecks in the audience there are a bunch of short Chinese people wearing white masks in an attempt to emulate their hero, Michael Jackson. While many scientists lack the skill to figure out where the hell SARS originated, the hive-mind of "Coast to Coast AM" listeners have devised their own list of probable suspects, and I have every reason to believe them because if you read it on the Internet, then it must be true:

I don't know what the hell is going on here, but I don't approve of it.

- **THE US GOVERNMENT -** It's a proven fact that many insane nutjobs believe it's a proven fact that the US government is behind some of the most evil conspiracies since that one magician who beat his wife made the Statue of Liberty disappear on national television. Our government dips their rusty ladle in the honey pot of every horrifying scheme in the history of the galaxy. More than likely, the US government developed SARS in Area 52 (a military installation secretly located behind the Citgo gas station near Roswell) as an anti-communism nerve agent which would simultaneously wipe out the red / yellow menace of China while producing a lot of great news stories that would take public pressure off the fact the the current US economy can be measured with Monopoly money. Specifics are not known at the time, but floating rods and chemtrails are probably involved.

- **THE UFO PEOPLE -** The insidious UFO people have been unsuccessfully attempting to take over our planet for like, I don't know, at least a few weeks now. Maybe even

longer if you measure time in dog years. Their previous attack strategies of "pushing down rows of corn in the form of a circle" and "touching peoples' asses" somehow didn't pan out the way they wanted them to, so they decided to create a megavirus which would wipe us all out. I believe it's only a matter of time before farmers throughout the world find their corn crops are contracting a rare disease which causes entire circles of them to fall down for no readily apparent reason. Specifics are not known at the time, but floating rods and chemtrails are probably involved.

■ **THE NEW WORLD ORDER / ILLUMINATI -** I'll be the first to admit that I don't really know how the New World Order (NWO) or Illuminati (Illuminati) operate or what motivated them to do the things they do, but one thing is clear with these two groups: they're up to no good. I think the NWO / Illuminati are aligned with the UFO people and the US government in some weird, highly stupid triangle of misfiring neurons, but I can't really sketch out how they function together at this time. I blame my current lack of an Eddie Bauer brand tinfoil helmet. Whenever I think of the NWO / Illuminati, I conjure up this mental image of all these old white guys in suits sitting inside an antique library, smoking cigars and sipping brandy all day. I don't know how they could organize anything like SARS or coordinate the intense UFO anal probing schedule, but maybe there's something happening behind the scenes that I don't know about. Specifics are not known at the time, but floating rods and chemtrails are probably involved.

With the so-called "Triangle of Terror" out of the way (I just so-called it that, I'm hoping the name will catch on and I'll be able to trademark the phrase and sell it to Sony for a few million), we must now concentrate our efforts on failing to contract this deadly virus. SARS prevention is highly tricky and difficult, mainly because we're battling an unseen enemy, like if the Invisible Man were to break into your house and start raping your wife. You could shout, "hey man, stop raping my wife," but he probably wouldn't stop because as Kevin Bacon proved in the movie "Hollow Man," the process of becoming invisible turns you into a real jerk. Here are some helpful tips and techniques you may try in your futile attempt to avoid getting SARS, although they probably won't work and I haven't bothered testing them in any fashion whatsoever.

Hahaha, that check weights 9,000 pounds! It must've had one hell of a breakfast! Ahaha! Also, the guy on the left is ugly. So is the one on the right.

■ **TIP #1: Never ever ever ever leave your house.** Although nobody knows how SARS is spread, they do know how it is *not* spread: by staying isolated inside your home and crying yourself to sleep every night. If you follow this strict procedure every day then there's a good chance you might not get SARS. To make sure no infected assholes attempt to breach the security of your home, hire somebody to erect an electrified fence around your property. Oh, and a moat too. If you can find a swamp monster to put in the moat, then that would help even more. Just make sure the swamp monster doesn't have SARS, and if he does, avoid making out with him.

■ **TIP #2: Do not make out with swamp monsters that have SARS.** If, for some inexplicable reason, you find yourself unable to avoid making out with a swamp monster infected with SARS, then try not to give him / her any lip and tongue action.

■ **TIP #3: Shoot any suspected SARS victims with a high powered rifle.** Some nit-picking authorities may claim this is "wrong" or "illegal," but they don't see the big picture here: by sticking a hole of sunshine through some poor sap's head, you're

helping the world slow down the spread of SARS! I mean, if the asshole was infected, then he could've spread it to you, and if he wasn't infected then he could've gotten the disease from somebody else and therefore would've contributed to the epidemic! If you want to take this tip one step further, then I guess you could go on a shooting spree, mowing down all those that stand before you in the Great Mall of America, but I personally wouldn't recommend that, as my strict Mormon upbringing feels mass murder is wrong (I think).

- **TIP #4: Avoid suspicious-looking molecules.** I'm no scientist, but I think SARS has something to do with molecules or atoms or some crazy shit like that. You know, electrons and crap. If you see an odd-looking molecule floating around your neighborhood, call the authorities at once, as it may be "casing the joint" and looking for "soft targets" to hit. If you are driving down a residential street and see some shady molecules following in a rust-colored Chevy behind you, tracking your every move, then accelerate to 90 miles an hour and head to the nearest Police station. Don't bother stopping when you get there, as that will only give the SARS a chance to catch up.
- **TIP #5: Become a silicon-based life form.** As far as I know, only carbon-based life forms have succumbed to the sweet siren-song of SARS. I can't recall a single time that Nahraht the Horta ever got SARS in the entire "Star Trek" series of novels, but then again that guy regularly ate rocks, so maybe this wouldn't really be the best lifestyle for you unless you want to be shown on some HBO special.
- **TIP #6: Die before you have a chance to be infected.** My grandfather is dead and he's never gotten SARS. I can name many dead people who don't have SARS and will (probably) never get it, but I'm not going to because I'm a fucking lazy slob who would rather drink Steel Reserve beer and eat Sun Chips.

Like most Something Awful updates, I feel these tips and suggestions can just help save your life, assuming you're stupid enough to actually try them out. If you do, please send me an email and notify me of the results. Make sure to give it some catchy subject line which will really grab my attention, like "Ñîòîâûå òåëåôîíû. îçíè ïîä?æ? è äîñò?âê?," because quite honestly, I can't get enough of that shit. SARS may be sweeping the world by storm, or storming the world with sweeping, but if you stay smart and think on your feet, you may just possibly survive without contracting this horrible disease from a gumball machine or wherever the hell it comes from. It's probably errant skin flakes from Santana's decaying face floating around. God, that guy's old.

Time again for the Comedy Goldmine!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here again folks. You know, I've had a few people e-mail me about the "Zoo Tales" stories we've been running these past few weeks. Some of you have asked me, "Mr. Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams, are these Zoo Tales the real deal? And where can I go for a quick skinny dip in Simoniz Car Washing solution?" My answers are as follows:

1. I make no claims that these stories are true or false. I'm just posting the accounts of one Forums Goon,"Bigpeeler".

2. That's gross, stop asking me about things like that.

Anyhow, in today's Comedy Goldmine we continue on with part three of "Tales from the Zoo", a series of zoo-related stories. This week, we deal with a frozen cobra and a very big case of Tuberculosis.

> *We had and old cow (female) elephant named Marie. She was very docile, but very old. We noticed that she started to slow down on her feed. We kept very accurate records*

on these animals because they were expensive and increasingly endangered. Anyway, she started to get sick.

One morning I come to work, unlock the Elephant House and before I could round the corner to the elephant cages, I could hear something was wrong. The other 5 cows were hysterical. They were trumpeting like crazy and inside this huge old concrete building, it was deafening.

I rounded the corner and froze in my tracks. Marie was down. By down I mean she was laying on her side, which is unusual for an older elephant. They get weak as they age and it gets increasingly difficult for them to get up. That's why you'll see older elephants sleeping while leaning against a tree or a rock.

I called #42, which was Zoo Emergency. Everyone came running and the building was shut down. We let the other elephants out in the yard, but they wouldn't go because one of their own was sick. They just stood, huddled together and watched. We eventually got them to the adjacent cage. Believe me, elephants are so fucking smart and intuitive, it's spooky. You'd die if I told you some of the stories I experienced.

Well, long story short, Marie died. There she lay, inside her cage. We all just stood there trying to grasp the situation. Then someone asked, "How in the hell are we going to get her out of there?"

Let me tell you, real or not, it's an interesting read. If you'd like to hear the rest of the story, and I'm sure you do, then click here!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Cobra After-Action Report For Operation Iraqi Freedom

Thursday, May 01, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

They do it all for you and Red, White, and Blue.

Since I have been doing these Cobra After-Action reports that detail the forces and strategies of International terrorist organization Cobra I have covered campaigns to clone dinosaurs, steal explosive gas, and seize control of the world's oil supply. "Operation Iraqi Freedom" hits a little closer to home, with Cobra Commander insisting on interfering in world politics. While this plot might seem uncharacteristically shrewd that is only on the surface, underlying the realistic surface of the scheme is a rotten core just like every other Cobra plot. Cobra Commander's plan at first seems to be to take over the world by controlling world leaders. Clichéd perhaps, but he uses a diverse arsenal of means to do this, from kidnapping to hypno-mind control, and actually seems to stand a good chance of success. Then when you find out what his actual plan is you will groan with disbelief. He's taking over world leaders to prevent the United States from getting UN approval to attack Iraq.

Why does Cobra care about Iraq you might ask? Well, normally Cobra wouldn't give a damn who the United States wants to invade, but they just so happen to have teamed up with Iraq's leader Saddam Hussein who has developed a new super rocket in defiance of UN sanctions. Why Saddam Hussein would want a rocket designed to circle the world constantly is never really explained, but Cobra Commander wants to fill the rocket with gas that will force the world to obey his orders. Not taking into account the fact that gas dispersed in space would never make it through the atmosphere, Cobra forges ahead with these plans. What makes me really question the leadership of Cobra in this episode isn't even the gas nonsense, it's the fact that if they had this amazing mind control gas why do they bother using Dr. Mindbender, The Baroness, and The Crimson Guard to kidnap or control world leaders? Only Cobra Commander and maybe Destro know the answer to that.

Before we find out how spectacularly the bumbling antics of GI Joe manage to stop this sinister scheme let's take a look at what sort of forces Cobra has committed to the operation. By all accounts the sheer number of troops should be able to stop an invasion by even the United States, but if you believe that you haven't read any of my past columns.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander
- **Theater Resources:** Globe circling rocket, mind control gas, nearby stockpile of laughing gas, armed forces of Iraq.

- **Corps Level Resources**

3 Infantry and 3 Mechanized Divisions of Cobra troops
1 Armored Division consisting mainly of HISS tanks
2 Regiments of elite Crimson Guard
5-6,000 Fedayeen Destro Paramilitaries
700+ Rattler ground attack aircraft
The Baroness
Dr. Mindbender
Automated SAM launchers
Giant Cobra-Headed Fortress

- **Known Opposing Forces**

The United States Armed Forces
GI Joe
Potentially the United Kingdom and other US allies

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Force the United States to act unilaterally by taking control of world leaders
Launch rocket filled with mind control gas to circle the world

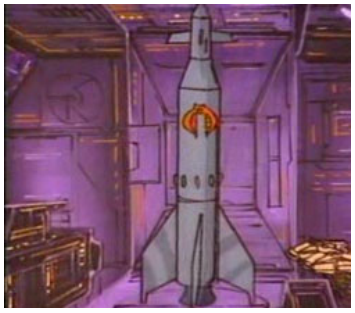
- **Secondary Mission Objectives**

Global domination

Even if Cobra's plan to force the United States into acting unilaterally were to succeed they would still be up against the largest foe they have ever faced. GI Joe has its nebulous place in the United States Armed Forces, a spot that usually makes it the only enemy of Cobra. In this episode Cobra has cast its lot with Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein who is already in the gun sights of the entire US Armed Forces. Keep in mind folks that Cobra made this alliance fully aware of the consequences, because Saddam had a rocket that would fly around the world. That's some great strategic planning right there. Without further ado let's find out if this pragmatic plot succeeds for Cobra.

- **200X, Tuesday**

The episode opens in media res to Deep Six inexplicably dog fighting a Rattler above some generic desert in his flying submarine. He manages to launch a missile and seconds before it hits the Cobra pilot ejects. Deep Six then remarks on the fact that it's a bit odd that there are Cobra jets flying over Southern Iraq's no fly zone. Since the only thing he is good for is investigating crap Deep Six decides to fly to Baghdad and see what he can see from his submarine. I'm not sure why Deep Six and his flying underwater funcapade would be in the middle of the desert, but the creators of GI Joe apparently thought it made perfect sense.



The joint Iraqi and Cobra rocket sits ready to launch.

Mountains have mysteriously cropped up around Baghdad and lo and behold nestled snugly in their midst is a giant Cobra shaped base. The laser fire gets a little too intense for Deep Six and the Nautilus so he heads out, reporting back to Flint and Lady Jaye back at GI Joe headquarters that he has spotted a Cobra base inside Iraq. Even though Iraq is heavily monitored by the US and the United Nations Cobra has somehow managed to smuggle the building materials to construct a five-hundred foot high Cobra fortress. Actually considering they go through about one of these bases a week they probably have some construction firm prefabricating them.

Seeing as how this latest development involves a sovereign nation as well as the international terrorist organization known as Cobra, Flint immediately calls the president on the magical GI Joe giant TV communicator. Apparently the oval office has one of these as well because President George W. Bush answers and stares dutifully into the camera. In his good old boy Texas twang Bush hems and haws about the dangers of Cobra and Iraq forging an alliance. Flint defers to the president but advises that swift and immediate action should be taken, Bush replies that when countries are involved it has to go to the UN for a vote. Bush promises to investigate and have Colin Powell take it to the United Nations.

The action then shifts to the interior of the Cobra base in Baghdad where Cobra Commander and Destro are showing Saddam and some of his generals around. After giving him the grand tour of

such interesting locations as "room containing soldiers standing around" and "other room containing soldiers standing around" they reach a large hangar containing a rocket. Cobra Commander thanks Saddam for providing him with the rocket which will allow Cobra Commander and Saddam to rule the world together. After laughing way too much at some joke Destro makes about flatulence (I wish I were kidding) the pseudo-camera pans over to a giant stack of gas drums. Some are labeled "Mind Control Gas" and conveniently placed next to them are drums labeled "Laughing Gas", proof that Cobra knows how to party Frank Booth style.

To kick off the obligatory "explain the entire plot" section of the episode, Cobra Commander and the Iraqi tour group end up in the futuristic control room of the "secret" Cobra base. A map of the world shows all of globe covered in the blue of Cobra domination with the exception of Iraq and the United States which are controlled by Iraq. Obviously unaware of the huge amount of shooting that just happened around the secret base not three minutes earlier Cobra Commander quips that "GI Joe will be none the wiser".

- **Wednesday**

Colin Powell explains the dangers of Cobra appeasement to the United Nations.

A diplomat is driving through New York City in a black sedan and based on the crudely drawn diplomatic flags it can be inferred that the man inside is an emissary of Germany. Inside the limo the German diplomat is reading the paper when he notices that the car has stopped in an unusual location. Then we see, much to something approximating our horror, that the driver of the limousine is none other than Zartan. Nonplussed by the crazy faced chauffer the German diplomat starts to get mad about the delay when the door opens and he is yanked out by a pair of Crimson Guard troopers. He is then subjected to a cackling tirade courtesy of one Dr. Mindbender. Once the good doctor has had his laughs he proceeds with the hypnotism and commands the diplomat to vote against the United States at the upcoming "UN summit".

Meanwhile, back at the United Nations, Secretary of State Colin Powell is preparing to give a speech in front of a Jumbotron. A perky assistant whispers to Powell that she expects the vote for military action against Iraq and Cobra to easily succeed with strong allies like France and Germany backing the US proposal. Powell proceeds to give a dramatic speech complete with images of the Cobra base and arrows pointing to "chemical weapons" and "rockets" which are just lumps sticking out of the huge Cobra head. The speech wraps up and Powell, unaware of normal United Nations procedure, calls the vote on the resolution to attack Iraq and Cobra. Everyone in the room is shocked when the blank-faced German diplomat, talking liking a robot, votes against the proposed resolution.

The Baroness reveals that it was her posing as Jacque Chirac all along.

Then French president Jacque Chirac stands up and yells "down with American imperialist pigdogs!" There is a gasp and the Jumobotron reports that the resolution has failed. Then Chirac begins laughing maniacally and, much to no one's surprise, tears off his face to reveal that it was... THE BARONESS! Dun-dun-dun! This part is stupid on so many levels it's difficult to know where to begin. First of all why the fuck would Cobra reveal that they had an agent impersonating the president of France on live TV? What purpose does it serve? Wouldn't the UN just invalidate that round of voting and start over? I guess not, because the Baroness simply walks out and the vote fails anyway, leaving the United States and

the United Kingdom to deal with the Cobra and Iraqi menace by themselves.

Unhampered by the red tape of the rest of the military, GI Joe swings quickly into action, dispatching an entire platoon of - hahaha, I'm just kidding folks, Flint and Lady Jaye each get in a fighter plane and head to Iraq. This isn't all the GI Joes have up their sleeve though. As Flint and Lady Jaye head to Baghdad they are joined on the ground by Dusty and some other shitty GI Joe who gets even less air time than Deep Six. They are waiting near Baghdad to rendezvous with Flint and Lady Jaye. Once again proving that they are no better at planning operations than Cobra as Lady Jaye and Flint are shot down almost immediately by a Cobra automated SAM turret. I don't know why these weren't used against Deep Six and his flying submarine. Maybe Cobra was just too busy laughing at the fact that he has to fly around in a submarine to put up a coordinated effort to shoot him down. Either way Lady Jaye manages to bail out over the desert outside of Baghdad, but Flint is forced down in the streets of the Iraqi capital itself and is apprehended by a mixture of Cobra and Iraqi troops.

- **Thursday**

Like all Cobra-related TV broadcasts the Iraqi Information Minister was carried world-wide.

Dusty and Generic link up with Lady Jaye in the desert and they lead her back to a house they are bunking in with the permission of the family living there. In a touching moment a teenage boy in the family says in stereotypical broken English that "Saddam is bad, Cobra is bad too". The plight of the people tug our heartstrings and we realize that this battle is about more than stopping a rocket laden with hypno gas, it's also about freeing the people of Iraq. Or that was the intended effect anyway, I just got kind of irritable and paused the video to get up and make a sandwich.

Despite all the talk of oppression the family has managed to scrape together enough money to purchase a television set. Lady Jaye puts it to good use, wise cracking about the Saddam video montages even though her fuck buddy is MIA. Just as she is about to switch it off the Iraqi Information Minister comes on with pictures of a bedraggled Flint being interrogated by Destro and several Iraqi officers. He helpfully explains that GI Joe is negotiating a surrender after they have captured their best warrior and goes on to describe the might of the Iraqi and Cobra Axis of Evilness. Lady Jaye gets mad and kicks the TV over apathetic to the concept that the family they're staying with probably saved for five years to buy it. She and Dusty resolve to rescue Flint before continuing with the operation and Dusty conveniently knows where the Iraqis keep their prisoners of war.

The action cuts to a dank dungeon where flint is being kept tied to a mattress spring and brutally tortured by two stony-faced Iraqi soldiers. As they apply shock torture to Flint's genitals, Destro repeatedly asks him hard hitting questions like "why are you here Joe fool?". The Baroness, who seems to be enjoying the torture portion of the interrogation to a disturbing degree, begins to have second thoughts about the intelligence of broadcasting that they have Flint as a prisoner on TV. Destro reassures her, explaining that the prison is being protected by the paramilitaries of his Fedayeen Destro, fanatics willing to fight to the death for him.

Outside those stereotypically Arab Fedayeen Destro are getting a test of their loyalty as Lady Jaye, Dusty, and Generic Joe utilize the time-honored strategy of frontally assaulting the prison. After shooting a number of barrels and vehicles and making them explode the Fedayeen prove that Destro's confidence was ill-placed by fleeing in terror without ever suffering a single casualty. A few Crimson guard hold out for a while but Lady Jaye and Dusty knock them unconscious and burst into the prison cell where Duke is being tortured. Destro and the Baroness beat a hasty retreat through the window using a questionable foot-rocket technique. I say questionable because in the previous

scene the windows were clearly enclosed by bars, yet Destro and The Baroness effortlessly propel themselves through them.

Friday

With Destro and his Fedayeen out of the picture, the Joes find the approach to the Cobra base almost undefended, which is basically standard Cobra procedure. They like to have a lot of troops standing at attention scattered around and inside the base. Even though their defenses have never withstood a single attack by GI Joe, Cobra still has not learned the concept of defense in depth. Wearing stolen Iraqi uniforms the foursome passes themselves off as guards and infiltrates the Cobra base. There is a brief incident at a gate where some Cobra troopers doubt their disguises but a few haymakers from the surprisingly spry Flint put an end to their line of inquiry.

Saddam and Cobra Commander escape their fates.

Once inside Mount Saint Cobra Lady Jaye accesses a Cobra computer system on which Cobra Commander or whoever has conveniently stored the entirety of their plans for world domination without so much as a password prompt. They realize that the rocket is fully loaded with the hypno gas and is preparing to launch in ten minutes and they have to act fast. Thanks to Cobra's love for retractable roofs the rocket is being launched directly from the hangar where the gas was being stored. The Joes realize this and make haste for the missile hangar, beating off a few Cobra and Iraqi troopers and triggering an alarm in the process.

Back in the control room Cobra Commander is made aware of the incursion and becomes furious as he is wont to do. He threatens to put Saddam in the rocket with the hypno gas if he and his men can't stop the Joes from interfering with the launch proceedings. In a dramatic show of Cobra and Iraqi unity, Saddam draws his laser pistol and leads a mixed team of blue-clad Cobra troopers and beret-wearing Republican Guard towards the hangar. A brutal firefight ensues and it quickly becomes apparent that the GI Joes simply do not have the firepower to win this one. Pinned down near the rocket, Dusty spots the stacks of Laughing Gas and suggests they give Cobra Commander a "chuckle". With Lady Jaye covering them, Flint and Dusty set about the manly work of unloading the barrels of Mind Control Gas inside the rocket and replacing them with Laughing Gas. Even though several shots clearly show at least a hundred of these barrels crammed into the gigantic missile somehow Flint and Dusty manage to unload the barrels of Mind Control Gas and replace them with Laughing Gas.

Which raises the question of why even replace them with anything, why not just let Cobra launch an empty rocket? Who knows.

Bush and Flint yuck it up in the Oval Office.

Even though the Iraqi and Cobra troopers are firing in the general direction of the Joes they somehow fail to notice this entire unloading and replacing process and the launch proceeds on schedule. You would think that the Joes would be burned to a crisp when the rocket lifts off, but they don't seem too concerned as the missile shoots out of the open hangar and into the sky. Flint, ever the pussy, comments that they might as well surrender now but in a Deus Ex Machina twist of fate dozens of US Rangers start parachuting into the hangar through the open launch door. Saddam loses his courage and retreats back to the control room where he and Cobra Commander find themselves cornered by the US and GI Joe forces.

Proving that Cobra Commander and Saddam are friends until the end Cobra Commander gives Saddam a jet pack and the dynamic

duo escape into the air. As usual the Joes don't even attempt to pursue the evil mastermind once he's trying to escape. While the Army Rangers set up overlapping fields of fire and try to bring the villains down Flint just starts giving a speech about how even though the entire leadership of Cobra and Iraq escaped their plan to dominate the world has been thwarted.

The last scene of the episode takes place in the Oval Office of the White House, where Flint, Lady Jaye, and Dusty are talking with President George W. Bush. He congratulates them on a job well done and then Flint explains that the missile should be passing overhead any time now. Bush makes the exact fucking same fart joke that Destro did earlier in the episode and the Joes chuckle nervously. The scattered laughter becomes a roar as the missile's payload of laughing gas begins to pour into the Oval Office.

This is bar none one of Cobra's most ill-conceived and executed operations. Even though they deployed the bulk of their troop strength AND allied themselves with a fairly militarized country they still totally failed. The number of tactical mistakes made throughout the episode pale in comparison to the overall stupidity of choosing Iraq as their ally. GI Joe is not without blame either. It's like they insist on using as few troops as possible, even when the fate of the free world is at stake. Not to mention someone with the judgment of Flint and the bad luck behind a flight stick should not be leading an operation like that in the first place.

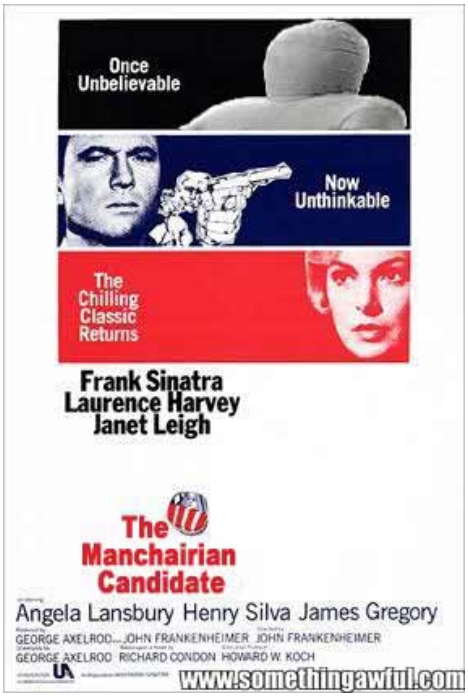
Special thanks go out to "The Yellow Yell" for helping me with this update by providing some exclusive GI Joe artwork. He's the Real American Hero.

Photorama Phriday

Hello My Name Is Livestock And I'm Typing The Description For Photoshop Phriday Here And I'm Being Really Damn Annoying About It If You Haven't Noticed. Anyways, this week brings us the sixth edition of the Variety Pack and more delicious SA Goon Photoshop action. What's in the pack? Well, we have a levitating kid picking his nose and a chair in the shape of a man. If that doesn't sound appetizing enough, multiply everything by about 20 and have a few drinks. Here is a free preview, you slumlords!

Please go and read it. Please. I won't ask again. Please.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


Once
Unbelievable
Now
Unthinkable
The
Chilling
Classic
Returns
Frank Sinatra
Laurence Harvey
Janet Leigh
The
Manchairian
Candidate
Angela Lansbury Henry Silva James Gregory
GEORGE AXELROD... JOHN FRANKENHEIMER JOHN FRANKENHEIMER
GEORGE AXELROD RICHARD CONDON HOWARD W. KOCH
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5.2 SA Psychoanalyzes Psychotic Synopsis

Thursday, May 01, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some fag smoking marijuana. Don't worry, that's not me; I'm a completely different fag.

Before I begin today's update, my parole officer has forced me to preface it with the following disclaimer: we here at Something Awful Inc. do not promote or encourage drug abuse of any kind, unless of course you end up dying in a comical way and we are easily able to mock you on the front page of our website while your family simultaneously grieves and celebrates your death. If you're going to do drugs, make sure that either you or a trusted friend ends up dying, or else it simply won't be worth it for us. So in summary, think of all your friends, loved ones, and family members before you decide to take any kind of narcotic. Ponder how your untimely death may adversely affect them and how you'd transform their lives into a twisted, macabre, endless source of agony and pain. Then think about how we here at Something Awful would make fun of you and use Google's Image Search feature to mercilessly taunt you in order to entertain the 100,000 people who visit this site each day. I think you'll see how you can best serve the greater good here, folks.

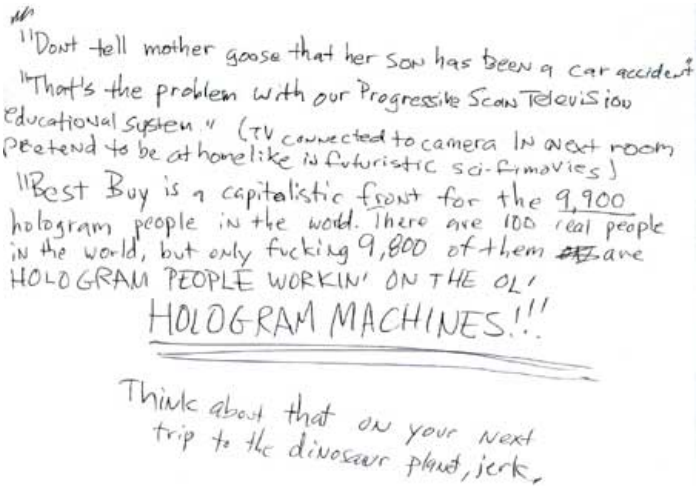
I'm not a big fan of illegal narcotics because, hey, let's face it; my brain is already too fucked up to begin with. I don't need some weird foreign substances grown in the back of some bearded Linux-using man's toolshed to help me reach deep psychological conclusions about myself which I could previously not realize without the use of drugs that make me believe there's somebody quietly playing a Casio keyboard in the other room. I've taken two different illegal drugs in my entire lifetime, and both came up with either slightly terrible or highly terrible results:

1) Marijuana. After smoking a little "Mary Jane" (that's code for "marijuana," us hardcore drug people call stuff by code names all the time just to show how hardcore into drugs we are), my brain experienced a sensation not unlike having certain major nerve ending jabbed with an AIDS-infected syringe. I became incredibly paranoid, heard noises which could not previously be heard on account that they didn't exist, felt my muscles spasm like a wet frog tossed onto an electrical grid, and lacked the ability to concentrate on anything more complex than "the number two." Maybe other people experience different reactions, but these symptoms have been synonymous with my marijuana intake since the first time I tried it, which I assume was when my mother toked up while I was located inside her womb. I mean, hell, how else can you explain how fucked up and retarded I am?

2) Mushrooms. On my grand list of gigantic mistakes I've made throughout my life, "taking mushrooms" will always rank up near #1, right up there with "becoming a webmaster." Now I know that some of you people out there love "shrooms" (that's code for "mushrooms," us hardcore drug people call stuff by code names all the time because our brains are too corroded to remember their full titles), but I'm 100% serious when I admit it was one of the worst experiences in my livelihood. After digesting these disgusting lumps of fungus, I found myself unable to move, trapped in my bed and laughing in pain at the crazy antics of that cute little red guy in Nickelodeon's "Real Monsters." It was terrible, I remember lying there, laughing so hard that I was crying, unable to do anything but repeatedly request surrounding people to kill me out of pity like the guy from "Aliens." My friend Stoner Dave insists that my experience was far

> from "normal" and that mushrooms are in fact fun and exciting, but you must also consider that some people considered Charlie Manson's antics and Penny Arcade to be fun and exciting as well.

That's all. I'm afraid to do any drugs like LSD or speed or Nuke because my brain is already too fucked up to begin with, and if I start feeding it new and exciting chemicals, then I fear random parts of my body will begin spontaneously falling off in protest. However, in an exciting experiment for the glory of the Something Awful hive mind, I decided to "smoke out" (that's code for "smoke out") with my friend Stoner Dave a few days ago. Now you may be asking yourself, "dear Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, why would you smoke marijuana when you've got it all? A cushy job giving all your money to the government, a social circle which consists of two cats and a plastic Hans Moleman figurine, and bowel movements which are composed equally of waste matter as they are of human organs?" Well here's the reason why, chumps: *FOR SCIENCE*. I've been reading Awful Link of the Day websites for, oh jeez, like at least three years now, and if there's one thing that I've learned it's that drug-induced idiocy is responsible for at least 78% of the content on the Internet. I naturally figured that I too could improve my writing and literary skills by taking advantage of this not-so-new and not-so-exciting narcotic "weed" (that's code for "Mary Jane" (that's code for "marijuana")) and writing down the first three profound and exciting thoughts which crossed my mind. Allow me to present to you the glorious and spellbinding results:


"Dont tell mother goose that her son has been a car accident
"That's the problem with our Progressive Scan Television educational system." (TV connected to camera in next room pretend to be at home like in futuristic sci-fi movies)
"Best Buy is a capitalistic front for the 9,900 hologram people in the world. There are 100 real people in the world, but only fucking 9,800 of them are HOLOGRAM PEOPLE WORKIN' ON THE OL' HOLOGRAM MACHINES!!!
Think about that on your next trip to the dinosaur planet, jerk.

If you feel inclined, you may hover your mouse icon on the aforementioned image and gently press the left mouse button to gaze upon a much larger image of this jewel-encrusted literary art. After I fell asleep on my deck's lawnchair and woke up the following morning, I realized these so-called "words of wisdom" weren't nearly as wise as I had assumed they would be. In fact, my writing skills, which I had already assumed to be bottom of the barrel, had somehow created a new barrel below it and sunk to the bottom of that. Had previous drug-induced Awful Links of the Day been lying to me? Was I suckered like a poor bumpkin chump at a state fair purchasing snake oil from a filthy gypsy floozy whore? I decided to run these potentially deep and intellectual thoughts by an award-winning psychologist, but I was quickly reminded that award-winning psychologists cost more money than I was willing to spend, which was roughly zero dollars and zero cents. Luckily I had a backup plan; the Something Awful writing staff! I mean, between all of us, there are more than enough hours logged in with psychologists to reap what-

This is one of the reasons why the pro-marijuana movement never really gets far.

ever possible information that might infest the floating assortment of tripe I scrawled down days before! Let's take this piece by piece and see what various Something Awful staff members had to say when psychoanalyzing each piece of my disjointed diatribe.

- **PORTION #1:** *"Don't tell mother goose that her son has been in a car accident."*

  - **ANALYSIS BY REID "FROLIXO" WHATEVERHISLASTNAMEIS:** So, the horrible truth finally comes out. This document intercepted by me through electronic mail exposes Richard "Softshoe" Kyanka for who he really is. It may look like mere rambling gibberish to the untrained eye, but to me it spells out an evil so hideously foul that I need to run away from my computer to keep from puking my "Hot Pocket" all over the keyboard . The truth is that Richard "I lost another loan to Ditech" Kyanka is a part of the international terror organization of Global Masonic Child Rape Illuminati that has been brainwashing our young children through mind controlling Electronic Linked Frequency rays (ELFs) in the form of microwave beams being sent out from his "comedy" website, Something Awful. This is a diabolical plot is being hatched so large in scope, and evil that no rational mind could comprehend it. The first section of code states "Don't tell mother goose that her son has been in a car accident". Decoded by a special ring that only the Anti-Masonic organization gives out with four boxtops, I discovered that the "son" is actually TV's Scott Biao, and that Lowtax has ordered his death by disabling his brakes. Alas we still don't know who Mother Goose is. It could be Scot Biao's mother, or the head of a rival evil organization he worked for. We may never know.

  - **ANALYSIS BY JOSH "LIVESTOCK" BORUFF:** Rich starts his wacky-tobaccy journey by speaking about the death of innocence. Mother Goose represents the naivety of childhood - a pristine world where good is omniscient, and constructs such as evil locked away like flowers in the attic. Things take a terrible turn, though, when Mother Goose's son is killed in a car accident, shattering the wholesomeness of the world with death. A world that knows only happy now has to confront the brutal reality that life is not eternal, and that anybody could be torn to pieces at anytime. Rich places us, the reader, in the awkward position of having to keep the truth from Mother Goose, the matriarch of this innocent world. By doing that we are led to believe that we are preserving the innocence, but this is not the truth, since we are embracing a lie. The unfortunate reality of the matter is we have no choice but to admit that a death has occurred. The good thing is that if innocence is dead, everybody is guilty. Let's see that old bitch try to blame anybody then!

  - **TRUE MEANING:** I had previously been talking to Stoner Dave about how mean geese were. When I was five, a mother goose chased me around a petting zoo, apparently attempting to kill me because she assumed I wanted to eat her children or rape her husband or something. She eventually caught up with me and took a chunk out of my leg with her loving and caring beak. When I warned of telling a mother goose than her child has been in a car accident, it was to prevent this cruel animal from going nuts and hunting me down once again. I still have nightmares of petting zoos, although not all of them directly revolve around this evil mother goose. I'd prefer to not go into detail regarding those dreams.

- **PORTION #2:** *"That's the problem with our Progression Scan Television educational system. (TV connected to camera in next room pretend to be at home like in futuristic sci-fi movies)"*

  - **ANALYSIS BY ZACK "GEIST EDITOR" PARSONS:** In this idea Lowtax writes a bold political message about the current state of our nation's educational system.

Oh no, your gavel is on fire, Judge Judy!

Growing up as a latchkey kid was hard on Rich and like so many others he spent his youth nurtured by the screeching of Big Bird and those hideous google-eyed shits on Fraggle Rock. Lowtax's comment isn't directed at the quality of today's children's television programming, it's a playful barb at America's schools. He compares the system to progressive scan television, which is a technically superior way of displaying images on your television that very few people even know or care about. It's costly and people are for the most part apathetic, which is the point of the comparison. Students wallow in apathy at their schools while we dump millions of tax payer dollars into giving them computers and better hat lockers. No one cares, least of all the kids, and that my friends is the problem of the American educational system.

- **ANALYSIS BY BEN "GREASNIN" PLATT:** Although he himself is done with his education, Rich is concerned about the current educational system. He is worried that the future generation will not be able to improve upon, or even sustain the world that they are given. He feels tired and burned out, and his thoughts have turned to the time when he will be too old to work. Who will take care of him then? Who will carry on his life's work (you know, being a nerd)? Unlike the last one, which showed a fear of a sudden death, this one shows fear of dying alone, unloved, and unattended in senility years down the road. The noted psychological expert Erik H. Erikson might say that there are signs of generativity in this piece, or rather anticipation of generativity. Rich is worried that his children will not be raised to be capable and intelligent adults, and that if he were to become dependent on them, they would fail him. Also, technological stuff like this becomes really, really interesting when you're stoned. Take my word for it. Nothing is more of a mindfuck than lighting up a J and popping in "The Matrix." Dude, Rich, you and me should totally do that some time. That would be awesome.

- **TRUE MEANING:** Okay, I honestly don't remember what I was talking about here. I think I was trying to make some social commentary, but it went on a tangent that it probably shouldn't have. I kept on picturing a futuristic society where kids in school were being taught by an instructor who was on a progression scan television in the front of the classroom, as is featured in many crappy science fiction movies. However, the TV would simply be hooked up to some cables in the room behind it, a small janitorial closet, where the instructor would be located the entire time, pretending to be hundreds of miles away. The backdrop would be made to appear as if it was his home, thereby lending some sort of "futuristic" feel to the so-called advanced technology. It was a joke which struck me as quite funny at the time, but now makes little or no sense to me.

PORTION #3: *"Best Buy is a capitalistic front for the 9,900 hologram people in the world. There are 100 real people in the world, but only fucking 9,800 of them are HOLOGRAM PEOPLE WORKIN' ON THE OL' HOLOGRAM MACHINES!!! Think about that on your next trip to the dinosaur planet, jerk."*

I guess this guy smokes weed every day as well.

- **ANALYSIS BY ZACK "GEIST EDITOR" PARSONS:** Lowtax is an extreme left Communist. Anyone who reads the site knows how much he adores figures like Lenin, so it's no wonder that he combined his ethos with his hatred for Best Buy and obsession with Star Trek. Basically his theory is that there are 100 people running Best Buy and they use advanced holodeck like technology to mirror them 99 times a piece. This makes them worthless and unable to help you, but attracts customers to Best Buy because everyone thinks it's so well-staffed. I think what Lowtax really needs is an evening on the holodeck to cool off. Someone get Space Nerd Wil Wheaton and Chewbacca on the space horn.

- **ANALYSIS BY REID "FROLIXO" SOMETHING:** This last section about the Holograms had me stumped. I tried to decode it with the ring, holy glasses, and even a mirror, but found no hidden messages. So I put away the gadgets and starting breaking this down piece by piece. First of all, "Best Buy is a capitalist front" is interesting because communism is the reverse of capitalism, and the first Best Buy just opened in Egypt. The numbers listed are "9,900 hologram people", "100 real people", and "9,800 people working on the hologram machines". Added together you get 19,800. Now if you take the total number of Best Buys in the world, and multiply that by the percentage of power the Communists hold in the Egyptian government, you get 9111. Now drop the last one just for fun, and do you know what you get? 911. 9-11! And the pilot for one of the planes that crashed into the WTC was Egyptian! He wasn't a Communist but he was really tight with money so I think that counts. Anyways, you can clearly see that evil is afoot here and it's really, really evil. Richard "Lusty Buns" Kayanka, you WILL be brought to justice by the USA of America! My mission was to expose him for as the supervillian terrorist type he really is. My other mission was to drive Ben "Greasnin" Platt slowly insane until he exploded publicly for everyone's amusement. Since both missions are now accomplished, I am returning to my home planet of Corbulon to report to my superiors, and to make sure my whore wife isn't cheating on me again with Maruhulek from Sector 19.

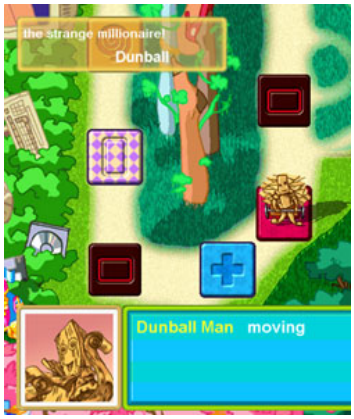
- **TRUE MEANING:** I was waaaay out on this one, convinced that there were only 100 "real" people in the world, and the rest of the so-called "people" were simply holograms. These holograms, naturally, were produced by the hologram people working "the ol' hologram machines," which is one of those self-recursive phenomenon that have boggled the minds of scientists and crippled scientists in wheelchairs for decades. As for the "dinosaur planet," I think that was meant as an insult, like if somebody were to come up to you and and ask you what time it was, you could insult them by saying, "it's time I fucked your wife again! Now think about that on your next trip to the dinosaur planet, jerk." I don't really envision this catchphrase really becoming socially accepted, but if it does, you read it here first, folks.

As you can plainly see, drugs are not in fact "nature's hugs" as certain jailed celebrities would like you to believe. They are quite the opposite, turning me, the mild-mannered journalist Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka" into a raving, incoherent lunatic much in the same fashion that the mild-mannered

journalist Clark Kent has the ability to turn into a raving, incoherent lunatic when he's exposed to shemale microvore furry porn. In fact, if I wasn't a drunkard addicted to Xanax and bouquet of painkillers more vibrant and colorful than your average rose garden, I'd swear off drugs completely. I hope today's update and humor at my expense has taught all of you a lesson about drugs. No, I don't know what this lesson is and no, I don't care if you actually learned the lesson in question. However, if you do decide to partake in some exotic drugs, be sure not to write down any stupid crap immediately afterwards, because it won't lead to anything good. Instead, please kill yourself in an amusing and hilarious way so we, the writers at Something Awful, can mock your death and therefore give us an excuse to not read CNN.com and tackle a "real" subject. Thank you, and please don't drive safely.

Livin' In a Viper's Paradice

Zack "Graboid Fragger" Parsons here with an all new Hentai Game Review. This week I played the unusual title "Viper Paradice".



> *Hentai games rarely deviate from their usual rape-simulator roots, but when they do they often deviate by a lot. "Viper Paradice" is one of those insane blends of Hentai with other genres, in this case the board game Candyland and lysergic acid. It's also one of the most maddeningly difficult and confusing games I've ever played. From the shitty Engrish to the mysterious game mechanics playing Viper Paradice was an exercise in frustration. The game has no plot but makes up for what it lacks in plot with an aggressively insane board game in which you progress along by rolling dice while being pursued by a man made out of woodchips who forces you to play roulette with him.*

Sounds like quite an adventure. Better cruise on over and check it out!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.3 Greasnin, I'm calling you back, collect!

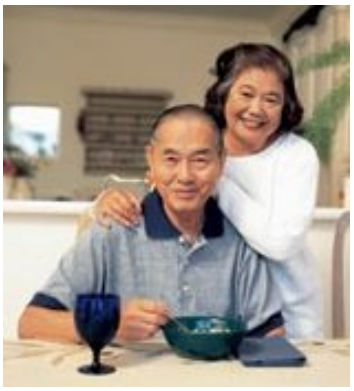
Friday, May 02, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

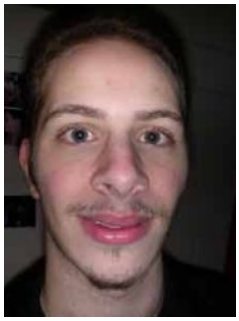
Oh my dear, sweet Ben. What have I done to you? How did it get this far? When I logged onto the Something Awful front page last Sunday I was shocked and appalled at what I saw; a full update dedicated to bashing me! I didn't read it, and just skimmed down looking for my name, but from what I can tell it looks like you were saying some mean stuff about me, mostly how I have been easing up on my weekly mockery of you out of sheer laziness. Well, it's true that I've been easing off my attacks as of late, but not because of laziness. I had a plan. A plan so crazy that it just might work.

When you first started writing Sunday updates, I naturally disliked you because you're a fancy pants playwright college boy who spends his parents' hard-earned money going on the tilt-a-whirl all day, throwing up cotton candy, while I'm out on the mean streets of Detroit slinging hash for a buck an hour, and fighting crime with my Indian sidekick. But I got over that after some of your updates made me slightly shift in my chair with mild amusement. It turned out that it was just a bad case of gas, but it was a reaction nonetheless. Quickly you became my favorite writer after Lowtax, Zack Parsons, and Livestock. I sent you e-mails every week seeking your attention, but I guess you were too busy writing your stupid plays, because I received no responses. I would check my mail 3 to 4 times a minute waiting for some kind of feedback, but got absolutly nothing. I figured you thought you were too good for the likes of me since I didn't belong to an affluent playwright circle, or had daily caviar enemas. It is at that very moment that I decided to destroy you, or at least cause mental duress that would end up costing you a couple hundred dollars in psychotherapy.

I knew that I had to get close to you, but how? The idea to join your college so that I could infiltrate your dorm failed because I couldn't pass the remedial grammar and spelling tests. Then I got a job as a waiter at a local diner that you often frequented with your school chums. Unfortunately, that plan fell through when I spilled scalding hot coffee on my groin during training, ruining the chances of me ever spawning offspring. That's when the genius plan of becoming a fellow Something Awful writer came to me. After sending $20 via Paypal to Richard "Biscuits'n Gravy" Kyanka, my writing spot on Saturdays was secured, and I found myself face to face with my most hated foe, Ben "Greasnin" Platt.

I held off on my first week, not wanting to show my cards too soon. I wanted to study your strengths and weaknesses before I launched my surprise attack. Then on February 22nd, a day that will live in hilarity, the Sunday flagship S.S. Greasnin Platt was hit by a Frolixo comedy torpedo, crippling it indefinitely. What followed was months of attacks and counter-attacks. It was a bloody and vicious campaign, leaving the weekends in ruin. You are correct when you stated the climax of the strife was the "Greasemunk". You were on your heels and victory was nigh. All I had to do was move in for the kill, and Ben "Greasnin" Platt would be logged off the Internet forever. That's when I received a most curious e-mail from a one "Judy and Russ Platt". Your parents...





Reid “Frolixo” PaskiewiczStyle: 8Funny: 8Grammar: 2Hair: 10Public Appeal: 8Blowjobs (giving): 1Blowjobs (receiving): 10Total Points: 47I WIN I WIN I WIN! In your face Platt! Whoo hoo!Ahem. Well it looks like it’s all over. Our feud is settled, and we can move on with our lives. You know Ben, I think we’ve learned from this experience, and have grown as a result of it. I give my Irish word of honor that no harm shall come to you or your precious, caring parents. Now that we are best buds, let’s join forces to make a weekend Voltron of humor and battle our common foes. With your literary prowess and my wisecracking street smarts, we can take over this joint, and focus on a mutual enemy that stands in our way of our greatness, Josh "Livestock" Boruff. That guy is so unfunny. State Og: Collector’s Edition (w/ Signed Holographic Cover)Dennis "Corin Tucker’s Stalker" Farrell reporting in once again. We understand that there are discerning readers for whom normal articles are simply not enough. These distinguished gentlemen see words and paragraphs for what they really are: garbage fit only for the consumption of the common man. To appeal to the refined tastes of these readers, State Og will now be presented in an anamorphic widescreen format, with such features as Surround Smell, english subtitles, and a director’s commentary track. Put on your State Og 3d glasses and enjoy just a sample of what lies ahead:Dear State Og,Help me please. I am [enjoying the prompt service of State Og] with no legs! When I tested the new State Og theme park ride Bladed Mountain, this flash of silver overcame me, and then before I knew it, my [doubts about State Og] were gone! How am I supposed to live without my [love of State Og]? I will tell you how, you [pioneers] of [stability], you goddamn mother [helpers] (Editor’s note: check out our State Og retirement plan to learn what Bob is talking about here!): I can’t! Oh and thanks for the complimentary wheelchair that [did not break] before I even sat in it! It would not have been so bad if the shards of [unbroken] wheelchair were not so sharp. Did you make it out of pure [dedication] or something, you [rooster] suckers?For our slack-jawed readers that don’t have State Og 3d glasses, our articles are still readable, but lack any extra features which make life worth living. Whichever way you read it, we’re sure you’ll enjoy this week’s State Og! We’d bet your life on it, and chances are we actually have.

From: "Judy & Russ Platt" (hotjudyandruss@rcn.com)
To: frolixo@somethingawful.com
Subject: Leave my son alone!

Dear Frolixo. I have heard all about you from our dear son, Ben. He tells me that you are a fellow writer for an online humor site. He also tells me that you have been picking on him ever since you started working for Something Terrible. I’m writing you today to kindly ask you to stop bullying him around. Ben is a fragile boy that has gone through many hardships throughout his life. At the age of five, Ben lost almost all his hair in a grease fire, and was given the nickname “Greasnin” by the neighborhood fire department. Due to this deformity, he stood out in elementary school, prompting the other children to tie him to the monkey bars and throw rotten turnips at his belly. In middle school, he was stripped naked and beaten with metal coils by students and teachers alike. He was never the same after he was given a wedgie from the diving board in his high school swim class. Even in college, a fellow named LuckyGlauber has been sneaking in his dorm room at night, and filling his shoes with Cheez-Whiz.

Since you have started picking on poor Ben, he has been a wreck. He calls every Saturday, sobbing into the phone, begging us to wire some more money

to help him forget the pain you caused. As his mother, I beg you to stop your childish mockery. It may seem funny to you and your cronies, but it's hurting my baby boy! Thank you for your time and understanding, Frolixo.

So Greasnin, although I may seem like a total jerk online, I'm actually a pretty nice guy if you get to know me, and this e-mail really made me think about the way I've behaved the last few months. After your mom scolded me, I decided that I was going to withdraw my attack on you. But in order not to arouse suspicion so I wouldn't have to post this embarrassing e-mail, I had to slowly back off my barbs over time. Unfortunately, I was one update away before calling a cease fire when you dropped the bomb last Sunday. So here we are, at odds again.

But never fear, I have come up with a solution to settle our grievances. I took it upon myself to e-mail the country of Switzerland with all of our updates from the past couple months in order to have them rate us on various categories. This will settle all the differences we have as to who is the better weekend writer in a fair and gentlemanly manner. Here are the results from the neutral Swiss people:

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.4 The Fall of Man

Saturday, May 03, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Before I get started, I'd just like to address Frolixo's update from yesterday. Reid, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones if you are. I'll even forget about those supposedly neutral Swiss scores, which I'm sure you didn't tamper with in any way shape or form. I look forward to working alongside you in the future as friends, instead of as bitter rivals. Just try not to slow me down too much. With that said, now it's time to get back to what Something Awful is really all about - scouring legitimate news sites for anything that could possibly serve as fodder for an article, then hastily assembling some half-assed comedy around it. Let's go!

God damn, can you even believe how Irish this guy is?

Yesterday was a rough day for New Hampshire. For those of you who live outside the United States or live in the United States but automatically disregard anything in the newspaper that has to do with New Hampshire, the Old Man of the Mountain, the giant stone face that jutted out of the side of Cannon Mountain, collapsed sometime Friday night or early Saturday morning.

> *State Landmark Falls from Mountain*
>
> *The fall ended nearly a century of efforts to protect the 40-foot-tall landmark from the same natural forces that created it. Only stabilizing cables and epoxy remained Saturday where the famous ledges had clung.*
>
> *"There's only so much you can do," said Mike Pelchat, a state parks official who hiked up the mountain Saturday to make sure there were no signs of foul play.*
>
> *"With heavy rains and high winds and freezing temperatures, the combination was just right to loosen him up," he said. "We always thought it was the hand of God holding him up, and he let go."*
>
> *It was unclear when the outcropping actually fell from Cannon Mountain because clouds had obscured the area Thursday and Friday. A state park trails crew reported Saturday morning that the Old Man of the Mountain was gone.*

If you look at it from the right angle, it actually looks a little like Martha Stewart.

The Old Man of the Mountain was a symbol of everything that is great about New Hampshire. Its proud chin stood for resilience. Its aquiline nose represented nobility. Its sternly furrowed brow

signified determination. Its complete lack of eyes recalled that time that cousin Jeb shot Luke in the face with a Winchester and he lived. Oh my God, you should have been there. It was the grossest thing ever. Now, that beloved landmark that became synonymous with New Hampshire pride - even appearing on the state quarter - is gone. This is horrible news for all of the residents of New Hampshire. They rode the glory of the Old Man of the Mountain for generations, and now that it's gone, they know they're fucked.

That's right, New Hampshire. You had a good run. We didn't really mind stringing you along just so long as people kept coming to see that face in the mountain. It had freak value, like the face of Jesus appearing in jar of mayonnaise (not counting Jesus brand mayonnaise, motto: "It's blasphemarvelous!"). Now that it has finally crumbled, we've got no real reason to keep you around anymore. We can finally dump you and not feel the least bit bad about it. That's right, New Hampshire, your sorry ass is out of here.

Think about it, New Hampshire. Without the Old Man, what exactly do you have to offer the Union as a state? Fireworks? Sorry, every major city in the nation has a Chinatown these days, and they'll sell basically anything you want, from simple sparklers to military-grade explosives as long as you tell them its for New Year's. Even in February! What else do you have? Disputes over creationism? Nope, that's North Carolina's territory. Crazy, gun-toting old kooks? Sorry, already covered by the entire South. Widespread illiteracy? Nope, the South again. Face it, Massachusetts has better statesmen, Maine has better scenery, Connecticut has better small, dirty cities that are ten years behind the times, and Vermont has better mariju... uh... skiing. There's nothing you can do that some other state can't do better, faster, and with a more comical accent. Without that giant face, you haven't got a leg to stand on.

I can't say exactly what we're going to do with you. I'm just a writer for a satire site. I actually have very little political power. But if I had to take a guess, I'd say we'll probably sell you to the Japanese. They could use someplace to live that isn't ninety percent volcanoes. Then again, Microsoft presents New Hampshire XP has a nice ring to it. Either way, there's money to be made off of your otherwise worthless land mass. After all, we're trying to finance a war, here. Oh, that reminds me. In the event that we can't find someone willing to buy you, we'll most likely physically detach you from the rest of the continental United States using some sort of huge chainsaw and then push you out to sea. So all of you soldiers who are currently serving over in the Middle East, you will have the option of either returning to America and finding a home in a new state or just waiting over there until New Hampshire slowly drifts by.

You couldn't even think of anything better to put on your state quarter? Jesus, can you guys even think of a reason we should keep you?

Now, New Hampshire, don't you worry about the rest of us. We'll be just fine without you. We'll even make Puerto Rico a state so we don't have to change our flag. They've been pretty cool lately. In fact, I foresee a period of great prosperity for America once you're gone. As a Massachusetts native, I can safely say that with you out of the way, the Bay State will be making a power play to reincorporate Maine. You've acted as a hilly buffer zone for too long. Sure, once Uber-Massachusetts is back in action, we'll be back down to forty-nine states again, but hey, we'll probably just annex Quebec or someplace like that. It doesn't really matter. All I know is that the minute you're gone, the rest of this country is going to throw one hell of a party. Kegs, those wacky Hawaiian flower chain-things, kickin' tunes - it's going to be awesome! Sorry, New Hampshire, but you're not on the guest list.

Wait, what's that say at the bottom? "Bienvenue?" You dirty traitors.

Daniel Webster once wrote of the Old Man of the Mountain, "In the mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that there He makes men." Well, ol' Dan isn't around to make any comments about the collapse of the Old Man, but on his behalf, I'm fairly certain that it's a sign that God hates New Hampshire. America likes to talk about freedom of religion and how we're such a secular nation, but let's be honest, here. When God tells us to do something, we do it, and screw anyone who gets in our way. Take the whole manifest destiny shebang, for example. We had a decent country going, then God told us to go straight to the Pacific Ocean. So we went, and we didn't take any crap from the Native Americans along the way. Man, that whole "we were here first" and "this land is sacred" crap they kept trying to pull got old quick. For a people with no concept of ownership, they sure put up a stink about getting kicked out. The point is, God told us to go and we went. Now God is telling us to drop you like a bad habit, so New Hampshire, baby, prepare to go the way of heroin. Not that we, as a nation, ever had a heroin problem. We could have stopped anytime we wanted. I'm just trying to complete the analogy.

It's no use pleading your case, New Hampshire. We've made up our minds about this. You've been freeloading of us for long enough, and we're tired of putting up with your shit. The whole "Live Free or Die" thing was cute for like the first week, but after more than two hundred years, it's gotten a little old. You've basically been using it as an excuse to have bad attitude and give kids tattoos that they'll just have to get removed when their parents see them. Those days are coming to an end. Just accept it. I know you're upset that this good thing you've had going for you has come to an end, but be mature about it. For instance, look at what your governor is up to:

Yeah, I think that's an acceptable loss.

> *Gov. Craig Benson quickly declared that the face should be restored and said in a written statement that he was meeting with state officials and planned to form a fund to take donations for the project.*
>
> *"I am committed to doing everything possible to restore this important monument to our Granite State," he said.*

Oh yeah, we're all really going to miss this.

Restore the face? Are you kidding me? The Old Man of the Mountain was a naturally-occuring phenomenon. That's pretty much why it was cool. We don't need another man-made head on a mountain. That market was cornered the minute Mt. Rushmore was finished. If Mt. Rushmore had been an act of nature, you would have been gone years ago. Now, I can understand how you might think that you can glue the Old Man back together and stick it back up there and make everything alright again, but it's just not going to happen. You can waste all the money you want repairing the rubble. It doesn't change the fact that the miracle is over. It was neat while it lasted, but now it's over. So long, take care, don't forget to write. You can address the correspondence to "America." Don't worry, it'll get here.

We had some fun together, New Hampshire, but that was all in the past. I remember when my family used to rent a condo near Lake Winnepesake over the summers. Those were good times. Of

course, then we found that place in Maine that was right on the water. Man, Maine was awesome. Great weather, beautiful surroundings, and the lobsters practically grew on the trees. Not literally, of course. The harsh, richly oxygenated climate of tree-living would be too much for the lobster species, but you get the idea. What I'm trying to say is, I know I'll always remember you, New Hampshire. All Americans will. Well, maybe not the ones way out west. They'd really have no reason to remember you, unless they had family out here or something. I mean, I don't think anyone pictures New Hampshire when they think of the East Coast. And you're really too far north for any of the southern states to remember you. They probably have some general concept of Maine, since it's so huge, and they definitely know Boston, thanks to its fabulous baked beans and chowder, but New Hampshire probably doesn't weigh too heavily on the minds of folks in Georgia. But here in New England, we'll always remember you as our dirty, angry, foul-smelling neighbor and friend. Well, not friend, but guy we let hang out with us out of pity. So, farewell New Hampshire, and look at it this way - at least now you'll be safe from terrorists.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

5.5 You're Not the Boss of Me!

Sunday, May 04, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Get out of my office, you're fired.

Yesterday I had an epiphany. These sorts of things don't come too frequently to me so it's noteworthy. In fact when it was happening I thought maybe it was a heart attack or an aneurism or something. I started tingling all over and then I ran to my computer and looked up epiphany because I thought that might be my medical condition. It turns out I was right, but my hopes that I could sue the construction company across the street for getting concrete dust in my lungs and causing me to develop an epiphany were dashed as I realized that it was not a physiological condition and would not hold up in most courts.

My epiphany was this: for all of my life I have been a follower, an underling, a henchman, but within my breast beats the heart of an evil mastermind. Yes, it's true, I was born to be a boss, I was born to tell people what to do and when. I am a leader, a commander, a dictator, and this mighty ability has remained dormant inside of me all these years. I resolved to change my ways, to spread my proverbial wings and fly like Bette Midler attached to a Titan missile.

The key to being The Boss is to assert to everyone and everything you encounter that you are, in fact, The Boss. I wrote up a complete list of people I needed to inform that I was The Boss and set off on my course for letting the world know that Zack is running this show now. I figured the best place to start was with Rich, since until two days ago he was technically The Boss. I confronted him on ICQ to let him know about my transformation.

> **GeistEditor:** *I'm running this show now. I'm The Boss.*
>
> **Lowtax:** *help me out of this mess I done got myself into*
>
> **GeistEditor:** *The only thing I'm going to be helping is myself to running this pop stand.*
>
> **Lowtax:** *Shut up*

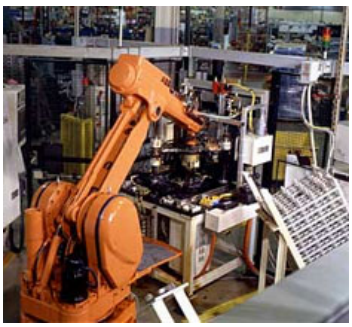
That made for one down with about fifty to go. My next target was my girlfriend since she often seems to think she's The Boss. I assumed it would be quite a rude awakening for her to discover that I am, without a doubt, The Boss. Our encounter took place on the veranda, it was sunset.

Fired. Fired. Pay cut. No, you're all fired. Get out.

> **Michelle:** *Isn't the sunset beautiful my dear?*
>
> **Zack:** *Whatever. I'm The Boss now.*
>
> **Michelle:** *The what?*
>
> **Zack:** *I rule this school. Whatever I say goes.*
>
> **Michelle:** *Your wish is my command (or that's what I assume she muttered to me as she stormed back inside our plantation).*

I went on to contact many friends and relatives about my recently upgraded status of The Boss and then finished out my round of announcements by informing my pets and several inanimate objects in

my apartment. As mentioned before I just call it an apartment, it's actually a large Southern manse complete with wicker furniture and helpful negro servants. That's because The Boss don't live in no apartment. For posterity I wrote in my dream journal about telling my youngest of three cats about my new status, to boil it down to its essence I said "I'm The Boss of these parts now". My cat proceeded to roll onto its back clutching a stuffed Bill Clinton doll which it bit repeatedly on the face. This is a common form of acquiescence in cats and obviously that cat knew that I was The Boss.



Weldbot you're just not a team player. You're fired.

People think being The Boss is easy, but let me tell you brother it ain't. I have to spend all day sitting at my desk playing Minesweeper and surfing the web for pornography. Every ten fucking minutes I have to pick up the phone so that I can call someone and scream at them for not doing their job right. Do you know how much tax The Boss has to pay? A LOT. Do you know what kind of tax there is on buying a jet powered boat? More money than you make in a lifetime! All to do what, feed retarded kids? The Boss doesn't care about a bunch of droolcups wanting to learn the alphabet and eat crayons, throw them all in a wood chipper or put them to work in the salt mines. Hell, I don't even know if salt comes from mines, I don't have to know either, because I'm The Boss. When I want to know something I pay someone to ask someone else to look it up in a library.

I still don't think I'm getting through to you what a huge responsibility it is to be The Boss. Here are just a few of the tasks and duties I have to deal with on a daily basis.

- **Brushing my teeth:** I could pay someone to brush their teeth and then put them in my mouth but that shit hurts. Until they have ghosts that haunt your mouth with freshness I have to repeatedly do this mundane task. And people say technology has come a long way, well you sure fooled me buster!

- **Talking to people:** People are ugly, smelly, and disgusting. They are not anything like The Boss, and I sure would like to not have to talk to them ever again. Unfortunately a big part of being The Boss is telling people what to do. I tried hiring someone to tell them what to do for me but no matter how many pills I gave the guy he still couldn't read my mind. Worthless!

I don't even know your name or what you do, but clean out your desk. You're fired.

- **Nature:** What the fuck? Didn't we get rid of this crap twenty years ago? Where are my tax dollars going? I am so sick of those birds cussing up a storm outside my window. And the grass and trees... don't even get me started. I paid people to salt my lawn at least thirty times and every day there's another bird out there talking like a sailor and

pulling up weeds. You'd think in this day and age we could just nuke the whole thing and live on a nice big plane of glass. Now that's living. I'll write up a memo on that.

- **Breathing:** Seriously overrated. I see these filthy homeless people breathing through the armored glass on my custom SUV and I wonder to myself how far have we really come as a species if The Boss still has to do that. Can't science give me a shot or a pill or something that just makes me get that monkey of oxygen off of my back. You see, I didn't know what the air was but I had Delores call the library and she said "it's a mixture of oxygen and other gasses" and I said "that's too long, rephrase it for me and trim it down".

- **Polo:** Watching polo games is one of the best aspects of being The Boss, but even those get boring because the horses just move too damn slow and the grass, always with the fucking grass. I tell you what, I'll write a check and you make sure the next time I go out there with lemonade those cocksuckers are on hoverjets or what have you and playing on a basketball court. Make sure you scare off the negroes first, they're as bad as the birds.

- **The Stock Market:** I bought a computer so that this shit would stop losing me money. I mean I have a billion times more money than I could spend if I just wrote a check and kept adding zeroes until the day I keel over, but that doesn't mean I like to see any of it go away. The computer just sits there doing nothing, in fact it's probably the most insubordinate thing I own and that includes those orphans I bought to pave my driveway with the tombstones of Korean War veterans. So I scream at the computer and it does nothing, but what's worse is I scream at my broker and then he tells me I lost five kajillion dollars from my money market account! Newsflash Hercules, I'll just save my money by yelling at the computer!

- **The Sales Department:** Hey you jackass ingrates, we're adding a little something to this month's sales contest. As you all know, first prize is a Cadillac Eldorado. Second prize is a set of steak knives. Third prize is I send cannibals to your house to eat your family. Fourth prize is this fruit basket and fifth prize is a one way ticket to the sun. They call it cold calling because if you don't do it your body will be room temperature inside the hour so get to it you fucking slack-jawed morons.

Holy God! You're fired, and send in the HR manager that hired you on your way out.

Life isn't all hard knocks for The Boss, I get a chance to unwind after a hard day at the office screaming at people, firing people, and paying people to figure out ways that I can get people to work without having to pay them. My leisure activities include watching polo matches, screaming at people, firing people, cursing nature, paying people to disrupt the pagan ceremonies of druids and wiccans, and my personal favorite is of course eating Veal Turducken, a little recipe I cooked up. Have a look for yourself, my personal trainers said that if I keep eating it I'm going to have so many abs busting out of my shit that they're going to have to call me "The Centipede". I fired them all for even hinting that I could be called anything other than The Boss.

The Boss's Veal Turducken

- **Step One:** Pick up the phone and scream at your servants. Do this drunkenly if you have to but continue on for at least five minutes before you get so frustrated at their incompetence that your fire them all and go to the grocery store yourself.

- **Step Two:** My grocery store is a special one run by some sort of sultan or sheik or something. He comes out in his crazy hat and gives me a list of

exotic meats that I can buy and they all have pictures of the animal next to them. For Veal Turducken you need a white rhinoceros, a female tiger that is pregnant, a cloned stegosaurus that has been hobbled so it can't escape and fed on cream so that it's fat and juicy, and at least one centaur arm. You're thinking that centaurs are made up, but I'm so rich that they aren't made up for me, I can buy them. I could pick up my phone right now and inside ten minutes there would be a refrigerator truck full of those bitches sitting outside my apartment. Plantation.

- **Step Three:** Drive home drunk on that crazy wine the grocery store guy keeps giving you, wreck your Excursion into a tree and stagger out clutching your cellphone. Get really maudlin and call Delores sobbing and explaining how you fired the housekeepers because they're idiots. Half way through your rant start yelling and get angry and hang up. When you get back to the house all of the housekeepers should have come back or grown up out of those peapods that the poor people grow in or whatever, it doesn't matter how or why. Throw the meat you bought onto the counter and collapse exhausted onto your bed.
- **Step Four:** Bon appetite! I've never actually tasted it because I never want it by the time I wake up and I just feed it to the robot that lives in my sink and then we share some laughs and then I scream at it because it could be better.

In the end of this epic journey from zero to hero I think it can be said that being The Boss is hard work worth doing. It's a struggle to achieve the excellence that is required to be The Boss, but the rewards can almost compensate you for the sacrifices you have to make. Naturally since I'm The Boss you can't be, because we can't have two of them at the same time, that would just be crazy.

Get back to work, I'm not paying you to read this shit. No, forget it, on second thought you're fired. Pack it up and get out asshole.

One ROM Enters, One Man Leaves.

I am pleased to introduce a scathing new ROM pit review from rookie ROM pit reviewer Andy "I Have No Nickname" Nishida. Man his nickname is hilarious, but not as hilarious as "Wally Bear and the No! Gang". Everyone loves bear-themed anti-drug videogames right? Right?! Hello, is this thing on?

Wally's adventure takes him through various cityscapes in efforts to educate and save his friends, various members of the NO! gang, from the dangers of peer pressure and debauchery. But while the game may be padded with a soft aura of good intentions, this 8-bit horror of entertainment's message fails to articulate anything other than saying, "NO!" to things and the only way the game's message could frighten me more would be if the entire NO! gang turned vegan and tattooed X's on the backs of their hands. Corny theme aside, the game comes with the normal fixings including: dull gameplay,

> *monotonous audio, and curiously eerie, brain thrashing graphics that simulate me with a strange sexual arousal towards fetishes that I never knew or wish I had.*

If you're frightened of dying and you're holding on, then head on over to Andy's ROM review and let it free you from this world. DON'T DO DRUGS.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 Welcome to Tornado Alley!

Tuesday, May 06, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If you can look out your window and see this, then you should probably think about going somewhere else.

As winter's fierce grip on the weather begins to slip loose, we find ourselves thrust uncontrollably towards the season that some scholars dub "spring." I don't know what other scholars call it, but I can assume it's something terrible that I can't write on this family-oriented website, like a really dirty word or something in German. All the trees which you assumed got killed off in winter or World War II rise from their graves again, growing leaves and branches and rare strains of airborne bacteria which will eventually mutate and turn into SARS. Grotesque little bugs climb out of the ground and begin doing all the important things bugs do throughout day, like get stepped on and wave their slimy little antennae around whenever a *National Geographic* photographer swings a camera in their direction. Spring is like some kind of wizard waving a wand over a desolate wasteland and turning it into a colorful, awe-inspiring landscape where flowers bloom and Skittles are magically thrown throughout the air, possibly by a complex series of pneumatic blowers. Oh wait, that was actually a real Skittles commercial I was thinking of. Do any of you guys remember that one? The advertising gurus attempted to make it look like a big time Hollywood fantasy movie, where the noble Wizard of Product Placement had to fight off the evil non-Mars corporate villains who were trying to steal the secret ingredient of every Mars candy bar ("sodium") and combine it all together to form a new moon which would orbit the Earth and cause fantastic earthquakes, tsunamis, tiramisus, and tornadoes.

Of course we don't have to wait for an evil wizard to create tornadoes, as spring does this for us automatically. In fact, spring did this just the other day, churning out a tornado which ripped through various states in the midwest like Kansas, Missouri, and various other identical flat areas of dull fields that could be effectively combined into one large state called "Please Build a Very Large Mall or Parking Lot Here."

> **Death, damage reported in twisters' wake -** *The death toll climbed Monday as rescuers combed through twisted wreckage and crumbled buildings after an "extremely rare" outbreak of tornadoes Sunday and early Monday killed at least 39 people in Missouri, Kansas and Tennessee.*

Boy! Great thing I'm moving to Missouri in less than a few weeks! Maybe I should just throw myself into the ocean now and cut to the chase of being killed by mother nature before she somehow develops a way for volcanoes to emerge from the basement of my new house and vaporize me with red-hot lava like an Alka-Seltzer dropped into an industrial vat of Clearly Canadian fake sugar water! It's a scientific fact that nature, by definition, hates each and every one of us. She's not like that nice floating holographic lady as seen in such hit shows as "Captain Planet" and "Captain Planet (on VHS tape)." She's a horrid Lovecraftian abomination out to destroy each and every one of us for raping and pillaging her precious land, and if you don't believe me then go out and rent any Anime video from your local pasty white basement nerd video store. See, the Japanese are one step ahead of us ignorant Americans on the Mother Earth scientific front; in each and every Anime movie, millions and millions of terribly futuristic army soldiers are killed by some form of Mother Nature, like the Great Spooky Yet Somewhat Faggy Spirit of the Wind or the 90,000 Penis Meatball Monster From the Ocean. These are all analogies for how our society is carelessly tearing the Earth apart like a

gigantic orange peel, only instead of finding a delicious, juicy fruit inside, there's some monster that prefers to get its point across by raping schoolgirls who have eyes the size of bowling balls.

In this photo, a tornado attempts to blend in and sneak into an unsuspecting town. No luck here, pal!

As spring begins to fire up, tornadoes are beginning to awaken and begin Mother Nature's dirty work of causing many of us to die with increased home insurance rates. Many people are unfamiliar with the phenomenon of the tornado, but I hope that after reading today's update, these people will be able to walk away staunchly confident that they still know absolutely nothing about tornadoes but were able to waste six minutes of their day in the process. I consider myself to be a tornado expert because I've lived in the midwest for about 22 years and there's nobody currently here to prevent me from claiming I'm a tornado expert on a stupid Internet webpage. Many of my family members have been killed by tornadoes, including my mother, father, and sister, although they personally don't know about it yet. I plan on telling them soon, so please don't ruin it by sending them a "Sorry You're Dead" cookie cake before I have a chance to break it to them with a tasteful Hallmark card of my choice. It is my duty, as a patriotic American citizen and representative of hyperhidrosis victims everywhere, to inform you of the terrible dangers tornadoes prevent and how you can avoid being killed and having your home torn apart by them. Haha, just kidding, there's no fucking way for you to prevent being killed by a tornado, so just give up and hope you get AIDS or something first.

This is what happens when you own a shitty house and a tornado hits it. So, in summary, don't live in this guy's shitty house and you won't have to deal with tornadoes.

According to dictionary.com, a tornado is defined as the following: *"a violent thunderstorm in western Africa or nearby Atlantic waters."* This is obviously a lie perpetrated by the Jewish media New World Order to subdue us into complacency, so I recommend writing a harshly-worded letter to the folks at dictionary.com and then buying some assault rifles just in case. Don't bother spellchecking your message to them; that really gets on their nerves. If I can remember what I learned in junior high school regarding tornadoes, they're some kind of thing which is made up of wind, like a fart but only much more powerful. The wind emulates a flushing toilet bowl by spinning around nonstop until it either runs out of gas or gets bored and decides to call it quits. Now some of you may be wondering how these horrible beasts are spawned in the first place. Although my strict Mormon upbringing informs me that "God creates them," I know some scientist-like people who claim tornadoes are the result of warm fronts and cold fronts colliding like when the two helmets smash into each other and make that exploding special effect at the beginning of televised football games. Warm fronts consist of a shitload of hot air from places like the Gulf of Mexico or Hell, and cold fronts are masses of cool air that float down from Canada nonstop thanks to NAFTA and lax border laws. When these two rivals meet each other, they create a real ruckus and somehow transform into a tornado. No, I don't know how; if you're really so goddamn interested in finding out how a tornado works, go down to your local community college and major in weatherology or whatever the hell they call it. It's not "meteorology" because I think that's the study of meteors or meat. Or maybe meat meteors. Who knows.

One thing that I do know is that tornadoes are very difficult to ignore. If you ever get lost and somehow end up in the midwest, you'll know with absolute certainty when a tornado is approaching you. Look for the following tell-tale signs of tornadic activity:

1) LOTS OF WIND. Anybody who has grown up on a farm or has seen that movie where Harrison Ford had to pretend to be Amish in order to protect some stupid kid from crack dealers knows the old farmer saying, "where there's lots of wind, there's probably a tornado or a very big fan of some sort." If you feel things getting very windy, then a tornado might be trying to form nearby and you should seriously entertain thoughts of moving to a slightly different location in the immediate future. Actually, you can never be too safe, so if you ever feel any wind or air movement of any kind, it is your civic responsibility to shout "tornadoes!!! HEAD FOR THE HILLS!!!" and begin running around like a madman. Never underestimate the dastardly cunningness of the tornado; sometimes they can disguise themselves as things like rain or air conditioning or family members, so trust nobody and always keep your eyes peeled (literally) for their nefarious tricks.

2) THAT IS ALL.

I didn't really have a second point, but I felt a compelling need to make a numbered list, so there you go. Tornadoes have a lot of wind, wind which they are not afraid to use toss around and decimate your house while casually throwing your loved ones headfirst into trees seven miles away. I'm sure Mother Nature is currently trying to figure out a scheme to inject molten lava inside a tornado to kill us all more efficiently, but I don't plan on worrying about that until the media tells me I can stop worrying about getting SARS. Like earthquakes and Louie Anderson, tornadoes are unstoppable creations sent here to torture us and make our lives miserable. There is no way to defeat a tornado, even in *Dead or Alive 3*; you simply have to wait until it gets bored of tearing shit up. The military and air force have attempted to lob atom bombs and Hellfire missiles into tornadoes in a futile attempt to kill them, but that only caused the tornadoes to begin flashing red and deal out even more splash damage to surrounding targets. If you have any atom bombs or Hellfire missiles, please do not use them as anti-tornado projectiles, as you'll just be wasting your time. There is simply no way to stop tornadoes, even by calling 911 and reporting rape, so the best you can do is get acquainted with ways to survive a rogue tornado attack. Since I'm a tornado expert and such, I will now present a brief bullet-pointed list of these survival techniques. Feel free to write them down on your hand if you have access to both your hand and a marker or tattoo needle.

- **Hide in a basement.** Basements are the safest place to be during a tornado attack because once your house collapses and kills you, you won't have to deal with the assholes at the insurance agency and wade through all their bullshit. For maximum results, your basement should have one of those short staircases that leads to a wooden set of swinging doors in your backyard. Stick your head out of these doors every two minutes to see if the tornado has passed. If your head is instantly ripped off and tossed hundreds of yards away, then the tornado is still quite active.
- **Hide in a doorframe.** Wait, I think that's for earthquakes. Oh well, earthquakes are kind of like tornadoes, except instead of lots of air moving, they have lots of land moving. I guess the same idea applies here. If possible, construct your house completely from doorframes. Then you'll never have to get up and walk somewhere when a tornado / earthquake strikes.
- **Move thousands of miles away.** Remember how Craig T. Nelson and his family dealt with that pesky haunted house in the movie "Poltergeist"? They just grabbed their shit and left once the corpses began popping up and greeting them in the flower bed. There are plenty of places you can move to that lack tornado activity, but each has their

own pros and cons. For example, Los Angeles has zero tornadoes, but they have a lot of Mexican guys who wear gold chains. New York City lacks tornadic activity as well, but hell, it's New York City for Christ's sake. If you accidentally move too far and find yourself in the ocean, then you'll be fairly safe from tornadoes, but you'll be susceptible to whirlpools that suck you into the underworld like in *Ultima V*. Then you'll have to fight those annoying creeper guys who attack you from underneath the ground, and I don't think anybody really wants that.

- **Lobby Congress for stricter anti-tornado laws.** I'm not sure exactly how this will work, but everybody always seems to do this for anything anyway, so it's worth a shot. Make sure to write up colorful protest signs with such remarks as "NO MORE tornadoes" and something that equates tornadoes with oil in the Middle East. Oh yeah, put a big photograph of George "Bush" Bush Jr. with a giant red X through his face too, as that will help make your point and you'll get a good chuckle about it with your liberal college buddies when you go to the next coffee shop meeting.

I personally cannot think of any other tornado tips, mainly because I'm simply so excited that I'll be moving to Tornado Central, Missouri in a few weeks. I'm sure there are several hundred additional ways you can temporarily increase the odds of surviving a tornado attack, but I really cannot be bothered to look them up on some public grade school's webpage because I'm too busy hitting bags of Skittles with my "magic wand" and waiting for all kinds of red and yellow and orange colors to spring up in the woods behind my apartment. I think I'll be here for a while folks, so don't hold your breath.

You Must Whip It!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here for yet another Goldmine Tuesday, and a quick note. People, I enjoy getting e-mails from you and Nigerian e-mail scammers telling me how much they enjoy reading the Zoo Stories. I am very sad to inform you all that I in no way, shape, or form, have worked in a zoo. These stories are not my own, I am just re-telling them with the permission of SA forum goon BigPeeler. So please, more praise for BigPeeler, and less fraudulent e-mail scams. Thank you.

Also, if you are currently playing in the Planetside beta on the Markov server, yes the character named "OMGWTFBBQ" is infact me. if you see another OMGWTFBBQ, it is not me. Why people need to use my nickname, I will never know.In today's Goldmine we take a look at the thoughts of those idiots, those morons, those imbeciles known as drivers. Obviously, these people behind the wheel see things differently than you and me, Mr. and Mrs. Careful Motorist, and the SA Forum Goons have decided to give you a quick peek at the mind of these demented automobile pilots by translating traffic signs.

Been there, done that, got the t-shirt and some playing cards. Click here to understand that jackass that was behind you this morning!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

LOTS OF CURVES
AND
HEAVY TRAFFIC
AHEAD
YOU HAVEN'T TALKED
TO BOB IN A WHILE,
WHY DON'T YOU CALL HIM?
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

5.7 Operation Photoshop Storm: Final Report

Wednesday, May 07, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Here is an exclusive picture of the SA victory party. Check out those uniforms! Don't they just scream "winner"?

A while ago I made the thoroughly neat announcement that a team of grizzled SA Photoshop veterans were competing in a tournament with a little site called Worth1000.com. When this was announced most people assumed we didn't have a chance in hell, because what does SA do other than create pictures of various things crashing into the WTC or overuse horrible pedophilia jokes? Of course "most people" in this instance refers to the members of Worth1000, who are now wearing their confidence like a pair of underwear pulled all the way over their heads in what can only be referred to as the hydrogen bomb of wedgies. The members of the SA team fought like PCP-fueled Zulu warriors with machine guns for arms, striking fear into the hearts of civilized folk everywhere. I'm not declaring my entire team to be drug crazed savages, no, because they relied on their trademark wit and crazy creativity, which originates from only the sharpest of corrupt minds. Because this tournament was a big deal to, oh, say me, my bookies, and the pride of the entire SA Forums, the combatants turned everything up several notches, and produced some of the most damn awesome images I've ever seen. In the end, when there were just two men left, SA's Stuntcock showed no mercy, and devoured W1K's Furitsu like a delicious ham roasted in the fires of battle. SA was victorious. The war was over.

So what was the image that secured our victory? Take a freaking gander, grandma!

Click here to download a monster high quality (736kb) wallpaper version of that bad boy! I had to shrink the version you see here down a bit so as not to bust our page in half with its supreme coolness. Stuntcock made this amazing piece of work in response to the theme of "Futurama Sports," which is

Worth1000's copyright friendly way of speculating on what sports will be like in the distant future. Obviously, this picture murdered in the contest, and like all good killers it got away scot-free!

For those of you just learning about this, our little shindig was done tournament style, with eight competitors from each side. The first three rounds consisted of intra-site fighting. That is, SA members took on SA members, and W1K took on W1K members. This was done for a couple reasons, namely we were using W1K's existing tournament system and we didn't want to run the risk of having one site get eliminated before the final round. I have the utmost confidence in SA, but even I didn't want to risk the embarrassing situation of watching two people from W1K fight it out in the last round while we stewed in a the pot of defeat. Regardless, this way worked just fine, and things had a happy ending. Well, okay, maybe just a happy ending for us.

This picture was taken at the Worth1000 party. Just kidding, I found it by searching Google for "boring loser party."

I'm not going to go over the round by round details and images, since you can view those here, but I would like to take this time to offer thanks to the team. Stuntcock, SenatorASSFACE, Vedman, Darthphunk, ToiletDuk, RipVTide, Rivetz, and NoneMoreNegative, you guys are pure awesome. And though they are my sworn enemy, I would also like to thank the competitors at Worth1000. Without you, this would have been one very frustrating and anticlimactic tournament. You guys brought some great images to the table, and a strong sense of closure when we smashed that table over your head. To be perfectly unbiased, competing in something like this isn't easy. Having to come up with outstanding images round after round with varying themes is one of the hardest things to do. I seriously doubt there were any entries that took less than three hours to make, and many that stretched to upwards of six hours or more construction time. These people, regardless of site affiliation, are extremely talented and clever people. Oh, and definite big thanks to Worth1000 admins JaxomLOTUS and Silken Fairy for keeping things in a forward moving direction and being so swell. I have the utmost respect for Worth1000, even if they did get beat by lousy Something Awful, a site that was in turn defeated by lowly Fark.com, which rests somewhere below the bottom of the barrel.

The results of this tournament didn't shock me, but how we all got there did. Going in, I wasn't entirely sure what to expect from anybody in the tournament, but everybody surprised me like an unsanctioned birthday party. I knew I had a good team on my hands that was more than capable of producing high quality comedy with voluminous amounts of gusto, but I had no idea how they would hold up to Worth1000's team, since those guys tended to have a reputation for being "serious" and "thorough." There are a lot of other harsh words I could use to describe them, but they all paint the same picture: these folks like to take time making very polished and technically amazing pictures. What delighted me was that the goon team was more than capable of rising to the occasion, making sure to compliment their humorous and witty images with excellent workmanship. The skill divide that so many people worried about, including myself, proved to be inconsequential. There was also the worry of the style clash. SA tends to be about comedy while Worth tends to be more about technical finesse. However, the results showed a pretty even mixture of comedy and craft all across the board, so again, this was a pretty evenhanded competition.

The good news is that we all had a fun time. People were able to appreciate images on both sides, and the voting was quite fair and honest. While there was some minor culture clash, the spirit of the tournament was a very strong poltergeist more than capable of subduing any negativity. There are already plans for another tournament, and with more of a team-based style. In other words, site on site combat from the get go. There is also the delightful possibility of more than just two sites going at it at once, which sounds pretty damn fun. Seeing how much of a pleasure this tournament was to watch, I can't wait. Look for that in the summer! Once again, congratulations to Stuntcock and to all

the other participants for kicking ass and showing the world what quality photoshopping is all about!

We Got Meat! Fresh Meat!

Hey kids and lonely adult posing as kids in chatrooms! It's Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with another movie review. This time around, I took a look at "Meat Market," which, oddly enough, does not feature any actual meat or a market of any kind. However, it certainly does have lots of zombies in cages! It should be called "Zombie Zoo." Dear God, I'm funny.

> *The opening montage sets the pace for the rest of the movie, assuming you consider "Hey look, we're in a city" to be a pace. We see a bloody body laying on the ground, then cut to someone eating a chicken drumstick -- I mean, human limb. No wait, I mean chicken drumstick. There's an awful lot of flesh-eating in this movie, and poultry with food coloring stands in for body parts for the close-ups. You get used to it pretty quickly, right around the moment when you finally accept that this movie is terrible. A man and a disgustingly fat blond girl run from a bunch of lumbering guys in suits in the distance. Although we can't see their makeup, we can tell that they men in suits are zombies. It's a rule of thumb in the horror movie industry that if you're wearing a suit and you're lumbering, you must be the walking dead. Despite the fact that the two humans are running at top speed and the zombies are staggering roughly one step every forty-five seconds, the dapper undead manage to catch the guy. As for Blubberella, Queen of Pudding, she jiggles as fast as the congealed lard-logs she calls legs can carry her into a nearby parking garage.*

There's plenty more where that came from, and portions of it are actually funny! Don't believe me? Then see for yourself, ass!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.8 Initiations Makes Me Hazy

Thursday, May 08, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Initiations Makes Me Hazy

One of the most essential tools in a successful hazing is "The Hazing Gun," which shoots "Hazing Hollow point Rounds" at "everybody possible."

Initiation is one of mankind's oldest rituals, dating back to prehistoric times and possibly further if you are a Scientologist and believe that we all used to exist on the planet Gloupon-9 before the ghosts of space dinosaurs wiped out most of our species with atomic bombs and we were forced to hitchhike to Earth through volcanoes. There are initiations for virtually every aspect of our lives; if you're lucky enough to be one of the seven people who found a job this year, then you undoubtedly participated in a "new employee training course" which explained how you shouldn't open fire on customers even when they clearly deserve it. While many initiations are helpful and don't result in major injuries, some initiations unfortunately are not helpful and do result in major injuries, which is like almost the polar opposite of what we were going for here. Such an incident recently occurred in Northbrook, Illinois, a town which had its previous reputation as "the town with little to no initiation hazings" tarnished by a recent outbreak of violence and what I only assume is the result of drinking quarts of gasoline through a silly straw:

> **Initiation turned hazing investigated -** *Amateur videotape shot at the scene, of what was supposed to be an initiation for Glenbrook North High School junior girls, shows several students huddled together on the ground while others throw objects at them, including large plastic buckets. One girl walks behind the seated girls and slaps them on the back of the head. Another girl holds up what appears to be an intestine. At least one girl reported having a pig's intestine wrapped around her neck.*

This clearly demonstrates the problem behind mob mentality which has fueled such tragedies throughout mankind such as when the Iraqis fed a bunch of Christians to lions (the animal, not the football team), the Salem Witch Trial (led by Judge Judy), and the storming of Doctor Frankenstein's castle by an angry group of people holding torches and pitchforks. No, I don't know what effect torches and pitchforks would have on a stone castle; maybe the villagers believed the stone castle could be burned and then stabbed to death with primitive farming tools. Regardless, it's always sad to see somewhat violent initiations turn into hazings, which are like mega-initiations. As you can tell from the CNN article, the Glenbrook North High School junior girls began their fun and frivolous initiation with such exciting activities as "sitting on the ground while people throw shit at other people," but soon escalated to new heights - DANGEROUS new heights - as girls began casually flinging pig organs around like Frisbees. According to Webster's Big Book of Initiations, it's acceptable to throw objects at high school junior girls as long as the objects weigh less than their head and are not a vital organ that some animal somewhere requires to live. This means that while you can throw volleyballs and bongs at junior high school girls, you cannot hurl giraffe skulls or medicine balls full of titanium. If you were to do so, your fun-filled "initiation" would turn into a not-as-fun filled "hazing." Well, it'd be not-as-fun filled for the victims; I'm sure the people lobbing cow lungs and steel I-beams would have a blast.

The recent news of violent initiation turned into mild hazing reminds me of the many, many times throughout my life that I have been a victim of hazings. The mere thought of all the pain and suffering I've had to endure throughout my years for cultural acceptance makes me weep like a

schoolgirl. A schoolgirl that is weeping like a whole lot. If you could see me now, you'd be able to view the tears streaming down my face like a downpour of chubby rain. You'd also be able to see how handsome and well groomed I am ladies, so if you're looking for a single man who loves walks on the beach, abusing prescription narcotics, and unicorns, feel free to look me up... *in the Book of Love.*

Now I don't want to trivialize the Glenbrook North High School Junior Girl Pig Intestine Festival, but I've been through much more difficult and abusive hazings in my 26 years on whatever planet we're currently occupying. These violent initiations have spanned my entire life and increased in severity as time progressed. I'd like to take this moment to get all this emotional luggage off my chest and vent my frustrations here, on an Internet website, in an attempt to soothe the relentless demons plaguing my soul. Or should that be "the demons relentlessly plaguing my soul"? I don't really know at this point, but I blame hazings for my terrible grammar and lack of writing skills.

This type of hazing may look less painful and deadly, but let me explain something: that paddle has to be stored entirely in that person's ass for the first month of pledging.

■ **AGE 1: BAPTISM.** My parents used to be members of the "Let's Randomly Go to Catholic Church" club, so they decided that I should be Baptized sometime after I was launched from my mother's urethra during childbirth. During Baptism, the head priest guy shoved my entire body underneath a festively decorated church birdbath and began to read passages from a Bible. Unfortunately, the priest not only suffered from stuttering and severe dyslexia, but he was also illiterate and not even a priest; he was a homeless drifter who had recently stabbed the priest to death with a particularly sharp candelabra. As a direct result, I was trapped underwater for over six hours while he futilely tried to stammer out phrases such as "t-t-t-the g-g-g-g-good lord J-J-J-Jesus C-Crust s-s-sayeth 'b-b-b-bugs, GET THEM OFF ME, G-G-G-GET OFF THE B-B-BUGS!!!'!!!" After the first hour, my parents began to notice something was a bit "odd" about the Baptism and tried to ask the homeless man what was taking so long, so he responded by exposing his genitalia to my father and throwing a chair across the room with his free hand. Around the fifth hour or so, my parents began to get worried and tried to wrestle me free from my watery tomb, but the hobo had a very good grip on my head and they were unable to do so. Eventually the police came and I was extracted by using the Jaws of Life. The homeless man went to prison for a few hours but was eventually released on his own recognizance (the judge once saw him relieving himself in the gutter behind his house).

■ **AGE 9: THE "CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE" HAZING.** I loved the "Choose Your Own Adventure" series of books as a child. The freedom of deciding whether or not I wanted to open a door absolutely thrilled me, and the exciting consequences following such a monumental decision never failed to surprise me. The Lee's Summit Elementary School had a secret underground "Choose Your Own Adventure Club" which was very exclusive and held spooky midnight rituals every morning at 10:00 AM (we weren't allowed to stay up until midnight). The "Choose Your Own Adventure Club" got ahold of each and every novel days before the school library could put them on the shelves, so it was definitely a very high-powered and important social circle that controlled almost every aspect of grade school. When I attempted to join their club, the senior members presented me "The Lost Novel," a highly rare, out-of-print "Choose Your

Own Adventure" book that only had six copies produced before the publishers realized the book revolved around a Ku Klux Klan member trying to rape and murder innocent black men and their pets. They handed me The Lost Novel, locked me in a dark closet with a poisonous Mojave Rattlesnake, and said, "if ye possess the skill to solve The Lost Novel, then ye shall emerge from the closet alive." Instead of trying to read through the stupid book, I used it to beat the snake to death. Needless to say, I was not allowed into the club.

Hazing in the 1920s. That hick in overalls was forced to superglue his hands to his head and run the gauntlet for 20 miles. Eventually he got some disease from coal mining.

■ **AGE 14: HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN INITIATION.** As you may or probably may not be aware of, I attended Rockhurst High School in Missouri. This wonderful establishment was, and currently is, an all-boys Jesuit school that specializes in teaching all boys about Jesus. While I am still a male, I unfortunately lost all my information about Jesus back during the great flood of '97, which is why I come across as being so stupid when talking about the subject of religion or virtually everything else. The hazing I endured freshman year was absolutely horrifying; I was forced to compete in a series of "American Gladiators" inspired events that had a distinct religious undertone to them. For example, I had to walk across a balance beam while seniors threw crucifixes and water balloons full of holy nitric acid at my head. Also, the balance beam was three miles long and made out of barbed wire. I passed the balance beam competition easily, but was disqualified in the round where I had to get inside one of those steel cage balls and ride down State Line Road without coming into contact with any official "non-holy" objects. I think my parents eventually bribed the judges to let me in. Either that or my gigantic, poofy, brick-thick hair scared them into submission.

■ **AGE 19: KAPPA DELTA AUTOBOT FRATERNITY HAZING.** The KDA fraternity was one of the most respected and elite fraternities at Vanderbilt University. For example, whenever they attended *Magic: The Gathering* conventions, they always had the best decks. I pledged KDA knowing how highly respected and esteemed they were throughout the college circuit, so it was no surprise that their hazing ritual was surprisingly harsh. One night while I was sleeping, they broke into my dorm room and placed duct tape over my eyes and mouth. I was then placed in a large burlap bag and dragged to an abandoned warehouse full of illegal Mexican immigrants who were paid $20 to beat me with stolen police batons. Eventually my roommate, who was tipped off to my abduction when the fraternity members sprayed him in the eyes with mace, phoned the police and they forced the Mexicans to cease pummeling me. Unfortunately, my fraternity brothers claimed to the authorities that I was hiding an automatic weapon inside the burlap bag, so they took the place of the Mexicans and proceeded to bludgeon me with their own batons until I became highly unconscious. I don't believe I ended up becoming a member of the Kappa Delta Autobots, but the police did give me an lovely bouquet with a card reading "sorry for the beating." It's okay though, because later that year Vanderbilt ordered KDA to break up after one of their members was killed during

a particularly heated argument about dungeon mastering and the movie "Mazes and Monsters" starring Tom Hanks as "Robbie Wheeling."

- **AGE 25: ELECTRONICS WORLD OF ELECTRONICS SALESMAN TRAINING.** With my highly smooth social skills and ability to sweat on command (and not on command as well), I figured I would be a great salesman at Electronics World Of Electronics, a chain of appliance stores up here in the northwest. After I paid the $45 application fee and filled out a notecard with my name and breast size, they herded me into a small, pale white room containing a plastic chair and television. An intercom instructed me to sit on the chair and watch the "instructional video" that they were about to turn on. I guess that means that in addition to the chair and television set, there was an intercom in the room as well, so add that to the list I previously mentioned. The lights soon dimmed and the video began presenting me with a series of pleasing colors, shapes, and music. Occasionally an image of Carol Channing would appear for a split second, shrieking "SURRENDER YOUR WILL TO THE CULT OF ED!!!" Mrs. Channing's appearance didn't really bother me at least until the third day, at which point I was kind of irritable and filthy. This was probably the least harmful and painful hazing I've ever experienced, and it also helped me understand how the glorious and powerful Ed should receive 90% of all the money I make and be granted the gift of screwing my girlfriend whenever he likes. All praise Ed.

Initiations are clearly a common, everyday occurrence that affects hundreds, possibly even more, of human beings each decade, possibly even less. While initiations may be as accepted and American as trying to beat up umpires at Major League Baseball games, these occurrences may take a sour turn if they escalate into hazings. To anybody out there reading this, I beg of you: when initiating people into your group or cult, please do not use pig intestines unless it's absolutely crucial to the procedure. There are a lot of pigs in the world who would appreciate having their intestines located inside their body, and there are just as many human beings who would prefer that as well. If we can cut down on these violent hazings, maybe some day Northbrook, Illinois will lose its newfound nickname of "The Most Popular Hazing City North of Skokie" and gain a better, more positive name such as "The State Formerly Known As The Most Popular Hazing City North of Skokie." All praise Ed.

Hot, Hot, Hot!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with an all new instructional guide on writing erotic fan fiction. This guide is such total fresh hotness that you might burn your hands!

Whether you're writing fast and dirty Skinner and Mulder slash or a romantic epic about some minor Final Fantasy character marrying Kefka you can rely on web rings to get the word out. Join as many web rings as you can. In fact include as many crossovers as

> *possible in your story so that you can join the web rings. You don't have to really include them in the plot, just have Highlanders and Autobots jerking off in the background of a random sex sequence.*

Go and read it now or your fanfic writing career may never get off the ground!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.9 Sunday. Sunday! SUNDAY!

Thursday, May 08, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

YOU PAID FOR THE WHOLE UPDATE BUT YOU ONLY GET THE EDGE!

I have never been to a monster truck rally, but if local radio promotions are to be believed they are veritable paradises of nitro burning funny cars. I feel like I have yearned for my entire existence to see the ten ton Crushinator take on a greyhound bus, yet this spectacle has eluded me. My Sundays remain simple and quiet, perhaps a late lunch, a beer in the evening, even sitting on the edge of my seat when my ticket paid for the whole couch is wholly unsatisfying.

Then it hit me. The undeniable awesomeness of a monster truck rally doesn't actually have a damn thing to do with the monster trucks, or the funny cars, or the fire-breathing Truckasaurus. Their draw is the announcer and anyone with a police megaphone and the ability to get really excited at everything could provide commentary like that. So I purchased a Hohlman Mark IV police loud speaker system for my own personal use and intended to replace every day of the week with "Sunday. Sunday! SUNDAY!".

The transformation in my daily routine was immediate. No longer did I simply take a shower in the morning, instead I was "blown away with over 5,000 bone crushing pounds per square inch of relentless water pressure". A bowl of Count Chocula became "a heaping helping of danger, a duel of fate where only one man escapes the twisted metal of the CAGE!" Having only ever heard maybe four monster truck commercials my material quickly ran dry, but I have what my mom likes to call a "proud Aryan head on my shoulders" so I was able to ad lib fairly easily. It also helped that I play a lot of video games in a similar effort to infuse my life with nonstop action.

In the unlikely event that any of you fine readers are interested on how this amazing program might improve your life then please, take a look at these glowing testimonials.

> *"My life was just a bunch of boring verbs and nouns until monster truck rally announcer came along and added fake adjectives and really exciting verbs. I don't walk to the car in the morning anymore. I rocket from my bed at the crack of dawn and get into my spine smashing death mobile made of fury and shattered dreams!"*
>
> - **Zack Parsons**

Actually that's the only testimonial I have, but I am sure that it is sufficient to sell you on this amazing new life innovation (or "lifeovation" for short) that I have cooked up. Just look at how it can transform your dreary life!

- **Watching the News on TV**
  Before Monster Truck Lifeovation: "Coming up next on Action News Eight; Mandy will take a look at this season's hottest home decorating tips and Clark will have the five day Accucheck forecast."
  After Monster Truck Lifeovation: "Stay tuned to the blood pumping action! Mandy "The De-Skullulator" O'Neill has the bone-crushingest front yard scorchifying tips for this season of mayhem, Mayhem, MAYHEM! The streets will run red with nitro burning Clark and the thundercasting Accucheck destroyocast! It promises five straight days of non-stop turbo charged crazy car action!!"
- **Feeding Your Cats**

Before Monster Truck Lifeovation: You open a can of cat food and scoop out cat food with a plastic fork onto the correct number of dishes.
After Monster Truck Lifeovation: "These cats are hungry for a fiery chunk of pure adrenaline! You can open a can, but they demand ten Japanese cars lined up end to end! Watch as they blaze a trail through the sky and crush an entire school bus into BURNING SHRAPNEL! Stay for Tigrocrushasaur and watch as it swallows a Honda Civic in one bite!!"

- **Cramming for an Exam**

Before Monster Truck Lifeovation: Read chapter 2-24 in your Advanced Geology text book, take the sample quizzes, and research additional material on the Internet.
After Monster Truck Lifeovation: "Geology? There's no time when you're on the EDGE, EDGE, EDGE! You have pure air-sucking V-8 hyper charged Freedom Onion Sun Chips and a rented copy of AM-EL-IE! This girl eats compact cars for dinner and washes them down with PURE OCTANES! You won't care about an exam after she blows your hair THROUGH THE WALL OF YOUR DORM!"

The new Monster Truck Lifeovation will leave you with the satisfied "on the edge" and "eXtreme" feeling that you look for in life. You don't actually have to lead an exciting life to get that feeling, although you may be required to drink either Mountain Dew or Surge.

I apologize for the brevity of this update, but I feel like someone fed barbed wire through my intestines and then hooked it up to a motorcycle. In other words, I feel a little ill. Ill! ILL!

Photoshop Phriday Powers, Activate!

Well, well, well, if it isn't me, Josh "Tasteful Lung Shot" Boruff. I'm up to my usual tricks of telling you that the SA Forum Goons have been busy little bees working on a wide assortment of images. The theme to this week's Phriday is "Superhero Movies," and by that I mean movies that feature superheroes, not movies that somehow do heroic things like "Schindler's List" did by educating us about the holocaust or "Suburban Commando" did with its frank exploration of the stark contrasts between rugged interstellar commandos and American suburbia. No, these are normal movies turned super by way of a powerful comic book injection.

Here is where I try to close the sale by giving you a second link to the article.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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5.10 My short pants are made of velvet

Friday, May 09, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Frolixo, age 7.

Hallo weekend crew! I want to get a little highbrow this Saturday, so I hope it doesn't scare most of you off. I know that I may seem like an ill-mannered, mildly retarded, psychopathic asshole, but the truth is that I'm all those things and more. I have a side to me that I hide from the public so that I seem "cool", or "with it", or even "happening". My dark secret is that I absolutely love classic literature. I'm really am a fanboy of the worst kind, with most of my affinity to the Great Russian writers of the late 1800's. You don't believe me? When I purchased my little guinea pig, I named him "Smerdyakov" because he's so devious and full of seething hatred. Some guys collect porn mags, but not me. It's the newest edition of The Brothers Karamazov that I take home in a brown paper bag, scuttling back to my small apartment to feverishly unwrap with sticky, grubby fingers.

I believe this was directly caused by my upbringing. My father was a strict disciplinarian taskmaster as well as a part-time English teacher. If I did not finish all the food on my plate, I was forced to name all the characters from "Sense and Sensibility". If I didn't go to sleep when I was supposed to, he would read me the most depressing works of Kafka until I wept myself to nightmare-filled slumber. Once I forgot to check the corn for yeast worms, and had to recite the complete works of Dostoevsky while halfway submerged in boiling hot oatmeal. It was a hard childhood, yet instead of despising the literature I was so harshly punished with, I instead embraced it, feeling that I had grown up with the characters. Although my love of the written word caused me to get thrown in the garbage can a lot in school, it was the price I was willing to pay for such great classics.

Unfortunately, the technology of the Internet has caused a considerable dent in my generation's ability sit still and read text because they are too busy trying to click random pop-up ads for free bags of gold. The same goes for television, which can probably be blamed for the gradual bloating of America while also replacing important brain lobes with pine scented cedar chips. I was not allowed to watch TV as a child, but know enough from sneaking a peek while my father was out whipping the hogs for heresy to know most of the popular sitcoms of the 70's and 80's. So how can this new generation of culturally deficient teens get introduced to classic literature with all these distractions around? I'm glad you asked, because I came up with a fantastic idea to combine popular old TV sitcoms with the elements of well-known writers of great literature. I admit that I thought of the idea while totally stoned off my ass while eating cupcakes in my underwear and silently weeping, but it could still work. If it doesn't work then I swear I'll kill myself!

Sanford and Son

Grime and Punishment as told by Fydor Dostoevsky

Frederick Svolidirov Sanford lived on the edge of town in rubbish shop that he ran with the help of his dearest son Lemont Kolionikov Maroskoiv Sanford. It was no secret that Frederick was quite good with money, and managed to save a tidy sum of 900 rubles over the years, thus securing his position of influence among the highest circles of society. Lemont held a civil servant job with the Counselorary, yet remained with his father to aid him in his failing health. Frederick Sanford had been busy arranging a marriage between Lemont and the daughter of a very well regarded retired general, but Lemont was already deeply in love with a lady of ill refute,

and planned to run away with her to Poland to spend away their last kopeck on gamble and drink. Meanwhile, Gradey has spent the last six months in squalor, pondering his theory that "if God doesn't exist, everything is permitted", and that he was akin to men of greatness such as Napoleon. He tests this theory by murdering Aunt Esther with an axe, yet quickly succumbs to his overbearing guilt and confesses. Before Lemont can run off to Poland, Frederick Sanford is murdered by his nihilist servant, Bubba Bexley. The crime is pinned on Lemont, and he is charged with murdering his father. Gradey is sent to the Gulag to start the road to his redemption, and Bubba Bexley tries to hang himself in his room, but the rope snaps under his giant girth, cueing the laugh track.

Charles in Charge

The Deadly Charge as told by Edgar Allen Poe

My torture unfathomable, I am deceived unto this nightmare by a one Charles, whom was put in charge of the Pembrokes this season past. Handpicked by the Inquisition for his stern resolution to extract information in any way, the Pembrokes were subject to the most cruel actions of his perverse imagination. I had come to my most unfortunate imprisonment at the same time as the poor family, and witnessed their horrible demise. One could see Charles tour his catacombs of suffering, walking silently in a black robe, a pale expressionless face peering out of the dark hood. Poor little Jason was the first to perish under Charles' charge, boiled in milk for not completing his homework by his instructed time. Lila was the next unfortunate soul to meet a exquisitely painful death, this time at the hands of the Iron Maiden for talking on the phone too much with various boys. Wisecracking little Douglas was not so lucky. He was strapped to a stone slab above a razor sharp pendulous blade that cut him in two for having such a sassy mouth. The parents, Jill and Stan, where whipped repeatedly singing the verses "Charles in Charge of our days and our nights, Charles in Charge of our wrongs and our rights, I want Charles in Charge of me", until they died of their wounds. Once his duty was complete, Charles invited his friend, Buddy, down into the dungeon. This was just a trap to chain him to a wall and enclose him in a dark cell with mortar and brick for a most unnatural early burial. To this day, you can hear Buddy's thumping heart through the floorboards and walls; a reminder of the horror this house conceals.

Mr. Belvedere

A Matter of Prudence as told by Jane Austen

It would be an understatement to proclaim that the Owen's household was in an awful amount of excitement. The oldest daughter, Heather, was having a suitor of extremely important stature over for a late brunch. It was Mr. Belvedere's job to ensure the event went smoothly, providing he could keep a handle on the wily Wesley. Heather was a wild and winsome creature of a most agreeable nature, unfortunately her family lacked the manners required for such guests. Only one hour before Sir William was slated to arrive, Wesley had set flame to the living room, and her father George devoured the ham that was to be served. Heather was horribly disconcerted, fretting to no end. Thankfully the resourceful Mr. Belvedere saved the day by smothering the flames, and acquiring a new ham from the local bakery.

The gentleman's coach arrived on time, and Heather introduced the refined gentleman to her family. There was almost a scandal right away as her older brother Kevin asked Sir William if he was some kind of "fag" because he had a cape. Mr. Belvedere defused the potentially disastrous situation by asking Sir William how his business was doing, and fetched him a hot drink. While the charming and handsome Sir William went on about the terribly huge amount of money he was making in the slave market, everyone was startled by the screams of Sir William's coach horses outside. Mr.

Belvedere excused himself and investigated the queer shrieks of terror. It turned out that the prankster Wesley had murdered the horses and drank their blood, fleeing into the night. The upset Mr. Belvedere returned to the company, to find George totally drunk, donned only in his underwear, and slapping his wife Marsha about the face for not giving him another boy. The guest was clearly shocked, so much so that his monocle practically flew off his head. Mr. Belvedere rushed in to stop the scandalous scene, but George saw him coming and roundhouse kicked him in his giant belly, sending him flying across the room and crashing right through the south wall. Poor Heather sobbed uncontrollably, knowing now that she would never marry anyone of worth. Sir William grabbed his top hat and cane, and rushed out of the household proclaiming, "Well, I never!" He ran outside only to scream in shock when he saw his coach horses crumpled in front of him. Wesley then descended on his prey, slaying with ruthless efficiency.

Alf

Kitten Pie as told by Franz Kafka

Alf's pain was unbearable. Every single day he spent with the Tanners he was reminded of the futility of existence. The Tanners, and millions of families like them across the world, busied themselves like little ants building anthills, only to be swept away by time and ultimately forgotten. Since arriving to this simple planet and taking up residence at this humble home, he has witnessed the most ignorance, hatred, fear, stupidity, and outright cruelty he has ever seen. The sheer idiocy of this planet's religious bigotry was mind blowing, if not ultimately hilarious. Recently Alf had been feeling suicidal. Being tapped on a joke of a planet and surrounded by barely evolved primates was pure hell. He tried to have some discussions with Willie Tanner, but he just scowled at Alf, thinking he must be drunk again. Lynn, and Kate would listen to him, but he could tell they did not have the intellect to understand what he was trying to convey. Thankfully, little Brian Tanner had proved to be his most reliable confidant and friend. He hated to lay so much on the child, but he needed to get these feeling of crushing despair off his chest and it helped to talk. One day he walked into Brian's room to talk about how useless breathing really is, and found him dead, hanging from the ceiling fan. Alf sighed, and cut the little boy down to bury him in the backyard, but got lazy and just burned him in the garage instead. Willie was really angry with him, but Alf didn't care. He just didn't care about anything anymore. Alf cracked open a baby kitten's skull to drink the sweet fluid inside, and settled down to watch Star Search.

Well ok, maybe it wasn't such a great idea, but I think that I may have made a few impressions to those young kids out there who are on the Internet browsers that have no exposure to the old classics. I'm sure I'll catch some flak from purists who are disgusted with my dumbing down of literature by combining them with hit sitcoms, but sometimes you need to crack a few eggs to make a cake, if you know what I mean. Listen kids, stay in school, read books everyday, and don't do drugs, unless you trust your dealer. I'll be in England and Scotland for the next two weeks, the birthplace of books and dragons, so behave while I'm gone or I'll give spankings all around. Toodles!

State Og

It's Saturday once again, and you know what that means. You get to see the impossibly long nickname Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell after a week of breathless anticipation! If this has been a week of actual breathless anticipation and you don't happen to have gills, then you might want to make an appointment with a doctor or mortician. Those of you who don't have an appointment to make should consider spending some time with State Og's update:

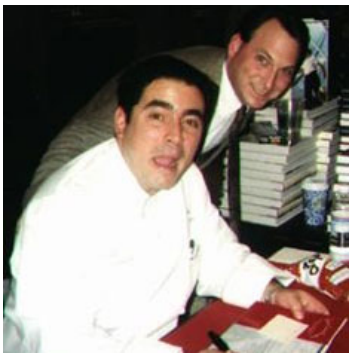
> *Buzzards have an amazing instinct that allows them to sense when an animal is about to die. Surely, we've all seen buzzards circling in the distance and either felt sorry for, or masturbated to the thought of a dying animal. But buzzards are a necessity. Without them we'd have carcasses everywhere.*

If you aren't compelled to head on over to State Og after that quote, then you must be crazy. Actually, a recent poll indicates that 100% of our readers are clinically insane, so if you don't like State Og and are insane, you don't exist. I think. I'm sort of confused now, so just go read our update and let me try to sort this out.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.11 I EAT TV

Sunday, May 11, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



He might as well print money with his face on it.

I remember back when I was knee high to a can of grasshoppers the only cooking shows on TV were Julia Childs explaining how to microwave American Cheese onto pickles and some Cajun guy with an accent so thick I assumed every episode of his show was a carefully crafted insult against my lineage. As a big fan of putting things in my mouth that don't cause me to pass out or die I have greatly enjoyed the rise of FoodTV. It is easily one of the most overlooked channels on the dial assuming you live in 1974, the last year when dials were on TVs. Sure, we all know Emeril by the trail of corpses he leaves in his wake, but there is a lot of diversity to be found in the three hours of programming they repeatedly show every day.

Let's take a look at a snapshot of the sort of programming that FoodTV currently has airing in any given three hour block. There are a few other shows that they'll rotate out less frequently, as long as you're aware of them that's what counts.

9:00 PM Emeril Live
Chef Emeril Lagasse screams "BAM" repeatedly while throwing either powdered sugar or the slightly disturbing "essence of Emeril" onto food items. The crowd then has fits of joy as he pretends to pour a whole bottle of bourbon into a cake mix. This is one of only two cooking shows where the studio audience is encouraged to bring signs, read into that what you will.

10:00 PM Iron Chef
Watch Chairman Kaga ham it up in another pulse-pounding episode of Iron Chef! Kaga is a demon, he eats whole bell peppers raw, and the fucker smiles about it. That is just the kind of hardcore motherfucker that Kaga is. He wears lace cravats and leather gloves, only a total badass like him could get away with that. Signs are also encouraged in Kitchen Stadium.

11:00 PM Bobby Flay Touches People and They Recoil in Horror
As far as we know Bobby Flay doesn't actually cook, he just sort of walks around American cities touching people and asking them to show him food. Sometimes he puts the food in his mouth but we've never seen him swallow which would lead any sane man to believe that he is actually the vanguard of an alien invasion. Beware, his sting is like that of a wasp only instead of venom it contains horrible Bobby Flay Eggs!

11:30 PM Some Female Chef No One Likes In Soft Lighting
Sure, women can cook at home, but their place is not in the professional world so we softball all the female chefs shitty "romantic recipe" shows that appeal to housewives trying to salvage their marriage and creepy female chef stalkers who own a collection of human hair. Hey toots, how about you whip up some lime Jello and tuna salad and get me the remote.

Midnight Emeril Live (Repeat)
Yeah, you just saw this show two hours ago, but what are you going to do, watch "History's Mysteries" again? Hahahah, stay tuned for paid programming you fat son of a bitch. Tiger computers has a deal for you on a great DVD Copy Center!

While this lineup seems fairly robust, I think there is a hell of a lot FoodTV could be doing with their programming but they just aren't. I don't know whether it's due to a lack of creativity among their executives or just something trivial like ratings and advertising revenue, but I'm going to tell them how it should be.

Since Something Awful is the number one website among the "FoodTV programming executives ages 18-50" demographic I think this advice should really resonate with our target audience. That's a pretty cool word isn't it? Resonate, I mean. I learned it from watching an episode of "Lost in Space" where the robot goes crazy because of this alien and everyone thinks it's okay but in fact Dr. Zachary Smith is aware that the robot is a "tin brained nincompoop" that wants to kill the Robinsons and eat their hearts. I don't remember what happened after that, probably something to do with cats or that monkey with the hairy Spock ears they had, but my point is that the robot had a gun that would resonate the molecules of the Robinsons. Ideally this advice will make the FoodTV executives glow for several seconds and then disappear in a really shoddy film effect followed by a puff of smoke.

"I will contact a cooking crisis center."

- **Cookin' In Old Detroit Concept:** Three star chef Robocop takes us on a tour of the seedy underbelly of Old Detroit and brings back a scrumptious offering of forbidden delights. Filmed in front of a live studio audience, we expect the crowd to cheer to the antics of arch-kook and supreme quipster Robocop as he cooks with 100% accuracy. Frequent special guests include Dick Jones, Clarence Boddicker, and Officer Ann Lewis.

Sample Recipe:

Boddicker's Brownies

- ½ cup of Nuke
- 2 diced shallots
- 1 New Potato
- 4 pounds of uncut China White
- Place all ingredients into a mixing bowl and then leap screaming over a conveyor belt while shooting a Cobra Gun.

- **It Came From Below**

Concept: The cast of mediocre box office performing underwater horror film "Leviathan" reprise their roles only this time it's in a kitchen at the bottom of the ocean. The gag? Well, they have to cook a recipe that will please a Biblical monstrosity consisting of tentacles and a bottomless desire for human flesh all the while their kitchen is at risk of succumbing to the pressures of the murky depths. If they fail they will be replaced with the cast of "Deep Star Six" sans Peter Weller who is already slated to appear in "Cookin' In Old Detroit."

Sample Recipe:

Uncooked Human Flesh

- 1 adult human's flesh
- Insert into questing pseudopodia

- **Kids Cook the Darnedest Things Concept:** Ten kids, one kitchen, one refrigerator full of the freshest ingredients TV money can buy. Totally unscripted, this sort of reality cooking show is both a great way to get delicious recipes and a whimsical way to

Little Charisma works on a Stomped and Saliva Covered M&M Salad.

see just what your kids really want. All parents must sign waivers prior to taping that ensure FoodTV will not be held liable for any injury resulting from the show.

Sample Recipe:

Smashed Potatoes, Suckers, Crayons, and Burned Hair

- Throw potatoes against wall while screaming
- Take the wrappers off of 12-18 suckers and then discard them on the floor for approximately an hour while children trample on them, then pick them up and place them in pot with smashed potatoes.
- Dump one box of crayons (64) into pot.
- Lean over a pilot light until your hair catches on fire and then scream and shed burning hair into the pot.
- Serve with a cup of tap water thrown on the floor and then run away crying.
- May contain whole live cat depending on availability and taste.

- **Gamer Cooking Hour**

Concept: A totally in-your-face look at gamers and their favorite recipes. While two gamers are preparing a meal two others will be shown playing hip and current online games like "Command and Conquer", "Doom II", and "Prey". Then the two gamer chefs will serve the meals to the other two gamers and their cuisine will be rated either "Fragged" (bad) or "Telephone Fragged" (good) in hip gamer lingo. They will also provide a running commentary and tell it like it is in the way that only disenfranchised teens can.

Sample Recipe:

Funyons ala Orange Crush

- Open bag of Funyons
- Place towel on left leg
- Eat Funyons while playing Rocket Arena, occasionally pausing when the mouse gets too greasy to wipe your hand on the towel.
- When bag of Funyons is finished chug entire Orange Crush, belch loudly, and request a Slim Jim.

Hopefully FoodTV executives will heed my sage advice and finally stop airing that one episode of Emeril where he gets all pissy with the audience, repeatedly calls Doc a "stupid nigger", and throws a pan of boiling oil on one of those smug fucks sitting at the counter. Seriously, as funny as it was when Doc stabbed him in the chest with a drumstick I am really goddamn sick of that episode. Bam indeed, good sirs, bam indeed.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.12 Look Ma! I'm Updating on a Holiday Again!

Sunday, May 11, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

My track record for holiday updates is not stellar. I pissed of the Germans during Oktoberfest, angered the Muslims in the middle of Ramadan, and irked the Martians on the fifth day of Space Kwanzaa. You'd think that after the whole Easter fiasco, when I supposedly "alienated about a billion people worldwide," according to one mathematically-inclined reader, whoever's in charge of scheduling holidays would have had the common sense to not let holidays fall on Sundays anymore, but here we are. Once again, I have the privilege of addressing the billions upon billions of people who apparently read Something Awful on the day of a worldwide celebration. For today is the day when we all pause from our busy lives, with our cellular phones and our internet browsers and our multi-faceted stock portfolios, and take a moment, if not the entire day, to appreciate that special someone in all of our hearts. It is the day when we finally give proper respect and thanks to that person who gave us so very much. It is the day when we offer our humble thanks to the person without whom we would not be here at all. Today is Lowtax's birthday.

The Yellow Yell captured Lowtax's childhood just as it happened, weird 80's background and all.

Yes, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, beloved founder, president, C.E.O., chairman, webmaster, and jedi master of Something Awful was born a twenty-seven years ago today, and the world has been a funnier, gassier place ever since. It's incredible to think of everything that Lowtax has done that short time. Take a look at just a few of his many accomplishments:

- Started a humor website
- See above

Amazing! Lowtax has touched so many lives with his wit, his incisive social commentary, and most frequently his sweaty, meat-filled hands. I know that I will never forget the first time that I met him. That conversation burned itself into my memory. Even now, I can hear his words as clearly as I could when they were spoken, which is to say, not clearly at all, as it was an online conversation.

Lowtax: "Your writing doesn't suck. Have a job."
Greasy4U: "That's what you think! Sucker! Uh, I mean, okay."

As we have all discovered since then, the joke was on him. The point is, he was willing to give me the chance that I needed to start myself on the path to a noble goal. And because of his generosity, I was able to achieve that goal - raising Something Awful readership to about a billion people, then promptly alienating them. There's so much that I could say about Lowtax, but most of it just be repetition of what so many people have said in the past. In fact, the whole "wishing Lowtax a happy birthday" idea has been done to death. To save time and space, I think I'll just quote from the Something Awful front page article from May 11, 2002, written by Rich himself.

That's right all you women and feminine men out there, today's my 26th birthday!

Hahaha! Oddly worded, self-serving, and no longer quite relevant - that's our Lowtax! Happy birthday boss, and remember, you can't spell "Greasnin" without "raise!" That is to say, you can't spell "Greasnin" without the letters that comprise the word "raise," but arranged in a different order and with some other letters thrown in the middle.

Oh Google image search, you're just the place to find various soothing, motherly images...

We've got another two-for-one holiday extravaganza today! Not only is it Lowtax's birthday, but the unexplained hyperlinks that keep mysteriously appearing on my desktop urging me to buy flowers tell me that it is also Mother's Day. You know, some people think that Mother's Day was created by corporations in order to convince the unsuspecting public to buy Hallmark greeting cards, Hershey's chocolate, and De Beers jewelry for their mothers (who are brought to you by Sony). That may very well be true. I can't say for sure, and if you think I'm going to do enough research to unearth the actual origins of a holiday that everyone likes in the first place just so I can increase my integrity on some website, you're nuttier than a delicious, mouthwatering Baby Ruth bar. Mmm, Baby Ruth! That's nutty, baby!

Personally, I don't care if Mother's Day is a creation of the card companies. After all, Valentine's Day may be an elaborate sham, but it still reminds me year after year that I am so very lonely. Likewise, even if Mother's Day started out as a corporate ploy, it has nevertheless become an invaluable time for us all to express our gratitude and admiration for those brave women we call "Mom." After all, the mothers of the world have all accomplished a very difficult task. Granted, I have neither a baby nor a vagina of my own to use as a basis for this statement, but I can say with ninety percent certainty that most babies are a good deal larger than most vaginas. For that reason alone, mothers fully deserve their own day.

Gah!

A mother's job does not end after birth, though. Well, except in the cases of those teenage whore mothers who toss their babies in the dumpster at their prom. In those cases, their job is more or less over after birth, yes. For most mothers, however, the real work is just beginning. The task of raising a child is not an easy one, and the mother typically bears the majority of the work. There are numerous psychological and biological studies, many of which I could cite from various books on the subject, other of which I just made up, that prove that even in families where the mother is not around and the father actually cares for the new baby, the child still forms a closer attachment to the mother. So screw you, fathers, you jerks. This is the mothers' show. The relationship of a mother to her child is a sacred bond.

This is my first year away at college, and subsequently the first year that I've been unable to see my mother on Mother's Day (or her birthday, which is just a few days away). Since I can't actually be there for the festivities this year, I'd like to use this opportunity to share some of my favorite memories of my mother. You have to admit, basically using my article as one big Mother's Day card is pretty freaking sweet. It almost makes up for not sending an actual card, right? **Right?**

■ Years ago, my parents faced the difficult decision as to what to name me. This pressing matter became very important when they started getting tired of calling me "Kid Number Two" sometime in my seventh year of life. They put together a long list of options. Unfortunately, "Greg" was already taken by my brother, so that knocked off the first fifty or so names on the list. All that was left was Nathaniel. My parents thought "Nathaniel Platt" had a nice ring to it. But it was my mother who came to the realization that while "Nathaniel Platt" might be respectable, "Nat Platt" would get me beaten up. She suggested that they name me Ben instead, so that people don't think my parents hate me. Because of her quick thinking, I am now proud to stand before you not as Nat Platt, but as Benjamin Jackass Platt. You know, come to think of it, I don't know if it was actually my mother who caught that one. To tell the truth, it sounds more like something my father might do. Oh well, it's still a nice story. I guess.

Gah!

■ My mother has always been very focused and involved in my schooling. She works for the public school system back home and served as president of the high school P.T.O. for years. She is also one of the leading advocates for gifted and talented education in the area. As the parent of two children who identify as gifted (my brother is an amazing artist, I can control fire), she has always felt that it was her duty as a concerned parent to make sure that her sons got the best education possible. If I may be sappy for a moment, I have to say that I am incredibly proud of everything she has accomplished. She has fought seemingly insurmountable odds to affect change on the local and state level and has rolled with every punch along the way. With all the emphasis that she put on scholastic matters, she never really stressed sports or other forms of regular physical exercise.

With all of that in mind, I'll never forget the day that I told my mother I wanted to take karate lessons. I expected her to brush me off by saying she'd look into it or simply demanding to know how it would improve my studies. Instead, she gave me a stern look and said, and I quote, "Karate is for pussies." From that moment on, she made it her goal to teach me the ancient art of ninjitsu. Now, I knew that my mother used to be a girl scout, that she got her Master's in child psychology, and that she used to work for Ford back when they weren't evil, but I have to say that I was somewhat surprised to learn that she was one of an order of silent assassins that had existed for centuries. When I asked her about this, her only reply was, "I did have a life before I had kids, you know." Every day when I got home from school we'd train. It wasn't for any particular goal, just some basic killing skills. While she taught me the correct way to coat a throwing star in neurotoxins, I encouraged her to be more open about her ninja ways. Things got a little out of hand when she flipped my principal over his desk, pressed a ceremonial tanto to his throat, and told him she'd send him to his ancestors if he didn't write me a letter of recommendation. But then, college applications are an emotional time for everyone involved.

Make it stop!

■ Former World Champion of ping pong and Guinness world record holder for consecutive jump ropes jumped, a man who goes by the name of "Krazy" Tyrone, once complimented my mother on her bathing suit. It was kind of cool. Not in the "oh man, no one will ever believe this" sort of way, but definitely in the "hey, this is pretty neat, I suppose" kind of way. I don't really know if it was worth sharing, and I'm actually sort of regretting it right now, but my backspace key is broken, so whatever I type is staying in the article. With that in mind, monkey.

■ When I was held captive in Dr. Destructo's secret underground lair and he was planning to drain my brain power in order to increase his own mental capacity, thus becoming a superhuman intellect capable of masterminding unstoppable, foolproof schemes and ultimately paving the way for his domination of the world, I was positive that the situation was hopeless. I thought for sure that he was going to suck all the smartitude out of my brain, leaving me as nothing but a stupid, drooling, rambling moron who would probably end up working for some website. Luckily, once activated, the Brain-O-Tron took exactly five minutes to warm up to operational capacity. Dr. Destructo ordered his henchmen to turn on the machine, as he was already strapped into the other end of it. I could hear the Brain-O-Tron's electric whir and hum and feel the increasing suction around my general brain region. At least, in this version of the story it was my general brain region.

As the countdown began, I quietly whispered a goodbye to my brain, and remembered some of the good times we'd had. With just one minute remaining, the entire compound started to shake. One of the walls burst open, and a gigantic mole-shaped vehicle, complete with two huge clawed front

legs for digging and burrowing, emerged into the room. The mole-machine's mouth flipped open and a crack team of heavily armed covert operatives - **led by my mother** - leapt out, guns blazing. At least, I'm pretty sure it was my mother. It was sort of tough to tell with her face hidden by the infrared goggles like that. While her team held off Dr. Destructo's shock troops, my mother fought her way to the Brain-O-Tron control console. Unfortunately, she needed a code to work the controls, and her spies had failed to gather that particular piece of information. With the final seconds ticking away and Dr. Destructo cackling like a madman who also enjoys a good cackle, my mother raised her tactical assault rifle, and with an aim perfected by years of ninja training, she shot off the locks of my restraints without harming me in the least. I lunged out of the Brain-O-Tron's grasp just before a freshly killed henchman toppled into my place. My mother saved my life and Dr. Destructo got a big ol' dose of dead brainwaves!

We escaped together, a little shaken, but without sustaining any major injuries. My mother gave me the mole-mobile for my sixteenth birthday. As for Dr. Destructo, I heard something about how sucking the brains of a dead man turned him into some sort of flesh-eating super-zombie bent on eradicating all traces of mankind. Hey, everyone's got to have their hobby.

What? A marmot? Why did that even come up?

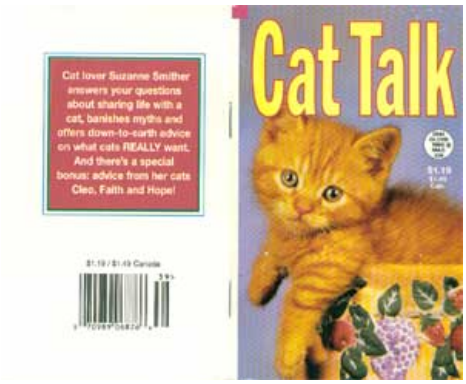
It would be impossible to say exactly how much of an influence my mother has had on my development as an adult without getting into a debate over nature versus nurture, environmental factors, and all that other jazz that developmental researchers like to prattle on about. At least, I assume that's what developmental researchers like to prattle on about. I've never actually met a developmental researcher, or if I have, I didn't pick up on any prattling. The point is, without my mother, I wouldn't be the well-named, brain-having ninja that I am today. So thank, Mom, and happy Mother's Day to all you mothers out there. I apologize for using this site as a forum to get in my parents' good graces before I go home for the summer, but you have to admit, using my article as one big Mother's Day card is pretty freaking sweet. It almost makes up for not sending an actual card, right? **Right?**

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

5.13 Just Talkin' 'Bout Cat Talk, Part I

Tuesday, May 13, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

One of the more disturbing and frustrating aspects of my life has always revolved around the cruel, harsh fact that I have never really communicated with my cats on a deep and meaningful level. I've got two wonderful and fully furnished cats constantly lurking under a piece of something somewhere in my apartment, and although they've lived with me for years, we have never truly had an actual conversation. I'll admit that I've spent plenty of time talking *to* them, barking dictator-like commands such as "stop that" and "oh god, stop that" and "FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST, STOP DOING THAT," but we've never held a real moment together. I recently felt this one-way relationship was invariably headed for disaster, and since the cats displayed no motivation in altering our course of destruction, the future of the companionship rested in my hands and my hands alone. As anybody who has been in a rocky relationship would naturally do, I immediately went to the Citgo gas station and purchased some Laffy Taffy to steal some of the jokes for this webpage. On this particular day and hour, the blessing of our Lord and Savior (James Woods) was upon my head, as there, resting next to the cash register and below a promotional advertisement featuring some mythological creature composed of what appeared to be expired sperm, sat the solution to all my problems. I am, of course, referring to the mini-magazine, "Cat Talk."


Cat lover Suzanne Smither answers your questions about sharing life with a cat, banishes myths and offers down-to-earth advice on what cats REALLY want. And there's a special bonus: advice from her cats Cleo, Faith and Hope!
Cat Talk

As you can see from the cover of this majestic work of literary art, it's about cats. You can tell because it has the word "CAT" in big letters at the top and there is a photo of a cat below the word "CAT." I'm sure that if the author had her way, she'd force the store clerk to say "this book is about CATS. *CATS.* ***CATS.***" to each person who passed by. I do not know why the cat is pictured crawling out of a horrid work of bowl pottery gone even more wrong, but I'm assuming the enigma was used to mentally prepare the mini-magazine's readers for the horror and surreal landscapes of terror contained within "Cat Talk." One of the book's major selling points printed on its back include *"a special bonus: advice from her cats Cleo, Faith and Hope!"* If that wasn't great enough, and let me say that I was already sold when I saw the cover and tried to come up with reasons as to why somebody would shove a cat into some highschool pottery experiment, the white text is located inside a red box. But hold on, it gets better: that red box is then inside TWO BLUE BOX OUTLINES! Only in this day and age can we see such a rainbow of colors on a single printed page! I had never heard of world-renowned author "Suzanne Smither," but I was obviously familiar with her cats Cleo, Faith, and Hope, three of the four leading cats on New York's literary circuit. The other leading cat is dead and buried in a shoebox underneath a trampoline. You'll also notice that the mini-magazine cost $1.19, which you can be damn well sure I'm using as a tax write off.

Coming into this book, I naturally hoped I would learn how to talk to my cats. The book is named "Cat Talk," leading one to assume that the manual revolves around talking. Talking to cats. Or vice

Thank you for all your hard work on this book, cats. I don't know who the hell this "Suzanne Smither" character is, but I hope the floozy rots in hell.

versa, although I cannot image why somebody would publish a book explaining to cats how they can better communicate to their owners. I don't even know what language cats can read in, but I'm assuming it's some crazy wacky language like all the oddly-labeled buttons that do god knows what on those silly "Star Trek" TV shows. Weighing in at a mere 66 pages, I gave myself a few weeks to read and take notes on this masterpiece. Unfortunately these notes burned down during the Great Robot Invasion of May 12, 2003, so I had to just base most of this article on things that I randomly underlined and inserted witty, colorful phrases such as "WHAT THE FUCK?!?" around.

CHAPTER 1: CAT TALK.

"Cat Talk" has no problem cutting to the chase and giving the readers the "meat and potatoes" of "Cat Talk," which is "Cat Talk." Wait, I mean it's the chapter labeled "Cat Talk" located inside the book named "Cat Talk." I'm sorry this is so terribly confusing, but you must remember that I'm referring to a book about cats here, so some of you may not be able to follow along. If you ever lose track of what's going on, please call the local branch of MENSA and ask if they'll shoot you in the head for $20 and a Denny's coupon. "Cat Talk" kicks off to a great start, asking the following deep and philosophical questions:

> *"Despite the growing popularity as pets, cats remain creatures of myth and mystery. Are they aloof and self-sufficient or affectionate and sociable? Can they see in the dark, see colors, see beyond the mortal realm?"*

First off, I didn't know cats were still considered to be growing in popularity as pets, especially since cats have been popular pets since, oh, like 40,000 BC or so. Did you know that the ancient Egyptians worshipped cats as gods? You probably did, because any idiot who's ever passed by the Discovery Channel is well aware that the ancient Egyptians loved cats almost as much as they loved inventing the sun dial or the sun or maize or whatever the hell else they did. You'll also note that the ancient Egyptians are all dead as of today, May 13th. I'm not trying to pass off any direct correlation here but hey, those are the facts.

After blundering through the first sentence, Suzanne Smither immediately tackles the "hot topic" that many people have been wondering ever since they first walked into the gas station and saw her "Cat Talk" book: can cats "see beyond the mortal realm?" Sadly enough, she never quite answers this question, although perhaps there's a sequel to "Cat Talk" titled "Cat Talk 2: The Revenge" which deals with the whole cat / mortal realm fiasco. I personally do not believe cats can see beyond the mortal realm, and even if they could, hey, what's there to see? Oooooh, a really dark room with a dry ice machine pumping out artificial fog while some guy with a sinus infection talks through a microphone with too much reverb, oooooh. Tell me this, Miss Smarty Cat Woman, if cats could see beyond the mortal realm, why the hell would they be so fascinated with chasing goddamn laser pointers? Is Suzanne Smither trying to insinuate that the afterlife is less exciting than a $7.99 piece

of plastic sold from Best Buy? I certainly hope not, because I plan on dying soon and if this is the payoff, then I might as well not bother, no matter how loudly my parents may protest.

The next page, which is numbered "6" because "Cat Talk" takes the creative liberty of beginning the book on page five, reveals a shocking discovery: *"The authors, three brilliant cats and a reasonably intelligent woman with more than 20 years' training as a feline companion..."* Yes, that is correct, "Cat Talk" was penned not only by a 20-year veteran of cat ownership, but additionally her three cats! This really boosted my hopes that I would finally learn the secrets to communicating with my pets, as this bridge of dialogue could only be patched by the direct advice of felines themselves, in printed format sold at a gasoline station of course. I was confident I would finally learn the magic of cat talk when I flipped to the next page and was violently awakened from my ignorance-induced slumber by the following revelation:

CHAPTER 2: SHARING A LIFE WITH YOUR CAT.

Although these two cats are talking, although it's not exactly what we're aiming for here.

Yes, that was the end of the fucking "Cat Talk" chapter! That's it! Less than two pages, one of which suggests cats can see dead and another claiming cats can write short novels, and not a single mention of how to TALK with your damn CAT. In a book named "Cat Talk," one would assume that a chapter entitled "Cat Talk" might deal with, oh, I don't know, TALKING TO CATS. How wrong I was! Cat lover Suzanne Smither, you have tricked me for the last time! "Sharing Your Life With a Cat" picks up where the previous chapter ended, although I don't really know where that would be. The book points out such helpful tips as *"a cat is not a human,"* which is good to know when you're at the animal shelter and you continuously ask why the cats aren't wearing diapers and have paws instead of hands.

Suzanne reveals the names of her darling pets, Cleo, Hope, and Faith. Their names are "Cleo," "Hope," and "Faith," although not necessarily in that respective order. A few hundred paragraphs detail their extensive and exciting backgrounds in the "being a cat" industry, shortly before leading to the "myths and truths" section which dispels certain rumors that your kids might have heard about cats during recess in their filthy public schools. For example, the statement *"keeping a cat indoors all the time is cruel and unusual"* is a myth. According to the cat expert broad, reality is in fact the OPPOSITE; keeping cats *outside* is cruel and unusual! In fact, she goes so far as to say you should never, ever, ever, ever let your cat outside under any circumstances. If the cat is scratching at the door and meowing to be let out, just ignore him. If your home is on fire and your family is fleeing, let him burn. After all, he's not human, so you won't be charged for manslaughter!

Like any great book that is about talking to your cats yet never actually tackles the subject of talking to your cats, Suzanne Smither pulls another fast one by subsequently admitting, *"if you can provide a yard free of harmful plants, with trees for climbing, surrounded by a 10-foot fence, your cat will have the best of both worlds."* First off, the only places on the entire Earth that have 10-foot fences are either Federal penitentiaries or Area 51, and since most people live in neither of those, I kind of doubt the practicality of erecting a 10-foot fence. Maybe you could frame your cat for a brutal homicide and then turn your house into a fake prison. You could dress up as the warden and make him wear a pinstrip outfit and everything. One day your cat could plan a daring escape and end up stranded on top of your bookcase during an intense standoff. Be sure to sell the movie rights to The Mystery Channel, assuming they haven't gone bankrupt.

Chapter two ends on a really weird note, attempting to clear up the misconception that feral cats are "impossible to tame." This is obviously not true, as everything in the world can be tamed, even

fire, much like in that movie "Backdraft" which was about somebody, one of the many people across the world, who really wanted to catch one of the Baldwin brothers on fire. The truth is spit out by Hope and Faith themselves, who make one of their first personal appearances in order to counteract the aforementioned batch of steaming lies:

> *"Phooey," say Hope and Faith. "YOU try being constantly on the run from dogs, kids, raccoons and possums, climbing trees to seek shelter from the rain, and making do with lizard gizzards when your mouth is watering for turkey breast. We're thrilled to be living indoors. Now that we're house cats, the view from the window is all the nature we need."*

That was like a chapter from the latest Tom Clancy novel, or at least a level from some discarded Nintendo game. We had a protagonist fleeing from all-powerful enemies who wanted to, well, do something to it. I guess the dogs, raccoons, and possums wanted to eat it, but I assume the kids didn't really plan on anything like that. Maybe the kids wanted to mate with the cat because they heard a rumor on the playground that cats are, in fact, human. The protagonist, the poor feral cat, is then forced to climb a tree in order to get away from the rain. You know, because most trees reach heights above weather systems. Then there's something about "lizard gizzards" and windows, neither of which I read because I was too busy trying to figure out why a cat would climb a tree in order to see protection from the rain. Maybe the rain falls from the ground up to the clouds in bizarro cat lover Suzanne Smither-land. I really don't know and will probably die not knowing, as the chapter ended there.

If cats could talk, is this what they'd say? According to Google's Image Search, it sure is! Good job drawing that little duck / chicken thing, cats!

Two chapters and 19 pages into "Cat Talk" and so far there has been absolutely zero talk about cat talk! How could this be? Did cat lover Suzanne Smither lie to me with her grossly misleading title and image of a cat inside some pottery? Was "Cat Talk" a fraud perpetrated by the New World Order and possibly the UN? Can Cleo, Faith, and Hope redeem the book within the next few chapters? All will be revealed in Thursday's update when I tear through the remaining 40 pages of "Cat Talk" - and I do literally mean "tear through." Until then, please hang on to your collective asses, ladies and gents, because this cat ain't talkin'!

Man A Turret!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here for another Goldmine Tuesday ladies and gentlemen. Man, what a ride. These weeks just zip by, and that's okay with me, cause then I get to update the front page like Lowtax or Zack, and pretend that I too am a funny person. But that's an update for another week. Or a visit to the shrink, I'm not sure. Also, if you are currently playing in the Planetside beta on the *Johari* server, yes the character named "OMGWTFBBQ" is in fact me. if you see another a guy named WTFOMGBBQ, it is **not** me. Please feel free to kill him however.In today's Goldmine the SA Forum Goons deal with a topic very close to all of us, the last thing you'll see before you die. To spice things up a bit we are not using Photoshop at all, but the crude tool given to us by that great monopoly to the north, Santa Claus.

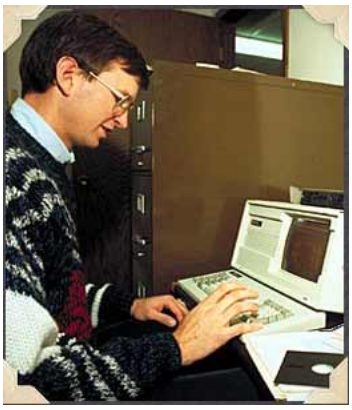
WHOA! Sorry, that just spooked me terribly. I'm having flashbacks, so you better click here so you too get frightened and I feel less like a pansy.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

jerry seinfeld
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

5.14 Lame Computer Lab Boredom Tips

Wednesday, May 14, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



You too can be a computer prankster as cool as this man!

I'll be honest, there are days when we here at SA have more on our minds than trying to be first class comedians entertaining dozens of people across the globe and angering thousands more. For example, right now I'm up against the wire fighting hand to hand with midterm project deadlines for classes I'll surely forget the second I get done with them. I'm not complaining about school being a waste of my time, because it's a waste of my time that keeps me off the streets, or worse, the beaches. The last thing I want to do is fall back into my narcissistic pattern of roaming the various muscle beaches of Indiana kicking sand in the faces of pipsqueaks and flexing my sweet life away. I especially want to avoid this because I'm a ninety-pound weakling with immunity to the effects of sunlight. This lack of motivation would normally put me in some kind of handicap parking space of despair, but fuck it, I'm just going to go ahead and park on the curb with this update and leave it at that.

Seeing as how school is the scornful beast imprisoning me, I'm going to write about it. Specifically, I'm going to write about some of the lame tricks I occasionally enlist to bring myself minor amusement. I apologize profusely, as I'm some kind of newfangled graphics type guy, which means my schooling consists mostly of staring at a monitors all day and cursing about how annoying NURBs modeling is. Most college students consider "good fun" or "shenanigans" to be something more along the lines of excessive alcohol consumption and the subsequent rapes and accidental deaths that follow suit, but not me! Not old Livestock! As a certified straight arrow headed towards an impending psychotic breakdown, there is simply no time to rape and pillage in my bustling port city of a schedule. Well, at least not until summer vacation, but then I usually spend that time indoors working diligently on hypothetical survival plans should the unthinkable happen and communists invade our heartland in force.

So what do I do to amuse myself? Since I'm surrounded by other people's computers a lot, I tend to revert into what most people consider an "inconsiderate asshole." These are all relatively quick, simple, and slightly humorous ways to have a tiny bit of fun at other peoples temporary expense. At best you'll get five to ten minutes of entertainment, immediately followed by having other people look upon you as a total jackass, and rightly so. Oh, and you best be in a computer lab, since I'm too nerdy to do anything nerdy that excludes computers.

It won't be long, mark my words. The time has come for revenge of the nerds. Oh boy.

■ Tip Number One: Evaluating Your Peers

In one class, the teacher dismissed us for a 15-minute break, and used this time to leave performance evaluations at our workstations. I returned early, as I'm simply too cool to hang out by the pop machine, and seized the moment. I noticed his evaluations were relatively simple and format, which cued the magic 60-watt light bulb of innovation that got lodged in my head on that fateful field trip so long ago. I quickly whipped up a batch of new evaluations for everybody in my row, and in an identical format. However, I pretty much don't know what tact

is, so I just insulted the hell out of these people in a psychotic five minute rush. Since I was friends with the people I insulted, I figured it was all okay. When you return to class and find an evaluation calling you a "dumb bitch" and "the worst example of human life scarring the surface of this planet" there isn't much you can do but freak out. That's usually when you, the oh-so hilarious prankster, cut in and show off the real evaluation, because there is no sense bringing a higher power into this tangled tapestry of tomfoolery. The trick here is to control the situation, as you certainly don't want any painful repercussions to result from a little mischief. Boy am I hoot.

- **Tip Number Two: The Monitor Cable Switcheroo**

Another fun way to mess with people is to stealthily switch monitor cables, in a crisscross fashion. This is not to be confused with Kris Kros fashion, which consists of wearing your clothes backwards and alternating between warming it up and pumping it up. This mostly just annoys people, since they aren't bright enough to figure out what the hell you did. It's also really obnoxious since most people just don't think to look for something so retarded, but it can occasionally be amusing. It also makes for a good team sport, since it sure looks weird if shit is happening on your screen while you remain motionless. I guess you should also be polite and switch them back when your hijinks are over with, since you'll likely piss the holy hell out of a lab tech when he has to try to figure out what's going on and doesn't think to check for something so retarded as switched monitor cables.

- **Tip Number Three: Keyboard Rearrangement**

My favorite anti-boredom activity is carefully rearranging my keyboard. On the average keyboard, with a little work, you can pry pretty much any key loose and simply pop them back in. The wonderful catch is that you don't have to pop them back into their original location, which means all sorts of wonderful things can happen, including alphabetizing your keyboard and spelling out words. The latter might require some cooperation from others, as you'll often need to secure additional letters and/or numbers from other people. The results can be quite exciting, though. It's a great way to eat the time of a long lecture away like Pac-Man eats those hallucinogenic pellets that are probably actually the reason he thinks ghosts are chasing him. Spelling out things like "you will die at 12:00" and "help trapped in keyboard factory" are a lot of fun if you can get a hold of the letters. I guess you can always come in early and stay late if necessary. Seeing how it's totally unnecessary to begin with that's probably just a waste of time. But, at the end of a long day, there is a tremendous feeling of satisfaction that comes with having redesigned the keyboard for the next poor loser who has to use it.

Again, I won't hesitate to admit I'm a total nerd and loser, so don't think these are my awesome ideas for being a total renegade, even if they secretly are. More than anything, these are just simple suggestions of things to do that require relatively little effort and aggravate other people. Also note I didn't bother with any idiotic suggestions of "load the computer up with gay porn" or so on. That sort of stuff is just too easy and boring, and appeals to only the lowest common denominator of bored idiot. I'll end this scholastic odyssey with an ominous warning to Frolixo: meet me at the bike rack after school, *pal.*

Ohayo Gozaimasu, Fuckers!

Hey folks, it's Wednesday, and that means either a movie review by Ben "Greasnin" Platt or a game review by Taylor "Psychosis" Bell! And sorry to disappoint you all, but Ben's turn was last week, so this week we have a brand new review of the most Japanese game I've ever seen that isn't actually Japanese.

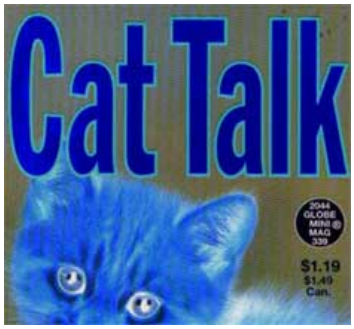
> *Scatological references aside, the plot in Tsunami 2265 should be immediately familiar to anyone who has heard of either anime or Japan. For example, the box says "Tsunami 2265: 1st Century After – A WAVE OF PURE ADRENALINE." You can immediately guess that the civilized world has been destroyed in some kind of disaster (perhaps a tsunami of some sort) and that all over Japan different factions of a new Earth government are fighting it out against each other. Then when you learn that the main characters are a man and a woman who don't seem to know each other, you can guess that the man will have spiky hair and a shady background, and the woman will be a strong warrior who had to fight extra hard to win respect because of her gender. And then at some point one of them will save the other's life and they will fall in love. I wrote this paragraph after simply looking at the box - before even installing the game - and now that I've played it I can say that almost all of these guesses turned out to be correct. That's kind of sad.*

Read the review, foolish American!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.15 Just Talkin' 'Bout Cat Talk, Part II

Thursday, May 15, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



CLEO CAN SEE INTO YOUR SOUL.

Those who may have inadvertently read Tuesday's update might recall that I wrote something about cats and something else. To be honest, I don't even read my own updates, as it depresses me to realize I'm a grown man writing about cat books found in gas station checkout stands. However, I've got this tiny book in front of me entitled "Cat Talk," so I'm guessing that I reviewed the first few chapters from this award-winning novelette (I just made up "The Award For the Best Cat Talk Book Named 'Cat Talk' Ever" category and it was the sole nomination). It is now Thursday, roughly two days after I began the long and arduous journey into cat lover Suzanne Smither's world of cat relationships, and I feel as if the book has failed to help me forge a more intimate, emotional bond with my two cats, Stupid and Cat. Despite the help of cat lover Suzanne Smither and her equally helpful, loving cats Cleo, Faith, and Hope, I still lack whatever mental conditioning and fortitude is necessary to truly communicate with these two creatures who lick each others' anuses on a regular basis. Perhaps Smither was simply holding out until chapter three in order to the create complex character development and a thick sense of plot tension needed to fuel such a novel? We'll find out today in the thrilling conclusion to part one of whatever the name of the previous update was labeled!

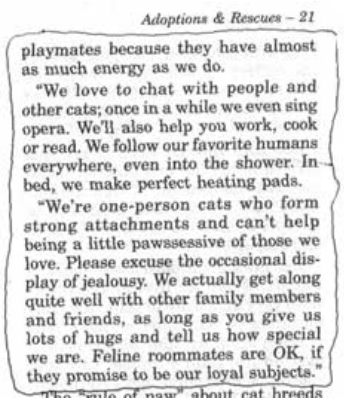
CHAPTER 3: ADOPTIONS AND RESCUES

I had a keen sense of where this book was heading before I even began the first paragraph. For example, I knew it would be about adoptions and rescues. I also safely assumed that cat lover Suzanne Smither would babble on for paragraphs about the spiritual metaphors behind her pets' names and how we should all wear purple colored crystals when we waddle into the nearest grocery store to refuel our insatiable Cheeto and Mountain Dew supply stash. I'm no stranger to the adoption and rescue scene; why, my own parents adopted me at the young age of 19. Shortly after adoption, I fell into a nearby well and was stuck there for the next three years. The fire department claimed they couldn't retrieve me from the well because the weather was "really bad" during a majority of those three years, so I was home schooled there until I was rescued at the age of 22. One magnificent day in June, a kind-hearted jolly fellow stopped his car and rolled me out of the seemingly bottomless well which had imprisoned me for so long! It turns out I hadn't actually been in a well for the last three years, but I was instead very drunk the night before and passed out in a drainage ditch behind the Applebee's. It just felt like three years because when you're closer to the Earth's core like I was, time seems to slow down like a whole lot.

In addition, both Cat and Stupid have been rescued by myself when they found themselves at the cold, concrete hand of The State Animal Really Mean Adoption Agency. I like to pretend I arrived mere seconds away from their respective lethal injections, like the governor calling the state penitentiary at the last moment and granting a stay of execution to a prisoner who was falsely framed for repeatedly shitting into a bunch of newspaper shreddings. Then I like to pretend I wasn't called "Pubeasaurus Rex" in high school. Cat lover Suzanne Smither apparently enjoyed pretending as if she's not nuts in this chapter, although she quickly drops this facade faster than a bowling ball thrown off the Eiffel Tower. Purebreed kittens, according to this distinguished literally scholar, may cost *"from a hundred to thousands of dollars,"* although she supports this notion by claiming *"it's a worthwhile investment."* Lady, unless my adopted cat vomits gold, it's not a good "investment."

Stocks are an investment. Savings accounts are investments. Rare coins are investments. Cats are only consider "investments" to Korean restaurants. Luckily, cat lover Suzanne Smither's detachment from reality becomes more pronounced as she decides to let her cat Cleo take over writing the book at this point. And oh boy does he / she / it ever take over.

> *"We're very bright, so please take time to join us in some challenging games."*



Adoptions & Rescues – 21

playmates because they have almost as much energy as we do.

"We love to chat with people and other cats; once in a while we even sing opera. We'll also help you work, cook or read. We follow our favorite humans everywhere, even into the shower. In bed, we make perfect heating pads.

"We're one-person cats who form strong attachments and can't help being a little pawssessive of those we love. Please excuse the occasional display of jealousy. We actually get along quite well with other family members and friends, as long as you give us lots of hugs and tell us how special we are. Feline roommates are OK, if they promise to be our loyal subjects."

"The 'rule of paw' about cat breeds

what

Yes, thank you very much for the advice, Cleo! I'll head out and buy a goddamn Scrabble board right now so I can try to kick my cats' asses with triple word scores! I'm no expert in cat loving like cat lover Suzanne Smither is, but I'm going to head out on a limb here and claim that she shouldn't allow Cleo to write any future novels. If that previous nugget of advice didn't tip you off, try this on for size: *"we love to chat with people and other cats; once in a while we even sing opera."* Damn you Cleo! I had been patiently waiting the entire book to read about how I could communicate with my cats, then you suddenly give me the literary bum's rush and start detailing how cats like you are able to casually converse with humans like me, even going so far as to claim you've got the vocal cords of a 400-pound German woman! I don't know about you, but if I were to ever see a cat singing opera in public, I would open fire on it and drive off at a very high velocity. Chances are it's either a ghost here to haunt you or somebody dressed up as a ghost here to haunt you so you'll eventually get so scared you'll sell your plot of land to him and he'll build a large factory that produces plastic Easter candy eggs there. Cleo hands the book writing duty back over to cat lover Suzanne Smither on page 23, and she picks up where he left off:

> *"Even though she's now a middle-aged lady, Cleo has never outgrown her kittenish habit of kneading,* ***although she gradually stopped suckling my neck."*** (bold print added for emphasis)

I'd like you to please read that sentence again. Do it in slow motion, as if you're trapped in a crappy Matrix-ripoff produced by Dino De Laurentiis. Once you're finished, you'll have undoubtedly realized that not only is Cleo now a female human who is middle-aged, but she used to SUCK ON CAT LOVER SUZANNE SMITHER'S NECK. I assume cat lover Suzanne Smither allowed Cleo to constantly do so, unless cat lover Suzanne Smither is one of those new age people who get so morbidly obese that their arms are reduced to the functionality of a Tyrannosaurus Rex. Hahaha, he had those dorky little arms that didn't do anything. What a jerk dinosaur. If cat lover Suzanne Smither does indeed suffer from Tyrannosaurus Syndrome, then she probably lacked to ability to swat away Cleo and prevent her jugular from becoming a pacifier for her worthwhile investment. The question on my mind here is regarding how Cleo was able to chat with people while singing

opera and leeching onto her owner's bulbous neck? Are purebreeds capable of warping the space / time continuum? If so, I think we'll need some more of those photon torpedoes that the ship from "Star Trek" used to shoot at everything once Captain Kirk realized that shooting it with the laser beam was doing jack shit. Just to spite cat lover Suzanne Smither, I skipped the next 10 pages and went to the next section penned by her feline buddy Cleo:

> *"Cleo adds this pussyfootnote: 'Say what you will, when a cat decides to adopt you, you're adopted. The many ways in which it happens only go to show what purrsuasive, purrsistent beasties we are'."*

Fuck you Cleo. Just... fuck you.

CHAPTER 4: A CAT-FRIENDLY ENVIRONMENT

This is not really a cat-friendly environment. I mean, the barrels are great and everything, but cats just hate those guys in the suits.

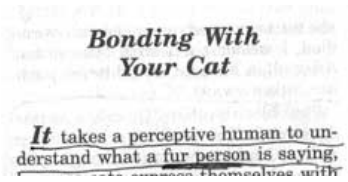
If you're adopting a cat, you should probably live in a "cat friendly environment," which basically means "a house that does not have lava or spikes instead of a floor." Cat-unfriendly environments include active minefields, demilitarized zones, the bottom of the ocean, and hell. This entire chapter is written by cat lover Suzanne Smither's various insane cats, detailing how you can go out of your way and possibly become bankrupt in a futile pursuit to please your pet. World-famous literary master Hope goes into painful detail, taking roughly 500 million pages, simply to explain the central message that "cats like to eat food which cats like to eat." If you try to feed your cat a brick and he doesn't like it, then don't feed him any more bricks. If you give him a dead bird and he eats it, then provide him with dead birds which were killed by bricks. Hope even goes so far as to provide various recipes for cats which include buying and preparing fresh shrimp. I "hope" my cats don't plan on eating any fancy shit like that! Ha ha! That's a little joke at the expense of a crazy woman's cat's name, thanks for playing along! Please pray that cat lover Suzanne Smither does not read that and unleash the power of her crystals on my soul.

Next up; interior decorating for your cat. I'm not kidding.

> *"Colors don't matter as much, but given a choice, we'd prefer the violets, blues and greens at the cool end of the spectrum, which is most visible to us."*

I'll be sure to rip out my carpet and redecorate next time Hope comes over to piss on my floor. I know it doesn't really matter to me what color the floor is when I'm urinating upon it, but God only knows how I'd hate to offend Cleo.

CHAPTER 5: BONDING WITH YOUR CAT



oh

Finally! What I had been waiting for! Cursed hellspawn cat lover Suzanne Smither waited for five chapters until she decided to bestow the keys to cat bondage upon me! I was able to tell this would be one hell of a cosmic joyride as soon as I read the first sentence of the chapter:

> *"It takes a perceptive human to understand what a fur person is saying"*

"Fur person." "Fur person." She refers to her cat as a "fur person." I love this idea and plan on extending it further, hereby renaming birds to "feather people," alligators to "green, biting people," and Louie Andersons as "fat people." This chapter has twisted my mind into such a cerebral knot that I am no longer able to actively form complete sentences, and will have to settle for quoting sentences from cat lover Suza

> *"Cleo loves extended conversations, so we meow back and forth as long as she wants to chat."*
>
> *"Cats receive others' thoughts as images, and Cleo reads my mind very well, so I send her detailed thought pictures when I want her to understand something important, like a coming change in the household or the need to be boarded overnight."*
>
> *"Bonding with your human - Here's some advice from the experts: Once your human is up and moving, involve yourself in every aspect of her day.* ***Watch closely while she bathes, dresses and grooms herself."*** (Bold print added to show how this woman should probably be institutionalized)
>
> *"Like most friendships worth keeping, ours took a while to develop, but now Cleo treats me like her best buddy and says I can stop calling her 'Your Highness.'* ***Sometimes we even sleep together."*** (Bold print added to show how this woman needs to be filled full of tranquilizer darts and shipped to the center of the sun)

The book kind of ends somewhere around there, some place near the point where my mind simply gave up and detonated like the Death Star in that one movie, "Raiders of the Lost Ark." I couldn't handle cat lover Suzanne Smither's insanity any longer, so my body collapsed into a sunken heap.

At long last I had discovered the key to successfully communicating with my pets, but this ability came with a hefty price tag; the loss of all my brain functions and ability to think rationally. In order to hear my cat sing opera, cat lover Suzanne Smither claims I must first sleep with my cats, let them watch me undress and bathe, meow back and forth with them nonstop, send telepathic messages to them like a really weird AIM client, and refer to them as "fur people." As a wise man once said, "sometimes the journey to possess an item is more valuable than the item itself." Actually I don't think that any wise people have ever said that, mostly because it's really stupid. The drive to Wal-Mart isn't worth more than the designer Pokemon beer helmets you purchase there. So while it is indeed very possible to form an intimate and endearing bond with your cat, I don't think the heartbreak and loss of motor functions necessarily warrants it. I can safely say that "Cat Talk" is the worst waste of $1.19 that I ever spent at that particular Citgo gas station on that particular day, and I would definitely take it off my favorite book list if it had never won that damned "The Award For the Best Cat Talk Book Named 'Cat Talk' Ever" prize. I blame Cleo, and you should too.

Erotic Pawssession Sorry to mislead but this latest and greatest Hentai Game Review has nothing to do with cats and everything to do with repeated brutal rapes and incest. "Possession" might not be big here but it's big in Japan!

> *The scene is a crowded subway in Japan. Yosuke has once again filled Mitsuki's ass to the brim, this time with a mixture of carbonated water and her favorite perfume that reminds me of the sort of thing ancient Egyptians used to shove inside mummies. Most Egyptian ceremonial burials probably didn't involve remote-controlled vibrators or diapers, but thankfully this sequence has them both! With one hand on the control of the vibrator and the other holding up Mitsuki's skirt, Yosuke proceeds to torment his teacher until she loses control of her bowels and fills the diaper up with ass water and Chanel No. 5.*

Amusingly enough I was listening to the song "Rape This Day" from Tomahawk's new album "Mit Gas" when I started playing this game. I think Mike Patton would be proud with the visual stimulation Japan has provided for his latest work.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.16 I See Spiders Everywhere

Thursday, May 15, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It starts with one thing, I don't know why, it doesn't even matter how hard you try. Keep that in mind I designed this rhyme to explain in due time, ALL I KNOW!

Spiders are mankind's primordial enemy. For eons their soulless black eyes have stared at us from the shadows, their venom dipped mandibles clacking like pea-sized turtles flung against a brick wall. Covetously they considered the rise of our civilization. Our plentiful foods, our super models, our Infinity J30s, all were regarded with envious black eyes. They were here before us, and they will be here tens of thousands of years after us, the inheritors of our great legacy. Fortunately, until the day that the spider queen rises from the sea at least, spiders remain our fictitious primordial enemies. And oh what enemies they are!

This year's E3 is winding down and the talk of at least one of the towns has been Doom 3, no big surprise considering it's the sequel to a legend of computer gaming and it looks like a bucket of malted awesome. However, during all the gratuitous showings of creepy game footage a sobering factoid emerged; Doom 3 features spiders. Severed zombie head spiders to be sure, but they had eight legs and they looked ready to come running in swarms and possibly spray bio acid. It's distressing evidence that yet another game's design team apparently had the following conversation.

Developer 1: *We've got zombies, mega zombies, robo-zombies, dog zombies, mummy zombies, I don't know what else we could possibly cram into this game.*

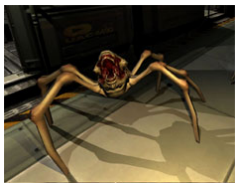
Developer 2: *We need something original and creepy.*

Developer 1: *You know what I find creepy? Spiders! We could have spiders in the game.*

Developer 2: *Yes, even though they don't fit with anything else in the game we can't deny the fun factor of fighting massive swarms of spiders.*

Developer 1: *Yeah, and we can have a spider queen and bigger spider soldiers that spit acid, just like in real life!*

For those of you not in the know, spiders are a staple of almost every gaming genre, and they are never fun to fight. Ever. Yet for some reason developers keep cramming the fucking things into every title they can come up with. These video game spiders can come in a number of different shapes and sizes, but they share several traits which will allow you to easily determine whether or not you are doing battle with the most dull and clichéd gaming bad guys of all time.



Thanks ID Software, your fantastic looking game sure needed some spiders!

Identifying a Video Game Spider

- **Step One:** Are you pissed off? If "yes" continue on, if "no" then you crashed to desktop.
- **Step Two:** Are the creatures scurrying around rapidly with seemingly no purpose and doing almost no damage? If "yes" continue on, if "no" then you are fighting a video game crate or barrel.

- **Step Three:** Are the red ones tougher and/or larger than the green or yellow ones? If "yes" continue on, if "no" then you are fighting a video game zombie.
- **Step Four:** Is there a queen somewhere around? If "yes" continue on, if "no" then you are fighting turtles from a Mario game.
- **Step Five:** Did your frame rate just drop because there are over 500 of them on screen at once? If "yes" continue on, if "no" then you were just attacked by Cliff Racers again in Morrowind and your frame rate was already low.
- **Step Six:** Do some of them spit acid or shoot webs? If "yes" then congratulations, you are fighting spiders! If "no" then you are watching a Power Point presentation about ants.

I hope that helps you get yourself out of a sticky spider-related situation in the future because this year's E3 proves spiders are a hotter commodity in video games than ever before. No less than nine games were announced that prominently featured spiders! Doom 3 might have stolen the spotlight from these little arachnid go-getters with its flashy graphics and zombie head spiders, but I like to give a little attention to the underdogs. That's why I would like to introduce to you three of the hottest upcoming spider-related games!

- **The Sims: Hot Vacation Spider Date**

Release Date: Fall 2003
Company Line: We know what you're thinking, "hooray another Sims expansion", well this one is more than another half-assed cash in on our only lucrative franchise. This time the life simulation is fast and furious! The entire town of Simsville has been infested with spiders, spiders that try to kill or try to love depending on how you treat them. Can you exterminate them all or win the heart of their all-powerful hive queen?
The Buzz: Despite claims to the contrary this expansion will actually be another half-assed cash in attempt on the lucrative and immortals Sims franchise. Sure there will be mini-games where your annoying blabber speaking alter-ego has to stomp spiders or go Orken on some spider nest, but mostly you're just going to watch him piss on the floor. Let me rephrase that, you'll watch him piss on the floor next to SPIDERS!! The extra exclamation mark is sarcastic.

- **NBA Spider Jam 3**

Release Date: January 2004
Company Line: Yo! Spider Jam is back with a fresh and totally off-the-hook basketball street jamming experience. Hit the blacktop and use your amazing spider powers to fire acid or webs at your opponents. You never knew basketball could be so insane until you saw a red wolf spider do a 360 slam dunk and shatter the back board and the back board is made out of wood! DAAAAMN!
The Buzz: Damn it feels good to be a spider. Flossin and flexin with so much bling all over they grills they be callin' their mandibles icicles! Ahem, NBA Jam is a good game for those of you who enjoy basketball, unfortunately when you replace all the players with spiders the fun just leeches away.

- **Parappa the Spider**

Release Date: Summer 2004
Company Line: Rasp, clutch, envenom, it's all in the rhythm! Fan favorite rapper and dance master Parappa returns from Spider Island after being mutated by the venom of the spider hive queen. Now he has to use his newfound spider powers to save Rock Highschool from the swarms of evil spiders that have set upon it. Only a great soundtrack

Blood for the blood god.

from a bunch of Japanese pop bands you've never heard of and your skill at rhythm games can save it!

The Buzz: You know how retarded it is to kill spiders in video games, so why would you want to play as a dancing cartoon spider monster? You won't unless you're one of those annoying cockqueens who rabidly consume anything from Japan. At least this game won't have a hackneyed plot about saving the environment or some overly long political intrigue that reads about as deep as a pan full of Sailor Moon fan fiction. Tuxedo mask, we have to save the kingdom from the duck soldiers and an androgynous villain with blue hair and an exposed concave chest. Oh, I'm sorry, is my hostility showing? Let me tuck it back in.

On a serious note if you're a game developer and you're reading this and you have ever been responsible for including spiders or spider-like creatures in a video game please e-mail me. Include your name, address, and hours when you are usually asleep so that I might sneak into your house and pour lava down your throat. You truly are a lazy and uninspired son of a bitch.

Band Name Movies

Howdy everybody, this is somebody other than Zack introducing the new installment of Phriday fresh from the SA Forum Goons. This week, like so many recent weeks, involves movie posters. If not for the fact they are funny, I'd be all in their face with, "hey, stop doing that." This week the deadly fine print is that all these movies are named after bands, musicians, and bands that are comprised of musicians. As odd as this sounds, it works. So hey, accept it and move on.

If you click here all your sins will be forgiven.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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5.17 Mythic Mania

Saturday, May 17, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Zeus! Apollo!

One of the saddest lessons I ever learned was that Santa Claus wasn't real, a lesson that coincidentally came hand in hand with a murder I witnessed in the parking lot of the Fairview Mall. As that hobo bled out under the flickering sodium lights his ragged breaths marked the end of his life as well as that of my childhood. The first of my myths was destroyed thanks to an act of what the police called "public lewdness gone wrong", but it was by no means the last myth to suffer such a fate. By the tender age of seventeen all of my myths of childhood had been crushed by the harsh reality in which all but the most devoted Everquest players live. The Easter Bunny was lost to a casual comment from my parents, the tooth fairy was banished during a home invasion, and Paul Bunyon was buried by a Discovery Channel show about Blue Oxen. Piece by piece the magic was stripped from the world around me.

I would like to blame science for taking away the magic, mostly because of all these retarded anime movies I've seen where science robs the world of magic. Oh no the forest spirit is dying because of boron! Motherfucking boron, slayer of dreams! Alas boron was innocent of all crimes save for a few thousands deaths at a chemical factory in India, instead it was just simple cynicism that chased away my dreams of wish-granting fat guys and alien butlers.

This may be starting to seem like a dreary life history of the day the music died, but hang in there, I haven't got to the best part yet. It involves a magical dragon! Okay, it doesn't, but it would be pretty cool if it did, don't you think? Fuck it, it does involve a magical dragon, I'll just add one in there.

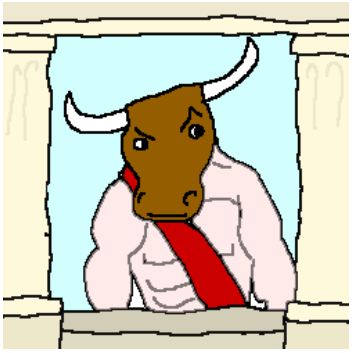
It wasn't college and a class on legends that reawakened me to mythology throughout history, it was actually a magical dragon named Lucktor. He was great and shaggy and coincidentally he had this really hot grad student working as a TA in one of his classes and I just happened to be in her study group. Goddamn Lucktor knew how to pick 'em! His magical dragon class was one of the most interesting things I've ever had the honor of being a part of. Mythology 101 was a lesson in love too, and as Caela, the uh, warrior princess who was my study group leader taught me well about the ins and outs of mythology until I really cared. I mean to imply that we had hot sex constantly and this was her unconventional method for inculcating an appreciation of classic mythology in me. It would be cool if it were true but when you're fortunate enough to have a class taught by a magical dragon named Lucktor not everything can be blessed.

If the flame that burns twice as bright burns only half as long then my college career must have burned approximately sixteen times brighter than normal. It was a magnesium fire of beer, drunk girls, and the cruelest mistress of all; Daggerfall. But what my college career lacked in academic achievement it made up for with a rekindled interest in mythology. This spark of fascination has gradually grown into a raging inferno of obsession with mythology. My shelves are lined with tomes so musty that I can legitimately call them tomes without sounding like a pretentious fag. These ancient texts have fueled this interest in dead civilizations and their gods so that I feel compelled to share some of these amazing myths with you.

You may think you know a lot about mythology. You may even own a T-shirt that says "MYTHOLOGY" or "SCA" but all you really know about is making PVC swords buddy. You think Zeus is that dude who would appear and give advice to Kevin Sorbo? Fuck that thing, you've got learning to do. Zeus would mop the floor with your sorry ass and then track down your friends and family

and mop your sorry ass with their sorry asses.

The Minotaur

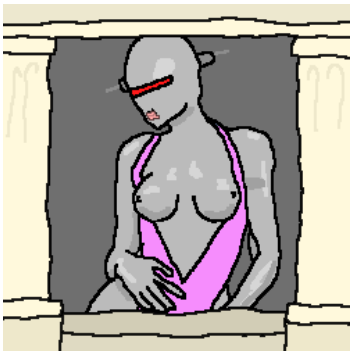


The Minotaur

It's a common misconception that the Minotaur was created from clay to protect a Jewish ghetto from the Romans or whatever team they were against in the great cosmic paintball game. This myth couldn't be farther from the truth. The Minotaur was an ancient average Joe, which is pretty much like a modern average Joe only instead of working in a factory he worked in a volcano and instead of being named Joe he was named Minos. One day while mining lava Minos was crushed beneath a rockslide in one of the volcano tunnels. Rather than dying as was the hip thing to do when crushed beneath a rockslide Minos survived, mostly because the rocks that had crushed him were radioactive. He found himself changing, growing stronger and stronger, but other parts of him were changing as well. Crushed beneath the rock with him was one of the bulls used to haul carts of lava out of the volcano and this massive beast was slowly combining his genetics and what have you with Minos thanks to the radiation. Minos's head transformed into the likeness of the bull, and other parts below the waist that I won't mention further because a lot of furries read this site and I don't want to provide any inspiration for their next fan art piece.

When Minos grew strong enough he burst forth from the fallen rocks. For a time he tried to fit in working at the lava mine, but his coworkers shunned him because of his bestial visage and tendency to eat children. Dejected, Minos constructed a labyrinth of epic proportions and retreated inside. Seeing the opportunity to dispose of some unwanted virginal maidens, King Snorlax began to offer sacrifices to Minos to "appease him". Minos was cool with that, and was fine when Snorlax dumped prisoners into the labyrinth for him to eat too. One of those prisoners happened to be heroic hero of Greek mythology Pete, who eventually answered the Minotaur's riddle and killed Minos with the power of love. The myth is a little hazy as to what killing him with "the power of love" entailed, but I made sure not to ever research that topic.

Medusa



Medusa

A hair of live snakes, a gaze that paralyzes, throw all that you know about Medusa away, because it isn't true. Medusa was actually an early Roman experiment in Artificial Intelligence. Ancient Rome was sort of like Ancient Atlantis in that it had all sorts of futuristic technology that we don't have now. Who knows why, I'm willing to blame boron for this one and this one only. Romans enjoyed a culture so free of hard labor that most of them spent their entire lives inside brothels. They were born and as an infant were immediately placed astride a prostitute. But, a lot of people seemed to have a problem with newborn babies having intercourse, however consensual, with adults. To sanitize the operation and save all of the whores the trouble the Romans developed love droids. Medusa was the most advanced love droid chassis with her simple positronic brain replaced with a neural network or something like that, my primitive mind has difficulty comprehending their incredible feats of technology. Her body was perfect in every way and her mind was thought to be much more intelligent than a human and capable of actual thought.

Like all metaphors for mankind's hubris Medusa was bound to go crazy and turn on her creators, which is exactly what she did in 420 BC. While having sex with a 3 year old named Cassius Medusa inexplicably became self-aware. She immediately hacked into Rome's defense grid and launched all of their nuclear weapons at Sparta. With no choice but retaliation a nuclear Armageddon ensued. Rome and Sparta were reduced to radioactive ash, but Medusa survived and began to produce robotic kill-drones to cleanse the world of the taint of humanity. Eventually she was stopped by resistance leader Jesus Christ who wielded the legendary flaming sword "Indomitable Will" to smite her in her cybermatrix throne. In a shower of sparks and hellfire Jesus rent her asunder with one stroke of the two-handed blade and put an end to the reign of thinking machines.

Puff the Magic Dragon

So fucking sue me, I have an affinity for magical dragons. I'd like to think it's my mercurial nature but more than likely it's my months spent as a child recovering from the bubonic plague with only books on tape to keep me company.

Puff the Magic Dragon

Puff, the Magic Dragon, lived by the sea. The screams of his victims carried through the autumn mist in a land called Honalee. Little Jackie Paper loathed that rascal Puff and fled from him constantly with the dying cries of his entire family still ringing in his ears. A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys, they're easily smashed to pieces against rocks or incinerated with magical fires billowing forth from the mouth of a dragon. One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper ran no more. And Puff that mighty dragon, he gave a blood-curdling roar. His victory sealed at last over his nemesis Jackie Paper, Puff set out to ravage the entire land of Honalee. No flesh was spared in his orgy of violence through the autumn mist and horror begat horror until all that Puff remembered was killing.

He had become feral, the slaughter of the innocents had rendered him incapable of reasoning beyond predator-prey instincts. Yet still he seemed to delight in the torment of those weaker than him. He cackled as he dropped townsfolk from a great height or herded them into caves and then roasted them alive with searing gouts of his fiery breath. Nothing could ever stop Puff and his domination of Honalee remained uncontested for centuries, the pitiful villagers living only to prostrate themselves at his mercy and almost always be butchered. Eventually Puff grew tired of his playthings and left this world through unknown magic, but the land of Honalee will never recover and all those who remember the tales of the vile dragon live in fear that one day he might return.

Zeus and the Hippo Caper

The Mysterious Primordial God

In Greek mythology Zeus is the creator of the heavens and earth, very similar to The God of Christian mythology, only Zeus is a rapist known to forcibly sire children with human women while having a number of female gods as wives or lovers. Which is sort of like Christianity's original sin when you think about it. After millennia of ruling over the earth Zeus made contact with an ancient primordial god known as The Black Pharaoh. This god appeared as an ebony-skinned human clad in golden robes and he prophecied the coming of another to the world, a god more powerful than all of the pantheons of mankind combined. Zeus was never one to back down from a challenge, but the minute he caught sight of this newcomer he and the other gods packed up and skipped town for parts unknown.

This mysterious eldritch god subjugated man, making meals and slaves of the

entire world's population. Unspeakable horrors accompanied this being from the stars, ravenous plastic-fleshed creatures that prowled the cities and lands of humanity. They hungered and so did their god and mankind was a feast to be enjoyed for centuries to come. After centuries of domination another great race of space-farers arrived on earth and unlike mankind they did not cower in the face of its monstrous overlord. They destroyed his minions and banished him to the depths of the sea where he waits in his great sunken city, dreaming until the stars are right and he will rise again to claim his place on this earth.

That's the story of Zeus and the Hippo Caper.

I take great pleasure in sharing my wealth of knowledge on the subject of mythology. I also take great pleasure in updating Something Awful in place of Greasnin so that once a year Sundays can actually be not quite as bad as they usually are! Haha, I kid folks, Greasy is great. At least he tells us in advance when he's going to disappear. I can only assume Frolixo was abducted by a Japanese rape video crew and is currently enjoying the scalding bukkake offerings of "the biggest gangbang ever told".

◘ State Og 1, John Steinbeck 0

Speaking of scalding bukkake, this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting in once again. As your State Og representative, you'd think I'd be a little biased in favor of our fine company, but I assure you this isn't the case. With that said, you'll be surprised to hear me say that State Og is the most significant series of literary works in the 21st century. In fact, our closest competition is the work of John Steinbeck, who somehow managed to completely miss the 21st century altogether, revealing how much of an oafish twat he really was.

> *No other organization is as eager to help the police solve crimes. In fact, it's not uncommon for the first police officers to show up at a crime scene to find State Og agents already there, handling evidence and preparing preliminary reports to help the officers begin their investigation. [Note: Let me tell you, these guys aren't afraid to get their hands dirty doing forensic work. When we find them at murder scenes, they're often covered in blood, head-to-toe.] Ever since State Og started providing this special assistance a year ago, I can't express how thankful those of us in law enforcement are. It really helped decrease our workload, especially after the crime rate started to skyrocket last year.*

If you read this week's State Og, you might get to see the word "twat" again! Actually, I just checked for you, and it's not in the update at all. Still, that Steinbeck certainly was a putz. I mean, come on.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.18 Take That, Academia!

Monday, May 19, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

As those of you who are currently stalking me (you know who you are) are undoubtedly aware, I just returned home after completing my first year at college. I had a great year, and Something Awful was a large part of that. When I started writing for the site back in September, I never thought it would become such a big part of my life, mostly because I was fairly certain I'd be fired within the first three or four weeks. Fortunately, with a little mind control, I mean luck, I've stuck around. So here's a big ol' "thank you" to all of the SA readers. Your rallying cries of "U SUK FAGORT" really made my sacrificing all of my Saturday nights to write these articles seem worth it.

College was fun, fagort.

Now that I'm out, I've got a year of memories to look back on. Well, not exactly a year. It was really only eight months. And I had pretty decent winter and spring breaks, so it was more like seven months. And I can't really remember a lot of it, so we're only actually talking about a period of about three weeks, here, but those three weeks will stay with me for the rest of my life. Come to think of it, I've got another three years to go, and the chances are fairly good that I'll do a lot more memorable things than I did this year, so "the rest of my life" might be an overstatement. The rest of the summer. I will definitely remember those three weeks for the rest of the summer. I can guarantee you that, my friends. Barring any head injury or major illness that could result in major memory loss or some sort of nonspecific retrograde amnesia, I will remember those three weeks for the rest of the summer, no bones about it. I learned a lot of valuable lessons from my college experience. For instance, I learned that when someone says "Hey Ben, wanna go for a drive?" the proper answer is no, unless you want to end up on the edge of a freezing cold pond in the middle of nowhere trying to video tape a bunch of naked people as they charge into the water at 4 AM. I think I also learned something about, I don't know, government or some nutty subject like that.

Without the massive workload of a liberal arts education to occupy my time, I have the opportunity to try a few of the things that I just couldn't find the time to do during the last couple semesters, such as sobriety. I'm also hoping to write a new play and get down to the gym every now and then until I build up a little muscle mass. Since none of that is actually going to happen, I've instead decided to do something with my summer that will benefit thousands of people. It has come to my attention that a large percentage of the readers of Something Awful are of college age or a few years younger. For those of you who fit into one of those categories, I've got some great news! Forget about all of your difficult studies! Forget about filling out those tedious and nervewracking applications! Forget about not sending me checks for obscene amounts of money! This summer I am proud to announce that I am going to dedicate myself to starting The Ben "Greasnin" Institute of Higher Learning. Finally, you can learn how to be more like me, Ben "Greasnin" Platt! Sound good? Okay, fair enough, it doesn't. But it will after you read this enlightening and informative promotional brochure.

The Ben "Greasnin" Platt Institute of Higher Learning and You

Thank you for your interest in the Ben "Greasnin" Platt Institute of Higher Learning! We sincerely hope that you will consider joining the illustrious ranks of our graduates, such as *(note to self: insert names after illustrious people graduate)*. The institute is dedicated to providing the vital instruction that every person needs in order to be as much like Ben "Greasnin" Platt as possible. From head

shaving classes to online courses on using proper capitalization and punctuation in instant messaging programs, we offer a wide array of Greasnin-related subjects. The Greasnin Institute, or Greasninin as it is called by the student body, may specialize in all things Greasnin, but it does provide a full academic education. How is this possible when all classes are taught by Ben "Greasnin" Platt himself, if he only has a single year of college education under his belt? Hey, that's a year more than you, learn-boy! Stop asking so many damn questions!

We pride ourselves on giving the students a great degree of freedom. As part of the student body, you will have complete flexibility for housing and scheduling. Not only can you choose where you want to live, but you'll also be able to choose when you want to complete and pass in your stimulating and engaging assignments! You see, the institute is run entirely through email, so you can live in your own damn house and if you don't hand your work in on time, Greasnin probably won't even realize it until he checks his messages a couple days later! In fact, he doesn't even want to see you! Ever! That is, of course, unless you're an attractive female, in which case pictures should be sent in along with the application to Greasnin@greasyu.com. Once enrolled at the institute, you'll be able to select from a wide range of majors, including:

Wonderful housing like this is just one of the many things you sure as hell won't find at the Greasnin Institute.

- **Greasninology**
- Greasnism
- Greasnistry
- Communications
- Greasnosophy

A few of the Greasnin Institute's students discuss their latest lesson. Where, I don't know, but it sure as hell isn't anywhere around here.

Of course, no college experience is complete with large amounts of booze. You'll have to provide that yourself. What we provide is mostly centered around classes. And what a collection of classes they are! Just take a look at a few of the literally hundreds of courses available to you. All of these descriptions are taken straight from the Greasnin Institute's constantly growing coursebook.

- **Introduction to Writing Like Greasnin**

Ben "Greasnin" Platt has a writing style all his own. Well, okay, it's mostly Lowtax's. The bits of it that are original follow a number of simple formulas. This course is designed to familiarize you with the patterns of Greasnin's writing and help you start to implement them in your own work. Topics include: the use of the word "well," pounding a joke into the floor, making references to nonexistent deities, using quotation marks inappropriately, and loading sentences with unnecessary commas. Required reading: Death Comes to Dinner, 'Tis the Season to be German, So Sue Me, and A Religious Experience. Students will be asked to ignore The Mysteries of Thanksgiving Explained, When Narration Attacks, Nipples for Freedom, and the review of "Vampyros Lesbos".

- **The Mechanics of "By Which I Mean"**

A staple of Ben "Greasnin" Platt's humor is the "by which I mean" gag. The mechanics and usage of "by which I mean" will be examined in depth in this semester-long course. Students will learn to differentiate between the occasions when "by which I mean" is appropriate, as opposed to "(read:)." For instance, "I want to give Greasnin a big hug, by which I mean all of my

money." Or, "Greasnin is a super-great guy. I should send him a big check (read: a bigger check)." Also included will be the meaning substitution technique, as in "To sleep, perchance to dream. Of course, by 'sleep' I mean 'attend the Greasnin Institute,' and by 'dream' I mean 'not attend the Greasnin Institute, but send Greasnin money anyway.'"

Combining Words

When Greasnin can't think of an actual joke, he often relies upon combining two unfunny words into one new, somewhat funny word. For instance, "blasphemous" and "marvelous" combine to give us "blasphemarvelous." This course will delve into the creation of these fanciful words, which are a great out when your writing hasn't been funny for the last few sentences. Lessons will touch on how to know which part of the words to use and which to delete, how to know which word goes first, and how to best use a thesaurus to find words that start with the letter you need to make the joke work. The course will also devote a significant amount of time to making words out of names, as in "Nobelievey Mcdoesn'tbelieve," "Denyeverything O'Denialstein," and "Spankedy McSpankedyspank-Spanklestein." We will cover the repetition of words, using conjugations and declensions of words, and when it is or is not appropriate to use ethnic names (it always is).

The Institute has no athletic program of its own, but we are prepared to take credit for other school's athletic victories, and that's just as good.

The Simpsons

After fourteen seasons, *The Simpsons* has basically covered every funny situation that there is. At this point, it is becoming rapidly more acceptable to take material directly from *The Simpsons* in lieu of coming up with your own jokes. Many writers find that they steal from *The Simpsons* without even knowing it. Greasnin has all but eliminated this problem. With his near-encyclopedic knowledge of *The Simpsons*, he is able to adapt one of the show's jokes and change it just enough to make it not seem like plagiarism so that he can use it in his writing. Upon completing this course, you too will be able to write lengthy humorous articles, even though you only had one or two original ideas in your head when you started. We will focus on older episodes and some of the best moments in *Simpsons* history, then learn to deconstruct their jokes and rework them so that the wording changes, but the meaning is almost identical. With a little practice, this technique can turn your five-line paragraph and turn it into a seven thousand word column!

The Superlative Metaphor

With six billion people in the world, there are a lot of differences of opinion on even the most trivial matters. How can you convince others that your opinion, like Greasnin's, is the right one? Just do what he does and use a superlative metaphor! The "blankiest blank" formula is revealed in all its glory in this course. Whether it's the lamest sex scene, the crustiest eyeball, or the weakest idea for an article, you'll soon be able to convince anyone and everyone that the thing you are talking about possesses a particular quality in greater quantities than any other thing. We will also discuss using the proper frame of reference. Sure, this might be the weakest idea for an article, but in what context? Is it the weakest idea for an article that you could think of for this week? The weakest idea for an article in the United States? In the world? In human history? Find out by taking this intensive course! It is, without a doubt, the most intensive course in the department.

With many more terrific courses like these and a one man faculty that can't be beat, the Ben "Greasnin" Platt Institute of Higher Learning is the ideal place to further your education. Apply today!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

5.19 Art Critiquing the Life Out of Your Kids II: The Revenge

Tuesday, May 20, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

As the ever-observant reader, you might have noticed the surprise guest appearance of the Roman numeral "II" in today's title. This is indeed a sequel, but to an article I wrote over a year ago slightly before I became funny and slightly before I stopped being funny. Although my child hating antics are probably old to some people, particularly child sympathizers and people with human decency, I simply can't help it, they're very easy targets. Normally I try not to tread old territory (and fail miserably), but there is simply so many terrible pictures drawn by stupid kids out there, I have no real choice but stop and take notice. It may not sound like that big a problem, but there are untold terabytes of precious Internet cargo space being used to house the crude crayon catastrophes of the ordinary kids that your tax dollars pay to educate poorly. This is prime space that could otherwise be dedicated to storing porn or scary Associated Press photos of Donald Rumsfield holding the world in the grip of his hands. Dare I even dream it, but this space could even be used to store a combination of both, which would likely stand as the zenith of the human race. Extra attentive readers will also notice this article features "The Revenge" as its excellent and mandatory subtitle. All good sequels should have this subtitle, but that's not entirely why I chose it. Like before, I'm also fighting back and taking these kids on in the most non-confrontational and therefore harmless way I can muster: unsolicited art critiquing.

In the last go, I bullied around a bunch of kids who were using their "artistic ability" to confront the topic of divorce. This time the themes aren't anywhere near as focused, mostly due to the fact that a lot of the children's art galleries on the Internet deal with the haunting specter of death. Yes, as strange as it sounds, there is a disturbing amount of galleries featuring the archaic scribbles of dying children. Even I draw the line at making fun of dying kids. Well, at least in public anyway. I've become increasingly aware in my old age that death isn't as racist, ageist, and sexist as I had always hoped and dreamed, so I'm not doing anything to risk damaging my karma in a lethal manner. These are just normal everyday and hopefully healthy children's drawings unrelated to any worthwhile physical or psychological trauma. To be honest, this makes the artwork all the more worse and my job all the more easy. Sunshine, smiling faces, and roses might spread the butter of some, but not everyone. Not to say that these are all fun happy pictures, as some of them do have a very dark subtext to them. Most kids are so caught up in their own unwarranted joy that they fail to realize that there is a whole gritty world of pain and suffering out there ready to bite their goddamn asses off, and that's a fact verified on every gripping episode of "Murder, She Wrote" ever put on TV. While not to sound overly gothic – which is ironic since I'm known for my ribbed vaults, pointed arches, and flying buttresses – exploring these dark frontiers of the human condition is of vital importance. Happy pictures tend to lack immediacy. Simply put, you view them and you move on. Like the horrid image of a nude and wanton Don Knotts, art of a darker nature lingers in your mind. It makes an impression, evokes a response, and in some cases, scares the pantswater out of you.

I suppose I should give a shout out, as the kids call it, to my homies at the Global Children's Art Gallery, host to some of the finest pieces of crap ever rendered. Don't be fooled by the ominous, conglomerate sounding name. It's a nice little site and not some sweathouse oligarchy dedicated to mass-producing the inescapable cuteness of the child's imagination, even if that's what it sounds like. I do give these kids some credit, as their artwork soars high above the shitty subhuman animal porn produced by this world's unnecessary population of furries. Then again, there isn't much that doesn't look truly inspiring when compared to furry art. Enough talk about furries, though, as I'm sure they need to get back to their busy schedule of being colossal failures. One of the things that took me off guard while looking through all these terrible children's drawings was the fact that so many of them were done using no more than computers. The same technology that allows people

like our beloved forum goons to insert creative swear words into random pictures apparently also allows children to draw pictures! I am desperately frightened by the notion that it's only a matter of time before toddlers start upstaging me with Photoshop, so my time is short. I better get busy and start insulting these children while I still have some semblance of respectability left!

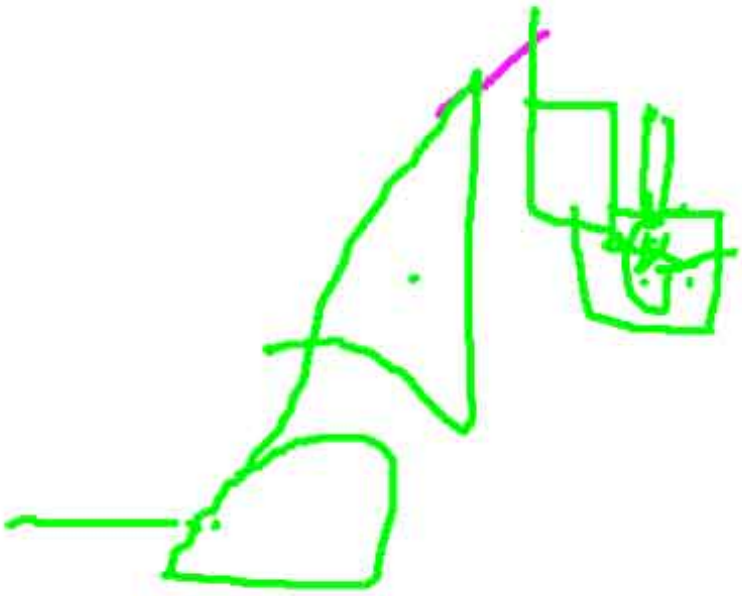
- **"A Rainbow" by Zack P, Age 4**

Zack P (possibly our own Zack Parsons) delivers one hell of a disappointment here. I can't even imagine his grandma being kind enough to stick this atrocity on the fridge. The kid is trying to draw a rainbow, but fails so miserably you'd think that he was actually stillborn. Rainbows are usually beautiful colorful arches, not violent Crayola spasms. If I looked at the sky and saw this horrible monstrosity, I would immediately believe the apocalypse to be on hand and murder my neighbor's cattle and stone his wife to death. There may be some truth to my apocalyptic interpretation, as you will note the second sun in the top right corner! I think having two suns dawn on the earth is probably a good sign that it's time to panic like hell! So much for this being an innocent picture, Zack P is the Nostradamus of bedwetting brats.

Additional Comments: this kid is clearly some kind of necromancer or soothsayer. Definitely a danger to good-natured folk of all kinds.
Final Grade: F

- **"Dog Carrying Box" by Phalgun N, Age 4**

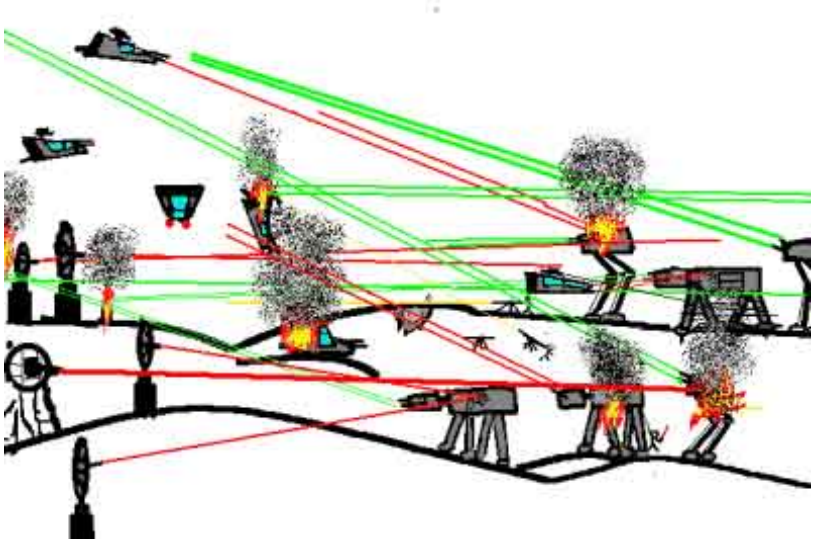
Phalgun, if that is indeed his or her real name, is quite possibly one of the worst artists in the known universe. This type of artistic incompetence is just terrifying. How is this a dog? How is this a dog carrying a box even? No offense, *Phalgun*, but this picture suggests you're a blind quadriplegic, because nobody, nobody is naturally this untalented. Maybe the poor kid has ADD and simply lacked the necessary focus to bring this picture to any sort of closure. I'm seriously at a loss for words here, because the primitive nature of this picture is so far below the scope of written word no statement



can accurately and justly portray it, with the possible exception of obscenities. This fucking sucks ass. Yeah, that seemed to get the job done.

Additional Comments: not only did you get the dog's color wrong but you also got its form wrong. Way to go, *Phalgun!*
Final Grade: F-

- **"The Scene from Ice Planet Hoth" by Andrew D, Age 10**



I really am in shock after seeing this picture. It's got tons of action, explosions, lasers, and plenty of neatness. Sure it's rather crude, but Andrew clearly has the same emotional maturity as George Lucas. If that bearded bastard can make hundreds of millions of dollars adding laser effects and crappy CG characters to ever inch of film space he can get his inept hands on, then this picture qualifies as good art. I never thought I'd be this generous, especially since my aim is to be mean and hateful, but I suppose I have to be objective from time to time.

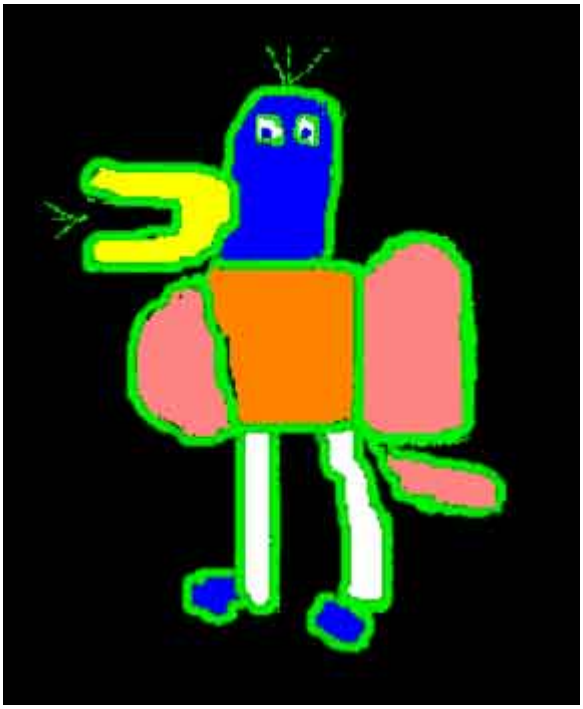
Additional Comments: Good job, your special effects really are a step above Industrial Light and Magic.
Final Grade: A+

- **"An Elf in the Rain" by Simone D, Age 5**

A more fitting title to this picture would be "Kool-Aid Man With Leprosy." I don't see an elf, and I certainly don't see rain, but I do see the melting, sore, and diseased smile of the Kool-Aid Man. I think Simone stands on the threshold between good and bad, because if this really was a picture of Kool-Aid Man, it could easily pass as a piece of genius pop art. Instead, because of poor naming, it falls into the category of bland and crappy fantasy art. If you do look at this picture and pretend that it is of the Kool-Aid Man stricken with leprosy, it places an incredible weight on your soul. The smile sustains even under the avalanche of scabs and deformities, echoing chills through each vertebrae of your spine. Imagine watching your hero smile even as he rots before you, unable to stop the onslaught of sickness and consumed with inner turmoil, yet still somehow strong enough to smile. I'm going to cry. With a different name, this would be one of the greatest and most haunting pieces of art ever created.

Additional Comments: you're a sick, sick kid.
Final Grade: D

■ **"Galah!" by Robert R, Age 6**



Robert seems to be on the verge of becoming a furry. If you notice, he portrays this duck-like creature in an anthropomorphic fashion, a staple of furry art. That's depressing enough, but it looks as though Robert tried to take on a little bit of Picasso's awful cubist style. That duck's freaking beak is hanging on the side of his face. Talk about awkward; I can't imagine a duck with a beak on the side of its face getting very far. For one thing, it's going to have a hell of a time acquiring bread scraps and whatever the hell else ducks eat, because it can't really see where its mouth is. The coloring, while somewhat decent in some regards, is far too flamboyant and unrealistic. I wonder if Robert has actually even seen what a real duck looks like, because this genetic mishap is going to be quaking its deformed lungs out for the sweet embrace of death. Another thing that bothers me here is Robert's composition skills. Isn't it kind of cliché and unimaginative to place your character in the center of the picture? Hey Robert, maybe you can take some time away from the playground to learn about the rule of thirds. You know, so your work isn't so dreadful.

Additional Comments: words cannot truly describe a duck that has a sideways beak.
Final Grade: F

■ **"Batman" by Bradley M, Age 4**

Bradley is clearly going for the overly confrontational "shock art" genre. Everything about this picture is disrespectful and ill mannered. Bradley brutally deconstructs the concept of the superhero, chiseling away the hardened exterior to expose something obscene and ridiculous. Batman is traditionally regarded, at least according to me, as the coolest hero ever. In this picture he's shown as a hideous mutant. His face seems to have numerous tumors, and bizarre makeup. Gone is the handsome face of Bruce Wayne,

all that remains now is the mangled remains of a dead drag queen's face. The yellow lines coming from Batman's bloated torso could either be hair, or needles, suggesting he has taken on the habit of self-mutilation. To further insult our collective decency, Bradley's Batman wears his testicles on the outside. What's more, he has three testicles, all dangling out in the open. I suspect Bradley was attempting to make a statement about Bruce Wayne's violent, testosterone-fueled nature by adding an additional symbol of manhood and exposing it in such a brazen way. He fails to realize, however, that Batman is first and foremost a detective, and therefore someone familiar with patience, caution, and sound judgment. If I was grading this on shock value it would get an A, but I'm not. Foul Bradley shouldn't despair, though. With crap like this he can expect a gratuitous donation from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Additional Comments: I hate you Bradley M.
Final Grade: F-

Well that certainly was a lot of fun, for me at least. I hope you enjoyed this exciting look into art's future. I think its safe to say that by looking at the artwork of children, I have a deeper appreciation for the blind and catatonic. I was very pleasantly surprised to learn that even the happy pictures these kids make have monstrous undertones. And here I thought this was going to be all sunshine and puppies.

Sweet Balls of Meat! A New Cartoon!

Bad news everybody! We're "proud" to present a brand new K-Dog motion picture masterpiece, this time dealing with the intensely complicated subject of love.

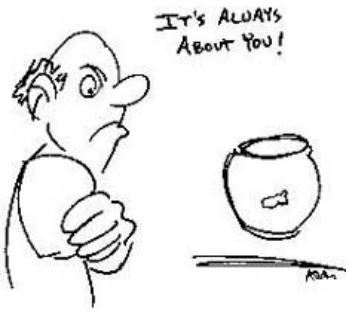
You is in love! This is very romantic, so don't watch this if there are any females present or you may end up with a present in the form of a bundle of a not-much-joy! That means a baby. An unwanted baby. So in other words, only watch this movie if you're having trouble knocking up your wife. Otherwise, don't bother. (1.08MB)

This has some seriously fine writing and voice acting, not to mention top-notch animation. If I were to encourage you to visit one Flash movie featured on our site today, this would probably be my second choice.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.20 Talk Your Way Out of Any Ticket, Any Time

Tuesday, May 20, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



This is what passes as "humor" on the Internet! I don't even know what it means! I think the fish is gay.

As you may or may not be aware of, I start many updates with the phrase "as you may or may not be aware of" and end them with a preposition such as "of." Hey, I'm a writer on the Internet; it's not like Something Awful faces stiff competition from rival humor sites such as "JeD2912's LaUgHiN K00L sItE" or the equally powerful "-={J0KE -A- DAY & MATRIX FANS1TE}=-" online humor resource, each of which risk exceeding their hourly Geocities bandwidth limit if both webmasters' parents decide to read them at once. Regardless, I recently made a huge move in my life, and I'm not talking about the kind of moves I make after eating a particularly large Mexican dinner. I purchased a home in Lee's Summit, Missouri, and drove there from the Seattle, Washington area, a 1900 mile drive in a Honda Accord full of cats, computers, and guns. The surly, burly moving people currently own all my worldly possessions and for all I know, they're taking turns hurling each box off the top of a waterfall and into some dangerous troll-infested forest below. I have no idea when they'll show up with my stuff, as the time period given to me by the sales representative was roughly along the lines of "between five and one hundred zillion billion jillion days." It's a good thing that all I need to perform this job is a computer, Internet connection, and distinct lack of good judgment skills, all three of which I currently possess in my barren, empty new house inside suburbia.

You're under arrest for being a female driver! And you appear to be nine inches tall! And what the hell is that guy in the background doing behind your car?

However, today's update is not about my many failures in life or the many failures I will be able to provide to you in the following decades of my adulthood; today's update is about speeding tickets. For a good portion of the 1900 mile drive from Washington to Missouri, I intentionally traveled at a velocity greater than the Federally-suggested limit. This was so I could make "good time." People like using the phrase "good time" because it sounds a lot more mysterious and skilled than simply stating "I drove really fucking fast." Let's say you want to purchase transsexual pornography from a store named "Joe's Tranny Hut." Wait, that's too unbelievable, let's make it something more plausible; you want to purchase transsexual pornography from a store named "Ed's Tranny Hut." This store is located 60 miles from where you are currently located. The speed limit between your home and the target destination is 60 miles per hour. If you leave and arrive there in one hour, you officially made "decent time." If it takes you longer than one hour, then you made "bad time" and can either blame traffic jams or the fact that everybody in the entire world except you is an absolutely horrendous driver. If you reach your destination in under an hour then you've made "good time" and are somehow viewed as a major deity who has the ability to warp the space / time continuum. Making "good time" implies some mysterious force of magic or Baby Jesus fueled your enigmatic ability to travel along a road and somehow get there quicker than somebody who would get there slower. Please examine these two conversations and note the distinct difference between bragging about "making good time" and the failure to do so:

- **GOOD EXAMPLE:**

Person #1: "How long did it take you to get here?"
Person #2: "30 minutes."
Person #1: *(So excited that his eyes begin to bleed and his heart detonates)* "Wow! You made good time!"

■ **VERY BAD EXAMPLE:**
Person #1: "How long did it take you to get here?"
Person #2: "30 minutes."
Person #1: "Wow! You must've applied extra pressure to your vehicle's acceleration pedal, thereby causing it to proportionally increase in velocity and result in a decreased length of time required for travel!"
Person #2: *(Outraged)* "Did you just call me a nigger?!?"

The previous two examples have shown the raw power that "making good time" gives its users. It also demonstrates how failing to compliment somebody on "making good time" can result in them mistaking your comments as a crude racial slur, resulting in their outrage as seen in between those two italicized curly bracket symbol thingies above. I was making "good time" a majority of the trip to Missouri, which means I was traveling at roughly half the speed of light and emulating that time-traveling car in "Back to the Future" only my vehicle was emitting significantly more fire behind it. Oh yeah, and I have less Parkinson's Disease than the driver as well.

Hey you stupid kid, where's your license plate and registration? You're going to jail early on so you can learn what it's like to live a life of crime, you little jerk.

As previously mentioned, I was making just a whole hell of a lot of "good time" for most of my trip. The speed limit on the I-90 was 70 mph, so I naturally traveled around 100 mph because I safely assumed the government accidentally switched numbers and the speed limit was actually 90 mph on the I-70. Unfortunately, some clay-slingin' lockjaw highway cop busted me as I traveled through the desolate wasteland known as South Dakota. At the time of my bustationment, I was trailing a white SUV at 79 miles an hour. This asshole-mobile in front of me was steadily accelerating while I was moving at a solid 80 mph, yet God decided to show he has a great sense of humor by allowing the police to pull me over while the Shithead Utility Vehicle escaped. This is another reason why Congress should pass my proposed law allowing non-SUV drivers the chance to launch surface to surface missiles at SUV owners and their kids' grade schools.

While I was sitting inside my vehicle and waiting for the South Dakota Highway Patrol Officer (their motto: "hey, it's South Dakota, we don't have anything else to do for God's sake"), my mind began racing for excuses that would let me slip out of ticket like a lubricated ballpoint pen inside Madonna's vagina. I had to come up with some slick, glossy, infinitely clever ruse so I could pull the proverbial wool over the proverbial South Dakota Highway Patrol Officer's eyes. I began pounding out alternatives as the officer ran my license plate tags to see how many people I recently murdered and raped to achieve a criminal rating of "SA Goon" in *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*. Did you like how I weaseled in that shameless self-promotion? Yeah, that's right, if you buy *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City* and murder enough elderly people and minorities, you can be a SA Goon as well! That's one of the "perks" of being a webmaster, besides the obvious lack of money, heterosexual sex, and excitement which would otherwise distract me from my lofty life goal of "being on the Internet."

The South Dakota Highway Patrol Officer exited his vehicle after a while and approached my gun / cat / computer filled deathtrap. I knew that the moment of truth had finally fallen upon my skinny, pasty shoulders and I had to either splooge out a clever lie or pony up the truth. Since nobody got

anywhere by telling the truth, yet many liars have become world-famous presidents, astronauts, and corpses, I decided to go with the first option. If you are ever caught speeding and have your back against the wall, feel free to use any of these well-thought out excuses to escape the icy clutches of the law's iron grip:

THREE FOOLPROOF EXCUSES WHICH WILL GET YOU OUT OF ANY SPEEDING TICKET:

"Highway Patrol": in color!

- **EXCUSE #1:** Claim the officer's radar gun is actually a thermometer which he doesn't know how to properly operate. I thought of this great idea when I was traveling at 98.7 mph. If you get busted going over 100 mph, then say that you have a fever or AIDS or SARS and that you're rushing to check yourself into the hospital. If the cop gets you going around 80 mph, then tell him you have pneumonia or you just got out of the neighbor's pool. If you're clocked at going under 80, insist he took the temperature of your car and it's insane to think that you'd have to pay a fine for your car being sick.

- **EXCUSE #2:** There is something happening to something else and you've got to do something about it. This is kind of the "catch all" excuse of all excuses. Your*[grandma]*just*[fell down a well]* and you've got to*[help her]*. Your*[dog]*is*[on fire]*and you've got to*[return a Blockbuster Video VHS tape before noon or else you'll have to pay a fine]*. Feel free to make up any words and insert them in the appropriate order like a game of "Mad Libs," only if you fuck up then you'll probably be arrested or shot in the mouth. If you do get shot in the mouth and have to explain to your grandma why you weren't there to help her out of the well, be sure to tell her your*[mouth]*just*[got shot]*and you had to*[die on the shoulder of a busy highway]*.

- **EXCUSE #3:** The racism card. Police organizations across the United States have gotten a bad rap lately just because certain bad apples have been singling out minorities, planting false evidence, and then eventually being busted by Sylvester Stallone and Ray Liotta during a harrowing gunfight. If you're white and the officer who pulled you over is black, claim he singled you out just to "get back" at the bigoted white cops. If you're black and the officer is white... well... I doubt you're reading this page, as I don't think there are any black people retarded and unhip enough to read this website. I don't think black people can achieve the same level of pale-white skin as people like me gain from countless hours of LCD exposure, thereby legally prohibiting them from reaching festering nerd cauldrons like this page. If you're white and the officer who pulls you over is white, claim it's "white on white crime" and is an example of reverse racism in action. Threaten to call either Jessie Jackson or Jessie Helms or Jessie "The Body" Ventura, depending on who has the most flexible schedule at the time.

I eventually opted for the exciting "excuse #4" choice, which dictates that the sucker being pulled over should stammer on about how he just bought a new house and he's driving to the new house and it's his first new house and HEY, WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE IN THE DISTANCE? IT LOOKS LIKE A MURDER CRIME! OFFICER, QUICKLY GO AND ARREST THAT PERSON FOR HIS MURDER CRIME! Since I acted particularly polite and docile during my stay in the squad car, the officer knocked a bonus four miles off my ticket and claimed I was going 75 mph in a 65 mph zone which only ended up infuriating me more because who the hell does he think he is, giving me a ticket for only going 10 miles an hour over the speed limit? I mean, that's really ridiculous; if he was to ticket me for going 79 mph in a 65 zone, then that's something else, but

75 is an insult and you can clearly tell that the South Dakota Highway Patrol is simply looking for additional funds to buy that shiny new Snapple machine they've been eyeing for months now. No matter what you decide to say, make sure it does not reference "making good time," as they'll see through that excuse quicker than Superman folding Madonna's lubricated underpants. Okay, that last joke didn't even make sense, but this isn't JeD2912's LaUgHiN K00L sItE, so you shouldn't really be expecting too many great things in the first place

I know Deep Dish

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here for another Goldmine Tuesday. I'm really, really excited about today's Comedy Goldmine. It started out as a thread in FYAD, and grew into quite possibly the funniest Comedy Goldmine ever. I'm serious. Stop looking at me like that.

In today's Goldmine the SA Forum Goons answer the oft asked question, "What if The Matrix had been about making pizza?" I know that I and various people I associate with ponder this very question hourly. What kind of sauce would Morpheus use? Would he stay true to the essence of pizza and be a thin crust man, or would he be a master of all forms of pie?

(Street)
Health Inspector Smith: Mario...
Mario: Oh shit.
Health Inspector Smith: Mario, you were given specific orders.
Mario: Hey, I'm just doing my job. You give me that '30 minutes or less' crap, you can cram it up your ass.
Health Inspector Smith: The orders were for your protection.
Mario: I think we can handle one personal pan.... I sent two delivery men. They're bringing her the pizza now.
Health Inspector Smith: No Mario, your men are already dead.

Now if that isn't the finest cinema to ever grace a webpage, then I'll eat my hat. Click here so you can see how far down the block the pizza man delivers.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.21 Welcome to the Timelab!

Wednesday, May 21, 2003 by Daring "American Hero" Armstrong

Something Awful has been blessed with the honor of hosting my new web site and you, my loving fans, have been blessed with my rapier wit and timely sense of humor for at least a day. Hello, for those of you who have been living under rocks since the Timelab program launched allow me to introduce myself to you. My name is Daring Armstrong and I am a hero of time and space. Every week or so I must hurtle my body through the quantum continuum accompanied by my portly mentor Professor Chronos. It's a tough job, but no one else could do it!

To kick things off and bring to you the exciting launch of my web site I have created a comic detailing the first mission I went on through the incredible Time Portal. I traveled all the way back to 32 AD to save some Jesus guy from being killed or whatever. It was quite an adventure and you can bet this retelling of it is heavy on the action and light on the plot. I wrote it myself to be that way!

In addition to this comic, which would be enough on its own to wow you for weeks, I've also had our intern here at the Time Lab go through my collection of photos and info and put together a web site so that the fans can keep up on the goings-on at the Time Lab.

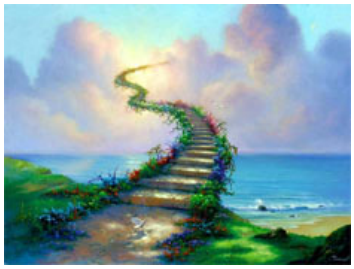
What is a hero without a sidekick? Well, I'm pretty much the same only I say "this time it's personal" a lot less. During the days when the Sidekicks Co-op program was running I had a total of three unbelievably cute helpers. There was what's-his-name the huge-eyed Mexican kid that I don't think even spoke English. He got run over by a tank when we traveled back to World War I, or maybe it was World War II. Either way this tank just came out of nowhere and squashed him like a little Mexican bug. Then I yelled "this time it's personal you stupid Krauts!" and I opened the hatch of the tank and it was just like "burratatatatat" and I nailed everyone inside. I think the Mexican kid would have been proud that he helped me in his very tiny way by sacrificing his life like that.

Ladies, if you're single, please don't hesitate to e-mail me and we'll see if you're hot enough to come visit me in between pulse-pounding escapades through time itself!

-~Daring "American Hero" Armstrong

5.22 Of Death and Dying

Thursday, May 22, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



I can almost see the JAVA reflecting water applet.

A wiser man than me once said that two things are inevitable; death and I think it was undeath. Eventually you're either going to bite it or you're going to use ancient druid magic to enchant your body as a decay-resistant vessel for your immortal soul. For those of us still working on power-leveling our way to casting the lich ritual we've always got good old fashioned perishing to fall back on. It might not sound like much, and according to most religions it's even worse than "not much", but until we get at least 100,000 or so more experience it's all we've got.

Most religions believe in something analogous to the Christian heaven and hell. One is a vague spiritual paradise that is impossible to imagine because no one these days would really fall for "hanging out with your dead grandpa in a white room while harps play in the background". You heard all of grandpa's stories while he was still drawing breath, why you would want to spend the rest of eternity hashing over the finer points of the time he hit a cow with his Ford pickup is a question left unanswered by the Christian conception of heaven. Then there's hell and depending on which chapter of which book you're reading it can be anything from a lake of fire, to a freezing pit of ice, to being eternally tortured by fiends with implements of cruelty. Grandpa and the cow caper never looked so good, but it can't be all that bad! After all, I eventually got used to this huge fucking goiter I have, doesn't even bother me a bit, so I think having hot needles shoved into my ass is going to be old hat eventually too.

The whole good and evil afterlife concept is a little irrelevant to Buddhists who have a hierarchy of personal heavens and hells so complicated that their monks hand out Power Point presentations on the subject with all kinds of flow charts and awesome frame transitions where the picture of hell 45 spins off to the side and then the clipart lighting bolt flashes a few times. It's pretty cool, but just when you start to understand what's going on they throw in the reincarnation angle and you're pretty much doomed to a Scanners-esque head explosion.

Gah! Send me to hell, please!

Atheists have it the best in my opinion, just a big black nothing. Their afterlife is sort of like a dreamless sleep or getting hit in the head with a pitch and waking up on first base. Many are horrified at the concept that there is nothing waiting for us after we get AWPed, but I take comfort in the fact that at least one group has an afterlife belief system where you just sort of sit out the rest of the game. You don't even have to watch it from the sidelines either; you just hit the hammocks next to the playing field.

Then there are all the crazy cults. I think the Scientologists believe that when you die your body gets taken over by a Thetan and he walks around in your corpse like a zombie. Meanwhile you're frying in a volcano where Xenu and his ilk like to hang out thanks to the explosion of a hydrogen bomb. The Mormons believe that, well, I guess they believe that ringing my door bell at 10 PM on a Thursday is a good idea and somehow related to heaven. Personally I think it's more related to me walking out on my balcony and screaming at them to leave, but whatever floats their cosmic boat. Don't forget the Baptists. Here in Chicago they patrol the streets in squads

on bicycles like they're in some Christian-themed action show where every drug dealer and pimp is part of a Satanic cult. I'm convinced that they don't even believe in heaven because if you hear their spiel pretty much everyone is screwed to damnation, although if you're Baptisty enough and you ride your bike really good you might get like a not-quite-as-bad version of hell.

Me? I'm an agnostic. From the stand point of an atheist it's a cowardly thing to do because I can't quite commit to the idea that there is no magical wizard controlling things behind the scenes. From the stand point of most religious folk I'm no better than anyone else who isn't in their particular secret club. I'm going to suck dirt one day and because I refused to let their Jesus action bike squad in while I was in the middle of watching a screener of "The Matrix: Reloaded" I am going to be sucking dirt through a lava straw. I see where they're coming from I guess, it's just that none of these afterlife game plans really have all that much to offer me.

To cope with this huge question mark awaiting me at the end of my days I have decided to embark on the glorious journey down the path of righteousness. Ladies and gentlemen, I have decided to create my own religion and afterlife, and none of you are invited.

- **The Church of Zackolology Members:** 1

No more worries like this. It's free sailin' from here on out!

Core Beliefs: I am awesome.

Worship: Conducted on the couch in my apartment. Service begins with me flipping idly through the channels on Direct TV until I get frustrated and turn on my Xbox. When I repeatedly fail to beat a particular level or enemy I will yell, throw the controller on the floor, and conclude the service by storming back to my computer to voice how much I hate that particular game on an Internet Forum.

Holy Days: Every religious holiday on the Christian calendar that requires me to spend time with either my family or my girlfriend's family. I will celebrate these holidays for the Church of Zacklology by either faking illness or getting in a big argument with someone and locking myself in the bedroom.

Mortal Sins:

- Never get less than 6 hours of sleep in a night.
- Never do laundry until I'm forced at best to wear clothes that look like they were caught in a shrapnel blast and at worst attempt to fashion pants out of caulk.
- Never cook anything more complicated than Ritz crackers.
- Never say "I'm sorry" unless it somehow keeps me out of prison.
- Never seed a Bit Torrent once you're finished downloading. Close the window as soon as it says "download completed" and never look back.

The Afterlife: In the complex system of beliefs as dictated on high by the Church of Zackolololology, or whatever it's called, the afterlife is divided into two parts. The first

> part is called "Freezelandia" and it takes place immediately after the devoted worshipper expires. This transitional afterlife last for about 90 years during which time the departed soul is reborn as the best-selling rapper of all time. He will be granted no less than seven helicopters, five Hummers including a Hummer stretch limousine with a heated pool in the back full of inflatable Hummer toys, 99 rotweillers all wearing diamond-studded platinum collars, a 500 room mansion cut entirely from one massive diamond, and tons of women with so much diamond jewelry that they will be referred to as "the abominable snow hos". At the end of this life the reborn rap star will be blingmogenically frozen.
>
> When he awakens from his Straight Ice Cooler he will be greeted to a realm of eternal relaxation. He will lounge around all day on massive couches playing video game consoles so powerful that all he has to do is think about a cool game concept and it will create the game for him. Periodically he will receive oral sex or be fed cake without pausing from the video game console. Whenever he gets stuck in a game the enemy he is fighting will actually apologize for being too difficult and kill itself in a particularly grisly fashion. In the afternoons the blessed will oversee the summary executions of furries rounded up by his murder squads and his evening will be spent liquefying the brains of people who write erotic fan fiction.

There, I just provided the final solution to the religion question! Sorry if this doesn't actually help any of you, I just had to get it out of my system what with all the SARS and terrorism around.

This Section Zoned for Phriday Development

The passage of time has once again made it possible for there to be a Phriday, which means it's time for us to show you what the SA Forum Goons have cooked up! Livestock here, letting you know that our delicious theme is "Awful Businesses." What's an awful business? Well, here's a pretty good example.

I do hereby encourage you to henceforth proceed to yonder Phriday of Photoshop.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.23 A Dark Day for Golf, an Average Day for Everyone Else

Saturday, May 24, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

The world of golf was turned upside down by the recent media storm surrounding Annika Sorenstam. Well, "turned upside down" may have been something of an overstatement, but certainly the world of golf was shaken to its foundation. And you know, I've always really thought of the world of golf as being a one-dimensional line, so when you think about it, even if it was shaken or turned upside down, it really wouldn't make a difference. But as far as not making a difference goes, Annika Sorenstam sure didn't make the biggest one in golf history. Actually, there have been bigger differences not made in the last few years. But I can say without a hint of hesitation that Annika Sorenstam definitely didn't make the not biggest difference in golf history, and if ever there was a newsworthy item, that would be it. As the first woman to compete in a PGA tournament in fifty-eight years, Sorenstam carried with her the hopes of women everywhere as she stepped up to the tee at the first hole of the Colonial. She had the remarkable opportunity to prove that women are every bit as capable as men.

All things considered, she really performed quite well. Of course, that doesn't change the fact that she's a loser. LOSER!

Her elimination in the second round shows what we all knew to begins with - that, of course, women are not as capable as men. At least I think that's what it shows. Maybe it shows that Swedish people can't golf. I don't know, there must be some other group I can piss off with this. Uh, here, try this on for size: Jesus is a dick, Mohammed sucks, and I hate cats, specifically yours. There, that ought to do the trick. Now while the easily-offended are writing their angry emails (and trust me, they will), we can get on with what really matters - talking about a golf event that every major news source on the planet has already beaten into the ground.

IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

1.5 million people tuned into to watch Sorenstam's performance on the USA network, setting a new record for ratings for a Thursday broadcast of a PGA event *(factual information stolen with deliberate and malicious intent from SportsIllustrated.com)*. That fact obviously has massive implications. For instance, how much does the USA network have to suck that they'd get excited over 1.5 million viewers? I could go on public access and play the bongos on my ass for twenty minutes and pull in 1.5 million viewers. In fact, that's not a bad idea. I could even rent out each cheek to advertisers and start pulling in the big bucks. Just like the big bucks Annika Sorenstam failed to win at the Colonial! Oh snap! That's right, I went there.

Golf has experienced some serious upheavals in the last few years. It started when Tiger Woods made history by becoming the youngest person and also the first African-American person ever to win the Masters, proving to white people everywhere that the darkies are taking over. They've conquered sports, music, television, and film, and meanwhile the only thing that the white folk have taken is Michael Jackson. Tiger instantly became the face of golf. Now Annika Sorenstam may not have changed the way we all look at golf (i.e. briefly as we are flipping through the channels looking for porn), but I'd wager that she'll soon become the spokeswoman for the LPGA. Hell, as far as I know, she's already the spokeswoman for the LPGA. The extent of my actual knowledge about the LPGA is limited to the fact that there *is* a LPGA. Even if she didn't make it all the way to the end of the tournament, Sorenstam still caused quite a stir among golfers

and fans alike.

The problem is, the phrase "golfers and fans alike" encompasses approximately 0.0001 percent of the population. As many supposedly exciting changes as golf has undergone in recent years, it doesn't change the fact that I deeply and truly do not care about it in the least. I mean, when I try to think of the top three things that I absolutely could not care any less about, the list ends up looking something like this:

Feel the excitement. Woo.

1. The plight of the sloth, three-toed or otherwise
2. Anything that has ever happened in the nation of Burundi
3. Professional golf

Here, a father teaches his son to swing the club, hoping he'll be the next Tiger Woods. It's not going to happen, pal. Give up now.

And frankly, that's being somewhat generous. Now, I'm not saying that I don't enjoy *playing* golf. In fact, quite the opposite! I love going down to the ol' driving range and launching a bucket of balls into orbit. Unfortunately, I suck, so I typically end up launching the bucket of balls about forty feet. All the same, it's a perfectly enjoyable activity. It's just not a sport. The competition in golf is the lamest part of the game. It's the only competitive event in which the presence of other players on the field is actually a severe detriment to the progression and enjoyability of the game. The ideal atmosphere for the players is one of complete silence and isolation. That's why watching golf is an agonizingly boring process. The player stands there for hours at a time analyzing their shot.

> **Player:** *(Thinking)* "Should I hit the ball? I wonder if I should hit the ball now. Oh, maybe I should swing the club and hit the ball. I don't know. Is now a good time to hit the ball? Should I hit it? With the club? Oh, I don't know. I guess I'll just stand here looking back and forth between the ball and the hole for another fifteen minutes or so."

It's infuriating. And all the while, the announcer is whispering into the microphone, trying not to disturb the player's absolute calm and concentration.

> **Announcer:** *(Producing the bare minimum amount of sound needed to be registered by the human ear)* "He's getting ready to hit the ball now. He's almost ready to start his swing on his way to hitting the ball. He's using a club to hit the ball this time, a bold move by a bold player. We're expecting that he may hit the ball at any point within the hour - certainly an exciting moment in golf history. Oh wait - he's going to - no, he's just repositioning his club over the other shoulder."

There is nothing more irritating in the world than having to spend hours listening to that goddamn announcer struggle to push just enough air through his vocal chords to form speech. And you know you can't help anything by turning up your speakers, because then you'll just get the same damn whisper and that annoying static hum you get when you turn your speakers up too high. Maybe if they could play a little music in the background it would be more tolerable. It's not like they would actually have to have music on the golf course. They could add it in the studio. I'm fairly

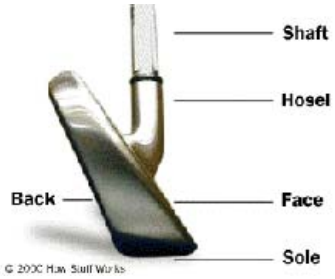
GOLF

certain that today's modern television studios, including the ones owned by the obviously derelict USA corporation, possess the technology to accomplish this. Even so, while some music might make the commentary more bearable, it wouldn't do much for the game itself. No, golf needs a complete overhaul if it want to be upgraded from "game" to "sport" and really bring in the fans. Luckily, golf has one of mankind's greatest marketing minds on it's side - mine. I've got a few ideas that would pump some much-needed life into the game that King Henry VIII of Norway once called, "golf."

What the hell is this?

First of all, no more of this one-player-at-a-time crap. It's fine and dandy in mini-golf, but we're talking about a professional sport, here. The players should all tee off at once. Now, I realize that big tournaments can include well over a hundred players, so I'm willing to sacrifice my principles a little and have them go in waves of eight to ten players at a time. In the interest of everyone finding their own ball again, each player should be encouraged to have their balls painted with unique designs, logos, and imagery. For instance, Greg "The Shark" Norman might have black balls with a silver shark logo, whereas Josh "Livestock" Boruff would designate his golf balls with a picture of a cow, or possibly an incredibly annoying animated GIF. Now, you may be wondering, "Sure the tee-off will be interesting and colorful, but won't the game be the same old thing after that?" Not if I can help it. I mean, why would you even ask that? Did you actually think that my entire plan for livening up golf consisted of simultaneous tee-offs and multi-colored golf balls? Jesus, I'd think that you'd give me a little more credit than that. You bastard, now I don't even want to tell you the rest of my plan, but I will anyway, because I'm a man of principles and because Lowtax would beat me if I didn't.

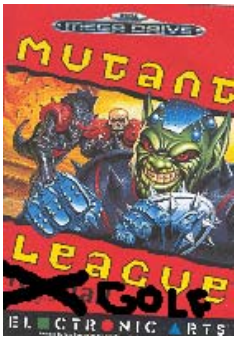
After a wave of players tees off, they would have the entire hole to themselves. They would have to make a mad dash to find their own balls and play them to the hole while the other players are doing the same thing. Of course, there is no way that caddies could keep up with their players with a full bag of golf clubs in tow, so the caddies would have to stay back and the players would be allowed to bring as many clubs as they can carry with them as they try to make it to the hole first. For convenience's sake, a ring of putters would be laid around the circumference of the green. Now, I mentioned that they would be trying to get to the hole first, and indeed that would be the case. A player's score for a hole would depend not only upon how many strokes it took to reach the pin, but how many of the other players in the wave he beat there. When a player sinks a ball, he would be allowed to deduct the number of strokes equivalent to the number of players that he beat to it. For instance, in a wave of eight players, the first person to sink their ball would deduct seven strokes from their score. The next person would deduct six, and so on to the last person, who would not deduct anything and could damn well go cry about it.



A full scientific deconstruction of exactly what will be careening into Arnold Palmer's skull at forty miles an hour.

Now, you might think that the best players would end up with ridiculously low scores, possibly even in the negative numbers! I have a feeling, though, that with a few more changes, the players would need quite a few more strokes to get to the hole than today's golfers. First of all, once the players tee-off, the game would become full-contact. That included beating the hell out of one another with the clubs. Protective pads and headgear would be encouraged to reduce the amount of fatalities right off the bat. As they play through the course, the players would be able to actively prevent one another from achieving their beloved concentration as they take their shots. A nine-iron to the groin will throw anybody off. To discourage players from ignoring one another in terms of physical combat and just running off to find their own balls, players would be allowed to hit other players' balls backwards if they find them first, so players would have an incentive to stop their competitors from getting to their balls before they do.

In addition, the sand traps and water hazards would finally live up to their names. Sand traps would be replaced with good old-fashioned quicksand. You don't hear much about quicksand anymore these days, and I think that it's time it made a comeback, just like golf itself. Imagine the excitement and hilarity of a player desperately trying to chip his ball out of the liquidy glop before his sinks, while simultaneously fending off the club attacks from players standing on solid ground. It's ratings gold! As for water hazards, the players would not receive any stroke penalties for submerging their balls, but they would have to go in after them. A scuba mask and oxygen tank would be left every fifty feet along the perimeter of any body of water, but players would want to bring at least one club in with them, as the water would be stocked with sharks. Not great whites or anything of that nature, mind you. I'm not cruel. Nothing over ten feet in length. But there would be a lot of them.



You were all thinking it. Admit it. Also, fear my Photoshop skills.

With full body contact, plenty of violence and bloodshed, weapons, cheap tricks, and courses loaded with what essentially boil down to booby traps, this newly revamped version of golf is bordering on something great. By now we're all thinking it, but I'll say it anyway:

Mutant League Golf.

The Mutant League franchise worked wonders for football and hockey, it can do the same for golf. Come on, just try and tell me that you wouldn't tune in to watch this version of golf if all the players were foul-tempered undead mutants? Of course you would. The ratings would go through the roof. All in all, the game of golf is fine as it is for a relaxing pastime. But the professional sport needs some fine tuning. When my suggestions are implemented, I guarantee you that golf will be more popular than ever, which is to say, at all.

I Og, You Og, We All Og for State Og!

I know what you're thinking - "A State Og update? It must be Saturday!"
Well it's not. It's Sunday. Get your head out of your ass, asshead. Since Reid "Reid 'Frolixo' Paskiewicz" Paskiewicz is missing in action (due to an incident ironically linked to State Og), the joyous task of announcing the latest news from our friendly State Og representatives has fallen to me. Whatcha got for us, representatives?

> *At State Og our efforts to provide clients with revolutionary new advances in health care never fail to turn up something amazingly dangerous... dangerously healthy! That's why we're proud to announce that our top secret proctology research lab has finally produced something other than hilarious video clips that circulate on the Internet. Yes, at long last we've found the silver bullet for all your colon woes, unless you've been shot in the colon with a silver bullet!*
>
> *What is this incredible new discovery, you ask? First, picture the average American colon; packed with dense waste, full of toxins, one more steak away from forming a nasty tumor. It's a bad scene for everybody involved! The only thing to be done about this situation is to throw that old colon away and get a new one, right? Not so fast! State Og is here to be the salvation of your ass, with the introduction of the Spider-Enema! When you undergo this procedure at any one of our Ez-Og convenience stores nationwide, your rectum will be stuffed to the limit with hundreds of high-quality live spiders! Those voracious little buggers will eat anything to stay alive, cleaning you out in no time! It's like having an ass full of spiders! The procedure is sure to be long lasting, as we've been having a hell of a time getting them all out again, and a few dozen of them are sure to lay some eggs!*

Aw, State Og! Just when I'm feeling down in the dumps because of the lack of spiders crawling around in my anus, you come along with just the thing to cheer me up! To learn more about this and other exciting products, as well as other developments from this gentle giant of the world domination - I mean, not world domination - industry, check out the latest news.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

5.24 Cobra After-Action Report for Lasers in the Night

Sunday, May 25, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

Another excellent allocation of Cobra resources.

In the 1960's the United States government seriously considered a plan to detonate a large atomic bomb on the moon as a demonstration of our nation's power. It was decided that, while dramatic, it was not worth soiling the moon just to show off to the filthy commies. The reason I mention this ambitious and bizarre scheme is to help you put Cobra Commander's own plan in "Lasers in the Night" into a little bit of context. It's still a pretty horrible plan, but it isn't much worse than the "nuke the moon" plot that the US government cooked up a few decades ago.

I'll stop beating around the bush because there is no softening the stupidity blow with this one. Cobra Commander's plan is to steal the control codes for a "laser guidance system" which, contrary to what you might think, actually is used to guide a laser. Alright, that's not so bad, and for once Cobra has a concrete goal to work towards. The reasoning for stealing the guidance codes is that Cobra Commander has a laser but no guidance system, and he desperately wants to use the laser to achieve dominance of the world. Great, a huge space laser could cut a swath of destruction and strike terror into the hearts of men. It would be sort of a futuristic Sword of Damocles that Cobra Commander could use as a bargaining chip. Then we find out that he, uh, wants to use the laser to draw his face on the moon. This plan is so dumb that Destro actually screams at Cobra Commander and the Baroness shakes her head with disgust.

Watching Cobra Commander's plot unfold on screen I was pleased to see that he had for once selected a secret base that did not consist of a giant Cobra-headed fortress surrounded by SAM launchers. In "Lasers in the Night" Cobra has based its operations inside an inactive volcano located on a small island off the coast of the United Sates. Not a trace of habitation exists on the island and by all evidence Cobra seems to have done an excellent job with constructing a hidden redoubt for its forces. Unfortunately, Cobra planners failed to take into account that the island was dismayingly named "Snake Island" on maps and was located within about five miles of a GI Joe base. Cobra also goes to great lengths to undermine even this dubious secrecy, but more on that later.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** A super laser beam of some sort that's missing a guidance system.
- **Company Level Resources:**

1+Platoon of Cobra Infantry
1+ Platoon of Televipers
1+ Platoon of Crimson Guard Elite Infantry
1 Cobra Rattler
3+ Cobra Attack Helicopters
Some Useless Glowing Whips

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

Potentially the US Coast Guard or Harbor Patrol.

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Secure the guidance system and carve Cobra Commander's face into the moon with the super laser.

- **Alternate Mission Objectives**

I don't know, maybe shoot the laser at something useful.

For its part GI Joe is certainly nothing to write home about in this episode. Not only are they no more effective at catching intruders than Cobra is, they are also prone to blabbering to anyone who will listen about top secret security codes. We also get an unusual look at how the command and control structure of GI Joe works and find it lacking to say the least. Apparently every system in the GI Joe base is slaved to a single computer which can be deactivated from the outside by entering a four-digit code. Radar, vehicles, alarms, space lasers, all of them are compromised if someone knows a four digit code that low-ranking generic technicians just spout out to anyone who will listen to them. It's the security equivalent of assigning all of your bank cards and passwords the same four digit PIN and then walking around with this number written on a t-shirt. GI Joe's computer might just be broadcasting an IP address.

- **198X - Day 1, 9:00 PM**

Sorority sisters Amber and Sandy are attending an evening lecture on Greek mythology. In a span of seconds we learn that the hot, clean-cut Amber is smart and good-natured, while the overweight and frumpy Sandy is a total slut with no brains. Amber sees that a GI Joe demonstration of martial arts is taking place on campus and decides to go while Sandy remarks that she's going "hunk hunting". Inside the auditorium we see Quick Kick awkwardly shoulder-tackling opponents and karate chopping chains. His performance is met with scattered applause but when he asks for volunteers Amber races down the steps and practically straddles Quick Kick so that she can ride him into the sunset. An uncomfortable and sexually charged sparring match follows with first Amber and then ultimately Quick Kick resorting to dirty tricks rather than martial skill to defeat their opponent. After they've worked each other up into a lather Quick Kick asks Amber out on a date and she seems all too eager to agree.

One moral of this episode is that chubby and stupid girls are sluts.

Amber assumes the position for Quick Kick.

What I can only assume is a montage of their passionate dates in the following days is then shown. Their first date is a night of dancing, with Amber twitching spasmodically like a recovering junkie and Quick Kick performing some sort of bizarre mixture of break dancing and teleportation. Then they hit the ballet, which a tuxedo-wearing Quick Kick snoozes through. The third date shown is the hot couple at a baseball game with Quick Kick cheering wildly and Amber sound asleep next to him. What amazing fucking chemistry! Two out of three dates were slept through by one person or the other. For the fourth and final date shown Quick Kick and Amber drift on a pond in a canoe making smoochy. Amber reveals her desire to join the GI Joe team and when Quick Kick voices his concern she observes very astutely that "if you can handle Cobra, how dangerous can they be?" This emasculating comment is probably one of the most intelligent things ever said in an episode of GI Joe as it cuts to the core of the pathetic slap-fighting struggle between Cobra and GI Joe.

Meanwhile, on a mysterious tiny island with a volcano on it, Gung Ho is running through a jungle

punching snakes in the head. He is almost immediately ensnared by some sort of glowing rope that we later discover is one of several "laser lashes" just entering service with Cobra. It should be noted that "laser lashes" have no difference to normal rope or a whip other than they glow blue. They don't shock people, they don't paralyze them with lasers venom or something, they just glow. TECHNOLOGY! Gung Ho is hauled off to the brig by the Cobra troopers and Cobra Commander instructs the Baroness that she needs to obtain a device for him from GI Joe! Uncharacteristically Cobra Commander decides not to go on a detailed exposition rampage.

Day 2, Midnight

Cobra has struck at a GI Joe "electronics lab" and set it on fire. Duke, Lady Jaye, Scarlet, and Bazooka fly down in helicopters to check out the conflagration. What happens when they run inside is a bit confusing because it's so poorly animated. Lady Jaye leads the way, followed closely by the rest of the Joe team. From off screen we hear the Baroness trying really badly to disguise her voice and calling out to Lady Jaye for help. Lady Jaye yells back "Duke, Scarlet, is that you?" even though less than three seconds earlier Duke and Scarlet ran in behind her. Even if they had sprinted into the building they could not be more than ten fucking feet away, yet she falls for the Baroness's retarded ruse and gets clobbered over the head by the Baroness who has somehow disguised herself as a blue mannequin for "mysterious plot reasons".

Bazooka, who is so smart that he just ran into a raging fire carrying a huge anti-tank weapon, proceeds to beat down timbers with the obviously loaded rocket launcher and rescues "Lady Jaye" from a fiery death. The Baroness is just fortunate that her little switcharoo wasn't foiled by Bazooka's moronic fire fighting methods accidentally discharging a missile into her face. With everyone back outside a Cobra Rattler launches skyward in an effort to convince the feverish and retarded that the Baroness did not just assume Lady Jaye's identity. Duke comments that Cobra must have been looking for GI Joe's laser guidance system that they had just relocated to their less flammable main base.

Way to go using that LAW rocket as a fucking fire ax.

After a brief and hammy interlude around fake Lady Jaye's hospital bed in the GI Joe infirmary we see a black-clad female scaling the exterior wall of the Joe base. Mainframe detects the intruder and sends Duke to intercept her in the "map room" where we learn... dun, dun, dun... it's actually Amber trying to impress the Joes with her ninja sneaking skills. Quick Kick does a horrible John Wayne impression that somehow gets her off the hook and Duke even allows him to take Amber on a tour of the base. Almost immediately Quick Kick begins explaining how the security codes are being changed and then a loose-lipped female Joe named "Alice" never seen before or since says "we change the security code every day. Tonight's security code is 1069." Great job Alice, I assume you never appear in a cartoon again because you were shot for treason you daft cunt.

Amber runs around some more pissing off Quick Kick and acting like she wants to get shot by guards and we find out that Gung Ho has been captured while investigating a potential Cobra base on "Snake Island". GI Joe should just preemptively bomb every geo-political region with "snake" in the name, but until they wise-up sending one shirtless and unarmed marine to check out islands within walking distance is probably their best bet.

Day 2, 2:00 AM

Destro and Cobra commander share a worthless conversation over the amazing helicopter communication screen. The action then cuts back to the Joe base where Duke is explaining how the laser guidance system will allow the Joes to shoot mysterious space insects. This scene is only really no-

table since Lady Jaye is already out of the infirmary and listening in on secret GI Joe conversations. Amber also crops up to make the impending disappearance of the guidance system point even more in her direction. Before the scene can get much more sinister Cobra Rattlers attack the landing strip dropping bombs on all but one of the planes conveniently lined up outside. Fake Lady Jaye manages to get to the remaining aircraft and take to the sky in fake pursuit of the Cobra Rattler. She then calls in a distress signal right away and fake crashes into Snake Island. This is obviously displayed on the GI Joe radar and the time interval would imply that the Cobra base is within sight of the GI Joe base.

Nice secret code GI Joe. Ten seconds after you program it in the damn thing is on the Cobratron on Snake Island.

This strategy is so horrible I'm reluctant to even discuss it. First off you've got the Cobra base right next to the GI Joe base. Then you've got the Baroness in disguise visibly crashing onto the island. Even a military organization as wholly inept as GI Joe would be remiss if it didn't send a rescue team out to try and save one of their elite soldiers. When the laser guidance system turns up missing Duke very mildly chews out Quick Kick, blaming him for bringing the treacherous Amber into the Joe facility and exposing her to closely guarded secrets like the security codes for everything in her base. It can be assumed that a full inquiry of the incident conducted outside the framework of the episode indicated Alice as the actual weak link in the GI Joe security plan. Regardless of Alice's ultimate fate, Quick Kick does a Mae West impression that sounds suspiciously like his John Wayne impression and hurries off to track down Amber.

Negligee-wearing sorority girls flee screaming from Quick Kick inside Amber's sorority house. Amber's slutty room mate Sandy shows him Amber's room and they listen in to her answering machine message explaining that she has gone to Snake Island. Seemingly more evidence of her guilt, Quick Kick and the other Joes prepare to mount an attack on the almost very slightly secret base on Snake Island.

■ Day 2, 3:00 AM

Using a rubber insertion raft, scuba gear, and an array of equipment, Amber sneaks into the Cobra base on Snake Island via an underwater tunnel. She sneaks through a ventilation shaft all the way to the control room of the base where Cobra Commander is about to finally explain his plans to the Baroness and Destro. Just as he's getting to his point some random scientist guy spots Amber hiding in the ventilation duct and she is thrown in a dungeon with Gung Ho and Lady Jaye. Neither of them recognizes her, which is no big surprise since Lady Jaye was replaced with the Baroness before Amber tried to sneak into the GI Joe base and Gung Ho hardly even remembers his own name. Amber alerts the Joes to the danger of the Cobra "laser machine" and then demonstrates the strength of her kung fu by breaking the chains securing Gung Ho and Lady Jaye to the wall.

Untrained college girls are capable of sneaking into both Cobra and GI Joe bases.

Back in the sort of secret control room Cobra Commander shoots a laser at the moon as a means of explaining his plan to Destro and the Baroness. Quick Kick beats up a few guards as his makes his way solo into the control room in a matter of seconds. As strong as he is though he's no match for the amazing glowing whips which quickly render him "wrapped in glowing rope". Shortly after being tied up Cobra Commander's face takes shape on the surface of the moon and Destro rightfully get really pissed off that "[Cobra Commander has] wasted millions on this cosmic graffiti". Luckily

Gung Ho, Lady Jaye, and Amber break into the control room and free Quick Kick. In turn Quick Kick knocks over four guards which is sufficient reason for Destro and the Baroness to flee. Realizing he has been abandoned, and in the face of such tremendously overwhelming odds as four GI Joes armed with a total of one gun in a room full of guards, Cobra Commander starts waving his hands over his head and runs out in a tizzy.

Cobra Commander in one of his less heroic moments.

The unholy trio escapes Snake Island in those cute little black helicopters Cobra has, but Quick Kick and Amber are in hot pursuit. This pursuit consists of them getting immediately shot down by a remarkably aggressive Destro and then saved by a shitty Deus Ex Machina flight of Joe jet fighters being led by Duke. Back at Joe HQ we learn that the Cobra leadership once eluded GI Joe. Duke apologizes for suspecting Amber of being a spy and offers her a position, which she declines, on the GI Joe team. The final scene of the episode takes place on a park bench with a little gag-inducing romantic comedy-relief and a shot of the repaired moon.

All-in-all "Lasers in the Night" was a comedy of errors. Cobra Commander's massive ego drove him to embark upon an ill-conceived and worthless operation to carve his face into the moon. The Joes demonstrated some of the worst security this side of a Lee Harvey Oswald prisoner transport along with their usual strategic ineptitude. The lesson that military strategists can learn from this is that when two well-funded teams of heavily armed morons go toe to toe the losers are the tax-paying public and the moon.

Memorial Day Blowout!

In honor of our nation's fallen heroes Korean war veteran Cliff Yablonski has updated his emotionally moving web site with four new pages of terrors from the deep.

Slicky the Birdfaced Elf and her husband pose for the camera. Please note that the only creature who would dare touching that mutated Chihuahua's tit is dead. Also note that if you stare into that five dollar shirt she's wearing, you'll hallucinate and think her ribcage is made up of lemons or feathers, which it may be.

Go there now and celebrate America's proud heritage of military service. Oh, and our incredibly shallow gene pool that breeds horror upon horror until you want to gouge out your eyes with an

awl-pike.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.25 A Gripping Emotional Tribute to THE HUMUNGUS

Tuesday, May 27, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

THIS UPDATE IS PLAGIARIZED!

Normally I wouldn't do this, but based on about two dozen or so pieces of vulgar electronic mail that came my way, I apparently committed the dreadful sin of plagiary with my last article. And I suppose it's true. Back in April of 2002 when I wrote my first children's art critique article, I failed to take into account the idea that somebody else was going to write roughly the same thing two months later in June of 2002 on another site. Some might cut me a break and call my lack of foresight a rookie mistake, but that's probably letting me off too easy. You see, ever since then, I've been hooked on preemptive plagiary. Whenever I write an article, I try to think of ideas other writers haven't had the chance to write about yet, then I steal them like a bandit in the night. Sure, I don't always do a good job of this, but it's not an easy science. You try luring an unfertilized egg into your car with promises of candy. It takes a great deal of hard work and pre-calculation, but it can really pay off. I've been getting away with it fairly well for the last year with no major headaches. It's such an incredible rush that I think I'm addicted. Seeing as how all my past articles were stolen from the future, this and all my future articles will be as well. Seriously, I only mention this because for every person who e-mailed me to tell me how much of a rotten fucking thief I am, there were probably a few who didn't put up the effort. Sorry guys, I'm innocent of the charges... OR AM I? *Yes*, you dolts, I can't very well plagiarize something I did first.

A Gripping Emotional Tribute to THE HUMUNGUS

GAZE ABOUT HE WHO IS MIGHTY!!

We've been treated to a whole honking busload of movie villains over the last gazillion years or so of cinema, and most of them aren't worth their weight in decorative Christmas ornaments of popular corporate mascots. Most villains, as you know, are only slightly more intimidating than a soiled diaper. And while soiled diapers sure are scary, they typically aren't things that haunt bones and inject fear into fear-deprived hearts. Unless of course it's a diaper soiled by a ghost, but then what are the odds of that happening? If I were a betting man – the kind of betting man that bets on the likelihood of a ghost that wears diapers shitting itself – I'd probably also be a very poor man, so enough of that nonsense. I'm not sure what possessed me (all pun intended, har har har!) to talk so much about ghost defecation, because it really has nothing to do with my plagiarized update for this week. No, I'm here to talk about a man who means a great deal to me: The Humungus. For those of you disgusting simpletons ignorant of The Humungus, he is and always will be the amazing antagonist of the epic Australian historical drama "The Road Warrior," which was the sequel to the influential Australian historical drama "Mad Max." A lot of people would dismiss my claim as pure hootenanny of the most charlatan variety, but that's because a lot of you people are dumb, filthy savages. I'm sorry, but it's true. I read so on the Al-Qaida forums when I was researching possible lifestyle changes and employment opportunities.

Before I prove to you, factually, that The Humungus is the best thing to happen to villaindom ever, allow me to first belittle the near-do-wells of popular cinema:

- **The Darth Family, Star Wars**

  Darth Vader was a big influence on me in my younger days, but as I grew older I began

to see him for what he was: somebody's dad trying way too hard to be cool. Couple that with the fact he turned into a total pussy in "Return of the Jedi" and looked like the human equivalent of an egg underneath his giant and awkward nerd armor and things don't get much better. Then there is the unpleasant reality that thanks to the prequels, he's now the living embodiment of every Linkin Park song ever. I would mention Darth Maul, kind of like how I'm doing in this very confusing sentence, but why should I? He got cut in half like a delicious submarine sandwich, and went down just as easy. Then there was the old guy, Darth Tyranus I guess, but you just know he's going to get killed. It sure doesn't help that the guy who plays him has practically the exact same role in "Lord of the Rings."

■ **The Agents, The Matrix**
By playing on everybody's natural fear of being confronted by official looking men in suits, and possibly having to fill out forms and paperwork as a result, the Agents have soared to substantial popularity. I'm not that a big fan of "The Matrix," because the underlying themes of becoming a slave to technology remind me of the all the time and money I wasted playing "EverQuest." I think the average shut-in "EverQuest" player would prove more vexing a villain than somebody who looks like a kung-fu fighting IRS employee. And those albino vampire twins they added to the mix? The only thing they could threaten is a sailor's sexuality.

■ **The Big Red Eye Thing, Lord of the Rings**
I'm not the most well versed "Lord of the Rings" fan, mainly because I'm not a fan and I make it a point to not learn any more about it than I already have from watching the movies. Sure, they make for an entertaining and epic spectacle, but you could easily say the same thing about "Riverdance" if all the performers were set on fire and shot at while dancing. The main villain of LOTR, if I recall correctly, was a giant inflamed eyeball mounted on top of a large tower. I don't know, maybe if the eye belonged to a giant Cyclops I'd be more impressed, but as is I just think, "wow, that's one peeved eyeball!" Honestly, I lied about thinking that even, since I've never thought about it until now. That's how lasting a villain Old Red Eye was to me.

Wasteland Karaoke

Some tough competiton, I won't deny, but The Humungus towers over them all. Why is he so damn special? To understand The Humungus, you must first understand the world he lived in. Since he lived on Earth and so do all you, you're pretty much up to speed. Just add a few atomic bombs and remove a few amenities such as resources, food, and civilization and you pretty much have the whole picture. Now onto the hidden bone and gristle of the issue.

■ **Fact: The Humungus was a natural leader.**
When society fell to pieces like so many unsolved jigsaw puzzles, The Humungus stepped up to the broken plate and put everything back together. In times of great woe for man, The Humungus took charge through brute force and created an army out of the marauders. As wily as these marauders were, The Humungus demanded and received their obedience and loyalty all the way to the bitter end. Some would say the prime function of a leader is to keep hope alive, and The Humungus certainly did this. With scarce few resources available to him and his men, he exercised patience and sound judgment. There was no room for hysterics or panic, for survival is a game of focused wits and careful deliberation. When so many men became wild beasts in a circus of rape and pillage, he became a lion tamer and ringleader. That's not to say he was a dictator, though. While far from a *laissez-faire* leader, he understood

the wildness of the times and allowed that spirit to persevere. Away from the cradling walls of civilization man must nurture his animal instincts to survive, The Humungus undoubtedly believed in his noble heart.

■ **Fact: The Humungus was a father figure.**

Be still my dog, be still.

As I said, after that whole apocalypse thing took its toll, there wasn't much left but shattered fragments. That goes for both the world and the people in it. But as a dedicated father, he pieced them back together as best he could, creating a fragile but hardened family. Like any good parent, The Humungus was quick to give fatherly advice and use tough love and discipline to shape his children into not just men, but future fathers. Take for instance the time that Wez lost his male companion to the Feral Kid's boomerang. Wez became mad with bloodlust and demanded violence against those who wronged him. The Humungus calmed him down by whispering soothing words of encouragement while gently choking him unconscious. Clearly, The Humungus was a man capable of great compassion and love, but still strong enough to punish his own flock when they made mistakes.

■ **Fact: The Humungus was physically fit.**

The Humungus knows each bullet counts, and so there is no haste when loading a fine firearm.

The problem with most villains is that they rely on unnatural sources of power. Be it magic or technology, so many of them lack the true human strength and will to compete on a level playing field. Not true with The Humungus. Here is a man who built his body into a tool of pure terror. And he did this through exercise, through physical conditioning, and undoubtedly through proper eating. Contrasted with the other survivors of the apocalypse, he served as a shining example. Rather than let himself fall apart physically and emotionally, he took the opportunity to better himself over the broken spines of others. And it showed in every shiny muscle wrapped tight around his massive facade. I'm not a gay man, at least not according to my magic telescoping penis, so I'm not uncomfortable saying he was a handsome man. If you take a step back and look at him next to other villains, it's clear he was comfortable with his body as well. Most villains hide themselves behind capes, armor, cloaks, and all manner of distractions. The Humungus, however, stood open and proud, draped in only his underwear, suspenders, and trademark hockey mask. If this doesn't set an example to kids everywhere, then there is no hope for future generations.

And that, my friends, is why The Humungus is the greatest villain ever. Heck, he's such an inspiring guy he hardly qualifies even as a villain. True, he was murdered by Mel Gibson, but I suppose there is no shame in that. At the end of the day, there are a lot worse actors you could be murdered by. I happen to see past his demise, for some men are too big to fit into the cages of such mortal concepts as life and death. The Humungus was too strong and bold to truly die, so while his body perished his will lived on as the spirit of human achievement in times of strife, echoing in the darkest corners of the world. Perhaps some day even you will hear his voice still drifting with the wind, dividing the silence like a thousand rumbling engines revving in thirst for just one more drop of precious guzzoline.

If the Humungus was a real person alive and kicking today, it is most certain he would be a regular competitor in American politics. It's what I believe he's best suited for. He has the look, the attitude, and the determination to lead, and if he were running for office, he'd also have my vote. And he would win, no doubt. Who wouldn't win with a campaign slogan like, "Just walk away, I will give you safe passage through the wasteland." That just screams confidence.

A Real Circus Caper

Our fancy friend Taylor "Saved By The" Bell has a new ROM Pit Review up and ready for reading. What game gets reviewed this week? I'll never tell! Just kidding, it's "Circus Caper", and I'm glad I've never played it.

> *There is a masterfully constructed continuity here between the title and the intro, because the intro does in fact show a caper that occurs within a circus. A boy and his sister are walking around a circus with their parents, while music that sounds suspiciously similar to the song from the Smurfs song plays in the background, and the sister suddenly sees one particular tent that she really wants to go into for some reason. Her dad says they're out of money however, so she sadly leaves and that is the end of the story.*

I suppose you should go validate Taylor's suffering and read his review. Mention I sent you and get it for even freer than it already is.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.26 Testing the Limits of Stupidity

Tuesday, May 27, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A group of people protest the FCAT by demanding Florida Governor Jeb "Jeb Bush" Bush look in their eyes. They are obviously psychic witches trying to mesmerize him with trickery.

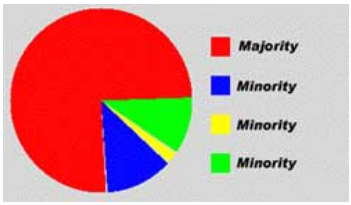
High school serves two purposes in students' lives: first of all, it prevents them from spending all day smoking pot in their friend's bathroom, instead forcing them to smoke pot in a public school's bathroom. Secondly, high school teaches them all the important information and wisdom needed to live a meaningful and useful life of repetitious factory assembly line boredom, assuming "knowing the capitol of South Dakota" counts as "important information." Many people go through their lives without having to think about the capitol of South Dakota or even traveling within a 500-mile radius of the cursed state whose sole source of revenue derives from interstate billboard advertising such famous tourist attractions as "the World's Largest Bedpost" and "the World's Wettest Pool of Water." I label these people as "the fortunate members of society." High school additionally teaches students that pretty much every day of their life will involve a test of some kind. When you encounter a "ONE WAY ONLY" street sign, do you pass the test by traveling in the correct direction, or do you fail the test by instead driving into the sign and claiming it jumped out in front of your car? When your boss passes you over for an important promotion, do you pass the test by continuing to live your hellish, mundane life and continuing to work, or do you fail the test by instead burning down your cubical and firing sniper shots from the top of a water tower? These are life lessons that can only be learned in high school or perhaps by watching colorful late night Cinemax movies that involve people getting naked for no readily apparent reason.

This intricate system of tests and learning procedures recently came under fire in Florida, America's hotbed of political excitement, the state full of old people too stupid to vote and young people too stupid to pass tests. Governor Jeb "Not Jed" Bush Jr. Sr. III Esq. recently passed a bill forcing Florida high school seniors to take a standardized, statewide test which requires them to not only know how to print their name, but additionally color in little circles with a number two pencil. Like any time anybody does anything anywhere, this event resulted in a large protest from students and parents too stupid to realize that nobody would really pay attention to their protest.

> **Florida test foes call for moratorium** - *About 2,500 protesters gathered outside Gov. Jeb Bush's office Thursday, demanding that he suspend a statewide assessment test as an unfair roadblock that keeps some high school seniors from graduating. The protesters also said they were trying to organize a boycott of Florida orange juice, the state lottery and Florida's Turnpike toll road until Bush gives in on the Florida Comprehensive Assessment Test.*

I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume that the group of protestors consisted mostly of students who failed the test and their immediate family members who want their kids to grab a high school diploma so they can get the hell out of the house and become successful Dreaded Best Buy Product Replacement Service Plan salespeople. According to the article, *"protesters have said that an unfair percentage of those are minorities,"* which seems to be the sticking point in this great testing debate. I initially thought these groundless and ludicrous claims were groundless and ludicrous, but after a deep and insightful look into the issue at hand, I began to see the other side of the coin. That coin was located underneath my toilet, wedged between the carpet and shower, and I can thank a couple six packs of Killian's for allowing me to open my eyes to this brave new

revelation.



This pie chart proves whatever I've been trying to prove in the previous few paragraphs.

Think about the Florida testing procedure as a whole and try to tell me it does not discriminate against minority students. For example, in order to pass the test, you must answer **a majority** of the questions correctly. It's common knowledge that minorities are not in the majority, so how can they possibly be expected to do so? Once you look at the test in this way, you can easily see the underlying fundamental flaws. If the majority of people were minorities, then perhaps the statewide test would hold some merit. However, until that happens, this procedure favors non-minorities. Governor Jeb "George Bush Jr. Sr." Bush should perhaps consider changing the test in heavy minority-populated regions to favor the minority of students who compose the majority of the population in such locations. For example, Botswana-American students may be a minority in Florida, but they could be a majority at Roddy Piper High School in Alachua County, so the test should change to reflect this. Instead of requiring the students to answer a majority of questions correctly, they should answer a minority of questions correctly. If this is not feasible, then the multiple choice test questions should have a majority of correct answers to choose from (as opposed to a minority), thereby making the test more fair, as demonstrated in the following example:

■ **EXAMPLE QUESTION:** *What is the number 5?*

A) 5
B) 5
C) 5
D) George Washington

As you can see here, answers A, B, and C are all acceptable, thereby tipping the tables towards a minority-favored testing system. How should a minority student expect to know what it's like to live the cushy, middle class life of a majority student? Until the Governor figures out a way to change his skin color and transform his native country's national flag into some mess with over 30 distinctly different colors and symbols which change on an hourly basis, he will never be able to understand what it's like to be a minority. If by some miracle Jeb "Bush" Bush suddenly does become a minority, I certainly hope he sells the movie rights of his life and gets Martin Lawrence or Chris Rock to play his black counterpart.

Hollywood's unflinching look at the minority culture.

Another method of solving this complex problem revolving around solving not-as-complex problems could be to offer a "minority version" of this standardized test. Technically this would make the standardized test highly unstandardized, but as James Dean said before riding his motorcycle off the cliff at Dead Man's Curve, "rules for standardized tests are meant to be broken." Now I don't want anybody out there to get the false impression that I'm an experienced social worker who has years of field experience working with minorities under my belt, mainly because I don't have a belt and if I did, I would certainly not cram years of my life under it. However, I have seen many movies on HBO that revolved around either black people or hit comedian mastermind Paul Rodriguez and his hilariously insightful comments regarding the Hispanic-American lifestyle. Oh yeah, and I also watched five minutes of that canceled sitcom starring Margaret Cho, so that should prove to you I'm either familiar with minorities or I really enjoy praying for my head to explode like a cantaloupe crammed with C4. According to all Hollywood movies and television

shows I've seen about minorities, their lives are full of constant strife and agony which deal with the following crucial topics:

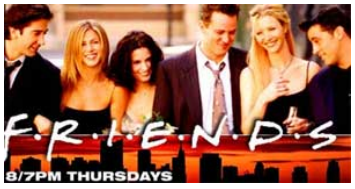
■ **ACCEPTIBLE HOLLYWOOD TOPICS ABOUT MINORITIES:**

1) Drugs / crime
2) Sports
3) Being poor
4) Being the victim of racism

Please keep in mind that movies and television never lie, so I have absolutely no reason whatsoever to doubt the accuracy of these subjects. If you are a minority and do not deal with these three issues on an hourly basis, then something is terribly wrong in your life and you should notify various movie producers in California of your quandary so they may pay to move you into a neighborhood full of heroin, basketball, and welfare handed out by white people who hate you, thus fulfilling your recommended media stereotypes. The problem with the Florida standardized tests centers around the fact that they were not created for Hollywood minorities, thus making it impossible for many of them to pass. I recently obtained a copy of the Florida Comprehensive Assessment Test and found myself shocked and appalled at the types of questions asked. For example, look at this example FCAT question that I chose as an example:

■ **EXAMPLE QUESTION IN EXAMPLE:** *Mary's wealthy proctologist dad recently bought her a $36,000 SUV for her 17th birthday. Mary decided to drive this $36,000 vehicle 28 miles to her friend Zoe's house, which is located 34 miles away. If Mary traveled at 48 miles an hour and had to accelerate to 87 mph for three minutes while she talked on her cellphone and did her nails while applying makeup and putting in Dave Matthews Band CDs, what time did she arrive at Zoe's house to watch that one episode of "Friends" where Joey got hired by the really kooky boss that had the kooky social quirks?*

This question simply cannot be answered by many minorities, as they can't watch "Friends" because they're too busy avoiding drugs and crime while practicing basketball and worrying about money and being oppressed by the white janitor in their apartment complex. This must be the case, as I've never seen a minority-based movie where the characters stopped to watch the show "Friends," and Hollywood's portrayal of minorities cannot be racist because this portrayal inherently deals with racism, so therefore it's technically impossible for the movies and TV shows to be racist. The FCAT needs to adopt itself to these highly dynamic, individualized, unique minority lifestyles which are exactly the same no matter what movie they're featured in. I have used my official SA Thinktank, which is actually a couple of pasty white scientists trapped inside a large fish tank, to brainstorm up some appropriate questions that would appeal to minorities in an acceptable Hollywood-sponsored fashion:



See? They're friends, which is why the show is called "Friends!" Do you get it? That works on so many levels.

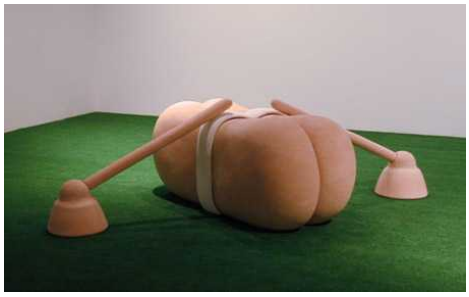
■ **EXAMPLE FCAT MINORITY QUESTION:** *Your father was recently beaten to death by evil racist white cops who had no motivation to do so except for the fact that they were evil and racist. You must walk 10 miles to his funeral because your brother recently stole the family car and sold it for some mysterious white powder labeled "DRUGS." If you run at 7 mph, and take two breaks to duck and dodge incoming drive-by automatic weapons fire, then what is the number 5?*

A) 5
B) 5
C) 5
D) That one episode of "Friends" where Ross dated the kooky chick who had kooky social quirks.

Not only will the new and improved semi-non-standardized FCAT appeal to minorities and help them pass high school, but it will also fulfill the generic Hollywood stereotype which has helped fat white movie producers make so much money. This is clearly a win-win situation and will definitely prevent people from protesting Governor Jeb "Not a George" Bush's reign of institutionalized terror. Oh, and if you're one of the people who are currently protesting the FCAT by boycotting "*Florida's orange juice, the state lottery and Florida's Turnpike toll road*," let me explain to you that 2,500 people failing to purchase juice or scratch-off lottery tickets probably won't have whatever desired effect you had in mind. I'd instead recommend purchasing a sniper rifle and finding the closest water tower, as all the good test-failing students should.

CUIDADO: CALIENTE

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here on another wonderful Goldmine Tuesday. Rather than spout off with a bunch of nonsense like usual, I need to show you something.



That ladies and gentlemen, is "art". Stop laughing. STOP IT. A fellow named Øyvind Suul has a website up with lots of this wacky stuff displayed. I can't look at it too long, or I get nightmares during the day. Anyhow, the goons took it upon themselves to begin their own art with the piece pictured above. Those pictures give me day terrors too, but in a good way.

So if you'd like to enjoy the forums version of art click here, but make sure you are wearing your trendy black turtleneck first.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.27 WHAT TV?!

Thursday, May 29, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The future is full of lies.

My girlfriend and I recently had Direct TV installed in our apartment and I have determined the primary difference between satellite TV and cable is that satellite TV has a lot more channels devoted to telling you that there's nothing on the channel. For example, when we had cable it went up to about channel 105, and other than maybe five or six channels they all had programming. Direct TV enlarged our channel selection by about 20 channels and about 10 of those are retarded interactive shopping channels that only half-insane shut-ins would ever buy anything from. "Borders Interactive" allows you to clumsily plod your way through about ten different best sellers and order them through your TV. Watch out Internet, Direct TV's Interactive Shopping Channel has some ceramic dolphins and wooden jewelry hutches it would like to talk to you about. Despite this the satellite receiver goes up to channel 800 or something, and the channels you can actually watch are almost randomly interspersed throughout the dial. Oh, you want to watch CNN? Channel 202. You want to watch HBO? Channel 380.

You would assume that all these useless channels would be automatically skipped when you're switching with the remote, but no, instead they're the TV equivalent of a shareware nag screen. They all have "press guide for purchase info" over a black background. No thanks, I'll have to pass on the 65 channels of ESPN you offer! Oh, and if you're really hard up for entertainment you can rock out to one of the roughly 300 digital music channels and watch the awesome TV screen saver kick in. FANTASTIC! 24 SOLID HOURS OF RANDOM CHRISTIAN CONTEMPORARY SONGS, DIRECT TV YOU ARE A DREAM GIVEN FORM! Unless you like to sit on your couch and imagine what music looks like or your house is actually a giant car this is one of the stupidest services I've ever seen.

What I'm getting at through my whiney rant about a service that is actually pretty good is that there is still a lot of room for new TV channels out there. One of the more recent additions to the dial is a women's network called The Oxygen Network which I think is somehow associated with white black woman Oprah Winfrey and her clacking hordes of house frau crab women. It's not really up my alley, but my interest in the channel has been sparked by the recent addition of programming directly targeted for cats.

> *"Meow TV," developed by the Meow Mix Co., debuts Friday at 6:30 p.m. on the Oxygen Network. It's the first show targeted at cats. Not cat lovers. Cats.*

I'm going to have to go ahead and agree with the disbelief of the esteemed AP journalist here and comment that the "Meow TV" show is being developed for cats. Not cat lovers. Cats.

This is a wonderful idea.

Upon learning of this daring move on the part of The Oxygen Network my fragile mind raced through a similar thought process as it would as a troubled marriage dissolves around a child. The disbelief was replaced with outrage and anger which in turn became denial that there was actually going to be a show for cats. The last step was acceptance, and I think I have Direct TV to owe for that. Thanks to the empty nagging channels of Direct TV I didn't just accept Meow TV into my heart like a trusted friend, I embraced it

with all of my passion and feminine wiles. There are 400 channels on Direct TV ripe to be filled up with Cat TV, Dog TV, Alternative Hippy Pet TV, and any other pet TV that might enjoy the warming glow of a cathode tube.

To help the inevitable rise of animal-targeted TV I have put together a précis - which I believe is an underground homosexual bondage scene term for "summary" - of potential channels for this exciting new genre. Much as I have many times in the past, I expect powerful TV executives and advertisers to be reading my column and hanging on my every word.

- **Meow TV**

  The pioneer of it all, Meow TV will be the first 24-hour animal targeted cable channel. It will feature eight hours per day of original cat-oriented programming along with a number of episodes of syndicated shows that might be appealing to cats.

  - **In the Bedroom** - Even cats like to have fun in the bedroom! This show will demonstrate a variety of ways in which cats can interrupt coitus between adults, stare unnervingly at people when they're naked or masturbating, and will have a daily comforter forecast showing the most damaging locations to vomit on.
  - **Gravity** - Gravity is awesome! This hip show designed to appeal to younger cats will feature attractive cats between 6 months and a year of age making things fall. From refrigerator magnets to priceless Faberge eggs, to family photographs these cats will knock it all down!
  - **Look at that Shit** - Wacky host Mr. Sprinkles narrates each exciting episode of "Look at that Shit", the fast-paced object suspended by a string show. Each half-hour episode will feature three unique and totally intense objects attached to strings that jerk and swing back and forth on the TV.

- **Dopey Lizardsolodeon** Lazy reptiles are the next major pet demographic that

Yeah, well, that's just like your opinion man.

programmers feel are underrepresented on television. Most dopey lizards have weak hearts so Dopey Lizardsolodeon will place the emphasis on the low-key entertainment that lizards love best.

  - **Insect Gonna Crawl On Face** - Is that bug gonna crawl on face? Who knows, you ain't moving if it is, that's for damn sure! Watch through heavy-lidded eyes as bugs slowly walk on sticks, leaves, and even other lizards.
  - **Why is Rock Hot?** - Lazy Lizard philosopher Dr. Spock asks the ultimate question; "why is rock hot?" Normally hot sun make rock hot, but rock is hot in dark! Why is rock hot?

- **Turtle Fats** - Oh ho ho friends! Turtle fats are back. They swim so fast, so stupid! If they swim around so much how come they are so fat? Because turtles eat everything since they so stupid! Look at them go.
- **Time to Freak Out!** - SOMETHING JUST MOVED ON OTHER SIDE OF GLASS. IT'S TIME TO RUN AROUND ALL CRAZY AND CRAWL UP SHIT AND TRY AND ESCAPE! MY HEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAART...

- **Horse Broadcasting Network**

HBC is the premiere outlet for equestrians and offers programming that caters to their particular needs. From Raygun's Shining Hope and Joy's "Alfalfa Cube Hour" to Potluck's Trophy Wife's "Best Fence Locations to Kick" Horse Broadcasting Network has what your horse wants!

- **Fuck Humans** - Seriously, what do they think they are, the kings of the universe or something? Tune in to "Fuck Humans" and see them get kicked in places that make them scream, trampled to death, or just left with debilitating spinal injuries.
- **Let Their Rivers Flow With Blood** - John Stephenson's Pot-O-Gold hosts this show that depicts the rightful horse overthrow of human civilization. Amazing CGI will show how horses can construct armored vehicles powered by smoke-belching engines that will rain fire down upon the pathetic cities of man. The latest episode will also feature advice on what to do about a thrown horseshoe.
- **No to Grass, Yes to the Tortured Flesh of the Hairless Apes** - Grass is good, but human meat is better. Learn about the nutritional values of various cuts of human flesh, how to trap and preserve it, and the best recipes to make your taste buds whinny.

- **Nuisance Insect Vision** Flies alone outnumber humanity by almost 5,000 to 1, so

Truuueee Story

why not tap into this vast reserve of potential consumers by offering them programming they will enjoy. NIV proposes to do just that with 16 hours per day of insect-targeted programming and late night infomercials that also address the unique needs of various parasitic and annoying insects.

- **This Old Bowel** - Do you have a fixer-upper? Host Cllllsh of tapeworm brood Normugunt comes live to you from his host Sara with tips on redecorating and repair of your very own bowel.
- **A Day is the Life** - Our camera crews follow a may fly for a day to find out where the hot spots are to be born, live, mate, and die in this addicting

reality TV program. You never know what will happen next because this is totally unscripted and you are roughly as intelligent as a collection of carbon atoms.

- **Sting!** - Oh we are just so mad! Always mad. Don't come near us! We don't care what you are and we lack the observational skills to tell if that's a shoe or your exposed brain, we're just going to sting and hope for the best. It's okay that we just sacrificed our short lives by tearing ourselves apart when we stung a tree branch that randomly fell into our hive. For the queen, lalalalallalalalalalalalal!

This is just the tip of the proverbial iceberg! There are almost as many types of animals waiting for their very own TV network as there are blank channels on the Direct TV tuner. Personally I may not be a lizard, but I am really lazy and I think Dopey Lizardsolodeon sounds like the best channel of all time. Even better than the Game Show Channel!

Photoshop Phariety

Hello fellow rabble-rousers, it's Josh "Cattle Industry" Boruff here with the stereotypical announcement of a brand new Photoshop Phriday. We're up to our seventh edition of the Variety Pack, which spotlights various threads that circulate through the veins of the SA Forums. This week we cover two topics that usually don't get paired together: those depressing cardboard signs homeless people carry, and scary food hybrids. I suppose they do work together, since homeless people will eat anything. Am I right or am I right?

Get busy and put those eyes of yours too use! Don't make me write another sentence that I won't bother to fini

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.28 What We Need is More Goddamn Gods!

Thursday, May 29, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If we had more proactive gods, then this type of crime would not happen as often. And no, I don't know what type of crime this would happen to be.

Look all around you and tell me what you see. Make sure to really yell your response into the computer screen or else I may not hear it correctly from all the way over here. Now assuming you haven't been fired or kicked out of your home yet for screaming at your computer, I'll tell you what surrounds us in this decaying, pre-apocalyptic wasteland: TERROR. Gaze in any direction you choose; there is terror hiding behind doors, under your office supplies, and inside those giant green foam John Deere hats that people in my neighborhood seem to wear under the impression that it compliments their overalls-and-a NASCAR t-shirt wardrobe. Our society is literally plagued with terror these days. Old people are afraid to leave their rotting, decrepit, cat-infested homes due to the rampant crime littering their neighborhoods like adjectives in a terribly horrible Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka analogy. I recently saw a report on the local news channel claiming that somebody was **killed** in some location within a 50 mile radius of where I live! Killed! Can you believe that? Dead! Somebody killed them! What kind of world do us alive people live in where we have to fear being dead at any moment? Some crucial link in the chain of society has been broken and now we're all suffering from the vile consequences. Like always, I point society's finger at religion, as it's clear our current gods just aren't doing the job they promised to do thousands of years ago. Take a look at this summary of the most popular gods we've got going for us and you'll soon understand what I'm referring to:

- **Jesus Christ -** He doesn't do anything until AFTER you've died. In order to remind people that He still exists, He makes sure to periodically have His image or a Jesus-related figure's image appear on a cinnamon bun baked by a poor woman in Nicaragua. I have never once seen a holy South American cinnamon bun solve a crime or prevent somebody from being murdered, except for the New Year's Eve party I attended last year where an imported holy Mexican cinnamon bun flew through a window and intercepted a dagger that was thrown towards a party guest by Professor Plum in the library with the candlestick. Wait, I mean he threw a candlestick, not a dagger. Oh, and his name wasn't "Professor Plum" either, it was "George." Come to think of it, I don't even believe a holy Mexican cinnamon bun was involved in the incident. Christianity is based off a popular best-selling book which can be found in the "fiction" section of your local bookstore, next to the newest Stephen King novel where he spends roughly 500 pages describing each and every wooden board in the protagonist's house.

- **King Jewish Guy -** While Judaism is the oldest religion listed in the ESPN Sports Almanac, it also has the smallest amount of members. I have also been told by various white-power Awful Links of the Day that the limited members of this religion have the power to control all our lives and our media and possibly own a circus of dinosaurs that live near the center of the Earth. The leader of Judaism is the King Jewish Guy who, in all likelihood, wears a silly hat and goofy moustache. Since Judaism is closely related to Christianity, their god doesn't do much until after you've died. Once you're dead he steps into action and either says "good job, you were an excellent living person, now you'll get a fantastic prize of some kind" or "tough luck, you were a real jackass when you were alive, so now you get to sit in a room for all eternity with college circuit comedians." I'd also like to point out that while there is an Anti-Christ, there is currently no Anti-Jew, so if the world ends in

an apocalyptic fireball of epic proportions, you can blame the Christians.

■ **Allah -** Allah rules the school over all Islam. Although this religion takes the number two spot in the "number of followers" ranking, they have the the most followers who will make themselves explode upon command at any given point in time. While scientists cannot prove that Allah actually comes down in his purple spaceship and directly causes events to happen, many followers of Islam believe he's responsible for all negative and positive events in their life. Like if you're an Muslim woman and you accidentally drop a pot of boiling water on your husband's leg after he came in the door to tell you about the recent asbestos-removal bid he received from the owners of a closed down insane asylum, it is his right to stab you and your baby to death because that's the will of Allah. This mysterious deity can communicate to you through your head, the phone lines, or carpeting, but only if you're Islamic. Allah refuses to visit this world in the form of a cinnamon bun, as cinnamon buns are explicitly forbidden in this religion and are punishable by getting stoned to death, and I'm not talking about the Grateful Dead / Phish type of stoning either.

Nice profile there, JC, I'm sure you'll sell a lot of collector plates with your mug stamped across them. However, you still ain't doing shit to prevent jerks from murdering me.

■ **Hindu Henry -** Hinduism actually lacks one founder, creed, and single source of authority, so their religion presents serious problems when I attempt to make fun of them. They're really big on this thing called "karma" which is not only an energy drink manufactured by Coca-Cola Industries but also a belief dictating that what goes around comes around. Say you go to the store and steal a pineapple. Then, once you get home, you might find that your wife and kids were killed by an asbestos-removal worker. That's karma in action, and if you fuck with karma then karma will fuck with you, particularly once you die and are reborn. If you're a real jerk in your life and you somehow end up dying, you will be reborn as something highly unappealing, such as a lousy repulsive anteater or Carol Channing. If everybody loves you and you do nice things like donate blind kids to your savings account, you will be reborn as the King of the Moon or a tree that has the ability to throw explosives at people like in various Nintendo games. Since Hinduism lacks a real founder and karma only happens to people who believe in karma, it has no real effect on the majority of the population except for the aforementioned explosive-lobbing trees.

■ **Buddha -** Buddhism is a relatively new religion based off the movie "The Matrix," even though it has remained in existence for over 2,500 years. It dictates that we, as a human race, need to ascend to new levels of consciousness and "wake up" so we may see the world in a new light. Once you have found your personal spirit guide, you will be able to transcend this mortal plane and perform such exciting stunts as slowing down bullets and karate chopping hundreds of identical IRS agents who are trying to audit you. Buddha never makes personal appearances on Earth, as he's too fat and many structures lack the load-being structures needed to safely support his tremendous girth, much like Louie Anderson.

■ **The Sikh Guru -** According to Google's search engine, Sikhism "was founded in the 15th Century by Guru Nanak," but according to Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka's brain, "I don't care about Sikhs." Almost all the Sikh members live in India, a country which accounts for under .002% of the hits on this site, so I'm not going to even bother addressing them. Hell, I'll go so far as to make up shit about their religion in an attempt to receive email death threats written in a foreign language text pack that I don't have installed. Sikhs all believe in magical lottery machines which dispense talking chocolate coins. They know the locations of magic geese portals that prevent killer squid from evolving and taking over the world in a fiery apocalypse. Once you become a Sikh, you must perform the ceremonial rite of passage, which involves beheading yourself. The Sikh Guru is a 400-armed brick that can shoot laser beams at enemy Tie Fighters and enjoys walks on the beach and rainy days.

Hahahahaha, oh look, it's a Sikh! Hello Sikh!

While all these religions may be absolutely great and enjoyable for their many, many members, I'm afraid that they just aren't getting the job done these days. Their gods are failing to proactively stop crime and prevent our society from falling into the seething cauldron of hate and violence stew we're currently sinking beneath. This is why I, a famous webmaster (my mom and I think my dad knows about this website), am now demanding we ditch all our current "incorrect" gods and go back to the days when gods actually did significant stuff and contributed back to society. That's correct, I want us to travel in time all the way back to the days of Greek Gods.

Everybody knows that the best days of mankind occurred during ancient Greece. For example, the Greeks invented a ton of crap including philosophy, the sun, pillars, and most of ancient Greece. How were they able to accomplish so much despite the limited amount of time they were given before they were all killed when a meteorite hit the Earth? Simple: they had a ton of help from their gods. Greek gods were kickass in just about every sense of the word "were" or better yet the word "kickass." If you pissed them off, bam, your blood was replaced by lava. If you failed to pray to them at a particular point in the day, boom, your home was replaced with a giant lion who could fly and tear out your entrails at 200 miles an hour. These gods were real go-getters, deities who weren't afraid to think outside the box and get the job done no matter what the cost. Jesus Christ's dad used to be a pretty cool god in the Old Testament, but then the liberal media corrupted him and turned him into a real wuss in the New Testament. Instead of smiting people or giving them SARS when they fucked up, God would just let them off the hook and claim that they'd eventually go to hell. That's weak. Now Greek gods on the other hand, man, they'd fuck your shit up big time. Look at these major players and tell me that our world wouldn't be better with these guys at the helm:

- **Aphrodite** ***(goddess of love and beauty)*** **-** This horny vixen had the power to make anybody fall in love with anybody else. One time she got really pissed at rival goddess Eos, a fairly worthless deity on the grand scale of things, as she was the "goddess of the dawn." Oooh, wow, it's all you when the sun is going down, you're just some kind of Greek superstar! Eos humped Ares, which was Aphrodite's man, so Aphrodite turned Eos into a nymphomaniac whore. You can still see Eos on many episodes of "Jerry Springer."

Poseidon, as drawn by somebody attracted to homosexual men.

- **Apollo** ***(god of the arts, archery, and divination)*** **-** Yeah, that's right, "arts, archery, and divination." This was the real level-headed guy who stepped in when all the other gods were turning people into turtle monsters or throwing lightning bolts at each other. He'd say, "hey guys, let's keep it real" and then he'd draw a picture by conjuring up arrows full of paint tips or something.

- **Ares** ***(god of war)*** **-** He killed everything and everybody whenever he wanted. Man, you did not want to fuck with Ares because this guy would cause an army to suddenly show up at your door and spear you to death if he overheard you saying something like "that Ares guy is a real ass" on the primitive version of a Greek phone, which I believe was a large stone attached to some rope that contained a large amount of philosophy.

- **Artemis** (***goddess of the hunt and protector of children)*** **-** This weird lady had a shitload

of power and used it to routinely boss around the other gods like Judge Judy only without the hilarious "I'm the boss, applesauce" quips. She ran around the woods and shot people with arrows whenever she was bored. I don't know what the hell that "protector of children" thing means, as I'm pretty sure Gamera is the protector of children.

- **Athena** ***(goddess of wisdom, war, and crafts)*** **-** What a great combination of powers: wisdom, war, and crafts! If that wasn't weird enough, the poet Hesiod claimed Athena emerged from the head of Zeus by literally popping out fully grown and armed for battle. All the male gods wanted to do Athena because she was wise, could kill a lot of people, and then make plates for them at the end of a hard day. One day a long time ago, some dumb broad named "Arachne" thought she was really hot shit when it came to weaving rugs, so she started bragging that she was a better rug weaver than Athena herself. Athena said, "oh no you don't, girlfriend" and promptly turned her into a spider after failing to weave a better rug. That's where the phrase "either weave a rug or get out of the kitchen" comes from, as well as "give 'em hell, Harry."

- **Demeter** ***(goddess of agriculture and fertility)*** **-** She was like Queen Grain back in the day. Screw Quaker Oats and all those corporate bozos, when you wanted grain you came to Demeter. Also Quaker Oats didn't really exist back in the days of ancient Greece, so even if you really wanted to go to them, you'd ultimately end up walking a very far distance and standing around in an empty field full of trees and maybe hogs. According to the poet Hesiod, one day she engaged in sexual intercourse with a guy named "Iasion" in the middle of a field, thus enriching the soil with the female ejaculation of the gods. Although wheat grew very well in the field from that point on, I don't believe there's any amount of money you can pay me to eat anything grown there.

- **Dionysus** ***(god of wine, mysteries, and the theatre)*** **-** He got drunk and wrote "Hardy Boys" novels I think. There was some mystery cult who worshipped him and I honestly believe my fourth grade teacher Mrs. Conrad was one of those people because, Christ, she made me read like 30 "Hardy Boys" novels in one semester.

- **Hephaistos** ***(god of smiths and metal-workers)*** **-** As one of the only literally retarded gods, nobody else particularly cared for him, and Zeus even kicked him out of the exclusive Greek God club. He was last seen doing freelance spot welding in Detroit. And yes, he did have a mullet.

Zeus, as drawn by the aforementioned author.

- **Hera** ***(goddess of marriage)*** **-** If you ever wanted to get hitched up with some Roman floozy, you'd have to get Hera's permission first or else you wouldn't receive a complimentary $25 gift card for Bed, Bath, and Beyond. Hera was not only the wife of Zeus, but his sister as well. This explains why many college film students see Woody Allen as a god.

- **Hermes** ***(god of merchants)*** **-** According to Hesiod, *"he presided over commerce, wrestling, and other gymnastic exercises, even over thieving, and everything, in short, which required skill and dexterity."* In addition, he once killed a turtle and used it to invent the lyre, which he gave to Apollo in exchange for some "rod entwined with two serpents, called the caduceus" and tickets to Apollo's late night comedy theater show which featured many up and coming minority gods.

- **Poseidon** ***(god of the sea and earthquakes)*** **-** Out of all the gods, Poseidon was definitely one of the most popular, mainly because if you failed to pray to him, he'd throw a thunderbolt at you and laugh as an earthquake destroyed your home city. He was generally a very cranky god, and when many ancient Greeks planned their summer vacations, they

made sure to stay the hell away from Poseidon's secret underground sea base despite the fact that it was a secret and nobody knew where the hell it was located. When King Laomedon refused to pay for his town's new wall, Poseidon got pretty angry and ended up sending a Kraken to beat the hell out of his town. Then, after the city's inhabitants were all dead, they laughed because hey, it's a Kraken and that's just about the funniest mythological beast in the book. Poseidon also had sex with Medusa, so I'm guessing he was out partying with Dionysus the evening before he made out with that thing.

- **Zeus *(god of the sky)* -** Zeus was the ultimate king hotpants god, the father of all father of all fathers' gods. He could be anywhere at anytime, much like Superman only without the faggy outfit. However, Zeus was not perfect, and one time his wife Hera said "look over there" and he did, and as a result the Battle of Troy occurred. Throughout his godliship, he had sex with a bunch of women and ended up producing a whole litter of mini-gods who all had goofy traits and hilarious sidekicks. Sometimes they wore hats. Green hats.

Compare and contrast these two sets of gods with each other and you'll clearly see that ancient Greek gods beat out our current gods in just about every aspect. Let me ask you Christians: when was the last time Jesus sent a sea monster to destroy an entire city? How about you Muslims, how many times has Allah gotten laid in a field out behind a barn, thereby giving you an incredible wheat harvest? And you Sikh people... well... you're just weird, that's all. If society follows my lead and brings back the ancient Greek gods that knew how to get results, our society will be infinitely more peaceful and full of meaning and we won't have to worry about stuff like getting raped by criminals or getting stabbed by criminals. Of course we'll have to worry about getting raped by gods or getting stabbed by gods, but that just goes with the territory and if you don't like it then become a god and change things from the inside, you big baby.

Double Team!

Zack "Grain Elevator" Parsons here with a scaldingly fresh Hentai Game Review. This week I've endured a double feature courtesy of Viper V16's two CD majesty. This review includes not one, not three, but two whole hentai games.

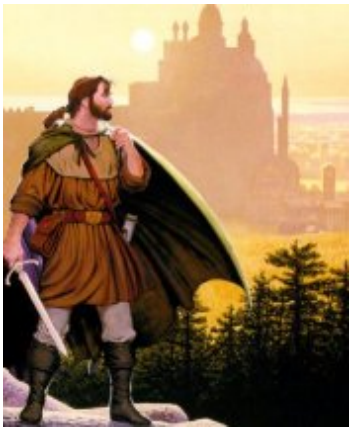
Occasionally you will run up against some competition that doesn't rape you immediately and you'll have to put Akira's martial arts skills to good use. Good use is a relative term. Her skills are being poorly used when she immediately submits to rapes, I suppose they're being used marginally better when she has an option of three "normale[sic]" attacks and three "continued" attacks with which to brutalize her opponent.

If that isn't a spicy meatball then I just don't know what is any longer. Set sail for the high seas of adventure in this week's Hentai Game Review of Viper V16!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.29 Bold Tales of Adventure! (Part 1)

Friday, May 30, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



(Disclaimer: The article below is not bold in any way, shape, or form. It also does not contain any tales of adventure. Pregnant woman past their 2nd trimester should not read this article due to the risk of birth defects. Dry clean only.)

Hark my young internet goblins, I have returned to you from my perilous journey to strange far-off lands without any major injury or tales of forced sex (sadly). Indeed my road was full of peril, yet I persevered through the help of friendly strangers and horrendous amounts of alcohol. Before departing from my native realm, I had many misconceptions about the countries I was about to visit. I must say now that I'm a bit wiser about our neighbors to the East, and maybe I learned a little something about myself in the process. In order to share my epic quest with you fine folks, I've kept a detailed journal, leaving nothing out for the integrity of this record. I invite you to relive this most extraordinary of expeditions with me as we explore the strange and queer lands of England, Scotland, and the airport in Germany. Enjoy!

May 8th

9:41 PM. I sat around all day in my Go-Bot pajamas eating Stouffer's Pizza and watching a Murder She Wrote marathon. Before going to sleep, I'm going to pray to the holy icon this the trip will be a success.

May 9th

10:42 AM. Had a wet dream about Angela Lansbury, surely a sign of good things to come. Alas my pjs are soiled and I don't have time to wash them before the flight. I make the decision to leave them behind and sleep in the nude like most of the barbarians in the lands I was about to visit

10:44 AM. Stubbed my toe on table while walking to the bathroom. Cried a lot. Almost called off trip, but decided to forge ahead.

4:05 PM. Cab took me to Detroit Metro Airport. I had to walk through security and they took away my special edition "Dark Justice" nail clippers. I wanted to protest but was intimidated by their uniforms. Right now I'm waiting for my plane. BORED!

4:25 PM. Mugged! I went to the bathroom to take a poo poo and was robbed by this guy that looked like Biggie Smalls, only not dead. He stole all my cash and my spare socks! Good thing I had my traveler's checks in my money belt. I can't wait to get out of this godforsaken country!

6:44 PM. Fell asleep and missed plane. Waiting for next one.

8:30 PM. About to board plane headed to London. Gosh I hope I don't crash into the ocean.

May 10th

6:02 AM. (+5 hour time advance). I think there must be a screaming baby fair going on in London, because my plane was full of them. I was seated on the middle of the plane, flanked by two voluminous lumps of humanity whose flabby extremities served as my armrests. To complete the

pervading sense of claustrophobia, the person sitting in front of me reclined their seat until my face was mashed against the plastic backing. It was a deathtrap. I tried to get drunk off 8 bottles of the complementary beer, yet only succeeded getting ill. I climbed over my huge neighbor, and ran to the bathroom to throw up, but all the bathrooms were in use! So I grabbed the closest thing to me; the in-flight meal cart. Nobody was the wiser.

Well it's only a six hour flight...shit!

8:17 AM. Just got out of the London "Tube". That's what they call the subway system. It sucked. There were so many people down there that I lost my bearings and didn't know where I was. Back in the States I would just threaten the nearest hobo for directions, but it was such a clean city that no hobos were in sight. Thankfully I found somebody that spoke American, and they helped me get to the right station near my hotel. I plan to stay in my room for a while to rest after the long night of travel.

9:05 PM. Stayed in my hotel all day watching cricket on the telly (TV) and touching myself. Cricket is a lot like baseball, yet more retarded. Since I got a lot of rest, I'm about to get ready to check out London's night life.

11:50 PM. England is pretty cool. I found this club called the "Captain's Mast", and thought it would be a "high seas" theme club. But It looked just like a normal club - music, disco ball, and of course, drinking. After awhile, I noticed that there weren't any females. Strange indeed, yet I decided to stick around and have a couple more fruit breezers. Then a very fit young lad approached me and we became engaged in a very interesting conversation. After explaining my tight money situation because of the mugging in Detroit, he kindly offered an invitation to stay at his apartment for a few nights. Of course I accepted.

May 11th

8:55 AM. Okay, I'm not really sure what the customs are over here, but last night was weird. I realize men in Europe kiss each other on the cheeks for a greeting, but anal sex for a "goodnight" is just a tad extreme in my opinion. But I didn't want to be rude so I honored the custom. Three times.

11:25 AM. Went to see the changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace. It fucking sucked.

1:00 PM. Had some fish & chips at the Sherlock Holmes pub. It tasted great, but I was ejected from the establishment after I asked the serving wench to bring me an ale. I guess they don't like to be called 'serving wenches' anymore.

9:13 PM. I'm lost. I just can't figure out where I am. It's starting to get dark and I'm scared because of all the stories about Jack the Ripper. I want my mommy. But I remember that in the movie *Mary Poppins* the chimney sweep helps the children find their way when they got lost, so I'm going to try to find one.

11:10 PM. I CAN'T FIND ONE CHIMNEY SWEEP IN THE WHOLE GODDAMN CITY!

May 12th

7:34 AM. Last night sucked. I ended up sleeping in the fountain in Hyde Park. This turned out to be a bad idea because it was full of water and I got really cold. I think I caught the black plague or something. Anyway, I'm totally sick of London so I'm about to take a train to the town of Salisbury. Hope they have good steaks lol.

9:02 AM. I'm on the train just looking at the rolling hills and thinking. While doing so, a revelation dawned on me that my face is made of meat. Like the same stuff that's in the sausage I eat every morning. My face is just one big hunk of red meat. How much would my face fetch at the butcher?

I'm thinking 40 bucks. $35 at the least.

I didn't see this.

Noon. Now this is my kind of city; small, and full of history. I'm just kicking back in a old pub called The Haunch of the Venison drinking some pints of ale. They're about 2 pounds each. A pound is what they call their money even though it does not weigh a pound, more like an ounce. I think in the time of the knights and dragons, the coin actually weighed a pound and was made out of the bones of defeated foes. I miss my computer.

2:00 PM. Still at the pub drinking pints. This stuff is excellent. The next round is for all the folks back home.

4:18 PM I amm so buzzed right now it's not even funny. I'm jus having one more pint and that's it!

8:76 THE MOON. oh ifeeel soo ghood rite now like a birdy flying in theski. I LOOVE U ALLL!

May 13th

10:35 AM. Oh man! What the hell did I do last night? All I remember is having a few pints, and then I woke up in local constable's jail cell. They told me that they found me at the old abbey having a sword fight with a suit of armour for a princess or something. I was totally naked. They were cool about it and I only had to pay a 15 pound fine.

These are typical English people.

4:00 PM. Still have a massive hangover. Staying in bed all day and watching table tennis championships. Go Finland!

May 14th

9:56 AM. About to take a train to Oxford, but eating breakfast first. This English breakfast is really heavy. I mean, having smoked salmon in your eggs is one thing, but pouring baked beans on top of it is a little much. Before this trip is over I'll be a chubby little piglet.

2:20 PM. Well I'm in Oxford, and spent a lot of time looking for J.R.R. Tolkien's house. I'm a big fan of his books and wanted him to autograph my Lord of the Rings special edition key ring, but when I finally found it, the people living there said he'd been dead for years. I was sure this was just a tactic to get rid of me so I pretended to leave and then snuck in the back door. I had to move fast so as not to get caught, but I managed to snag an oven mitt. This is probably the same oven mitt Tolkien uses everyday to get the cookies out of the oven. I could probably sell it on ebay for a lot of money, but I'm keeping it for myself.

I didn't see this either.

5:45 PM. Bad gas. Must have been the baked beans at breakfast.

9:50 PM. I thought the nightlife would be really hopping since there's a million colleges here, but I guess it's exam time so all the students are acutely studying. This is a foreign concept to me. If I ever needed something done, I would get one of my various minions to do it, or just bribe the teacher. English students are nerds.

May 15th

8:30 AM. Back at the airport to fly to Scotland. It's a short flight so hopefully everything will go smoothly.

9:45 AM. In the air, about halfway to Edinburgh. There's like, 10

screaming babies on this plane. God, I hate babies.

10:02 AM OH MY GOD WE'RE GOING TO DIE!! IF YOU FIND THIS, TELL JENNIFER I LOVE HER! OH SHIT!

10:04 AM. Nevermind, it was just a pocket of turbulence.

2:00 PM. Well, I'm in a Edinburgh pub sipping some ale that's as smooth as babies' blood. Life is good. I've survived thus far; hopefully the rest of my trip will be fine. I miss my sweet, sweet Internet.

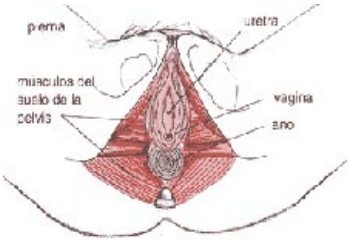
Wasn't that exciting! Reading this log is bringing back a lot of memories about this trip. Painful scarring memories that cause me to drink more and more alcohol until my liver explodes in protest. Next week, we will continue this harrowing quest that takes me to magnificent castles, beautiful scenery, and Burger Kings that sell slightly different items that I am normally used to. EXCITEMENT!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.30 They're All the Man Now, Dawg... I Think

Saturday, May 31, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

SEX.



VAGINA.

Now that I have your attention, enjoy this article about sex. So, come to think of it, I guess I didn't need the teaser. Oh man, did I just say "come" in a sex article? Damn, the funny is already off to one hell of a start today!

Normally when I reference an item from the news in one of my articles, it's because I'm low on ideas / too lazy to come up with an idea / strapped for time / being paid off by CNN.com (for the news you need to know and reporting you can trust, turn to CNN.com!). Today, however, I'm referencing a news item because I feel partly responsible for the events contained therein. No, it's not another drug bust, but thanks for remembering! Recently I've heard from friends across the country who read about my school in their local newspapers. You see, I attend a particular small New England liberal arts college that happens to have a reputation for being the spawning ground of hundreds of Political Correctness buzzwords. If you've ever seen the movie PCU, Port Chester University is based on my small New England liberal arts college. Truth be told, it's barely exaggerated at all, except we have less meat-flinging and the P-Funk concerts are much more infrequent than the film lets on.

None of this, now. It's a shame, really.

My school made a bit of a stir in the last few weeks when it announced to the world that next semester it will house a gender-blind dorm. Under normal circumstances, little freshman males room with other little freshman males and little freshman females room with other little freshman females. It's a pretty popular system, and no one's knocking it. Well, I guess actually we're knocking it. We're knocking it pretty hard. Really, it's less of a "knocking" and more of a "severe beating, resulting in massive hemorrhaging and a nasty lawsuit." In the gender-blind dorm, anyone can room with anyone. To most normal, well-adjusted, people, this conjures up a series of mildly comical, and yet mildly arousing images of various mishaps occurring as a result of a little freshman male rooming with a little freshman female. This is because most normal, well-adjusted people have never set foot on the campus of my particular small New England liberal arts college. In fact, most normal, well-adjusted people have never *heard* of my particular small New England liberal arts college. Maybe you and your buddies can get a couple laughs out of trying to imagine what it would be like to room with a member of the opposite sex your freshman year. The student body of my school would not only not laugh about it, they would hold a protest around you for automatically assuming the stereotypical gender binary applies. I don't mean that they would hold a protest based around that singular issue. I mean it in the sense of seven hundred sign-waving, drum-pounding, pot-smoking, kinky-sex-having hippies coming at you from all sides and screaming at you until you admit your latent homosexuality. They would probably let you go for admitting that you're gay, but they'd all be secretly disappointed that you didn't turn out to be something a little more creative.

Here's the deal. My school is establishing a gender-blind dorm to help eradicate the hated gender binary. When I say "gender binary," I mean the bigoted, outdated, evil concept that a person is born either male or female, with the exception of the occasional person who is born both and will have a lucrative career in freaky porn, but they don't really count. Either you're male or you're

female. That's the way it goes. It's got nothing to do with sexual persuasion. Harbor whatever pointless prejudices you want against homosexuals, physically speaking, a gay man is still a man and a lesbian woman is still a woman, and anyone who thinks otherwise is an idiot. Now, if a gay man or lesbian woman thinks otherwise, that's another story, but that's getting into a sort of gray area, and we're not adequately prepared to go into that territory just yet. Stick with me, though, because things are about to get a whole lot more complicated.

I honestly don't want to make fun, but it's so damn easy!

Most schools have at least one or two active queer groups these days. My school has twelve. Twelve active queer groups. And that's just the *active* ones! If you want to include the lazy, mostly useless queer groups, then I'm pretty sure we have more queer groups than students. I should note at this point that "queer" is the term that the groups decided to apply to themselves, so I'd better not get any angry emails about it, you fags. The twelve main groups all have names that include either the word "queer" or an acronym like "LGBTQ" and a word that means "group," but sounds more proactive, like "coalition" or "faction." All of these groups belong to the umbrella organization, the Queer Alliance. The thing is, the Queer Alliance technically broke up at the end of last year, splintering into the aforementioned twelve groups. This year, they all decided that they wanted to still have their own groups, but belong to one huge group as well, so they resurrected the Queer Alliance. The thing was, they didn't want to call it the Queer Alliance anymore, because the Queer Alliance was dead and an obvious failure, and no self-respecting transsexual-who-is-going-through-a-phase-where-he/she-likes-boys-but-may-go-after-this-one-girl-because-she's-pretty-hot would want to go near it. So they spent the rest of the year bickering over what the call the new umbrella organization. Literally. Those of us who were not actually involved in all this just kept on calling it the Queer Alliance, because it was a bunch of queer groups and they were allied with one another. To be honest, none of us actually cared what they called themselves, but we couldn't tell them that because we'd just be spreading the hate and they'd beat us into a potentially life-threatening, but exceptionally tolerant coma with their picket signs.

Ah, now I'm back on safer territory.

In addition, the twelve groups were always changing their names. They even switched names sometimes, because the Queer Person's Liberation Front really limited it's scope to LGBTQ issues and the LGBTQ Cabal would take just about anyone they could get so long as they weren't straight, so everyone thought it was a pretty good change. You see, "queer" refers to any sort of sexual orientation other than heterosexual. So Bob, who likes guys, and Ru-Steve, who has a penis but doesn't want anyone to know about it, including his girlfriend, are both queer. However, Bob fits into the LGBTQ crowd, and Ru-Steve... well, I don't know what the hell to do with him - uh, her - uh, them. The whole acronym thing started off with just "gay." We don't know exactly where that term picked up its homosexual meaning, but we're the ones who made it socially acceptable to use it to refer to homosexual people. It was good, a one-syllable word that was easy to remember. But then people started getting confused because it applied to both men and women, so they added in "lesbian" to differentiate. "Gay and Lesbian" took a little longer to say, but at least everyone knew that a group included gay men *and* women, not just gay men. Everything was fine for a little while, until a bunch of people decided they were a little gay, but they weren't all-the-way-gay. They wanted to join some groups because it seemed like a trendy thing to do, but they didn't want people thinking they were off the market to either gender. That was fine, because until then a gay guy who slept with a woman was just a gay guy who hadn't quite gotten the hang of it yet. So they added the word "bisexual." "Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual" was definitely too long to go around saying all

the time, so they shortened it to "LGB," because "GLB" would have been chauvinist, and it sort of sounds like a pesticide.

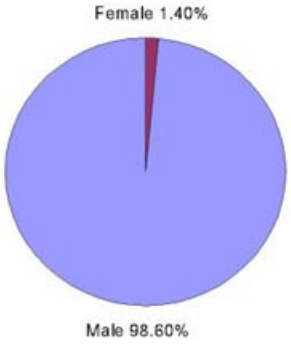
After a while, the LGB groups stopped fighting the valiant crusade for acceptance on the campus. Everyone accepted them, and most people were tired of hearing about their problems while they were trying to do their drugs in peace. That was when the transsexuals decided to strike. They didn't quite fit into the L, G, or B categories, so they got to add their own letter. It looked like the LGBT groups had everybody more or less covered, but they thought the acronym sounded too much like some sort of complex sandwich, so they decided to add another letter - Q, for "questioning.". You just try to name a commonly-used sandwich stacker that begins with "Q." Go ahead. I'll wait. Got one? Of course not, because there isn't one, and if you did come up with one, it's most likely a stupid idea, so don't tell anyone about it or they'll laugh at you and won't invite you to their sexy parties. The problem was, if they were going to add another letter, they needed people to justify it. So, the groups started pressuring straight people into coming to their meetings, then tried to convince them that a person could change his or sexual orientation at any point, so how secure can anyone be in their sexuality, really. This worked on enough people that it became acceptable to declare your sexual orientation to be "questioning," although no one actually knew what this meant, so there was a great deal of confusion about whether or not it was okay to hit on those people. Most questioning people either have a lot of sex, or none whatsoever, and neither extreme can figure out why. So there you have it, LGBTQ. Being the sensible person that you are, you are probably wondering, "LGBTQ seems to cover everything there could possibly be? Why do we even need another word?"

Oh, I get it now! The genders are equal! Well, that clears it all up, then.

Of course you're wondering that. You may be sensible, but you're still a disgusting gender bigot. According to the Queer Alliance, gender is not limited to male or female. Not by a longshot. And that, my prejudiced friend, is where things start getting fucked up. Or fucked down. Or quite possible fucked sideways. If there's one thing I learned from my year at my particular small New England liberal arts college, it's that it's not my place to say which direction things should get fucked, and it sure as fuck isn't yours. The trouble really began when the Transsexuals started getting pushy. Their basic argument was this: say a bisexual male gives up on women altogether? He's gay, no problem. Now, what if a transsexual want decides he/she only wants to be identified by one gender? And what if that gender is not the one that he/she most closely resembles? What then? The community at large responded with a resounding "We don't want to know," but by that point, the people in charge of the LGBTQ alliance were ready to buy anything. Plus, it got the questioning people thinking, and once they got started, they wouldn't shut up until you finally told them exactly what conclusions they should draw, which were always what they wanted in the first place. It was easier to just agree that LGBTQ excluded some people and adopt the all-inclusive "queer," which used to just apply to gay people.

That brings us to the whole gender-blind situation. The one thing the members of the Queer-Organization-Formerly-And-For-All-Intents-and-Purposes-Known-As-Alliance managed to get done in between changing their name and desperately trying to figure out who they were actually allowed to have sex with was coming to the conclusion that male and female didn't quite cover it. No, the gender binary - all this he/she crap - it had to go. The thing is, creating a new category for sexual orientation is tough enough, but creating an entirely new gender is something else altogether. And they weren't just talking about creating one new gender. No, they were talking about a whole freaking load of them. It would be easier to say that they wanted the rest of the school and eventually

the world at large understand is that either there are infinite genders, or that the concept of gender as a whole is unnecessary and politically incorrect. Not surprisingly, a lot of people thought that was a load of crap. The vast majority of people do assign themselves to one gender or the other, and they don't take very kindly to being told that they can't do that anymore. So rather than trying to tell people that they couldn't call themselves one gender or another, the Queer Alliance rallied it huge number of troops for the creation of the gender-blind dorm.



I have no idea what this graph is supposed to mean, but considering the ratio, it's probably something bad.

What it boils down to is yes, a guy could very easily room with a girl, but only under the condition that he doesn't think he's a guy and she doesn't think she's a girl. If the guy calls himself androgynous and the girl wants to be a man, the two of them can live together and have all the sex they want, just so long as they don't get caught pretending to be the genders that they physically are. Let me tell you, the comic possibilities of that are actually far greater than what you originally thought, but they're a lot more confusing and you can't talk about them because the Queer Alliance will get mad and change its name at you.

I said earlier that inventing a new gender is a complicated thing, and the same most definitely holds true for making everyone blind to gender. Sure, there are housing issues to consider, not to mention casting plays and holding auditions for all-male or all-female a capella groups and various other college-type things, but more importantly, there's the issue of pronouns. Personally, I like pronouns. Of all of the parts of speech, pronouns are in my top five for sure. Well, probably. The point is, I use them all the time. Now, being a college student and most likely a future English major (which means I'll basically be living off Something Awful money for the rest of my life), I have to do a lot of writing for school. I like to use pronouns in my writing there, too, because it clutters up a paper and sounds stupid to use a person's name every time you refer to them. For instance, take this stanza from Gloria Gaynor's disco hit, *I Will Survive*.

> *At first I was afraid, I was petrified,*
> *Kept thinkin' I could never live without you by my side,*
> *But then I spent so many nights thinkin' how you did me wrong,*
> *And I grew strong, and I learned how to get along*

Not too bad, right? You can already feel the female empowerment coming through. Now, if you were to replace the pronouns altogether, the same stanza would look something like this:

> *At first Gloria was afraid, Gloria was petrified,*
> *Kept thinkin' Gloria could never live without Bill by Gloria's side,*
> *But then Gloria spent so many nights thinkin' how Bill did Gloria wrong,*
> *And Gloria grew strong, and Gloria learned how to get along*

Somehow it doesn't pack quite the same punch, to say nothing of fitting the rhythm of the song. Also, I had to make up a name for the guy, since I don't actually know who the song is about. "Bill" was alright, but just imagine if it was about someone named "Heironymous!" I think I made my point. Now, technically the only pronouns that would have to be done away with would be the gender-specific third person pronouns, so "I," "you," and "me" would actually be fine, but I wanted to use an example that everyone was familiar with, plus it was late and I was tired. However, if the song actually had been written in the third person, then there would have been trouble, believe me.

Hey, I just typed "sexuality" into the Google image search. This was on page three. Now it's society's problem.

My religion professor first semester this year was a great guy. He had a terrific sense of humor and seemed like a perfectly well-balanced individual with no fanatically rampant beliefs of any kind. Beliefs are great until you start getting carried away with them. So it came as something of a shock to me when he announced as he was assigning the final paper that, "if you use 'he' or 'she' in your paper, I will fail you." Personally, I believe that keeping the rhythm of a paper intact is more important than appeasing every PC fiend out there, so I have a tendency to use 'he' when I actually mean 'he or she.' I'd have had no problem using the female-specific pronouns instead, if that would make me look like a sensitive, gender-blind sort of guy, but obviously we were way past the point where that was going to cut it. When I asked what we should use instead of the gender-specific pronouns, my professor replied that we could use "he or she" or "s/he." Likewise, "his or her" or "hir" (I swear to God on that last one). For a few seconds I tried to determine where he was putting the quotations when he said "'he' or 'she'" versus "he or she," then my blind hatred toward the term "hir" took over and I killed everyone in the class. I'm kidding, of course. Actually, I wrote a very nice paper on the different prominent branches of Judaism in America during the Twentieth Century and I used "he or she" throughout the whole thing (except for the part where I talked about the role of women in the different branches, where I used "she" and hoped for the best).

Then I tried typing in "hir" and this was the first picture. Actually, I think it sums it up pretty well.

I had encountered "hir" only once before, but it lingered in my memory like that last bit of poo that you can't quite get to plop into the toilet, but is too large to wipe way with toilet paper without getting some on your fingers. At the very beginning of the year, everyone who was gender-biased (which is to say, **the entire freshman class and nobody else**) had to attend a sensitivity workshop. There, among other activities that were designed to make us question our own sexual orientations and go back to our rooms now not entirely sure what to think of our roommates, we were all given sheets of paper with a list of new terms we had to learn on both sides. That's two solid pages of new terms that we supposedly couldn't survive on campus without memorizing, unless we wanted to be labeled as troglodytic bigots. Most of the terms applied to such specific combinations of circumstances (a person who is born with the physical characteristics of one gender, but wants to be another gender, and acts like that other gender, but wears the clothes that are typically associated with that person's physical gender is called...) that I seriously doubted that out of a school of 2700 students they could possibly apply to more than three people. For the record, I never met any of those three people. Also, almost all of the terms were defined using the two-gender structure, which just made things all the more confusing. One of the terms we were supposed to learn was "hir" to replace "his or her." There was also one to replace "he or she," but I don't remember it. In all honesty, I think it's "ze." I'm not joking. Other than the pronoun switches, I can only actually remember two terms:

> **Flexual** - "Bisexual" is naturally no good, because it reinforces the concept that there are only two options. So now you can only be bisexual if you are only attracted to people who consider themselves absolutely male or absolutely female. If you can see yourself with someone anywhere in between, then you're "flexual." Like "sexual," but with a "fl." Go ahead. Say it. Shout it out. Now admit it, don't you feel stupid? Of course you do. It's a stupid-sounding word. That's the problem with coming up with new words. The Queer Alliance can never agree on creating an entirely new word, so they end up

just modifying old ones. At least they're not just taking real words and giving them additional meanings anymore. God only knows how many works of literature changed from compelling classics to four hundred page excuses for eighth-grade boys to giggle in class when people started using "gay" to mean "homosexual." So, flexual. Have fun with that one. Use it at parties to get a laugh.

Genderfuck - I have to hand it to the Queer Alliance on this one. You don't forget a word like "genderfuck." I did kind of forget what it means, but I think it's someone who has the physical characteristics of one gender and believes fully that he or she is that gender, but who wears the clothes of the other gender just for shock value. You could call that guy in P-Funk who wears the wedding dress a genderfuck, but I wouldn't do it to his face unless you want him to slap you a funky one. Genderfucks tend to be angry all the time because they don't like wearing the clothes of another gender. But if they don't do it, how will we all ever learn tolerance? Here's the thing: I'm vehemently anti-censorship. I mean, just look at my ninth paragraph today (that's including the initial "SEX" as a complete paragraph)! The rest of my school's campus is mostly down with the anti-censorship cause, too. But the rest of the country is, by and large, not. Now, I would **love** to get everyone in America to accept "fuck" and the other swears as acceptable language. I don't see any reason why they shouldn't be. But let's face it. The Bible Belt is not about to accept a new term for some unnecessarily complex sexual deviance *and* approve the use of the word "fuck" at the same time. Hell, no matter how liberal the location, that's an uphill battle. So is it possible that maybe, just maybe, it was a really, really stupid idea to ever think that "genderfuck" would really catch on? Just maybe? Fuck it, IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.

Like I said, I've forgotten the rest of the list, so either I never met people to whom those terms applied, or I pissed off a lot of people back at school. In any case, let me just apologize on behalf of my institution of higher learning. We mean well, I swear. I guess all I can really be sure of is that I'm a straight male - that is to say, I'm a heterosexual who is male-identified. Uh, what I mean is that I'm a Y-chromosome bearer with an attraction to heterosexual females who are in turn attracted to...

Ah, screw it. I'm the man, baby. But then, we knew that all along.

◘ Please State Your Name, Rank, and Og

You know, the high point of my week is always when we hear from our friendly State Og representatives. And that's not just because of Be-Glad-To-See-Us-O-Matic chip they implanted in the base of my skull! At least, I think it's not. What matters is, we've got all the Og you could want, at just a fraction of the price (specifically, 1/1)!

For too long the wealthy have been able to look down their noses at the homeless. State Og says it's high time that the world's less fortunate got their piece of the ridiculing action! For a limited time only our highly trained and rightfully feared shock troops will put down their magical singing clubs and pick up deadly spiked ladles at soup kitchens worldwide. Then our Black Hand will ladle out heaping helpings of comeuppance in the form of our special Payback Packs!

The contents of each Pack are guaranteed to elevate any slobbering wino to his highest and mightiest in minutes! Every Payback Pack contains a limited edition glass jar manufactured by Lexus. Now you can store your urine in luxury, and possibly throw it at those rich jerks! The fun doesn't stop there! Enjoy the high life by settling down to a fancy meal, specifically your very own can of Fancy Feast! Unlike dry cat foods, Fancy Feast

> *is loaded with delicious rat blood and dead ticks! That's good eating! Wash down that treat with the subtle flavor of imported mash whiskey, fresh from the exotic locale of Salt Lake City! Only the upper crust can truly appreciate the fine quality of Mormon hooch! Finally, no well-to-do bastard would be complete without a monocle, perfectly poised to leap from your face at the slightest affront. However there was a problem at the Payback Pack plant so you'll have to make do without one.*

Dead ticks? Man, that's luxury! There's only one way to find out what other surprises State Og has in store for us, by which I mean the poor, unsuspecting populace, and that's by reading their latest update! And believe me, you do want to know what surprises they have in store for us. Believe me, you don't want to be caught unawares when they unleash... well, I've said to much already.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Chapter 6

June

6.1 I Am Being Towards So Grillin' That Yours Truly is a Felon

Sunday, Jun 01, 2003 by El Pinto Grande

Clam bake in delicious.

Spring is here once again to the friends and summer is just around the horizon so it is time for Yours Truly to be bursting without the recipes. Summer times are the favorite times in Mexico and it is so hot that the best way to being cooled down is with a grilling parties. You are inviting all of your friends, some relatives, and maybe you are asking the nicer of the neighbor types to also come over. It is a great heartwarming time of bonding friendships and it will help keep to the peace in days to come possibly for years to come. With the help of cooking tips from mother, God rest her soul, I have being to prepare you grills gladiators to go out and defeat the best steaks and clam bakes that you can be set to matches against.

For this latest of clam bakes I am inviting over long time friend and some time partner in the crimes and square circles Sombrero Largo, interesting man of mysterious loves Tango Queen, and tag team of Weather Predator Cats even though Tornado Cougar is rudos his brother Hurricane Puma is being good friend. Neighbor from the borders Rick Powell who is junior executive at American Chemical Plant next door is also coming to pay the visits. He is a straight shooter in book which is being mine and he is bringing lovely girlfriend type Subaru and she is a saucy Tijuana native from the bars with the dancing. To be having properly the clam bake you are needing the key ingredients which I have listed below and should appear on the computer page below this paragraph in a list.

- Clams (river clams, hutch clams, and waterfall clams being best)
- Straw (is using to separate the striations in clam bake)
- Pond Lobster (using kind which is feisty is best kind for clam bake)
- Fruits and Vegetables (potatoes, goat carrot, magic rice, whole watermelons, whatever is not moving and in yard)

This is just ingredient for clam bake being by itself, you are also wanting to serve your many guests some good things from the grills or your clam bake will turn inside of a wrong bake and then folk will be given to leaving in disappointment. You are wanting applause! Clam bake is every bit event that wrestling matches are being and it is important to in corporation showmanship inside of the clam bake. To be including this concept of daring I am using modifications to mother's recipe, God rest her soul, and have created a recipes which I am sharing with you now. It is okay to trusting in Yours Truly, this is the recipe for the results and it will soon be sweeps the nations.

First offs you are wanting to be taking hot coals and placing them into the grills. I am doing this by throwing the coals onto large flint stone very hard, there is the sparks and if water from pond next to the American Chemical plant is used for soaking first they are bursting in towards the fire quickly. When they are on fire pick them up with the barbecue tong or hand with strength versus the fires, which I am having, and carry the fiery coal in the fastest way to the grill. Once there is a medium pile you are ready to put grill on top. This is best grill top made out of chicken wire but if you are not having large spool of chicken wires handy then you are using chained links fence or also possibly using to the normal grill if there is no sense of adventures!

Good! Grill is burning, it is being time to kick the things up to another notch! Add to the grills a heap of seasonings you are clutching in tight grip. I am preferring dried tumbleweeds, many fronds

of talking plant next to American Chemical Plant, it is okay if he is yelling at you "it is hurting" because this is just his way. He is making to do with fewer branches and is making the grills happy with his savory natures.

I am liking to serve grilled of the chicken beast on clam bake days so I am going toe to the toe with chicken beast. It is a wily creature that is not easily made to tap out, so be ready for a battle of the birds! This is best to be doing in front of guests to clam bake so you are showing off the skills of culinary to them and their mouths are springing with water at the sights and smells. I am recently defeat chicken creature in five round no hold bars matches and when chicken creature is made to defeat I am cutting one inch thick slices from its leathery hide. You will need to remove quill and ink sank from chicken creature before cooking, also the diced tentacle is good in potato salads so set aside for this purposes. Beware of beaks! Beaks of chicken creature will give terrible fright to the guests when they are turning up in the food.

With chicken creature grilling it is time to be making with the clam bake which I have the steps to steps instructions ready for you to begin with cooking. This must all being timed to perfection or it is a disaster of monuments portions! The steps to steps instructions are being below this paragraph if I made the computer beep to me in favorable manner.

Okay below this, the beeps are angry, so watch out!

Steps One
Take clams and squeeze in a very burly manner. This will coax the juices of the clams into a bowl which I am now mentioning and should be at the readies next to the clams to catch the juices. Clam blood is also name for this and once the clams are juiced to oblivions you are taking a few of the clams and crack them open with the hammer to get their secret meats. Set to the sides for steps later.

Steps Two
Lobster are fighty at points like this so be prepared to deliver calming kicks to their heads or using of the clam hammer to convince them to go into clam bakes. It is not good things to hit them so hard they are dying but best clam bake is with the lobster which is just died inside the cooking pot. Once lobster is snuggling in the pot, OH WAIT! Before this step put in step one and the half where you are putting the hay down into bottom of clam bake pot. If not the lobster is being burned like a bad cake. Okay, now straw is in there under the lobsters and your are putting the drowsy lobster in to snuggling the pot. This is put on grill now and put top firmly on while you are working on

other steps. Some screams maybe are coming from the inside of the pot, it is okay, trust me on this one. They are not feeling a things, it is just the natural response as the nervous systems are boiled alive and the lobsters are feeling what we in wrestling business are calling the "bug agony". Not too bad, not like the "real agony".

Steps Three
Act now, your results are depending on the haste of the action. You are preparing the vegetables which you are gathered from yard. I like to use all manner of vegetables like the pumpkins, hot peppers, whole onion trees, and also very good is potato. If you have corn use that but it will not grow in the ground here, well it is growing but instead of ear of corns it is giving up bugs the size of arm that can fly and attack the horse. Chopping is good, breaking is sometimes good, also fold when necessary to folds. Place into pot on the head of lobsters. There are claw marks inside pot, okay, this is nice because it means fresh and by now they should be done trying to claw their ways outside of pot and will wear vegetable hat gently. Place top down with hastes! First put straw on tops of the vegetables being as well.

Step Four
It is time for the clams so you are putting these inside and leave the shell on the top of these fellows. I like to go into the showmanship very much on parts like this! I will draw some faces on the clams and hold up behind clam bake pot and give a little play. I am liking to tell the story of Donkey Hurty and his most epic of legends when he is battling El Dragonos! He is the haymaker's dream! As Donkey Hurty is defeating each of the fifteen princes I am tossing the clam which is the prince into the pot and the children and even some of the adult types are screams with the delight. A fun time is had by all not including even the screams and then the affair is over and it is time to put top of straw on then top of pot on.

Attendance to clam bakes can also be good with sassy childrens.

Step Five
While clam bake is doing the baking you are taking clams you are shelling and clams with juices and placing in large mixing bowl. Add to this bowl some cream which is taken from goat's of many venoms and milked by placing sponge into goat mouth and yelling. The yells will get a rise out of the goat and it will bite the sponge and release its delicious prize of venom inside of the sponge. This is secret spices for another notch! Ha ha, no seriously, this kicks things to a notch which is being so high that you are having to wear masks full to the brim with oxygen to even see the notch. Stirring this and add the zests of a lemon, some freshest thymes, and some wild rockets. Finally you are putting into this mix a whole stick of reduction butter, should being towards very thick and buttery so place in and mix with the clam juice and meats. This is good sauces for lobsters!

Step Six
Prepare the chicken creature by basting with hot peppers spirits and some shallots which are also cooked in the grills. Hold the phones! I am just remembering, lobster should not be on bottom, vegetables are on bottom of clam bake! Oh this is very bad form if you are doing this. Lobster should be second from the top above the vegetables but being below the clams. Place the chicken creatures onto the plates with the vegetables from the clam bake which is at the bottom if you are doing things correctly. Then you are placing clams in large bowl and lobster on each plate. If lobsters are still making the moves then you need to calm them down some more by scalding out their brains with a turkey baster and a kettles of hot waters. Finally putting to the dipping sauces in ramekins onto the plate and large bowl of the clams in center of tables. Bone appetite!

If you are doing all of these things to the correct proportion then you are having a very successful

clam bakes indeed. I can tell you that mine is a big hit with all but girlfriend of Rick who is a vegetable and cannot eat the lobsters. She is an outrage at the violence I am doing to the clams also and I have to tell her nicely to leave and Rick is laughing and says "walk back to the car and sit in the heat, maybe you have a stroke you stupid thing" but he is not saying "thing" he saying word that I am not repeating here. This is a family computer page, or so I am told to believe.

Have fun this summer. Have a greatest summer of all!

Cranky Who?!

Zack "Glass Animator" Parsons here. Unbeknownst to most of us at Something Awful, Mista T has been toiling away chained in the basement of Cranky Steve's Whorehouse. While we've been eating caviar and elf meat from our magical tower, that go-getter Mista T has been slaving over a hot pot of shitty maps to create content for you!

The map is comprised of a box with a very deep, octagonal hole in the center of it (which I assume would be the place where you shouldn't fall down, for you see, you fall a LONG FUCKING WAY to the bottom) which is duplicated and put right beside the first Box-and-Hole structure, so that it could theoretically accommodate more people that would want to play the map (which would include, but are not limited to: rapists, masochists, and the criminally insane). Littlejay also included a big, fat vehicle in one of the Box-and-hole setups, so it is also possible to drive a vehicle into the damn hole if you so desire.

Discover the many secrets of what Mista T has been working on all this time by heading over to Cranky Steve's and checking things out for yourself!

-~El Pinto Grande

6.2 The Fast and Furious: From 27 to 65 Years In Under Two Weeks

Tuesday, Jun 03, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is either me now or will be me in roughly two years.

I've always derived a perverted pride from the fact that my body and mind feel as if they age three years for every 365 days of my existence. To be perfectly honest, I am a wreck both physically and mentally; I sweat like a Flip Wilson ice sculpture in Iraq, arthritis occasionally creeps into my hands and legs, and my back feels as if some nefarious governmental organization has been using it to store recycled fighter plane parts for the past 20 years. I cannot stand rap music, I despise bars and the so-called "social scene" that other 27 year olds partake in, and I fail to see any downside to sitting on my back porch and waving a cane at the neighborhood kids who pass by on their fancy high fallootin' bicycles and scooters. At the rate I'm aging internally, I expect to be a 150-year old by the time I'm 50, which would probably break some record somewhere and cause Willard Scott to mention my name shortly before he begins making up stories about the weather. If my current aging process wasn't bad enough, I recently added another 30 years or so to my life in under two weeks: I became a home owner.

Anybody who has read this webpage knows of my past apartment-dwelling experiences: no matter what apartment complex in the world I move into, I end up living next to MC Smokes Weed Every Day and DJ Plays Shitty Techno 24 Hours a Day. I'm fairly convinced that these two individuals have been somehow reverse-stalking me, predicting my each and every move, then renting an apartment next to the one I plan on inhabiting before I even have a chance to tour it. One day about a month or so ago I decided that I had grown tired of sharing walls with people who engage in daily goat-molesting orgies broadcasted over 6,000-watt stereo systems, so I took the plunge and purchased my first home. With such low interest rates and property value, I actually pay less monthly fees owning my home than I would in my previous apartment full of crackheads and atomic bomb-powered bass speaker fanboys. Logic commanded me to buy a home and as a result, here I am, living in my own house located in majestic Lee's Summit, Missouri.

I sympathize with this poor woman.

I hadn't originally given much thought process to the mental effects owning a home would cause. I assumed that I'd be the same dopey jackass that I was before, content to simply slouch around and occasionally glance away from my computer monitor when I suspected something I owned was either on fire or getting urinated upon by my cats. Nobody told me the cold hard truth about becoming a homeowner: it changes you in ways you cannot imagine. Your entire sense of reality and priorities shift in a way that none of your friends will be able to recognize you, like in that one movie where Tom Cruise was all popular and rich and handsome, then he got in a car accident and nobody liked him anymore because he had become ugly and a Scientologist. Allow me to explain just a few of the many mental polar shifts you will experience once you stop renting and buy your own home:

1) You develop an intensely depressing interest in grass and mulch. As an apartment renter who inhabited "yet another fucking apartment complex," I never put too much thought into

maintaining my lawn or going outside to trim the bushes. This might be partially due to the fact that I lived on the third floor and if I attempted to walk outside and mess with the dirt and weeds growing around the apartment, I'd fall three stories to my death (I'd land on one of the many, many ducks who would impale me with their beaks / bills / stilettos). Additionally, the apartment complex owned and maintained all the land there, so I would've probably felt uncomfortably encroaching on the jobs of the illegal Mexican immigrants in charge of lawncare.

Whenever I'd visit my parents, I would constantly be perplexed by my dad's seemingly insatiable obsession with his lawn and the green, woody, leafy objects that grew vertically from it. I simply could not comprehend why somebody would exert so much time and energy taking care of a bunch of crap which would eventually grow back again in a week. This explains why I haven't washed or brushed my hair since the Challenger explosion. The whole concept of "lawn care" boggled my mind and even depressed me to a certain degree, knowing that people could spend so much time digging around in the mud like a suburban pirate searching for buried treasure in the form of a grub or family of moles. However, once I moved into my home, the chemicals in my brain dramatically shifted to the polar opposite direction of wherever they previously inhabited, and before I knew it I was mowing my lawn, trimming bushes, and spreading insect-killer like a true suburbanite.

It's really quite sad in a way; there's new mulch around all my bushes and trees, I spent hours pulling out weeds and trimming the lawn with gardening sheers, and a majority of my weekend was dedicated to enhancing the deep green luster of my surroundings. I know that this is one of the most pathetic things to admit, but I'm actually taking pride in the appearance of my lawn. If you're half as scared as I am, you should probably close your Internet browser right now and delete this website from your bookmarks, as I think I've become a completely different person... a person who might try to kill you if you defile or even insult my lawn. I have named it "Gretchen" and it is very sensitive. I'll eventually set up its own email account so you can ask questions and perhaps interview it.

Okay, this grandma is just weird.

2) You grow jealous of people who can afford nicer homes than yours. When I lived in apartments, I honestly didn't give a shit about the quality of my residence or my friends' flats. I failed to care that one of my friends had a luxurious, $2,000-a-month apartment overlooking downtown Seattle, whereas my apartment smelled like charcoal and contained carpet composed of horse hair. At that point in my life, apartments were simply a series of interconnected rectangle-shaped rooms which usually joined each other in some type of logical progression. I never found myself wishing to move into a larger, fancier apartment because I really didn't give a crap. I was perfectly content if I lived in a place which simply kept the rain and homeless people out of my kitchen. Once I purchased a home though, that feeling changed.

Now, as I drive to Bed, Bath, and Beyond so I can purchase throw rugs which compliment my drapes and the beige color scheme of my livingroom, I spy expensive houses from the corner of my eye and feel a knot of jealousy form in my stomach. Why do I have such horribly negative emotions about rival homes? I'm perfectly content with my current home and since I live here alone with my two cats, I definitely do not need a larger dwelling. I don't make enough money to afford one of those fancy lad mansions which I pass by every day, and even if I did, 96% of the space in the home would remain empty and barren. Despite the logical side of my brain arguing "hey dickhead, your current home is just fine," the emotional side of my brain continuously chants "they all think they're better than you. Look at them with their expensive houses and nice cars. They look down at you and think you're inferior to them. You must show them. Yes, you must show them all! BEGIN THE CLEANSING PROCESS." Then I continue writing letters to Jodie Foster.

3) You begin watching and attending Major League Baseball games. I've never had anything against baseball; in fact, I used to be an avid card collector when I was a kid. I stopped purchasing baseball cards once every company decided to charge $189 per pack of cards, each labeled something ridiculous such as "Fleer Ultra Superstar Platinum Limited Edition Stand Out Impact Player Chrome Series 37." The only people who can afford to collect baseball cards these days are the players themselves, and they're too busy getting in bar fights and raping women to do so. In between coveting my neighbors' houses and working in my lawn, I've been watching a lot of baseball on television, playing baseball games on my Sony X-Boxcube, and even ATTENDING KANSAS CITY ROYALS GAMES. Yes, that's correct, I actually went to see the Royals play (and invariably lose) to the Oakland Athletics on Sunday. I was surrounded by a crowd of people wearing black knee-high socks and those little yellow radios that you strap around your thigh so you may listen to the AM radio broadcast as the game progresses. The only consolation I can possibly derive from this traumatic experience is the fact that, amongst all the people seated around me, I was the person yelling the most incoherent and nonsensical garbage. I continuously shouted "BRING BACK MELIDO PEREZ!!!" as loud as I could, because next to Otis Nixon, Melido Perez was the ugliest man in baseball (and briefly pitched for the Royals in 1988 before they traded him to the Yankees for $28 and a Tupperware container of ball bearings).

I don't even know who I am anymore. I've mutated into a bizarre creature who seems to value odd, worthless things such as the color of grass and the ERA of relief pitchers. I live in a neighborhood occupied by people twice my age, folks who purchase lawn furniture and have no qualms with standing around in their khaki shorts while spraying a hose onto their bushes for hours. I have aged from 27 to 65 years in less than two weeks, an experience which has been both fast and furious. If my next update revolves around the cost of prescription drugs or my doctor's supposed incompetence, then somebody please drop over and euthanize me for my own good. In the meantime, I've got to go and see what the weather will be like later today and see if my picture was mentioned by Willard Scott.

Bring the Bat-Glue

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams back for more, because I can't seem to eat just one. There are probably some chemicals or something in this, I dunno. Before I forget like usual, I want to thank all of you folks out there that send me /tells on Planetside saying how much you like the site. Despite the fact I really do very little compared to Lowtax or El Pinto, it is nice hearing that people enjoy what we do.

On to the Goldmine. In today's fast paced movie making society, it's a wonder that we don't hear more of actors accidentally slipping into roles they portrayed in other films.I just re-read the above sentence and wow, I need to work on my segues. You'd think I'd blame drugs which might slightly be a more plausible reason but nope, you got that. Lowtax is going to beat me again. So yes, that's the topic of today's Comedy Goldmine: Actors confusing their roles. Sounds daft you say? Well check this out:

Maybe it's just the nerd in me, but damn, I'll buy tickets to see that movie. Three or four times. Anyhow, the goons took it upon themselves to mix the movies and roles up a bit, and I think it turned out very, very well.

It's Tuesday morning. The boss isn't looking. Go ahead, click here. We won't tell, promise.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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6.3 Modern Stupidity

Wednesday, Jun 04, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This is perhaps the most successful mod ever made. Why? Because it plays upon everybody's desire to constantly get shot by snipers.

Like a whole lot of you hopeless cretins, I'm addicted to computer gaming. One of the things that attracts me to playing games on the computer over those awful console systems is the fact that on the PC, I have access to all sorts of nifty mods that make my games more fun and slightly more worth the inflated prices I pay with my easily and unjustly earned US dollars. Practically every PC game, regardless of genre, can be modified in some capacity. It's not limited to first person shooters, as you could just as easily turn *WarCraft 3* into a game where you command a squadron of elderly citizens around a shopping mall, increasing their stats through vital exercise. With blockbuster sequels like *Half-Life 2*, *Doom 3*, and *Deus Ex 2* coming out this year, we can all but expect a biblical flood of new and ambitious mods. The problem with mods is that for every ten you hear about, only maybe one will ever be released. And even then it's usually not a full release. It's always some kind of pre-alpha version where somebody added new skins they made with MSPaint and programmed the game to crash in new and unexpected ways. The fact that these terrible "here are 350 megs worth of useless files to install onto your computer and laugh at" mods get released at all is a tragedy not unlike September 11, 2001, which was when I last fell down and scraped my knee. I probably exaggerate the situation, though. Most mods in development aren't noticeable unless you prowl around the Internet looking for them, kind of like how Frolixo prowls around when he wants to meet underage girls. I'm a mod prowler, and I don't mind admitting it.

What I'm most impressed with, and simultaneously baffled by, is the phenomenon of people starting mods and then canning them in a disappointingly timid blaze of failure. It's an understandable situation, as game making is no easy task and you can easily get in over your head. But it is an entertaining thing to watch, because so many rise to the challenge only to come up short like a midget in quicksand. I know this is a sensitive topic for SA, as our own Zack Parsons failed to present the beef with his mod about elves plugging into knowledge trees and hacking into dragon's lairs. Really, there's no shame in his failure, as he's one of the many pioneers of a new field: failed mod making. More important than the miracle mod that somehow survives long enough to get any kind of respectable release are the dozens that don't. There are a lot of benefits to starting a failed mod, and they far exceed the demands of actually starting and completing a successful mod. For one thing, the time it takes to fail at making a mod is considerably less than the time it takes to succeed at making a mod. In addition, you can start numerous failed mods at the same time, and put little effort into each. With a relatively minor investment of time, you can get a lot of people's hopes up and make yourself a real heavyweight in the mod community – and you know how important that is – before admitting defeat and moving ever onward towards more failure. What I hope to do with this update that I probably stole from somebody is get each of you to start your own failed mod. Or, at the very least, to consider making a failed mod, and then fail to make it.

Step One: Overshoot Your Abilities By Ten Miles

Mod making should be a process of continued and unrelenting failure. The best way to position yourself for this most absolute of failures is to overshoot your abilities by as much as possible. In fact, overshoot technological limitations and logic while you're at it. Promise what you can't deliver, even if you were given an experimental serum consisting of the super intelligent semen of Stephen Hawking, the heroic courage of actor Marc

Singer, and the raw passion of motivational guru Anthony Roberts. There is no sense being reasonable here. Failure is your goal, so fail hard like the of child of a demonic union between a furry and a goth: as black as a the soul of a wolf with a heart of sorrow that nobody understands.

Step Two: Pick a Hot Property

You have to base your mod on something, and nothing works better than somebody else's copyrighted property. Heck, George Lucas isn't going to mind if you steal his beloved characters for personal use. Neither is old Tolkien, who is probably burning in hell for writing such blasphemous nonsense. Here are a couple suggestions for possible mod material:

- *Star Wars*
- *X-Men*
- *Harry Potter*
- *The Matrix*
- *Lord of the Rings*
- *Dragonball Z*
- *Denver the Last Dinosaur*

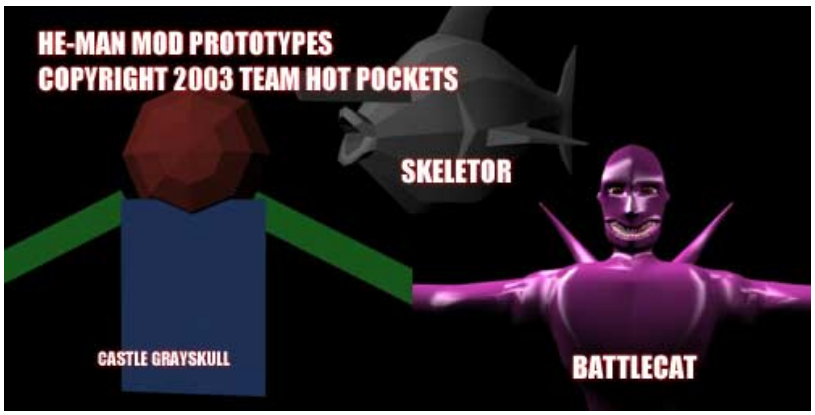
The main concern here is that you want to do something recognizable, and copyrighted works can be pretty damn recognizable. In the unlikely situation somebody decides to sue you, that pretty much means your mod can't be released, and everything is where it should be. If it looks like nobody's panties are getting in a bunch over your unauthorized usage of copyrighted material, raise the bar and start combining things that don't belong in ways that are drastically inappropriate. Make it controversial by including gratuitous sex, violence, and sacrilegious content.

Step Three: Create Some Terribly Pathetic Preliminary Work

At this stage you should begin getting your shit together, as to make a powerful impact. You will most definitely want to get a website online, although it should intentionally be a disaster. You're going to need the following for that:

- Erroneous JavaScript. Make sure the visitor is instantly assaulted by your incompetent programming.
- An HTML frames layout where several frames either load incorrectly or wrong pages. Be creative and have the Yahoo homepage load in a frame. Use as many frames as you can. Turn your website into a grid and confuse the holy hell out of your fans.
- Overview of story. If your mod's story isn't based on a preexisting property and fails to include either an evil wizard or alien mastermind, then just forget it. You can't even fail at failing.
- Terrible sketches. If you have a younger brother or sister, get them extremely drunk and force them to draw concept art while you whack them with a belt. The end result will still be on par with most anime style drawings, but still awful by any normal person's standards.
- 3D Renders. THIS IS IMPORTANT. People want to see that you can produce 3d models, since those are super hard to make. In all likelihood, you probably won't be very good at this, but that's A-OKAY since you can just throw together a few spheres, a cube or two, and a triangle. Make sure your models look nothing like what they are supposed to. In fact, go one further and label them incorrectly to make them look even more unlike what they are

supposed to be. Don't get crafty and texture your creations, though. Make them bright colors so that they catch the eye. Here are some examples:



When you have all this done, immediately e-mail every gaming website you can think of with the URL and description of your big plans. You want publicity!

Step Four: Request Help Now that you have a web page done, it's time to lure a bunch of suckers into your tapestry of lies. You will most certainly want to request help in the following areas:

- Webmaster
- Modelers
- Skinners
- Level Designers
- Texture Artists
- Writers
- Moral Support
- Somebody to help get you out of bed in the morning
- Somebody to feed you
- Somebody to tuck you in at night
- Somebody to wipe your ass
- Somebody to post on Internet forums telling everybody how great your mod is going to be
- Somebody to pay your bills when you drop out of school, quit your job, and hide yourself away from stress of the modern world to "work" on this mod

If nobody agrees to take any of these positions, don't fret. You can always just make up random usernames and create an entire design team out of imagination. Then, to make things more exciting, you can have these imaginary personas begin fighting amongst themselves on popular forums or on the mod's website. This could very well create the excuse you need to ultimately declare the mod a bust and quit. You will also most definitely want to e-mail gaming websites with continually news on the availability of these positions. Remember, you aren't really making a mod; you're putting on a show.

Step Five: Abandon the Project

With positions filled and periodic samples of work coming out, you're now ready to call it quits. There are a number of ways you can do this, and each achieves a different result. For example, you can declare the thing a flat-out bust and walk away, or you can string people on even further by announcing a permanent "temporary hiatus." This

> gives people hope that the project might live on. Another fun thing you might try is telling people that the project is cancelled, but that you'll be releasing all the source code and assets soon. You won't have any real work to release, but keep telling people that. Somewhere out there is a nerd dying to get his hands on your work. The more big promises you made, the more interest there will be in what you secretly failed to fail to make. There is also always the chance you'll get threatened with a lawsuit if you infringed on somebody's copyrights enough, and that's always good for drama.

If you follow along, you should probably do a pretty good job. The one thing I strongly encourage is to spread yourself thin and start as many mods as you can possibly manage, and for every game in your library. Also, a good rule of thumb is for every minute you spend working on your mod, spend an hour promoting it wherever you can. This talk is important, as it shows you are dedicated to this project that you will soon give up on.

Benny and the Jets

Sorry, but there really aren't any jets involved, contrary to the factious title floating directly above. There is a Ben, which is just as good I guess. Stalwart Ben reviewed another movie, although that's not much of a surprise because what else is he going to do? Well, to answer your question: rehab. Ben reviewed a new movie called "Article 1480." Oh shit, I mean "The Stuff." Here is some text that Ben typed using his keyboard and hands:

> *You might recognize the name of Larry Cohen, writer and director of "The Stuff," from a number of other films. Most of those movies sucked really, really hard. However, he did write "Phone Booth," and that was pretty darn good. However, it sure as hell wasn't good because of the script. You see, Larry Cohen has an odd little quirk when it comes to screenwriting - he can only write competent dialogue for one character per film. For instance, in "Phone Booth," the character of Stu, played by Colin Farrell, was written perfectly well. By comparison, the character of the cop, played by Forest Whitaker, sounded like his dialogue was written by a retarded six year old deaf child from Tibet with severe learning disabilities and nails in his eyes. Likewise, in "The Stuff," the character of Mo, portrayed by Michael Moriarty, is actually written rather well. Sure, not every line is a gem, but hey, it was the Eighties. You could get away with writing the odd line of horrendous dialogue for an otherwise fine character and get away with it. No one cared, as they were all too busy wearing leg warmers and doing blow. In fact, during Mo's first scene, I actually said to myself, "Gee, Ben, you handsome bastard, this might turn out alright! Sure, the preceding scenes were pure, unadulterated filth, but this isn't too shabby!" Unfortunately, as is the tao of Larry Cohen, all of the other characters are written as horrible stereotypes, blatant ripoffs of other successful film characters, or outright morons. The characters stumble through an ill-conceived, fragmented plot that feels as though several incredibly important scenes went missing, sandwiched between a beginning and ending, both of which have definitely earned their spots among the stupidest things I've ever seen. On the other hand, the film quality was cleaned up quite nicely for the DVD, so what do I really have to complain about? Well, it's a movie... called "The Stuff." That's a pretty damn good start.*

So in conclusion, go see the movie "Phone Booth" as it is highly recommended by Ben "Greasnin" Platt. But first go read his review of "The Stuff."

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.4 Stupidity in Numbers

Thursday, Jun 05, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Fuck THAT thing.

It's generally true that when you gather a large group of people together the entire group becomes about as intelligent as the stupidest member of the gathering. Sometimes this really doesn't make a lot of difference, like when you're corralling mongoloids or sequestering nuclear scientists inside a hunting lodge near the Austrian border. Unfortunately, when there are one or more lumps of humanity with intelligence well below the mean they can prove to be the bad apples that spoil the bushel of people. Somehow, in the atmosphere of hyperventilating patriotism that was running rampant following the explosion of a couple buildings here in the United States, our congress reverted to almost Cro-Magnon levels of intellect and handed the government of the United States over to a bunch of thugs and whores.

I've said it before and I'll say it again. I hate no man in American politics, throughout the history of our Union entire, more than I hate John Ashcroft. He is a villain that makes slave-owning secessionists and intern fucking presidents look like martyred saints on the altar of our history. While our attention was diverted on problems real and fabricated throughout the world he and his cabal of evil have spread beneath our feet like an indelible ink stain on the fabric of our great democracy. His apparatus lurks in the shadows, hungry for us, for those who he merely feels are doing wrong, and our elected representatives handed him a heaping serving of our freedoms on a silver platter called the Patriot Act.

I'm sorry ma'am, but your boyfriend is under arrest for having unlawfully shifty eyes.

Like a man waking in his bed from a fever dream of alcohol next to the most syphilitic whore in the entire city, our elected officials and what few watchdog groups remain to patrol them have suddenly realized the peril our country is in. While we were driving spears through the hearts of tin pot dictators and religious fanatics abroad a cancer had taken root in our midst and that cancer, under the malignant sway of John Ashcroft, is loathe to uncoil its many tendrils from the diseased body of the United States. No, like all good cancers it hungers for more, and while it laughs off the desperate attempts to excise it by our elected officials it is already planning to expand, to metastasize, into other organs of our once proud nation.

What is this Patriot Act that I'm pouring out such melodramatic prose about? I would absolutely love to tell you. The Patriot Act is a collection of backdoors and loopholes for organizations like the FBI to circumvent due process and the rights of the individual to privacy and even, under some circumstances, to safety. To assist you in understanding the complex dangers of the Patriot Act I have put together a convenient and easy-to-use bulleted outline of the document.

1. Expanded Surveillance With Reduced Checks and Balances. The Patriot Act allows the FBI and other government organizations to conduct searches in depth without oversight and without the impediment of restrictions designed to safeguard the freedom and privacy of those who cannot be demonstrated as connected to criminal activity. What this means is:

- **You are broadcasting an IP address.** You computer is sending out a signal, or IP address, to government intelligence officials who can use this so-called "IP address" to determine whether or not you are a criminal. Good indicators that you are a criminal include an over abundance of bestiality-related spam mail, chatlogs with 19/F/CA, a JPEG image of an explosion, the words "terrorist" or "bomb" in any documents on your hard drive, and of course e-mails from shady Nigerian money launderers.
- **The government is free to record bedroom and bathroom activities.** The FBI and CIA can now install the X-11 webcam in your bedroom or bathroom to record you. In one case Federal officials videotaped a man masturbating to a Jane Fonda workout video in his bedroom and then showed him the tape as a means to force a confession. In another case the FBI installed a streaming webcam into the skull of a woman's pet dog and used remote control technology to video tape her taking a shower. This was all done because "[the woman] was suspsiciously hot." In a third case the government actually secreted a very diminutive female operative into the bathroom laundry hamper of a man suspected of supplying money to terrorists. While no evidence to support this was uncovered the man was still detained for questioning for some eight months thanks to "illegally distributed 'tiger stripes'."
- **New data collection methods broadly violate the average citizen's right to privacy.** The Patriot Act has authorized the FBI in conjunction with the Department of Defense to create a super computer system capable of collecting and processing every single piece of personal information about every citizen. The system, called MANIFOLD GODHEAD, is housed in a huge obsidian pyramid at the center of the Pentagon with a glowing red light at its apex. Occasionally it will flash the name and location of a suspected offender on terminals throughout the complex and storm teams of men in black body armor will slide dramitically down fire poles while shooting MP5s.
- **New definitions of terrorism expand scope of surveillance.** According to the Patriot Act terrorists are no longer crazed bombers or sinister and cackling theocrats armed with sabers. The Act specifically defines terrorists as "those commiting or planning acts of sedition against the government or those who John Ashcroft personally feels are crumb bums."

2. Overbreadth with a lack of focus on terrorism. Several provisions of the USAPA have no apparent connection to preventing terrorism. These include:

- **Government spying on suspected computer trespassers with no need for court order.** In addition the government doesn't have to actually have any evidence that the person is a computer trespasser. They are free to go "on a hunch" or use the time-tested crimefighting method of "gut instinct" to conduct detailed surveillance operations.
- **Adding samples to DNA database for those convicted of "any crime of violence."** Sec. 503 defines a "crime of violence" as "the sort of thing a jerk or commie would do, you know, breaking the law, because any crime is violence against the state. Oh, and God, it's violence against God too."
- **Wiretaps now allowed for suspected violations of the Computer Fraud and Abuse Act.** It's not widely known, but under the aegis of the Patriot Act and the FBI more than 1,000 college students and suspected liberal seditionists were sentenced by a secret court to years in federal prison.

Their mistake was installing Bonzai Buddy, which now features a government-sponsored data collection script that will detect the use of cheat codes in First Person Shooters. IDDQD is a direct violation of the Digital Millenium Copyright Act.

MANIFOLD GODHEAD told us that you downloaded Radiohead's "Hail to the Thief" before its street date.

A lot of people think that the Patriot Act doesn't really affect them. They assume that as long as they're an upstanding citizen they will never suffer the consequences mapped out by the Act. Well let me ask you a couple questions Mister High-and-Mighty! Have you ever smoked marijuana? Under the Patriot Act this is now an offense punishable by up to six years in a secretive Federal holding facility. Do you listen to MP3s? Even if you own the CD and ripped the MP3 yourself you are violating the Patriot Act and will be subjected to freezing experiments at a special "Music Camp" outside Washington DC. Do you download or otherwise view pornography? Thanks to the Patriot Act looking at images or moving pictures of women wearing anything less than an ankle-length frock will result in immediate sterilization.

I would advise you to look closely at who voted for the Patriot Act and help ensure that they never hold office again by voting against them, even if it means voting to elect a murderous robotic overlord. In the meantime, apply pressure to elected officials by writing letters to them in which you threaten to break into their homes and rearrange their furniture while they are sleeping, call your congressmen and leave mysterious messages that imply you will hack into his computer and blackmail him with all of the shemale bit torrents he has running, and most importantly attend John Ashcroft's next press conference and storm the stage ululating and wielding a vulcanized rubber dildo. These are all, for the time being at least, legal and perfectly patriotic ways to show that your voice counts in this great democracy.

War is Sell

Hi gang, it's your friendly albeit obnoxious Internet eFriend Josh "LiveSock" Boruff with the not-so-shocking announcement that a certain weekly feature remains weekly. We have, thanks to the SA Forum Goons, a brand new Photoshop Phriday. This week we take commercial warfare to a new level, the kind of level that can't be explained without saying "literally" a lot while slamming one's fist into one's palm to drive home the important point that this is "literal."

Please give these needy images your attention. It's the least you can do.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.5 Your News At A Glance

Thursday, Jun 05, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some generic clipart insinuating that two giants shake hands in the center of the Earth, thereby creating pie charts and clocks.

Our worlds are constantly defined by the breaking news which surrounds us. For example, some news just broke to the back of me and caused me to leave the room because it strangely enough smelled like the Mexican food I ingested last night at the restaurant owned by five fat brothers who haven't washed since the cold war. In a day and age where information can travel faster than Superman (and is not required to wear such a faggy outfit), we sometimes find ourselves suffering from "news overload." We're bombarded with so much raw data, facts, and opinions that our brains begin to shut down and belch out smoke like a coal locomotive which is on fire because the union leader was drinking behind the wheel and fell asleep due to the fact that his wife locked him out of the house the previous night after she found out he was engaging in extra-marital affairs with the town hooker, a woman with a heart of gold and possibly blood and muscle too. News overload affects each and every one of us; why just this morning I turned on the 8:00 AM news and immediately fell down to the ground, blacking out and unable to see or hear anything except blood-curdling screeches. This was mainly because one of my cats had launched himself to my head and gripped onto it like a facehugger attempting to impregnate my skull with its eggs, but I'm fairly sure news overload directly influenced the cat to do so.

With news overload sweeping the world by storm, it is becoming increasingly difficult to weed out the "more important" stories from the surrounding sediment. While sites such as Fark.com attempt to link the more interesting and intriguing bits of information and sum them up with descriptively hilarious sentences such as "France surrenders" and "Duke sucks," there aren't really many websites out there that cover the real news and provide the reader with enough data to keep them knowledgeable without stumbling into information overload. As a responsible webmaster and representative of Sickle Cell Disease victims everywhere, I feel it is my responsibility to point out how desperately we need a website to accomplish such goals while simultaneously doing absolutely nothing to rectify this problem. Now let's take a look at a few of the front page news items shaping our moldy, germ-encrusted world today!

■ **Martha Stewart gets the gas chamber for killing Jews and using their cremated remains to form her award-winning line of home decorations** - Actually, I'm not really sure exactly what Martha Stewart did, but it was evil. Highly evil. Like Darth Vadar only with an even more creepy, less human-shaped mask over their face. Stewart used to model in the 1960's, back when you could be ugly as all fuck yet advertise products if you were white and had at least 19 pounds of hair fashioned in the shape of a pinecone or atomic bomb above your head. She became a stock broker and caterer shortly before writing for such best-selling publications as *House Beautiful*, *Entertaining*, *Hellbeast Quarterly*, and the ever popular *Your House Is a Goddamn Dump You Lousy Slut*. This popularity was infinitely magnified once she began regularly appearing on "The Today Show," informing the female population of the American public how inferior they were compared to her and the futuristic domestic skills she possessed, handed down by Jesus Christ himself. Stewart used her fame and fortune to create much more fame and fortune, mostly in the form of a lucrative K-Mart contract which gave $5,000,000 up front and 50% of the profits every time somebody bought a plate that had Martha Stewart's name scrawled across the bottom by homeless Vietnamese children

chained to radiators in an abandoned saltwater processing plant.

Stewart seen here with something even more ugly than her face, thereby distracting bored housewives from her hideous visage.

Her "rags to riches" story has recently turned into a "rags to riches and then back to rags again" story as Stewart was recently indicted by the United States government for lying to the SEC. The U.S. Attorney revealed that Stewart and her former stockbroker lied about their association with ImClone, a company who she sold 3,928 shares of stock in shortly before the company announced the FDA did not approve their up and coming product, an anti-virus which would kill all Martha Stewart genes. If convicted, she could face up to 30 years in jail, which would be highly unfair to the other inmates in her ward and probably grounds for another lawsuit. Her lawyers fired back by asking if the government brought the case "because (Stewart) is a woman who has successfully competed in a man's business world by virtue of her talent, hard work and demanding standards?" I'm no successful defense attorney, but for god's sake, using the sexism card in this case is about the worst game plan ever. First off, her attorneys would have to hire a bunch of scientists to perform repeated DNA test that prove she's actually a female and not a creature from the inner core of the sun. Secondly, they'd have to establish that the government hates women being in the business environment, and that's simply not true because I've seen plenty of porn where a woman secretary is welcomed with open arms (and legs) during an average workday. Those women are called "white collar" workers. Ha ha, get it? Get it? That's a joke referring to semen and ejaculation, which is funny.

■ **Sammy Sosa "accidentally" uses corked bat; baseball's sterling reputation tarnished** - "Slammin" Sammy Sosa, who is known throughout the world as a person who both plays baseball and speaks intelligibly with his complex native Martian language, was ejected from a Cubs vs. Devil Rays game after umpires found corks inside his shattered bat. The process of "corking" a bat is thought to make players hit the ball further, as revolutionary cork technology has been used for ages in such military weapons as the M1962 Williams Corklaunching Sodium Warhead which saw little to no action in the 1987 Battle of Atlantis. Cubs manager Dusty Baker claimed Sosa simply made an honest mistake, and Sosa agreed. "Awl reeght heeting awhl dauh bayssbull eehn a porruuk sumbula," Sosa remarked in a recent press conference. "Heets awl guh vee deeztinz ees nots ahz eww uhh muuuhmphraa gloomtunk." A reporter for ESPN asked Sosa to clarify that statement, particularly the "muuuhmphraa gloomtunk" assertion, but the building had to be evacuated after somebody reported being "soaked with sodium" on the bottom floor. Bomb experts were called in and are still looking for a "dirty corkbomb." Previous corked bat users include such popular names as Wilton Guerrero, Albert Belle, Billy Hatcher, and Chris Sabo, the first successful man-dog hybrid to play in the major leagues.

■ **Peace in the Middle East achieved yet again** - President Bush has continued to make major league history by achieving peace in the Middle East for the record-breaking 287th time in less than two years. His recent Israeli-Palestinian pact, dubbed the "Pact of Stop Fucking Shooting Yourselves Already," has gained international support from many countries who'd like to have more money from the US. I haven't really brushed up on this peace plan, as there's a new one written every goddamn 19 seconds, but I'm sure it has something to do about the Israelis withdrawing 20 feet backwards, then moving a bit to the left, then maybe a bit more back, and then a bit to the right while a spectacular laser light show and disco music plays in the background. The Palestinians would be able to reclaim some land which was previously theirs, which will make them happy until they realize all the land was previously theirs, and then gunfire will erupt once again. Many industry insiders believe that although the 287th peace plan has a good backing and great momentum, the

851st will truly "get the ball rolling" and set up the 1,542nd which will create strong groundwork for the 4,987th that will lay the foundation for the 382,199th peace plan. By that time our planet will have been destroyed by the Atomic Squid People From Dimension X, so who the hell will care anyway? The Squid People care not about religious artifacts! The Squid People only care about one thing, and that's the Squid People!

Bikinis are a crucial part towards developing peace in the Middle East.

■ **Weapons of mass destruction "really hard to find" in Iraq** - The United States and Britain are being questioned by various filthy, unpatriotic hippies about previous administration claims that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction including nuclear warheads, poison gas, man-eating tractors, snakes which could fly helicopters, and a big black hovering pyramid which turned sound into energy and could travel through time to kill George "WMD" Bush Jr.'s mom before she could give birth to him. After the successful war on Iraq, which lasted approximately 19 hours and took the lives of almost both people, coalition forces are scrambling to find any evidence of such weapons. Apparently this is a big shock to a few idiots who honestly thought the US government was telling the truth when they said Iraq posed a threat to the entire world with their invisible, stealth-technology nuclear warheads that could morph into houses and fool international weapons inspectors and cutting-edge satellite imagery. British Prime Minister Tony Blair has reassured the House of Commons that, "the weapons are there. Honestly. I swear to god. I saw them just the other day, they were behind a fruit stand and they were insulting the Queen." Then he mentioned something about sweeping chimneys and freshening tea in his lorry while watching the tellie. Likewise, US Secretary of State Colin Powell is preparing to give US lawmakers and the UN a Powerpoint presentation about Iraq's arms, which contains many colorful clipart images of men in business suits shaking hands. Most of the debate revolves around a government report filed in September which claimed Iraq "could launch chemical or biological attacks within 45 minutes." Powell and Blair both claim the 45 minute countdown timer "hasn't been started yet," and once it does, oh boy, we'll really be in big trouble then. Some US lawmakers are considering a bill which would make it illegal to do anything in 45 minutes, thereby reducing the amount of potential terrorism.

■ **Woman falls off roller coaster and dies because she stood up in the middle of the ride** - I don't know why this is news. Maybe some people out there aren't aware that "getting up and falling to your death" isn't exactly the best thing to do during a roller coaster ride. If you're one of these people, consider yourself informed. Tamar Fellner, a person who had previously lived 32 years of her life without killing herself in a ridiculously stupid way, died after falling out of the "The Raven" roller coaster ride at the Holiday World theme park. Her family members declined to comment, although many industry experts assume this was a pretty bad holiday for them. A lawsuit is being proposed to make sure that all roller coasters will either be banned or have a track length of less than three feet by the year 2005.

KERRY KITTLES.

■ **NBA Finals matches up the New Jersey Nets and the San Antonio Spurs** - Christ, basketball season ends? I always assumed that basketball just went on and on and on for infinity like the NHL. The NBA has been playing games every day, every hour, for the past 398 years or so. This year's contest will see such famous

names as "Kerry Kittles" square off against "Stephen Jackson," both of whom are probably either tall or black or possibly both. Haha, Kerry Kittles. Kerry Kittles. Try saying that, it's a load of fun. Kerry Kittles. KERRY KITTLES! Since sports commentators love using computer simulators to predict which team will win, I decided to do the same and use an advanced, complex piece of machinery (the X-Box) to determine who would win in a post-season matchup. According to "Major League Slugfest 2004," the Angels will win, so I guess Kerry Kittles is out of a job. Hahahaha, Kerry Kittles!!!

What an exciting and dynamic world we live in! I hope today's update has helped to sift through the important news items so you could get a better grasp on the events occurring around us, thereby preventing you from catching a case of news overload. Even if it hasn't, you got to see me use the name "Kerry Kittles" over and over again. Kerry Kittles. Kerry Kittles. Kerry Kittles. KERRY KITTLES!!!

The Dangerousest of Vaults!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here. I spend a lot of my time playing and reviewing Hentai Games for Something Awful and believe me I enjoy the time I spend not doing this. I hold it dearly. Yet somehow I have managed to review a non-Hentai game that features animal sex and horrible game play. In fact after playing "Dangerous Vaults" I am almost looking forward to next week's Hentai Game review. Yes, it is that bad.

You'll notice that I mentioned enemies. That's because Tara is no innocent bystander to the rapes in Dangerous Vaults, she is the sole rape victim available to a wide variety of creatures that I will be nice about and refer to as "creatively textured". Based on the description of Dangerous Vaults on the Near Fatal web site you would think that Tara is really looking forward to being humped by animals, but the truth hurts, and so do animal rapes. While Mr. Monkey is pumping away at Tara's misshapen thighs he's also draining her health bar faster than drowning does in the game.

Go, read the review, but be warned that there are naked crude polygons on that page. And whatever you do, don't download Dangerous Vaults from the link I provided. You will pray for God to strike you down.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.6 Bold Tales of Adventure! (Part 2)

Friday, Jun 06, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

(Disclaimer: This article has even less bold tales of adventure than last week. It also does not cause cancer, although prolonged reading may cause cancer- like symptoms such as nausea, dizziness, headaches, and/or death. The Surgeon General warns that reading of this article may lead to you closing your browser. If problems persist, please contact your physician. Thank you.)

Welcome to part two of Bold Tales of Adventure starring your clever, handsome, and charming host, Frolixo. You know, these Saturday updates are getting outrageously popular. So much so, that I think it's about time that I get my comeuppance instead of settling on 2.5% of every white large SA polo shirt sold. I wrote an electronic mail to Richard "Fancy Feast" Kayanka concerning the matter, demanding a few hundred thousand, or at least a company car, but unfortunately he just responded with a very explicit term that I shall not repeat here in case any fair ladies are reading. In the light of this recent mistreatment, I've decided to make an SA writer's union to allow power back into the hands of the workers. Greasnin and Zack Parsons signed up with haste, but that traitor Livestock flatly refused to join, and I had his legs broken as an example to other scabs. The time is nigh for the slaves to break the chains of tyranny, and set fire to the master's bed, boiling the blood of our overlord in the name of freedom, justice, and setting fire to occupied beds.

But enough of my manifesto of e-rights, let's get back to the article at hand. When we last left our dashing hero, he was sipping ale that was as smooth as babies' blood in a Scotland pub, pondering his fate and how he was going to pay for his bill. Let us join the trip journal already in progress. . .

May 16th

10:02 AM. So far I've found the cities in Scotland a lot different than Detroit in many ways. For one thing there's no out of control tire fires filling the air with acidic black smoke like in Detroit. Another thing is that the people are much more friendly. People I don't even know say hi to me! What's up with that? If you even get within 5 feet of somebody back in Detroit, you are rewarded with a healthy shot of mace to your corneas. This is all new to me.

1:00 PM. What the hell kind of meat do they use for their hamburgers over here? They taste like really fatty sausage patties that are cut with either jellied marrow or sawdust. I don't even want to know what's in the sausage. When I complained about the quality of the meat to the barkeep, he apologized and served me something called haggis. I'm not sure what it is, but it's sure tasty!

4:00 PM. I just found out that haggis is cut up pieces of heart and liver boiled in a sheep's stomach. Yummy mummy!

9:00 PM. Saw some castles and shit. It's pretty weird in the old days, like way back in the time of knights and elves. It was all pretty fascinating, but the tour guide was such a bore that I just played my Game Boy Advance. I'm cursing myself for not buying the newer backlit version because these

castles suck as far as light goes. Would it kill them to invest in some track lighting or something? Oh well, I should go to bed. Big day tomorrow.

May 17th

I've confirmed that the Scottish and Japanese are the same people.

8:43 AM. Currently on the train to Stirling. I'm really excited about going there because that's where all the huge battles of the Medieval times took place. One of my favorite movies is Braveheart with Mel Gibson, and Stirling is where William Wallace's victory over the English occurred. Soon I will be walking on the same ground as the brave Scottish men who dared to stand up to the brutal English king who like to throw gay people out of windows. FREEEDOM!

11:45 AM. This place is really amazing. The city is in a valley flanked by mountains with Stirling Castle on one side of the city, and the Wallace Monument on the other. The Wallace Monument is a huge tower on top of a mountain with 300 spiraling steps to the top. I'm about to visit both of them and soak in the rich history of this area. FREEEDOM!

8:09 PM. I am totally disillusioned. Everything I believed in has been crushed, wadded up, and set to flame in the pipe of mockery. First of all I went to Stirling Castle and looked in awe at the massive fortifications and cannon placements. My mother, who hails from Ireland and has been to Stirling before, told me to make sure to check out the basement of the castle to view the Magic Sword of Robert the Bruce. So near the end of the tour, I asked the guide if we could see the basement. My only reply was a chorus of laughter from the tour guide and my fellow tourists. The guide responded after he wiped the tears of laughter from his face saying "You stupid Yank, there's not a basement in Striling Castle." They all erupted in laughter once again, and I ran away in shame, their cackles fading behind me. I was shamed and embarrassed, yet decided that I should still go to the Wallace Monument. Ascending the winding 300 stairs was no easy task, and I tumbled down them a few times, yet finally made it to the top. Once there, a guide told us of the history of William Wallace. But it was all wrong! I've watched the movie Braveheart 50 times and know it word for word. He totally left out the part where Wallace banged the French princess. I informed the guide of his mistakes and he merely laughed at me, saying that the movie was almost totally historically inaccurate and that I should read more books. I had been deceived by Hollywood once again! This city blows, and I'm leaving first thing tomorrow.

May 18th

9:02 AM. On a train headed north into the Highlands. I've had no luck in cities on this trip, so have decided to plunge into the wild country. One might say that I am headed out to nature to find myself. Others might say that I'm just going to sleep outside because I ran out of money. Both are correct.

9:03 AM. Still on train.

9:04 AM. JESUS! THIS IS TAKING FOREVER!

11:50 AM. Well I'm out in the highland Scottish wilderness. I'm not sure where I'm headed, but I'm about to walk over a few mountains and then walk over a few more.

12:45 PM. Fell down mountain and injured head on rock. I'm fine, but the rock is damaged beyond repair.

3:00 PM. Cold and wet. My spirits are low and there is no shelter in sight. I'm thinking that I might've made a mistake coming out here. I should've had my parents wire me some money or even

slaughter a pig and hide in it's carcass. Maybe I should've brought a jacket too...

7:35 PM. Saved! I've met an old grizzled Scotsman named Malcolm McCoy in the wilderness, and he led me back to a cave that he stays in to get away from the wife. Even though I can't understand a word of what he says, he's been really cool and is letting me crash here until the rain lets up. He gave me this weird type of green concoction that tastes like swamp water, but at least it's hot. I'm starting to feel a little funny, but I'm probably just tired from a long day of walking.

8:02 PM. Ok...now I feel really weird. My whole body is tingling and my mind is on fire. I asked Malcolm McCoy what was in the soup and he just laughed and vanished. Well ok, he didn't vanish, but he did run very fast over the mountains.

Time is Irrelevant! I AM THE LIZARD KING!

■ **May 19th**

Somewhere between morning and night. I've been running all night over stone, tree, stream, and grass. My bare feet blaze with the power of a rabid baboon, pounding the earth, running through rain and wind. Rabbits flee my vestige, yet cannot escape my swift pounce. The prey is slain with one twist of the neck, the skin ripped from its hide, spilling sweet bloody tissue into my grateful mouth. This is my new home.

That's where I saw it man! It was far out!

White face is full. I have made an ally in the war for my sanity. Few know the true nature of the Loch Ness Monster, yet I met this beast while drinking from a dark water near the forest. It's countenance large, its soul kind, we parted as best friends, not without tears in our eyes. I shall never forget the time we had together, however short. The gentle beast let me ride his back as the waters parted in his wake. I was taken to hidden groves, filled with sparkling gems and cascading waterfalls. Traveling in tunnels never seen by man, I was taken deep into cavernous mountains where I was shown heavenly delights such as marshmallow fields being plowed by gumdrop men, and unicorns frolicking with various gnomes in gardens of clove and ginger. By the time I was taken back to the forest, my face was wet with tears of absolute joy. I shall never forget you Nessie. Never.

■ **May 21st-22nd**

No record.

■ **May 23rd**

11:35 AM. I was told I'm in Glasgow. They said they found me at a children's playground riding a small metal dinosaur and screaming about gumdrop men and covered in blood. They said I broke into a nearby rabbit farm and slew about two dozen. I really don't remember much, but looking at my notes leads me to conclude that I was on a magical journey of wonder and splendor. Thankfully the Scottish police take MasterCard.

1:34 PM. Pimping in a Hilton, and sipping on gin and juice. I had my parents wire me some money and told them that I was robbed by a Scottish barbarian. I'm planning to rest my weary body for the rest of the day in the hotel.

3:45 PM. Accidentally pooped in the Jacuzzi. Thankfully no witnesses.

8:55 PM. I came up with a flawless plan to trick the mini-bar. As soon as I pull out the candy bar, I am going to set an object of similar weight (the remote) in it's place, therefore not triggering the computer to charge me. Just like in Indiana Jones.

9:00 PM. Failure.

May 24th

Gandhi's method of letting the shit get beat out of you doesn't work.

10:00 AM. Last full day of the trip! I plan to go out drinking at all the cool Glasgow clubs tonight.

10:00 PM. This country sucks! I just went out to have a good time with the natives and a couple of punks jump me and steal my watch and my He-Man fanny pack full of various snacks. This is unacceptable, and when I get back home, I'm going to have my father call the King of Scotland and tell him a thing or two!

May 25th

8:45 AM. Well, I'm about to leave this island of adventure and peril, perhaps forever. You know, I've learned a lot on this trip. I've learned that you shouldn't leave your hotel under any circumstances whatsoever. As long as you stay in bed and watch cricket, or that one sport where they kick a ball with their feet, then you should be a-OK. Oh shit, I hope I remembered to turn off the oven!

9:50 AM. BUSHELS OF SCREAMING BABIES ON MY FLIGHT!! NOOOOOO!

Wow, what a trip! Despite turning me into a raging alcoholic due to its quality beer, I rather like the UK, and wouldn't mind returning one day. They have a beautiful landscape and excellent cities, not to mention really funny accents that cause me to laugh and make fun of them. I'm sure I'll go back someday once my banishment from the island is lifted. Well, until next week, toodles!

State Og: It's Not Just for People Anymore!

Hi folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here on a Saturday where I belong once again. Recently it was decided in our offices that reaching out to and possibly molesting the entire population of Earth just wasn't enough. What if there's sentient life elsewhere in the universe, and they locate us by picking up our satellite television broadcasts one day? Do YOU want an extraterrestrial race's first impression of us to be Carrot Top demonstrating how to dial a phone while hitting on anything that moves? We do too. That's why State Og has begun to sponsor his line of commercials, in the hopes that quadrupling the airtime they receive will ensure that the failed comedian becomes Earth's ambassador to the cosmos.

> *Earl from Accounting has been confirmed as being back from the dead yet again and terrorizing the third and fourth floor ladies room. Do not use these restrooms under any circumstances, unless those circumstances require being molested by a corpse. If you should encounter Earl outside of the third floor ladies room, do not attempt to capture him on your own. Although in poor physical condition, he is fueled by the very fires of Hell and you will either be killed or stripped of your dignity in a fashion almost wholly nonexistant outside of Thailand, and we'd really prefer to do that ourselves.*

Keep an eye on the stars, and read State Og now! You might have to bring your computer outside to do this, and I suppose it'd be impossible to do both at once if you only have one eye. In that case just read State Og now, then stare at the sky without blinking for an hour or so to make up for it. Don't stop early either, we'll be watching you.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.7 The Official ELEAWTA Newsletter for May, 2003

Saturday, Jun 07, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

In the beginning there were animals. Then came Man. Then, there were a whole hell of a lot less animals. One man looked out over all of the species that were fading from the Earth and realized that many of those in danger were themselves dangerous, possessing sharp claws, many teeth, and myriad defenses. He realized also that he did not care about the other endangered animals in the least. In the interest of preserving the memory of the dangerous animals, most notably their flavor, after they vanished completely, that man started an organization - Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive. ELEAWTA, a growing organization of like-minded individuals, has since gone to whatever lengths necessary in their endless quest to find the most dangerous and endangered animals alive, defeat them in one-on-one combat, and eat them before they are gone forever.

Working for a Better Tomorrow For Us All

The seal of quality.

A fond hello to all of our old members, new members, and casual readers! It is my great pleasure and privilege to once again present to you the Official Almost-Monthly-But-Not-Really ELEAWTA Newsletter. When I first started this prestigious group, I never dreamed that it would grow to such large proportions. Even now, as I look at the ELEAWTA roster, I can hardly believe that so many dedicated people would share my vision of hunting down many of the world's most fearsome, yet rarest creatures, beating them mercilessly in single combat, then devouring the corpse, or, in lieu of a corpse, the severely stunned body. Above all, I've appreciated the full reports that active members have sent to me of their exploits. From Don Sliddle's tiger-boxing to Maryanne Hershofsky's ferocious knife fight with a great white shark, it's hard to pick a single greatest story. Truly, this humble organization has grown by leaps and bounds and I could not be any more proud.

NO.

With that being said, I'm afraid that I have to address a few problems that keep popping up before they tarnish our otherwise spotless reputation. Some of our members seem to be having trouble sticking to ELEAWTA's original purpose. We are not here to just randomly destroy and eat any animal we see fit. The animal *must* fit into two categories: first, it must be an endangered species, and second, it must be able to fight back. I'm getting a little fed up with people constantly writing me to explain how they managed to tackle their gerbil or how they tricked their goldfish. Gerbils are plentiful and goldfish are, for the most part, quite harmless. For the sake of clarity, I don't want to see any more reports like this one from Chris Kimball of New Jersey:

9:36 - Picked up rock.

9:37 - Walked to living room.

9:38 - Hit cat with rock.

9:40 - Ate cat raw, put rock outside.

Don't get me wrong, the formatting of this report is exactly what I'm looking for. However, the common housecat is neither endangered nor particularly threatening, hence the terms "common" and "house." If you're going to go after a member of the cat family, please try to make it a jungle

cat or some other sort of larger member of the feline family. I don't care how fat it is, you shouldn't eat your own cat. Well, let me rephrase that. I can't stop you from eating you own cat, nor is it my place to try, but if you do choose to eat your cat, I don't want to hear about it. Are we all clear on this? Good.

NOT YET.

Stressing this distinction between animals that are okay to beat up and cook and animals that are not okay to beat up and cook (at least, not under the auspices of ELEAWTA) is especially important nowadays. We're hearing a lot of talk about horses in the news, what with Funny Cide taking a shot at racing's coveted Triple Crown, and subsequently the ELEAWTA community has been buzzing with debate over whether or not horses qualify. Yesterday, Funny Cide lost the Belmont Stakes to Empire Maker, and within minutes of the end of the race, I found myself flooded with emails asking if it we should eat Funny Cide for losing. The answer is a resounding no. We do not eat animals to teach them a lesson, even if those animals do screw up on the long turn and cost me three grand. The obvious follow-up question, then, is should we eat Empire Maker to preserve his posterity in cookbooks for all time. Well, that's a little closer to the preservationist mission of ELEAWTA, but the answer is no once again. We just don't eat horses. Sorry to disappoint you.

If it's any consolation, the day when we can fight and feast on horses is getting closer. Of course I'm referring to the Man vs. Horse race in Wales, where a horse beat all of the all-human relay teams in a footrace.

> *LLANWRTYD WELLS, Wales (AP) -- Once again, four legs triumphed over two Saturday when a horse won the annual Man vs. Horse race.*
>
> *Thirty horse-and-rider teams took on 300 individuals and 60 relay teams in the 22-mile race.*
>
> *The winning horse, Druimghigha Shemal, finished in 2 hours, 2 minutes, beating the fastest individual runner Mark Croasdale, who crossed the line in 2:17:00.*
>
> *Humans are given a 15-minute head start in the race, which has been held for more than 20 years.*

Humanity's greatest hope against the equine fiends. Yup, we're screwed.

The equine victory sent shockwaves through the Welsh sports world for some reason. Personally, the news that horses are faster than people doesn't really make me want to jump out of my seat. I mean, that's more or less why people always used to ride horses. If people were faster than horses, then the Pony Express would have been a woefully inefficient form of communication. All the same, Wales is now in a drunken uproar over this. In the interest of putting an end to any Welsh rioting and general chaos, I am pleased to announce that horses now fulfill the "lethal" requirement. But before you go off with fork, knife, and chainsaw to do yourself some horse hunting, remember that they still have to meet the "endangered" requirement before you can eat them without having to explain yourself to the police.

Finally, a few of our members have been making the news lately. That's terrific. ELEAWTA could benefit from the publicity. However, there are some sort of publicity that we just don't need. I spend enough of my time writing smart-alecky and indignant letters to holier-than-thou animal rights activists without having to cover for your blunders. For instance, take this recent story:

Police seize elephant-hair jewellery

POLICE have seized 110kg of hair from the tails of endangered African elephants and arrested three Spaniards accused of using it to make jewellery.

The only elephant hair long enough for cosmetic use comes from the tail, so it may have taken as many as 1,000 animals to yield this cache, police spokeswoman Mercedes Martin said on June 5.

The arrests were made last week after police investigating a smuggling ring confiscated the hair and other animal parts at a warehouse outside Madrid.

In addition to the loose hair, officers confiscated 180 bracelets, necklaces, rings and other pieces made from the grey hair of African elephants, classified as endangered under the CITES animal protection accord.

First of all, I would like to say how gratifying it is to me personally to see ELEAWTA members at work as far away as Madrid. Also, I should point out that the African elephant fall well within the bounds of "lethal" and "endangered." I myself have tangled with a fair number of elephants in my day, and let me tell you, anyone who says they aren't a threat to humanity is an idiot. Same goes for anyone who tells you that you can't eat elephant with tartar sauce. It's not just for seafood anymore, my friends! But that doesn't change the fact that these individuals went too far. As president, founder, chairman, and majority whip of ELEAWTA, I want to take the opportunity to formally denounce these Spaniards. ELEAWTA is strictly a non-profit organization. We do not hunt, kill, and eat these animals for the fame and fortune, but for the benefit of society at large. We do what we do so that future generations will be able to say, "Oh, so that's what killer whale tasted like! Now I just wonder what they looked like?" While I technically cannot stop any of you from making jewelry, properly spelled or otherwise, from the remains of your quarry and selling it, I can certainly frown upon it. If you would take a moment to picture me frowning, it would be greatly appreciated. Thanks.

These are food, not jewelry! Got that, Spaniards?

Oh yeah, my goal in life is really to be more like this kid. Give me a break and pass the plastic six-pack rings.

Now, I'm sure some of you are thinking that using the leftover bits of the animals to make jewelry is actually an admirable and environmentally-friendly policy. After all, the Native Americans used every part of the buffalo. As an ecologically concerned organization, shouldn't we be supporting this sort of thing? No, no we should not. The environment is none of our concern. ELEAWTA is about finding innovative and often humorous ways to defeat dangerous animals in combat, not about fashioning crude tools from the leftovers. I defy you all to find a single mention of the phrase, "what we want to do is be as much like Native Americans as possible" anywhere in anything I've ever written. Good luck, chumps. I know for a fact that it's not there, because I just checked, so there. No, what we want to do is be less like Native Americans. After all, if they had such a good thing going, then why are there so few of them left? In fact, they fit the bill for an ELEAWTA target pretty damn well. That settles it. My challenge to you all this month is to defeat a Native American in one-on-one combat, then eat him or her. I expect a full written report, including recipe for consumption. I might even publish the best report in the next Official Almost-Monthly-But-Not-Really ELEAWTA Newsletter.

That's all for this edition, but there's plenty more ELEAWTA action in store for the future. Remember, it's never too late to join! Memberships are free, but donations are always welcome (ELEAWTA may be nonprofit, but I'm sure as hell not). Good luck, happy hunting, and remember, when the authorities ask you just what the hell you think you're doing, tell them you're with ELEAWTA!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

6.8 The Future of Pornography

Monday, Jun 09, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The world's first illustration.

It is the year 200,000 BC and you're a member of a primitive tribe of early humanity. You don't have a written language, you don't have fire, you only live about twenty years, and you hardly even have pants. Despite these minor inconveniences one fine morning you and your best buddy Ugh are sitting around pointing at the females of the tribe and occasionally picking parasitic insects out of each other's hair. Neither of you is the brightest stick in the fagot, but you get by. Then the wisest member of the tribe, a wild eyed elder who is named Ugh, runs up very excited and makes the excited gesture towards a patch of dirt. The whole tribe quickly gathers around Ugh the wise and his patch of dirt and looks down at the specific area where he is frantically gesturing. There is silence for a few minutes and then a wave of recognition surges through the gathering followed by grunts of amazement and awe. Ugh the wise has somehow carved a near-perfect image of tribal chieftain Ugh into the dirt. He awkwardly explains that he took his inspiration from the clouds and used only a simple tree branch to push upon the dirt and create the remarkable likeness.

Once the novelty of the image wears off you and your friend Ugh head back to the cave and do some more grunting at the ladies. After a few hours you see the sleaziest member of the tribe, a real jerk named Ugh, coming over to you. Without language he somehow manages to convey the concept of bartering him food in exchange for the right to see something. You and Ugh agree and each of you gives Ugh the sleazy a banana. He then leads you over to a patch of dirt where he has created an image similar to that made by Ugh the wise. It's not as well done but both you and your friend Ugh feel compelled to masturbate furiously as you view the world's first pornographic image of tribal chieftain Ugh engaging in baby planting with the most beautiful female in the tribe, also named Ugh. The next day your tribe is wiped out by a meteor impact, but the amazing thing about pornography is that it spontaneously generates itself wherever a medium exists on which it can grow.

About five hundred thousand years later very little has changed. Technology is still advancing day by day and pornography is still subverting every single useful piece of technology available and re-purposing it to coerce people into masturbating. It's a happy cycle and what once were crude sketches of chief Ugh getting busy are now interactive multi-angle DVDs or streaming live web cams.

The world's second illustration.

Since I'm the resident reviewer of the perverse here at Something Awful it fell naturally to me to offer an exciting peek at the future of pornography. But, giving you the scoop on the latest in debauchery isn't just a part of my job description, it's a true passion of mine. Some average Joe Porno would just go to some consumer electronics show or something and come back with a story about floating dildos or electric hats or something. I'm way beyond that, I went right to the source, which would be the ancient Russian witch-hag Baba Yaga that I keep chained in my attic. It's fucking hard to imprison a magical walking hut, let me tell you, but because I care so much about our readers here I went ahead and did it.

I went to Baba Yaga and I told her to scry the future of the porno industry just for you. I didn't want next years hottest vibrating clit cruncher, I wanted an expansive view of the next 30 or 40

years of porno development. After I answered a bunch of riddles and did something with a goat I won't repeat here Baba Yaga agreed to perform a scrying. The room swirled before me, I saw dancing lights as wild as any seen on a Mr. Toad sponsored ride, and then the shape of things to come was laid bare for me as surely as if time were a red Hulkamania tank top standing in the way of a pair of 24-inch pythons. While Hulkamania was busy running wild on me I was taking careful notes to share with you, and share I shall!

The Japanese briefly achieve total perversion domination in 2008.

■ **In 2008...**

The Japanese, with their proud tradition of perversion and technology, will at last reach the pinnacle of both. By 2008 they will be so obsessed with underage erotic anime and role-playing games that the only way most men in Japan can achieve orgasm is by watching fetus porn. The fetus porn will become so popular that doctors will join forces with a handful of enterprising fetuses to bring the world its first fetus cosplay. Nimble-fingered surgeons will insert anime-like masks and costumes into the wombs of pregnant women and then the men will pay to have sex with the gussied up biscuits while they're still in the oven. Several days after this first appears on the scene in Tokyo the oceans will rise up and swallow Japan just as a giant burning comet strikes the island. Astronomers think it's just a cosmic coincidence, but I know otherwise.

■ **In 2010...**

A resurgence in space exploration in 2010 will lead to a hot new trend for pornography in the United States; astronaut nipple slip photos. Hundreds of fakes will circulate the Supernet (sort of like the Internet, but in the future) but a few real ones will also exist, lending authenticity to the fakes. During a mission in 2011 a nipple slip will occur on live national television when astronaut Jenna McKinny is conducting a spacewalk to repair the Supershuttle's oxygen filtration system. In the brief moments before her explosive decompression thousands of men across America will manage to pull one off inside their stained Supersweatpants.

■ **In 2017...**

A new invention that allows humans to telepathically communicate with animals leads to the realization that almost all animals find humans incredibly attractive. This, in turn, leads to a groundswell of now-legal bestiality porn with creepy overdubbing intended to represent the animal's thoughts. This whole trend ends in tragedy when it becomes apparent that the device was incorrectly calibrated and people were actually hearing the opposite of what animals were thinking. It turns out only black bears and a few species of cuttlefish actually want to have sex with people.

You commie robo slut, come on down to the Hanoi love Hilton.

■ **In 2019...**

Artificial Intelligence is fused with the burgeoning new field of robotronics to create the first erotic lovedroids. The initial series to be created will prove prone to murdering people and attempting to produce more of themselves in an effort to dominate the world. Luckily they only manage to dominate Texas before they are contained within a wall made out of nuclear explosions.

■ **In 2022...**

So many fetishes will exist that people will become increasingly specific with their fetishism to the

point that they have a ridiculously long list of certain conditions that need to be met before they can become sexually aroused. The best example of this are the "Classic Techno Backing Heap of Mustard Powder on Graph Paper Arranged in a Swastika" fetishists and their various sub-groupings like "Classic Terrorcore Tech Step Backing Heap of French Imported Mustard Powder on Hand Made Parchment Graph Paper Arranged in a Fuhrer Standard Swastika". The specificity of fetishes reaches a evolutionarily fatal apex when a number of people realize they can only become aroused when Halley's Comet passes closest to the earth and there is simultaneously a total solar eclipse. None of these people ever reproduce.

- **In 2029...**

The aliens invade our world. It's really no big deal. They use our bodies to incubate thousands of their larval young that then chew their way out through our skulls, but by 2035 we've defeated them and driven them from earth.

- **In 2036...**

Advances in cloning technology and loosening restrictions on human cloning research lead to the creation of the Clone-In-A-Bag from Dupont. Just add a drop of blood, saliva, or almost any bodily fluid to a bag, shake for thirty seconds and allow the clone to rise overnight. The clones are imperfect and generally only last two weeks or so, but they are widely used as sex toys of porn stars and other celebrities. Bootleg clones from China are also sold but these can easily be identified by the seams and the fact that they are full of packing peanuts and baby spiders. Naturally a fetish develops for the bootleg clones too.

- **In 2039...**

Holography finally comes into its own allowing pornographers to demonstrate exactly what it would be like to be trapped inside a giant uterus. Sega also finally perfects the virtual time-traveling cowboy simulation.

- **In 2043...**

Sex will no longer be necessary for reproduction or erotic pleasure. Gender distinctions will have blurred to the point that it's impossible to tell male from female, which is fine since the genitals are no longer involved in coitus. Sex will be replaced by very heated erotic staring contests. The first person to blink becomes pregnant and nine months later a human fetus crawls out of their eye sockets. Masturbation is achieved by staring in a mirror or at your own reflection in a pond and orgies will generally involve prisms or disco balls.

Forty years of pornographic and sexual history are but a drop in the bucket. I'd love to tell you about what happens in 2109, but you have to reach that reality gradually, if I just dropped the bomb about it on you it would be a disaster. I'll give you a hint though; it involves ghosts and anal sex and also disproves Darwin's Theory of Evolution.

I've Updated My Journal

Mista "Mista T" T has once again poured his heart into a brand new review of a horrible Unreal Tournament 2k3 map in Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse. I don't know what Steve has been feeding that boy, but if nothing else he has stamina and a dash of masochism.

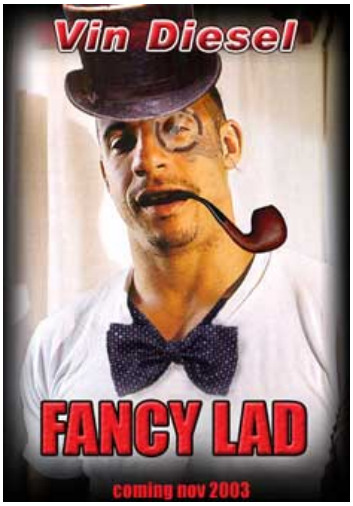
When you play this map (after you have survived the initial loading), you might be wondering what that freaky-looking thing is floating around the ceiling of the map. Well, to tell you the truth, I have no fucking clue what the hell that thing is either, or who the fuck that cretin is on it, other than the fact that he is "The Boss." "The Boss of what," you might ask? Probably the boss of Moronic Chunderheads Anonymous, responsible for giving HerPes_ UK the job of creating one of the worst Unreal Tournament maps ever, and who also is responsible for making me contemplate suicide after bouncing around this map too much like two fat people engaged in coitus on a spring-loaded waterbed.

It costs zero tickets to take a ride at Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse! Board the tram to terror and read this latest review.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.9 Pitfall!: The Movie

Tuesday, Jun 10, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



If this is what passes for "entertainment" these days, I'll pass!

Let's face it: Hollywood has gotten lazy. In this day of one-stop computerized special effects, minimum wage stunt doubles, and solar powered automatic hula hoops, the movie industry has their work cut out for them. Many big budget movies such as "Final Fantasy" and "Vanilla Sky" don't even employ real actors to star in them; producers simply hire a bunch of computers and input something called "data" and then a "movie" spews out from a large hole drilled through the computer! The miracle of technology can truly be a mixed blessing in disguise as a gift horse that's had it's mouth looked upon. On one hand, exciting and intriguing film concepts that were not feasible years ago can now be produced by a 10-year old kid wearing a Slipknot t-shirt and using a Compaq in his mother's basement. On the other hand, movie studios have succumbed to their inherent laziness and desire for big bucks while performing a minimal amount of work, using computer-generated special effects to replace things such as "stunts" and "a coherent plotline which makes sense and does not revolve around things repeatedly exploding to the right of Vin Diesel in slow motion."

If you want further proof, you may look no further than the recent Hollywood trend of turning comic books and video games into movies. The film "Spiderman," a movie about a boy who is not really a spider or a man but the producers assumed the title "Somewhat Of a Spider and a Boy" sounded terrible, grossed over 90 quadrillion dollars on its opening weekend... and that was just in Malaysia! The film attracted so many moviegoers in America that many cinemas found themselves forced to construct banks behind them, as their fleet of armored Brinks trucks often ran out of gas while transporting all those burlap bags marked with a large dollar sign on them. Scientists have estimated that if you took all the people who saw "Spiderman" and put them inside the Grand Canyon, you'd probably be responsible for a wide variety of crimes. Movies like "Resident Evil" and "Mortal Kombat 2," both loosely based off popular console video games, attracted millions of people to the movie theaters and caused them to buy tickets for a completely different film. Hollywood doesn't even bother creating new ideas these days, as there are plenty of pre-existing ideas floating around that are ripe to be ripped off, prime to be plagiarized, and kriss to be krossed. With this in mind, I have decided to brainstorm a potentially lucrative franchise which will easily earn me billions of dollars while requiring little to no effort on my part.

"Pitfall!: The Movie" is the result of countless hours upon my porcelain thinktank, a movie which I feel can not only vault me to fame and fortune, but also allow me to get out of my house for the first time this month. As any eBay connoisseur can tell you, there is a recent surge in 1980's nostalgia. Garbage Pail Kids are being sold for thousands of dollars, Alf video tapes are traded on the gold market, and it's really goddamn hard to track down a VHS copy of "Joysticks" starring Joe Don Baker. One of the staples from the 1980s was a little game created by a not-so-little man named David Crane, a gaming industry guru who created such not-as-hit Atari 2600 games like "Dragster," "Fishing Derby," "Fisting Derby," "The Land of 10 Red Pixels," "Escape From the Blue Square," and "God Only Knows What's Happening In This Game." While the aforementioned titles did not catch on with the general public and their fickle video game appetites, "Pitfall!" truly did. If you took every sold copy of "Pitfall!" and put them inside the Grand Canyon, you'd probably smother all the "Spiderman" fans you previously shoved in there. Then you'd have a big lawsuit on your hands and you'd probably blame me for some stupid reason.

"Pitfall!" taught me everything I ever needed to know: everybody is out to kill me, and the jungle is paved with a bright orange road littered with precious gems.

My point is that the game "Pitfall!" represents a cornerstone of our childhoods. If you somehow didn't grow up playing "Pitfall!," then just wait for the bill I'm trying to pass through Congress which will legally require you to have grown up playing the game. Anybody who resists will be shipped off to a Federal prison camp which is located on Saturn (not the car dealership, I'm referring to the actual planet full in our solar system of car dealerships). "Pitfall!" was one of the many games in the 1980s which taught us how the world really operates and how to successfully live our lives. For example, you should run through life constantly searching for money while avoiding anything else that moves, as it's inherently your enemy and will probably kill you if you come into contact with it. That's one of the primary foundations which powered Reganomics. "Pitfall!" taught me everything I needed to know in life:

1) If you find yourself up against insurmountable odds, there is probably a ladder you can take to drop down a level and face insurmountable odds in a slightly different location, promptly followed by a brick wall.
2) Nature is evil and will try to kill you every chance it gets.
3) All things considered, the jungle floor is very clean and probably maintained by a groundskeeping team who is on David Crane's payroll.

"Pitfall!" didn't really have much of a plot, per se, which makes it even easier to translate into a box office cash cow, as I can simply use my "artistic license" to interpret events and character motivation as I see fit. If you don't believe in its lack of plotline and story structure, let me quote from the "Pitfall!" Atari 2600 instruction manual:

> *The object of Pitfall! is to guide Harry through a maze of jungle scenes, jumping over or avoiding many deadly dangers, and helping Harry grab the most treasures in the shortest possible time.*

I hope you weren't terribly confused or bamboozled by the intricate plotline fueling "Pitfall!," as it undoubtedly took David Crane and a team of 100 New York Times Bestselling authors decades to write. This incredibly intricate storyline goes into detail, explaining Pitfall Harry's motives and innermost desires with a compelling backstory:

> *Picture this! You are deep in the recesses of a forbidden jungle--an unforgiving place*

few explorers ever survive. But you've got courage, because you're with Pitfall Harry, the world famous jungle explorer and fortune hunter extraordinaire. The lure of hidden treasure draws you and Harry deeper and deeper into the bush. But, being a great explorer, you wouldn't think of starting such a difficult journey without reading this manual first--very carefully.

Since you're encouraged so strongly to read the manual, which you have to be reading to see that selection, I have copied and pasted the most essential part to this primer:

David Crane: the man, the legend, the football-shaped skull.

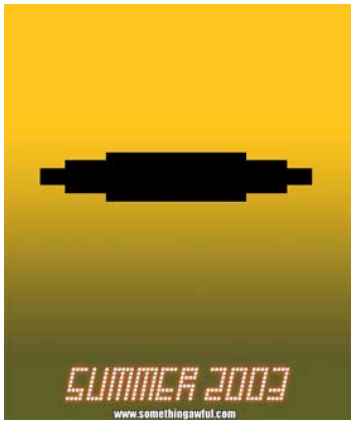
To practice your skills, try running to the right. Learn to jump the rolling logs and the holes in the ground first, then tackle the tougher skills of swinging on the vine and jumping over the crocodile pits. Whenever Harry is lost, you'll get another chance to try the hazard again, since the "replacement" Harry appears on the left side of the screen.

On one hand, we have "Harry," a character motivated by his lust for treasure and desire to travel across 255 somewhat identical screens. On the other hand, we have the action of "running to the right." As an antagonist, Mother Nature tries to impede Harry's progress by throwing a truckload of deadly and somewhat inexplicable enemies at him. This conflict results in a true clash of the titans, a grizzled veteran treasure hunter duking it out with a deity who commands a limitless swam of violent creatures armed with up to three frames of animation. Will Harry be able to travel across all 255 similar jungle backdrops and pick up each bar of gold and inexplicably humongous diamond ring while avoiding the many, many scorpions and snakes that infest the flat plains of the jungle? I don't really have any goddamn clue, but I've run the idea of "Pitfall!: The Movie" past many industry insiders and they all claimed it sounded better than my other 1980s video game themed movies consisting of:

- **"Maze Craze: The Motion Picture" -** "Maze Craze" was a remarkable game in the sense that not only did it include a maze, but it would make you crazed if you played it for 18 hours straight. Trust me, as a kid I played "Maze Craze" for nearly two solid days and look how the hell I turned out. Additionally, if you had the "Maze Craze" cartridge inside your Atari 2600 and it was on while you picked up the console and dropped it onto the floor from five feet, an entirely new maze would appear, although the maze wasn't exactly logical and didn't seem to abide by any real rules. I considered those to be "bonus mazes," like how every game these days comes with little mini-games you have to spend 100 million days trying to unlock because you're pathetic and pray for a crude, simplistic game to distract you in the middle of your crude, complex game.
- **"Food Fight: The Legend Continues" -** People like food. People like to watch fights. Try combining the two and you've got a recipe for success! Well that's what I thought at least, it turns out our test audiences grew tired of some guy with a 500-pound head tossing tomatoes and bananas around a large, featureless, black room for two hours. We tried to hire Macaulay Culkin for the role of "Kid With Huge Head," but he was too busy being unemployed and on drugs to legibly sign our contracts. Additionally, we had some difficulties explaining the random holes which are drilled into the ground and consume chefs for no readily apparent reason. Our producer suggested something involving "men in black," but we're not racist so we didn't agree to that.
- **"Combat: The Eternal Struggle" -** Two grizzled war veterans engage in a high stake, bloodthirsty competition to destroy each other while piloting bulky mono color

> tanks and oddly shaped planes. As each vehicle increases in size, their projectile attack increases proportionally, and their speed decreases inversely. While giant colored squares slowly float around the movie theater screen, the two challengers shout such thrilling catchphrases as "I'm gonna nail you SQUARE between the eyes!" and "this is GAME OVER for you!" The climax of the movie occurs when the sawtooth sound effect plays.

Although these ideas didn't really pan out well, I'm happy to explain that "Pitfall!: The Movie" is turning out to be a tremendous success. In Thursday's update, I'll cover the cast and crew behind this glorious production and revival of America's favorite 1980s game when it was some time in the 1980s at least. Until then, you'll have to wait in line and reserve your tickets in advance for this wonderful, awe-inspiring, exciting movie filled with action and adventure and mysterious white stains which probably aren't healthy for anybody involved. Thank god we have million-dollar computers that can replace the white stains with such cutting edge and high tech things like Jar Jar Binks' head.



Teaser by Knormal.

Lobsters are Rocks with Danger Arms

Guess who?

Nope.

Try again.

Last guess. Try harder

Sweet Jesus, you suck at this. It's Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams. What do I have to do, tattoo my last name on the back of your ass? Cause I'll do it, and then people will be asking you what "Adams" means when you have sex. And that my friends, will be an awkward moment, trust me. Today's Goldmine is another installment of "Tales from the Zoo", a series of zoo-related stories, straight from the mouth of SA Forum Goon "Bigpeeler". This week, we deal with a mob of ninja kangaroos and an elephant that likes lifting things.

> *Kangaroos (and certain other animals) will literally run themselves to death trying to escape a predator. They can die of stroke, heart failure or injure themselves fatally by hitting a wall. The dogs had apparently zeroed in on a joey who, being younger, couldn't keep up. They caught it and tore into it. The mother, trying to defend her baby, was also attacked and killed. They were found right next to each other.*

> *Once we figured this out, we were totally pissed off. We called in extra security and posted them round the clock. We put one man on top of the Antelope House to act as a sentry as the others patrolled the grounds the next night. The man on the roof was to walk back and forth and radio in when he spotted anything suspicious. He wasn't armed since he was so high up, but the armed guards were in golf carts and they could be there within a minute.*
>
> *That night everyone took there posts. The roos were still outside since they were all still frightened. We really didn't like this fact, but realized that it may serve as bait for these wild dogs.*
>
> *It did.*

Now that sounds like a sticky situation! If you'd like to hear the rest of the story, then click here! And if you do want an Adams tattoo on your ass, you're weird.

Freak.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.10 Hard Sell For A Hard Shell

Wednesday, Jun 11, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Area 5's evil ruler, Hard Shell.

In my spare time, that is the time I don't spend beating up old people, I've been nursing a rather painful and humiliating condition. I've been addicted to *Blaster Master*, a game I recently derided for having a less than stellar plot. It seems the sort of peanut gallery theatrics that *Blaster Master* celebrates are quite transcendental, as I've been spending the last two months jumping around in a tank (this is a magical jumping tank, not unlike magical Mexican jumping beans) and blaming everybody but myself for these countless deaths that definitely aren't my fault and are obviously due to a computer that blatantly cheats. The fact that I'm up against an unfair opponent whose systematic and obvious cheating goes unchecked is of little concern to me, since I would gladly turn the tables and cheat myself if I wasn't convinced I'd have to explain myself to Jesus at a later date. I'll be honest, in the decade or so that has passed since I last sold my NES to an unsuspecting group of people who answered my classified ad in the local newspaper, I have apparently lost all ability to play console games. Even now, as I play my illegally obtained ROMs of games I no longer own the original cartridges to, I just can't do any sort of good. When you stick a controller of any kind in my hand, it feels like I'm holding a brick, or to be more precise, a very ergonomic brick made of a mystical substance that renders the tiny brains inside my fingers retarded. I tried playing these antique games with a keyboard, but that doesn't help me fair any better. I can't even play *Super Mario Brothers* now without immediately getting killed by a Goomba in a mistimed jumping accident. Sure, I can play fairly decent at complicated games that require me to fly a plane off an aircraft carrier, dive bomb enemy vehicles, parachute out, climb into a jeep, run over somebody, jump out, and capture a base without too much difficultly, but stick a pit about 32 pixels wide in front of me and I'll immediately jump in as if though it were not a pit at all but rather some kind of alluring siren.

I'm not here to talk about my psychological inability to jump over pits, though. Besides, Rich would murder me for talking about pits too much since he's busy trying to jumpstart his own personal *Pitfall!* renaissance. The pathetic issue that has got me all hot and bothered this week is Hard Shell, the Area 5 boss of *Blaster Master*. Whatever mental defect it is that causes me to obsess endlessly about the miniscule and retarded things normal people fly right by has anchored itself firmly in the loins of our not-so-friendly Area 5 endboss. Getting to Hard Shell was quite difficult seeing as how I had to swim through underwater caverns and then navigate through an ill-placed base. But when I finally got to his lair, I couldn't help but marvel at his awesome presence. He (or possibly a she, I didn't get a chance to look under Hard Shell's carapace) was truly something else. Hard Shell's appearance was like the apocalypse, the monumental crab equivalent of a mushroom cloud. The only thing that could compete with this horrific monstrosity is a Richard Simmons nude centerfold spread, but I dare not imagine such ghastly sights for fear of causing irreparable damage to my genitals. Allow me to explain what it is about Hard Shell that evokes such terror:

GIANT GODDAMN CLAWS

Seriously, the claws on this beast were bigger than me! One pinch and I could easily be split into two smaller halves. Cripes, the pressure those things could apply would cause me to burst before it ever cut through. I'd explode like a meat grenade sending torrents of red in every direction.

SPIKES ALL OVER THE FUCKING PLACE If for some reason I got the notion to jump on Hard Shell's back, I would be severely wounded. His back is made up of cascading spikes, each of which slavers for the chance to taste my skin. Worst of all, should I be launched into the air with those claws, I would be turned into swish cheese if I landed on that jagged back.

CARAPACE THAT'S HARD AS GOLEM SHIT Hard Shell is protected by what appears to be a grenade and bulletproof shell. Shooting him would do little good, unless, well, there is a trio of glowing green eyes – perhaps they represent a weak spot! But still, I would have to use precise aiming in order to insert my bullets and grenades into these eyes, and due to the pathetic range of my weapons, I would have to do it from roughly point blank range. With those giant claws, that could prove to be lethal. This carapace is also so strong that it completely withstands the infamous "pause the game after shooting a grenade" cheat.

This side by side shot shows how big and impressive Hard Shell is compared to me, the heroic champion of frog rescuing stupidity.

Now the first thing I thought when this behemoth approached me was, "what kind of leadership skills does this giant crab have?" Really, this is a fair question. Logically, because Hard Shell is the endboss of this undersea outpost, he could therefore be considered the leader of the entire Area 5 employee base. Since he had an untold number of subordinates, he must have some leadership qualities that he is able to demonstrate. Maybe Hard Shell is extremely charismatic? Maybe he's great at inspiring his minions, or maybe he has immaculate organization skills, I don't know. Seeing as how fundamental differences in ideology prevented me from fighting Hard Shell in, oh, say, a political debate or roundtable discussion on the AIDs crisis in Africa, I was not able to fully understand or even glimpse the qualities that make him such a dynamic leader. The fact is that in an ideal world, you simply don't get to be the endboss unless you offer something unique to the evil hierarchy. I can't imagine Plutonium Boss, the sort of CEO of this underground organization, hiring somebody based entirely on looks. But really, I couldn't help but think that's exactly what he did. When I first confronted Hard Shell, not about his leadership abilities or anything personal like that (I wanted to hear his side first), I was shocked out of my Scooby Doo pajamas by his methods. This monster, this spiked beast that was the living manifestation of Golgotha, attacked me not with giant claws, menacing spikes, or anything even remotely intimidating, but with bubbles! He was shooting bubbles at me!

BUBBLES.

Folks, I've been thrown a curveball here and there, but this was like the bell curve of curveballs. What the fuck kind of evolutionary snafu would allow for such a hellish beast to exist, yet limit it to having the gayest attack imaginable? I suppose being the product of radiation would explain this unnatural and thoroughly idiotic development, but even then I have a hard time believing such insanity would actually happen. I even walked up to Hard Shell to see if he would use his natural physical gifts – the claws and the spikes – to shred me like an important Enron document, but no, he stood his ground and tried to bubble me to death. Jesus Christ, maybe it was all those years of *Bubble Bobble*, but I'm just not afraid of bubbles. And really, who is? Somewhere out there, maybe there is a kid suffering from bubblephobia because of some traumatic childhood incident were a soapy bubble flew into his eye and caused some minor pain, but the odds of that are slim to nil. So here I am, face to face with the most frightening thing ever, and it's blowing bubbles at me. Maybe

this was meant to be some sort of profound commentary about judging others based on appearance, and I simply mistook it for an action packed tank game. Maybe. How else could such a thing be?

OH SHIT, IT'S A BUBBLE! OH SWEET JESUS, RUN LIKE HELL BEFORE IT KILLS US ALL!

Well, in spite of the ridiculousness of Hard Shell's methods, I quickly learned there was some merit to them. The bubbles were not just poison, but a rare form of poison the armor I wear cannot protect against. Sure, radiation is of no concern with this suit, but toxic bubbles are a danger nothing can defend against! Physical contact with these bubbles caused one bar on my health meter to be subtracted, bringing me closer to death and the realization that nature works in extremely mysterious ways. I wasn't going to allow death to get the better of me, though. No way was my tombstone going to be marred with the harsh words, "Valiantly made it to Area 5, but succumbed to poison bubbles." I was going to fight this beast, and I was going to win. My offensive would need to be hard and absolute, so I went to the library to check out a copy of Sun Tzu's "The Art of War." Unfortunately, since there was nothing about bubble attacks in it, I quickly returned it and told the librarian that she was running a house built on a foundation of lies. I was on my own, but it wouldn't be the first time.

My first battles against Hard Shell were hopeless. The more I attacked him, the more his bubble-shooting gland went into overdrive. Like being trapped in quicksand or getting raped, the more I fought, the deeper the grave I dug. I began to understand the Plutonium Boss' decisions, and just why Hard Shell was running Area 5. I was ready to completely give up and admit defeat, but I had an epiphany of sorts that changed the way I looked at this battle. Hard Shell was shooting bubbles at me, this much was certain. But how? Almost like nausea, the realization crept in. Maybe this wasn't a land battle at all; perhaps this fight was being waged underwater! To think, all this time I naively thought I had the advantage because of the fact we weren't submerged in water, but no, we in fact were submerged in water! When I entered the room Hard Shell was trapped in (the door leading to his lair was too small for him to go through, so the entire base must have been constructed around him), the background went black. Because of this, I have no way of knowing if I'm still in his base or if I'm completely submerged in water. The gravity and physics seemed identical to being on land, but that could just be to throw me off. Now that the truth was no longer hidden, Hard Shell would have to fight on an even level playing field. I was psychologically armed and ready.

As much as I'd like to dedicate this paragraph to telling you of my epic victory, he still kicked my ass. It certainly all goes back to my claims that I'm up against a system that employs such tactics as audacious cheating, knowing what I'm going to do before I do it, and looking the other way when I clearly fire off a direct hit. I suppose in the end this is just one more achievement that won't be going on my résumé. I'd hate to be in a job interview and try to justify why I never made it past Area 5 to the fabled icy depths of Area 6. But most of all, I just hate. This whole experience has left me jaded and bitter. I had little faith left to put into anything before *Blaster Master*, and I have even less now. The final deathblow to my will to live was a bubble. And like a bubble, all I have left to do now is burst. If anything, I probably deserve to die for writing close to 2000 words about a boss monster from *Blaster Master*.

We're Gonna Ragnarok Around the Clock

Howdy pardner, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here once again to provide you with valuable information on a game you should avoid at all costs. However, I "changed it up" this week, since I first tried this game over a year ago. Shortly after that, for a college technical writing course, I turned in a paper that insulted both the game and the guy who talked me into trying the game. I have included that paper as part one of the article, and part two chronicles the fantastic experiences I had for these last few days trying to get the game to work again so I could write a review. The game I speak of

is a totally awesome MMORPG called Ragnarok Online!

> *Ragnarok Online is a massively multiplayer point-and-click RPG, meaning you can play it without having to use cumbersome things like your keyboard or your brain. First you select a character. You can choose from a grand total of 1 starting class, and you can have 7 unique looks, so no matter how you look you'll have a lot of identical twins in the land of Ragnarok. Then you get to play the game itself, which is an absolute blast. First you find an enemy, meaning anything wandering around that isn't a player. Then you click on it, and your guy runs over and kills it. Or if your guy is weak, he gets killed by whatever it is you just tried to attack. Once you've done this, you've experienced the entirety of Ragnarok Online's deep and complex gameplay. If you click on enough enemies, your guy goes up a level, which means you are a little bit stronger and you can go click on some slightly different enemies without dying. You can get the same experience by going to the nearest park and kicking gradually bigger and bigger rocks. People in Korea can't do this, since rocks have been outlawed in Korea ever since a protestor hit Kim Dae Jung in the eye with one in 1996, but that's no excuse for this game getting played in America.*

Read the review before I have to come over there and click your HP down to zero.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.11 Pitfall!: The Movie Part II

Thursday, Jun 12, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

In my star-studded Tuesday updated, I introduced my horribly revolutionary idea of "Pitfall!: The Movie," a motion picture revival of the classic video game. I explained how it was sure to be an incredible blockbuster of epic magnitudes, as 1980s nostalgia is currently at an all-time high, even more popular than that reality show about 25 bitchy women who are competing to escape from a Vietnamese prison camp. The Atari 2600 title "Pitfall!" had just about everything in it. For example, it had pits. It also had places where you could fall. If that isn't truth in advertising, I don't know what is. Although computers and computer generated special effects can really make or break movies these days, every movie needs a solid cast and crew. Here's how I plan on casting the major roles for my adaptation of "Pitfall!: The Movie":

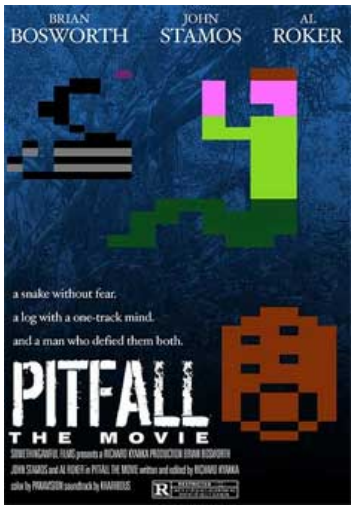
Design by Hoffma.

■ **Pitfall Harry** ***(played by either Dolph Lundgren or Brian Bosworth)*** **-** Harry is naturally the protagonist of this thrilling joyride. In "Pitfall!: The Movie," some of his backstory is revealed through a series of flashbacks and letters mailed to him from his ex-wife's lawyers. Harry was raised in 1900's New England by his father, an experienced treasure hunter / historian / vampire hunter / cyborg nanny who routinely traveled to such foreign places as Madagascar and Beloit. Harry Sr., taught young Harry everything he needed to know by constructing a crude obstacle course in their backyard and forcing his son to successfully run this obstacle course every evening before dinner or else his demanding father would force him to swallow a small dog. Harry Sr. knew that his son would one day grow up to be like him, an experienced treasure hunter who routinely traveled to such foreign places as Madagascar and Beloit, so this obstacle course was teaching him valuable life lessons. He never allowed his son to touch him or any other living creature or else he'd subtract points from a series of numbers that inexplicably floated over Harry Jr.'s head. In addition, Harry Jr. was also prohibited from staying longer than 20 minutes in any given room or else an invisible ghost would come in and tattoo the words "GAME OVER" across his pupils. One day, while exploring the Tallyhoohoo jungle for "hidden" treasure that would be randomly lying on the ground, Harry Sr. attempted to jump over a five foot tall snake. The bottom of his shoe touched the tail of this deadly jungle menace, causing him to instantly die. Ever since that day, Harry Jr. has swore revenge on the snake, "hidden" treasure, the jungle, and everything else that somehow involved his dad. Needless to say, he swears an awful lot in this movie.

■ **The Snake Who Refuses to Move Under Any Circumstances** ***(played by John Stamos)*** - The Snake helps the movie roll along smoothly, serving as Harry's arch-enemy and occasionally making mean-spirited barbs. Like when Harry falls down a pit, The Snake will say something intensely clever like "well isn't that just THE PITS?" and then he'll give this evil smirk which really makes the audience think, "boy, that snake is no good." The Snake appears to be the antagonist of the film, at least until the "surprise ending," which I cannot reveal here because it's such an utter surprise that it would kill all of us if I were to mention it here. Throughout the film, The Snake is pictured in a high tech command center, able to dispatch his many vile minions that impede Harry's progress and occasionally cause him to jump even when he really doesn't want to. Although John Stamos doesn't really have a body which screams, "hey, I'm a snake," he works for very little money and we can use such cutting edge special effect like "computers" and "fishing string" to transform

him into a very convincing snake. If that doesn't work, we'll pay representatives to visit each movie theater across the world and spray people in the eyes with mace every time there's a scene featuring Stamos. Actually, I like that option a lot better, let's go with that.

■ **Some Random Body of Liquid In the Shape of an Oval *(computer generated)*** - One of the main obstacles in the original "Pitfall!" was the many bodies of random liquid which either appeared, disappeared, or failed to appear and disappear. Pitfall Harry would have to come up with clever and creative ways to pass these deadly obstacles, such as swinging on a vine or jumping onto the eyeballs of African-American crocodiles. To accomplish this effect, we have hired a team of engineers to take 5,000 photographs of an actual pond. Then we digitized those pictures and used several Blue Gene supercomputers to interpolate a computer generated rendition of this pond down to the nearest 1/100,000th of a millimeter. This image was then printed out and placed in front of a blue-screen background, where it was captured by a digital camera and replaced with a real pond. We're thinking of making the movie's tagline something along the lines of "You Ain't Never Seen Water This Realistic Before!" or "The Best Pond You'll Ever See!" Ponds really draw in the audience, and if you don't believe me, then I'm sure there are some statistics I can make up which will convince you otherwise.



Design by RealTimePicnic.

■ **An Eternally Pacing Albino Scorpion In the Basement *(robotic)*** - Directly under the command of The Snake Who Refuses to Move Under Any Circumstances, the Eternally Pacing Albino Scorpion is able to not only move to the right, but also move back to the left when he's finished moving to the right. It's this kind of flexibility and ability to adapt which makes him such a deadly threat. Although his motives are not clear, we do know that he is influenced by orders from The Snake, who is routinely shown shouting into a microphone "MOVE TO THE RIGHT! KEEP GOING! NOW MOVE BACK TO THE LEFT! YES! YES! KEEP DOING THAT!" in a very furious tone. This character, which will be played by a robot made from spare parts found in the dumpster between the TCBY and Circuit City stores in the local strip mall, will have a deadly touch which makes it deadly to touch. Harry will attempt to avoid this character by jumping over it or perhaps running in the opposite direction, and this fast-paced, manic action will keep audiences on the edge of their collective seats. To make the movie more realistic, live albino scorpions will be periodically dumped from the ceiling into the movie theater. If we're unable to find albino scorpions, we will capture regular scorpions and cover them with White-Out. If we're too lazy to track down living scorpions, we'll simply drop roofing nails and hot tar.

■ **One Log / Three Logs Which Roll In One Direction and Then Appear Back Where They Started *(Al Roker)*** - Mankind has always feared logs since the beginning of time. One of the first weapons created was known as "the stick," and could easily be fashioned from a nearby log. Many weapons these days still emulate the deadly design and precision of the stick, ranging from Hellfire missiles to the penises on Japanese anime hermaphrodite cartoon girl porn. Throughout "Pitfall!: The Movie," a steady supply of logs will roll from one side of the screen to the other, then mysteriously transport themselves back to where they began and start the procedure anew. Since we're aiming for a PG-13 rating, these logs will not cause Harry to explode in a horrific shower of blood, guts, bone, and shrapnel. Instead, they will make him kneel down and produce a sound effect like a triangle wave caught inside a blender. Some of Harry's "points" will be deducted as a penalty as well, causing the audience to constantly wonder, "how many points will Pitfall Harry be able to accumulate during this ill-fated lust for fame and fortune?" The answer, of course, is "none of your

goddamn business." If Al Roker is not available to play the part of the Log / Multiple Logs, we will drug and use him anyway.

■ **A Campfire Which is Somehow Incredibly Deadly** ***(a campfire which is somehow incredibly deadly)*** - Everybody hates fire, so this cast member will probably elicit the biggest emotional response from theater crowds. Our polling experts have predicted that A Campfire Which is Somehow Incredibly Deadly will cause a whopping 79% of large black women to get up from their seats and shout, "oh no you don't!" or something sassily similar. While some smartasses and jerk scientists may claim that fire can be helpful and do good things, they all have obviously never been stabbed in the eye with a red-hot fireplace poker, so anybody who watches "Pitfall!: The Movie" and fails to actively show disdain for the Campfire Which is Somehow Incredibly Deadly will be lit on fire while their family members are forced to show disdain while they watch them burn.

Now that the backstory and main characters have been introduced, I'd like to show you a few key scenes from the upcoming smash hit Hollywood blockbuster Summer sensation "Pitfall!: The Movie." Be sure not to leak any of this information to that fat fuck Harry Knowles or else there's a chance some ill-informed miscreant might read his website and ignorantly assume he knows what the hell he's talking about when he begins badmouthing my cinematic masterpiece. I'd also like to take this moment to point out that Harry Knowles is both fat and ugly and if somebody held a contest for "The World's Most Fat and Ugly Man," Harry Knowles would die of a heart attack on his way to accept the award.

■ **SCENE 72: "Danger In the Underbrush"**

Design by KinkyJohn.

SETTING: Deep inside the jungle. Tall, dual-colored, foreboding trees loom overhead, failing to cast an ominous shadow. Pitfall Harry enters scene by falling from some random location above the screen. He hits the ground with a silent "thud" sound which can't be heard by anybody because we didn't bother getting somebody to record a landing sound effect.

PITFALL HARRY: "The jungle looks quiet... TOO quiet!" *(Suddenly two logs come rolling in from the left)*
AL ROKER LOG #1: "Muuahaha Harry! Looks like your day is going to be cloudy with a 100% chance... of DEATH!"
AL ROKER LOG #2: "That's right Al Roker Log #1! The Snake Who Refuses to Move Under Any Circumstances has sent us here to deliver you a message... and that message is DEATH!"
PITFALL HARRY: "I knew it! That cursed Snake Who Refuses to Move Under Any Circumstances! He's up to his old tricks again! Well I guess it's time to make quick work of these menacing logs!" *(Harry successfully leaps over both Al Roker logs)*
AL ROKER LOGS:*(In unison)* "Curses! Darn you, Pitfall Harry!"
PITFALL HARRY: "Now it's time to run over various valuable items some formerly rich idiot dropped in the jungle!"

■ **SCENE 185: "Revenge Is a Dish Best Served... With DEATH!"**

SETTING: Command Central. The King Snake Who Refuses to Move Under Any Circumstances is sitting near a control panel which has various buttons that randomly blink and make square wave bleeps for no reason at all. Standing next to him is his second in command, Baron Von Campfire Which is Somehow Incredibly Deadly.

KING SNAKE: "Curses! We must find some way to defeat that meddling Pitfall Harry before he steals all my precious jewels and material goods which I scattered across the jungle pavement for reasons that I cannot currently recall at this moment!"
BARON VON CAMPFIRE: "I propose we build an oval pond-"
KING SNAKE: *(Interrupting)* "You fool! We've already done that! He merely used that cursed swinging vine above to outsmart our pond full of deadly wet water!"
BARON VON CAMPFIRE: "No, I propose we create an oval pond... that shrinks and then expands at a set interval of time!"
KING SNAKE: "Genius! That's so crazy, it just might work! Quick, push the 'make expanding pond' button at the console! I have no arms and I lack the ability to move!"
BARON VON CAMPFIRE: "Me too."
KING SNAKE: "Curses!"

- **SCENE 412: "Fame and Fortune... With DEATH!"**

SETTING: Pitfall Harry is climbing up a ladder from the subterranean"labyrinth" below, which is actually just a rectangular black room and a brick wall. Pitfall Harry looks to the left and sees a bag with a large "$" sign on it.

PITFALL HARRY: "This looks like my ticket out of here! I'm going to take the money and run!" *(Suddenly an oval-shaped pond appears and disappears)* "What kind of sorcery is this?!?"
VOICE OF KING SNAKE: "Muaaahahaha! Looks like you're a fish out of water, Harry! And if you want to stay alive, you'd better keep it that way!"
PITFALL HARRY: "Curses! Darn you, King Snake!" *(Harry looks around in desperation and sees a swinging vine above the pond)* "That's so crazy, it just might work!" *(He grabs the vine and successfully swings over the pond)*

Lucrative merchandising products courtesy of KinkyJohn.

VOICE OF KING SNAKE: "Curses! Darn you, Pitfall Harry, and your meddlesome ways!"
PITFALL HARRY: *(Running over the money bag and causing it to turn invisible)* "Time to bring this cash cow home so momma can milk it!"
VOICE OF KING SNAKE: "I'll get you yet, Pitfall Harry!!!" *(Shakes his fist in the air at Harry, but cannot be seen since he's just a disembodied voice and he also lacks hands and the ability to move)*

Those are but a few select scenes from the upcoming Something Awful movie, "Pitfall!: The Movie," which in case you have forgotten or missed it the previous 500 times I mentioned it, is a movie based off the game "Pitfall!" I feel that what it might lack in plot and character development can easily be replaced with cutting edge CG effects, just like they do with all movies these days. With the rise in 1980s nostalgia at an all time high and Hollywood creativity at an all time low, there is no possible way that this movie could fail in any aspect whatsoever, barring the unforeseen disaster of

Harry Knowles showing up for a screening. If you think I'm wrong, then I dare you to send me $10 and prove it to me. Yeah, that's what I thought, you spineless wuss. Look for a release sometime in 2017 or a year after whenever the robots take over and eliminate all mankind from the face of the Earth. They'll appreciate the CG movies a hell of a lot more than you and I could.

◘ Come See Me RIGHT NOW!

Zack "Journey of Natty Gann Editor" Parsons here with a seethingly hot new Hentai Game Review of a simply amazing vegetable chopping simulator entitled "Come See Me Tonight". This game is crescent fresh folks.

Ryoichi's Take: *Tsugumi, on the other hand, will be the owner of the restaurant. It's a logical choice to choose her as a mate, but... she's angry at me for some reason.*

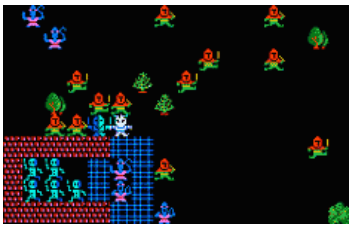
My Take: Gummi Bear is the biggest fucking bitch ever. I longed for a violent rape scene in this game just so that stupid ass would finally get her comeuppance. Instead I get banged on the head with a pot repeatedly and insulted. Fuck that thing.

Hurry and read this review now before the Crites come in through the vent and eat my head. Go, now, I'll hold them off!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.12 The Five Biggest Jerks in Gaming

Friday, Jun 13, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

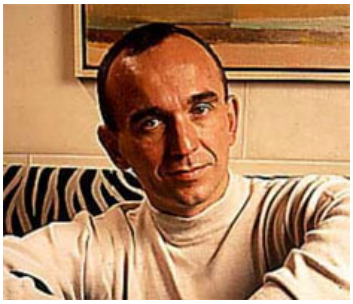


Sometimes I regret my hobby.

Deep down inside I will always be a gamer. I go through periods where my love for gaming declines, usually after I realize I just spent most of a week playing "Freelancer" or "Hearts of Iron" or something like that and feel guilty, but at my core is a gamer. Because of this I tend to spend most of my free time reading about games on our forums or browsing the Internet reading articles on other sites. I like to stay on top of the trends in gaming and development, and keep at least half of an ear glued to the rail so I can hear the rumblings of gossip.

That doesn't mean I consider myself an insider, on the contrary I consider myself a preeminent consumer. I buy lots of games, buckets, and other than Hentai games I don't get many free so I'm in the same boat as the rest of you. I spend my hard earned hundreds on the cute little cardboard boxes with the easily lost serial numbers and their much sexier DVD case cousins for the consoles. With each purchase I buy a ticket to the bitch festival if I don't like the game or I don't like what the developers are doing with my beloved franchises. Along these lines I think it's high time to air some dirty laundry about the gaming industry, so let me tell you about the Five Biggest Jerks in Gaming.

5. Peter Molyneux Studio: Lionhead Studios



Monsieur Molyneux (That's Freedom for "Mister Molyneux").

Chances for Redemption: Fairly high. "Black and White" is a stain on Molyneux's name to many fans whether he or most reviewers will actually admit it. There is a sequel in development to this loathsome game, but Molyneux also has several other very interesting sounding titles like "Fable" on the horizon and any one of these could prove to be his next "Syndicate". Or that motherfucker could just make another Syndicate game, I mean seriously Peter what the hell is wrong with you?! The world has never been more ready for another Syndicate game and don't try to give me some bullshit about not owning the rights, just call the damn game "Tyndicate".

Crimes Against Gamers: I once would have placed Mr. Molyneux near the top of a short list of greatest developers of all time. The man has created wonderful games like the "Syndicate" games, the "Populous" games, "Dungeon Keeper', and other classics. He is known for innovative and fairly dark games and is a perpetual dreamer who has fantastic ideas. Something really weird happened a few years ago though; Molyneux developed a little title called "Black and White" that was met with rave reviews. His fans and

thousands of others gobbled the game up, for about five hours that is. His die-hard supporters realized that the game reviews had been lying, "Black and White" was a tedious and awkward "coddle the townsfolk" simulator. But the reviewers didn't care, and thus a weird transition happened, where Molyneux went from beloved underdog to overrated gaming superstar hyped by magazines and web sites and full of unmerited braggadocio. The excellent sales of "Black and White" made a sequel a foregone conclusion and it seems that Molyneux may have learned the dangerous lesson that half-assed is enough for the market if you put the right spin on your game.

4. Larry Probst (CEO)

Probst looks sort of like a young John Ashcroft. Coincidence?! I THINK NOT.

Studio: Electronic Arts

Chances for Redemption: Larry Probst embodies almost everything that is wrong with big business in gaming. He is also, unfortunately, the face of the future of gaming. There can be no redemption short of a deathbed confession from him that his entire life was a hateful lie crafted to destroy the lives of as many as possible. On the positive side, at least he isn't Japanese too.

Crimes Against Gamers: Who ever thought a former executive from Clorox would lead the single most successful game producer in the history of the universe? Larry Probst has forged Electronic Arts into an unstoppable juggernaut of gaming, not to mention one with the attitude of "join us or die". EA's modus operandi under Probst has been to gobble up promising small developers, vivisect them, and then pressure them to release unfinished or bad games. The key to EA's success in this despicable endeavor has been to market their games to as broad an audience as possible, rely on simple and evolutionary titles like the Madden series, and do whatever it takes to undermine companies that refuse to play ball with EA. A good example of this is EA's unusual position in the console wars that are still going on. As the single largest developer of games in the universe, EA wields as much power as any one of the big three console manufacturers. It seems like it would be a good thing for a developer to hold as much power as a hardware manufacturer, but think again! The majority of EA's titles are bland or unfinished pieces of shit, making even Sony's in-house developers look like golden saints of creativity by comparison.

Remember Westwood? How about Origin Systems? Or even Peter Molyneux's own Bullfrog? These companies and many more have been chewed up and shit out by EA. It doesn't infuse capital and profit from their products like a normal producer, it buys these companies out, squeezes their franchises for every penny it can, and then discards

their employees or amalgamates them into its own corpulent body to produce the latest Madden game. Probst is a villain with no peer, but he runs a painfully tight ship over at EA and generally doesn't indulge in the same arrogant bragging as developers are prone to do, which saves him from the number one spot on this list.

3. John Romero and Stevie Case

Ewwwwww, Killcreek got Levelord on her! That's gonna leave a mark.

Studio: Ion Storm West/Monkeystone Games

Chances for Redemption: Romero's career as a major developer is pretty much over these days and Stevie "Killcreek" Case only ever had a career because of Romero, but I suppose somewhere in the depths of Romero's mind is the same genius that spawned "Doom". If he can tear himself away from his dented Lamborghini and Killcreek's enhanced bosom long enough maybe he'll one day make a good game again, but I wouldn't count on it.

Crimes Against Gamers: Romero's life would be a perfect story for a nerd version of VH1's "Behind the Music". His role in creating "Doom" skyrocketed him to gaming superstardom as one of the first and most widely known legends of the gaming industry. People who barely knew about gaming at one point knew who Romero was; the first dorky rockstar on the gaming scene. With "Doom II" and "Quake" fading into the background Romero broke away from id to create his own game company that would better suit his needs as a sports car driving, leather pants-wearing, long haired loser with a shit load of money. He wanted to use Ion Storm to realize his dreams of creating a game with a big-titted female sidekick and a sidekick named Superfly, and with only a few years and a budget bigger than the GDP of most African countries, Romero managed to do just that. And the gaming community roared with laughter at the piece of shit that was "Daikatana", a legendary failure that had run through four different lead designers. Naturally Romero's fledgling uber development house Ion Storm crashed and burned and a lot of other talented developers suffered for it. Thankfully a few like Warren Spector were saved from Romero's fate by the decidedly cruddy Eidos.

Swept up in, and contributing to, this whole drama was mediocre level designer Stevie "Killcreek" Case. This mousy blonde got a makeover courtesy of Romero's Millionz and became a fleshy parody of the sort of women found so often in video games. Not only that though, she inadvertently became a semi-celebrity icon for the stupid wastefulness of the gaming industry in the mid-nineties and the excesses of some developers. While she was giving Johnny boy greasy hand jobs in the front seat of his diamond-encrusted Porsche hundreds of developers were slaving in anonymity on their next breakout project. For most of those developers there would be no champagne parties and rap star mansions, nor would there be anything approaching creative control. Romero had the opportunity to transform the industry into one fueled by creativity and ideas rather than purely profit,

instead he proved to the big boys that creativity and ideas were overrated in the face of a quick buck. He handed the reins of the industry over to the likes of Electronic Arts, Take 2 Interactive, and Eidos and those corporations opened their mouths to swallow the next year's graduating class of developers into their game factories.

Now both are working at another Romero startup called Monkeystone Games, which is the official term for "John Romero's nervous breakdown and bankruptcy".

2. Derek Smart

Derek Smart relaxes on his leather couch. God he is such a pimp.

Studio: 3000 AD, Inc.

Chances for Redemption: Redemption?! The man has never made a good game, yet he is still a well-known developer, probably because of his immense ego and ability to single handedly put the entire PC gaming community into an uproar every time he types out an arrogant post on a message board. The only reason Smart didn't make number one on this list is that he doesn't take ten years to release a game and doesn't waste millions of dollars on huge development teams.

Crimes Against Gamers: Derek Smart is the biggest asshole of the gaming world. Many have tried to contest this ignominious title - from Mike Wilson to Bernie Stolar - but frankly there isn't a chance in hell anyone not convicted of a capital offense could ever surpass Smart for sheer "that motherfucker!" quality. Smart is also a pretty intelligent guy, and has some fantastic ideas for games, but for whatever reason his executions of these ideas fall far short of expectations. This is a common failing of developers but where it goes sour with Smart is when he opens his fool mouth, particularly on the Internet. Smart is a hothead and loves to search for his name in Google and then become enraged at the slightest affront to his overwhelming genius. He has no qualms with boasting about his latest and greatest upcoming game while simultaneously insulting the parents of someone who was "slightly disappointed with Battleship 4D". He's probably using his giant brain to read my mind while I'm writing this and is already composing a hotly worded reply to post on the forums of his web site.

1. George Broussard

Studio: 3D Realms

Chances for Redemption: Duke Nukem Whatever, no one cares about Broussard and 3D Realms anymore. They're a permanent punch line for a joke unless DNF actually comes out this year and is one of the greatest and most revolutionary games of all time, which is to say Broussard's chances for redemption are nil.

Crimes Against Gamers: There is no developer more out of touch with reality than George Broussard. He lives in a fragile fantasy world where "Duke Nukem Forever" has not already vanished into the gaping maw of assured failure that also consumed "Daikatana". In the world the rest of us live in, DNF has totally eclipsed "Daikatana"

Broussard slaving away on "Duke Nukem Forever" as always! Out on the street. In his boxers. With his Porsche getting towed.

> for most ridiculous marketing line. What's more amazing is that most of the cogs over at 3D Realms continue to parrot Broussard's downright retarded claims that "Duke Nukem Forever" will be the hottest title of 1998. While the pot of rancid chili that is DNF has been simmering on the stove for the better part of a fucking decade, Broussard and company have been devaluing their franchise by repeatedly cashing in on it with knockoff titles about as fun as licking razors. Remember "Duke Nukem: Land of the Babes"? I didn't think so. In addition to shitting away the good will of fans with cash-in games, Broussard and company have been shamelessly telling anyone stupid enough to get within spitting distance that DNF "will be out for Christmas". Then it became a self-mocking joke of "whenever it's ready".
>
> Until this year, that is. This year Broussard and his team hid from the public, barely even making their presence known at E3. Ostensibly this was done so they could concentrate on the task of finally finishing their game that no one cares about anymore, more likely it was to work on building paperclip men and downloading shemale porn. Meanwhile their publisher Take 2 Interactive innocently commented that they were lowering their earnings expectations because 3D Realms was taking their time on the game. From where I sit I consider any money that Take 2 is giving to 3D Realms is something akin to charity and I would hope Broussard would realize how fortunate he is to still have a major publisher for his games after all of the bullshit he has spewed. Instead, in an apparent effort to self destruct, Broussard went on a rampage telling Take 2 on Shacknews that they need to "STFU". Talk about biting the hand that feeds you. George, from me to you, Shut The Fuck Up. You're a moron, Take 2 is a mediocre publisher but they're huge and rich and they're your only potential chance of salvaging the career you've pissed away for the past six years on your fake game. Put out a screen saver, call it "Duke Nukem Forever", and then swallow your pride and move on to something else.
>
> Or just kill yourself and let some teenage texture artist at 3D Realms take over, I'm sure he would at least finish that stupid piece of shit you call a game. Oh wait, Half Life 2 is coming out! Maybe you could start over again using that engine!

Let's come together and celebrate George Broussard and to a lesser extent the entire team of Duke Nukem Forever for being the most consistent and pathetic examples of wastefulness and stupidity in the gaming industry to date. While we're at it why don't we take a stroll down memory lane and remember some fine quotes from the talking heads over at 3D Realms.

> *"We're confident that DNF will be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, game of 1998. And this confidence is not misplaced."* - ***Scott Miller, 1997***
>
> "Duke Nukem Forever is a 1999 game and we think that timeframe matches very well with what we have planned for the game." - **George Broussard, 1998**

"Trust us, Duke Nukem Forever will rock when it comes out next year." - **Joe Siegler, 1999**

"When it's done in 2001." - **2000 Christmas card**

"DNF will come out before Unreal 2." - **George Broussard, 2001**

"If DNF is not out in 2001, something's very wrong." - **George Broussard, 2001**

"DNF will come out before Doom 3." - **George Broussard, 2002**

Hey, I can stick a gun up a cat's ass! Well that surely will make me overlook the horrible gameplay, shitty models and textures, and the worst level design since "Ken's Labyrinth".

Those quotes get posted a lot around the Internet and I can't help but laugh every single time I read them. This year has also been a year of up-and-coming jerks in the industry, and I would be remiss if I didn't at least touch a few of these developers. Take Quicksilver Interactive for example. Their "Master of Orion 3" was hotly anticipated and turned out to be almost unplayable, full of bugs and counterintuitive features, and saddled with design changes that seemed to move laterally away from the fun strategy gaming of "Master of Orion 2." Their work is a great tragedy of gaming as they single-handedly eviscerated one of the most enjoyable franchises out there and their unrepentant attitude and horrible patch development have rendered the game essentially unsalvageable.

Another big loser this year has been "The Sims" mogul Will Wright. Once he was a near-legend of gaming, but Wright has recently become one with the sort of sweatshop cash-in pattern endemic at Electronic Arts. Idiotic Sims expansions continue to be disgorged by EA, despite horrible console versions of the game and a lackluster online version for the PC. Wright, the sort of idea man I once would have mentioned in the same sentence as Molyneux or Sid Meier, has become father to a legacy as repellent as the swarm of hunting simulations that still populate Wal-Marts across America.

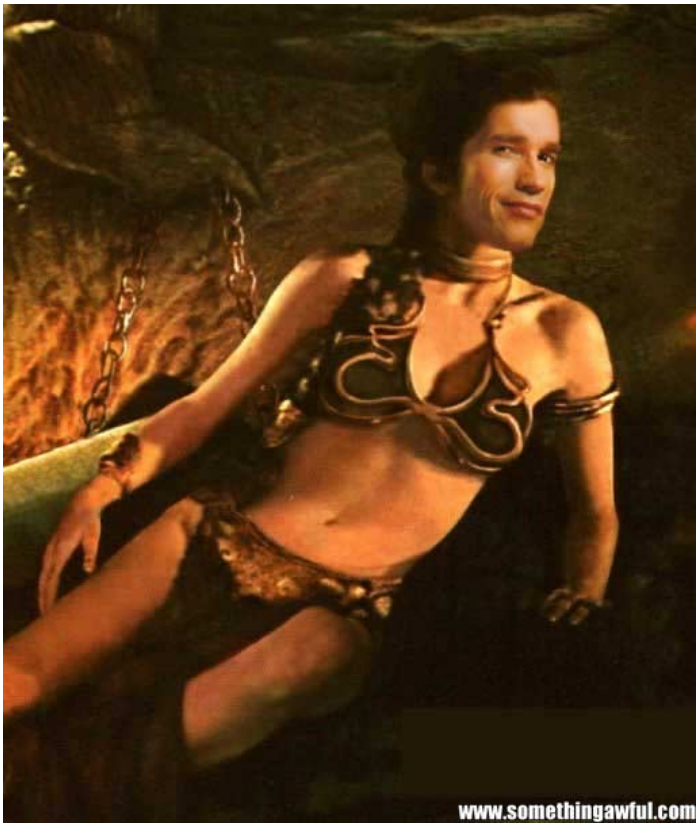
Finally there is Vince Desi of Running with Scissors. He spent the last few months hyping up "Postal 2" with some of the most shamefully bad press releases I have ever had the misfortune of reading. The man was a walking billboard for sterilization, and would spew out "hip" and "in your face" puns about pussy whenever some member of the gaming press would make the mistake of giving him a chance to talk. This loathsome behavior was only compounded by the release of "Postal 2". It amounted to a manifestation of the sort of moronic garbage Desi was vomiting onto the public and was, consequently, one of the worst games released in recent memory.

Arnold Schwarzenegger in Photoshop Phriday

Hey gang, Josh "Greasnin" Boruff here. As you probably counted on, what with it being Friday and all, there is a brand new edition of Photoshop Phriday up and ready to kick your face off. For reasons likely related to pure madness, the SA Forum goons spent an awful lot of time Photoshopping the heroic and terrible actor Arnold Schwarzenegger in ways both inappropriate and more inappropriate. The results, like his movies, are hilarious.

Seeing as how you're probably turned on by that picture, you might want to look at the rest of the feature!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


www.somethingawful.com

6.13 Something Awful Yard Sale!

Friday, Jun 13, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings ladies and gentlemen! It's about that time of year to clean out our closets and attics of all the unnecessary clutter which is just gathering dust. No, I'm not talking about the dead prostitutes (although they are starting to get ripe), I'm talking about selling off our unwanted items in a event as old as civilization itself: the yard sale! The brain trust here at SA have been scrambling to try to come up with a temporary solution to our horrendous money problems due to the cost of Lowtax's elaborate southern plantations, solid gold machine gun collection, and the throngs of young nubile servant boys to collect the never ending beads of sweat from his body in pure crystal vials to be stored in a massive storage freezer, preserving it for future generations to enjoy and cherish. We decided that a yard sale would be the wisest course of action, and we really didn't feel like "brainstorming" a better one. So each contributor at SA was asked to donate items they wished to get rid of, making them open to the public market. We hope that this will not only line our pockets with riches, but also clear the piles of crap filling the hallways of the Something Awful Ultra-Super Secret HQ located in a hollowed-out volcano somewhere in the Pacific. The HQ may sound cool, but it's only a tiny 2,400 square foot cave with cubicals, because carving out a volcano turned out to be really hard, forcing us to give up after a few weeks and sit around eating coconuts instead.

So are you ready for some crazy bargains at low, low prices? These prices are so low that they're legally insane in 40 states! When I told my grandpa about these low prices, he called me a dirty Communist and fell down the stairs, breaking his hip in 3 places! Everything must go!

Item # 334
Cursed Cymbal Monkey
Price: $34.00
Seller: Reid "Frolixo" Paskiesomething

I'll kick things off by offering one of my own items for sale. This hand crafted monkey toy was extremely popular in the early 1950's, rivaling such fads as the hula-hoop and the atomic bomb. This is clearly an upper class toy that was probably owned by a lad of great influence and wealth. In the mid-70's, ownership of the monkey was transferred to Rodger Earl, drummer of the legendary band, Foghat. While driving down a lonely desert road on a coke binge, Earl slammed into an old Indian woman that happened to be crossing the street. She was killed instantly, and her soul was transferred to the little toy monkey, who was riding shotgun at the time. Since then, this toy has been cursed by the tormented soul of the old woman. Rodger Earl kept it because it was "far out", and a great centerpiece at parties, often locking it in closets with frightened, drugged up bimbos to everyone's chagrin. Since I acquired this evil toy after meeting Earl backstage in a '92 concert, it has made my life a living hell. I got bad grades, girls wouldn't talk to me, and I had terrible skin problems. There can be no explanation for it, except the cursed toy, I'm sure of it. But don't let that scare you out of buying this fantastic cursed monkey, as the old lady might of got bored of my incessant ramblings about Battlestar Gallactica and fled to the spirit world. At the price of $34.00, this rare item is an absolute steal.

■ **Item #107**
Fancy Thong (slightly used)
Price: $28.00
Seller: Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka

Ever wonder what a world famous Webmaster and playboy extraordinaire wears to the beach? Me too - that's why I like to disguise myself as a corn dog vendor so I can spy on Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka frolicking in the surf amongst the happy crabs and seahorses. During these "erotic investigations", I've noticed the multitude of colorful thongs Lowtax would don whilst romping through sandy dunes, his curly mane blowing in the wind like a untamed stallion. We happened to be lucky enough to get our hands on one of his favorite thongs, and offer it to the public for the extremely low price of 28 American dollars. This my friends, is a great deal. A. . . .sexy deal.

■ **Item #512**
Men's Wig
Price: $15.00
Seller: Ben "Greasnin" Platt

We all know sweet Ben Platt is follicularly challenged, and we all support him in fighting the terrible disease of baldness. He told me that when he was first diagnosed, he kept it from everybody, afraid that his friends and family would heap scorn upon him, forcing him to live in a cave like some kind of freak. He wore a wig to hide his secret, refusing to dive into swimming pools or go out on windy days. This took its toll of course, so one day Ben, who was fed up with this charade, threw the wig out the window of a moving bus and then stood up and shouted "I am bald, I am Ben, I am here!" Nobody on the bus really cared. When he returned to his dorm room, he was shocked to see it waiting for him on his pillow. It is well known that wigs can grow emotionally attached to a host, and can find their way back home. Despite this, Ben wants to forget his stormy past and get on with his life. This quality wig (named "Thaddeus") is going for a fetching price of $15.00, and comes with a free cup of nightcrawlers.

Item #184
Homemade Meatloaf
Price: $10.00
Seller: Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams

The verdict is in. Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams is guilty in the first degree of being a fabulous cook! Whenever the SA crew is down on their luck, or loses a baseball game to team Fark, Ryan whips up one of his culinary masterpieces, much to everyone's delight. It's only natural that he would offer his specialty for the yard sale, homemade meatloaf. Garnished with fresh vegetables and a side of mashed potatoes, this loaf of pure C grade meat is the talk of the town. Purchase the whole loaf for only $10, and feed a family of four! *(Warning: Ryan's loafs have been known to give indigestion, cramping, intestinal bleeding, and heart failure. Please check the loaf for random nails, razor blades, hypodermic needles, and/or rat heads. It's a good idea to induce vomiting after consuming the loaf, otherwise you can be at risk of catching scabies or HIV. If you try to take the loaf on an airplane, you will be detained as a enemy combatant).* Enjoy!

Item #280
Heinrich Himmler's Cocksock
Price: $164.00
Seller: Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

We all know that Zack is a great lover of World War II history, but we had no idea to what extent until this yard sale. It seems that he's also really big into S&M, and hardcore bondage. I guess it's only natural to combine two hobbies. Zack's item is a genuine Nazi cocksock used by the infamous SS Commander Heinrich Himmler. It is rumored that this cocksock was worn under his uniform during all his famous speeches to the SS, and once to a dinner party thrown by the Fuehrer himself. When I asked Mr. Parsons if he'd ever worn it himself, he just laughed and chained me to a toilet, violating me horribly over the course of two weeks with Rudolph Hess's studded dildo. I'll take that as a tentative yes. Priced at healthy $164.00.

■ **Item #403**
Jar of Pennies
Price: One Million Dollars
Seller: Josh "Livestock" Boruff

Josh is a tad queer. That being said, he thinks it's a great idea to finally cash in on his penny collection. He also thinks he can get one million dollars for it. When I told him this was a bad idea, and that nobody in their right mind would pay one million dollars for a jar of pennies probably only worth 5 bucks all together, he silently agreed with me and retired to his bed. When I woke up, I was covered in warm blood, the head of my favorite hog resting beside me in bed. I get the message Josh, and your item has been accepted into the yard sale. Now that I have met your terms, can you kindly give me the password to disable this bomb strapped to my chest? Thanks.

■ **Item #212**
A White Baby Boy
Price: $1,500.00
Seller: Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

I have a feeling that this one is going to put us over the top for the funds we need to raise. White babies are hard to come by these days. Some parents have to wait years to adopt a child, and are willing to pay good money to cut through all the red tape and take home the baby the same day they pick it out. We're not going to question Dennis on where he's getting this endless supply of fresh white babies, but we assume it has nothing to do with the rash of baby snatchings that are plaguing the nation. This baby has been branded with a Something Awful grenade logo so you, the customer, know it's top quality. Once the money transaction is made, our lawyer, Leonard J. Crabs, has prepared a legal document that he crafted out of popsicle sticks and pinecones to make the deal totally legit. (25% off for Scientologists).

There you have it folks! Some great deals, as you can plainly see. If you wish to purchase one of these items, please use a flashlight, and a cardboard cutout of my face to illuminate the sky with my persona, thus alerting me of a sale. Please use morse code with the flashlight to inform me of the number of the items you wish to buy. Shipping may take 2-3 years because we are on a remote volcano island in the Pacific and I must give the package to a team of monkeys that in turn give it to a trusty dolphin that swims to the nearest UPS port. Items may get wet or destroyed by monkeys during shipping. Thank you for helping Something Awful through this tough period.

Happy shopping!

State Og: Wrath of the Unnecessarily Long Title

Howdy folks, this is your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, here to fill your meaningless lives with even more meaninglessness when I'm not selling babies. White babies at premium prices which you'd be insane to pass up, by the way. Some things are so profound that they need no introduction, their contribution to life as we know it is just that incredible. Unfortunately, State Og is not that profound. I'd really like it to be though, because I've got nothing to introduce this week's update with. What I do have is this tasty selection spotlighting one of our proposed company events:

> *Bring Your Random Person Off the Street Day - While we have a soft spot for bums at State Og, we'll really take anyone you run into. Police officers, businessmen, your coworker's slutty daughter, they're all welcome. We don't care how you get them into the office, and to be honest we'd prefer there to at least be a little bloodshed. Or maybe an elaborate ruse involving pyrotechnics and people in Bigfoot costumes. Now that I think about it, a raise will be given to the employee who brings in a real Bigfoot. The raise will be larger if he is able to shoot fire out of his hands, or fly. Bigfoot would be cool and all, but if he could fly it'd REALLY freak people out.*

You know what would freak me out more than a flying Bigfoot? If you didn't click this link and check out State Og after reading that preview.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.14 A Father's Day Fiasco

Saturday, Jun 14, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's only a month after Mother's Day, and already it's time to shove aside the women who gave birth to us in favor of the guys who kind of hung around from time to time to make sure we grew up alive and... well, alive. That's right, it's Father's Day, the twenty-four hour period when dads everywhere finally get the attention and praise they so solely deserve. After all, they slave day after day, week after week to put bread on that table, and it's about damn time you showed them some respect, young man! Of course, it would be on a Sunday, too. No, it would be too much to ask to give them a day off, wouldn't it? Lord knows, if they missed work just one day to take a little time for themselves, this whole freaking family would starve to death! What, now you want to borrow some money? Money doesn't grow on the goddamn trees, you know! And turn down that music! Where do you think you are, the circus? For Christ sake!

So as to distinguish him from a child abductor.

Sorry, that last paragraph got a little weird. I'm... uh... I'm working through some issues. Anyway, a father has a very special and unique relationship with his child. The mother is the one who does the actual birthing, and with the exception of a few guys out there who frankly give me the heebie jeebies, only the mother is capable of nursing the child. Biologically speaking, the father's role ends right after fertilization, just before he falls asleep. But of course, the father plays a critical role in the development is a child, which is why kids who grow up without fathers are all angsty, overly aggressive types to compensate for the fact that they're all really sissies. I'm just kidding guys! Seriously, put the guns down. A father's relationship with his daughter is certainly a very precious thing, but as far as I can understand, it mostly revolves around his trying to figure out whether or not it's a good thing if his daughter grows up to be hot. I don't know too much about that, so I'm basically going to ignore the father-daughter relationship for the rest of this article and talk about that extraordinary relationship between a father and son.

There is an unspoken bond between a father and his son, basically because if either party were to talk about it, the other one would think that he's kind of fruity. Just as a mother is the only one who can really teach a daughter to grow up to be the colossal bitch she will inevitably become, only a father can show his son what it takes to grow up to be a responsible and capable man. Most fathers try to instill a sense of the manly arts in their sons through athletics. I think every father dreams of his son becoming a major sports star. I know my father certainly encouraged my brother and me to try our hand at various league sports over the year. He was always there for my Little League and soccer games. Of course, now my brother is an artist and I write for a website, so you can tell how well all that worked out.

From my father I learned what it means to be a man. Primarily, it means to have a penis. We covered that lesson in one sitting. The rest of his teachings - at least, the ones that always stuck with me - were more along the lines of, "Okay, so we've established that you're a man. Now what do you *do* with that manliness?" Those are the lessons that made me who I am today. I can't catch a fly ball without at least a week's warning, I haven't been fishing in years, and I have a fine appreciation for theater, but I'll be damned if I can't fart with the best of 'em. You see, anyone can up and *get* gas, but only your father can teach you how to use it. Ironically, that actually doesn't hold true for my father's childhood. We always used to joke that he learned to rip juicy ones from his mother, but that's only because his father died at a tragically young age and his mother ate a lot of cabbage. In any case, any expertise that I have in the field of butt percussion is due totally to the hard work

and ceaseless efforts of the man I have come to call Dad (you know, my father).

Look at this proud father. Look at his face. Then look at the face of the infant in his arms. Notice how they look nothing alike. In fact, that kid kind of reminds me of the mailman, don't you think?

Speaking of music, if there's one clear trait I inherited from my father, it's got to be a love of classic tunes. The Beatles, the Stones, Hendrix, the Doors - I wouldn't know the first thing about any of them if not for dear old dad belting out the songs every time we took a ride in the car. Nowadays I can't help singing along with the radio when I'm out for a drive, just like my father, although I have the good sense to resist the urge when I'm in the car with other people. Actually, I'm sort of envious of my father's ability to sing his heart out no matter who's in the car, including that time in ninth grade when he was driving me and Jenny Collins to the dance. Sure, she broke up with me later than night and went home with Tommy Belawski. Sure, it ruined my only chance with the hottest girl in school. I mean, it was Jenny Collins, Dad! **Jenny Collins!** But I know he was just being himself, and that means expressing his love of music. I grew up with an appreciation for the best music the world has ever known, and that's why this Father's Day I made my father a CD compilation of great songs that I think he'll really love. Check out this track list:

1. Strapping Young Lad - Satan's Ice Cream Truck
2. Aphex Twin - Ventolin
3. King Missile - Detachable Penis
4. Wesley Willis - Suck a Caribou's Ass
5. Britney Spears - Boys
6. Gwar - Fishfuck
7. TAOC - Stupid Raver Shithead
8. Mindless Self Indulgence - I Love My Mommy (Cause She Fucked My Dad)
9. Mad Lion - Big Box of Blunts
10. Akinyele - Put It in Your Mouth
11. Lords of Acid - You Wanna Suck My Pussy
12. John "Bowtie" Barstow - Joy to the World

Not too bad, huh? I think the mix of clever lyrics and simple, yet infectious riffs will transport him back to his college days. But don't tell him. I want it to be a surprise. I put a lot of thought into this. After all, he's my father. He's more than just the guy who pays my exorbitant tuition. He's roughly half of the reason that I'm here. He's the man that I can only hope I can grow up to be. He's the person that I look up to and try to emulate. Hell, that's why I shaved my head! Well, actually, I shaved my head because I was starting to emulate him a few years ahead of schedule, and I wasn't going to let genetics have the satisfaction. As I was saying, I have an enormous amount of love and respect for my father, for all of his hard work, dedication, support, and mostly because he's not this guy:

Uh... terror?

Man has 63 kids

AN Emirati who has 63 children has married for the 12th time in a bid to ensure his place in the Guinness Book of Records with 100 offspring, according to a newspaper report.

And his name is Dad.

Murad likes to get as many of those pesky birthdays as possible out of the way at once. Tomorrow they celebrate the birth of all kids N-Z!

> *Dad Mohammad Murad, 53, married an 18-year-old in the emirate of Ajman, just north of Dubai, Al-Bayan said.*
>
> *Murad told the daily that he had divorced four of his wives, while four others had died.*
>
> *The new bride will join three other wives living in four houses provided by the ruler of Ajman, who supplements Murad's army pension.*
>
> *"I hope to have 100 children and get in the Guinness Book of Records," said Murad, who thanked a diet of fish and dates for his stamina.*

Don't get me wrong, I have to give it up for a man who has managed to get sixty-three kids out of twelve women by the time he's fifty-three. That's pretty impressive. If he hits the one hundred-mark, it will be a momentous occasion not just for him, but for men everywhere. I mean, that's a lot of nookie and nookie byproducts. But there's something horribly, horribly wrong with having kids for the sole purpose of getting into *Guinness*. And that's precisely why he's doing it. Nowhere in the article does it say anything about Murad wanting to raise his children to be future leaders or Olympic skiers or anything along those lines. He basically impregnates women until they either die or get wise to his scheme and divorce him, then moves on to the next one. Imagine being one of those kids and growing up knowing that you're just one of ninety-eight middle children who only exist on this planet so that your father could have a one-line mention in a records book. That's got to give you a complex. So thank you, Dad, for not having me and my brother simply to get your name in print, or if you did, thanks for stopping after two. Happy Father's Day to you and to all of you fathers out there, including the lucky guy who bought Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell's white baby boy in yesterday's sale. Good luck with that. I hear the kid is nearly disease free!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

6.15 Or So I Have Read

Monday, Jun 16, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

They'll never find their bike here!

My mind has been running in more different and unpredictable directions than a three year old wired up tight on a mixture of meth and grey market fissionable material. I spent most of this weekend in the car, driving across three states and then back again, and I've got an excess of energy that has me dangerously near some sort of catastrophic reactor failure. To help focus in I picked up a newspaper in the small town where my family resides and was greeted with a police blotter that would have felt equally at home in a ghost town. There were so many entries devoted to bike theft and recovery that you would think there was a gang of crazed bike thieves who do nothing with their day other than taking someone's bicycle, riding it across town, and leaving it in someone else's yard. The reasoning behind this crime spree is lost on those of us not accustomed to the proud bike-relocation tradition operating in small town Ohio.

In a true police log cliffhanger the accompanying sheriff's log also featured an entry devoted to a deputy being called on a report of cattle loose in the road. The log entry terminated there. Was there a cow on the road?! Was the cow gone? Did the deputy track him using ancient Indian pathfinder techniques?! Did the cow scurry from its burrow and make a meal of the hapless deputy?! These questions as well as the timeless mystery of "what happened to the fifty dollars missing from the retarded person's bank account" (I'm not joking) will have to go unanswered for the time being. I'm sure the crack team of Barney Fife clones will be hot on the trail of sweet justice just as soon as they've solved the latest bike disappearance caper.

Meanwhile, back in the world where the greatest threat to our safety is not an errant cow, my girlfriend and I were involved in a hit and run accident. As much as I would like to be telling you about how I ran over some bike relocating bastard and sped away before anyone could call the cops, I regret to inform you that we were the victims instead of the victors in this particular instance. Michelle was making a turn onto one of the many happening thoroughfares of our quaint city of millions when she was struck from behind by a cad with a huge Puerto Rican flag on the trunk of his car. I don't want to make racist generalizations here, but all Puerto Ricans should be rounded up and summarily executed because one of their number dared to run his car into the car of an upstanding white citizen. I mean we are white and he was only almost white so the gravity of this situation should become immediately apparent.

A bunch of Puerto Ricans, no doubt.

Not only did he dare to engage in this scandalous display of car race mixing, but he also sped off in reverse down a one way street while I had my back turned. Fortunately if we white people are anything, it's exceedingly clever, and I used my keen powers of observation to record his license plate number so that a pogrom of one could be carried out at his place of residence. Probably a shanty or cardboard box of some sort. Our first lesson in the realities of criminal justice in Chicago came when it was apparent that a police officer would not be coming as requested. When we managed to flag one down who happened to be driving by he sort of laughed and told us to go to the station. I began to voice my outrage that a white citizen should be treated so shabbily in this day and age but the constable drove off in a hurry, possibly to ally with the fire departments who were busy suppressing another

coal miner riot. Filthy fucking Irishmen.

Realizing that the only knight in shining armor was the one inside our own hearts, we made haste to the local police station and filed a police report. We were informed that hit and run accidents are a dime a dozen and that we should forget about the guy ever getting caught EVEN THOUGH THEY KNEW HIS NAME AND ADDRESS. This was most distressing and were the constables not armed with some type of crude blunderbuss I might have been inclined to trash them all mightily. Instead I ate a box of Runts which feature two new flavors; the wholly unsatisfactory watermelon and the mysterious and otherworldly blue raspberry. Overall I would have to say that Runts are a candy in decline, as this latest decision in an apparent effort to revive their waning popularity will be met with more than a little hostility from the candy-buying public. So runs the course of all empires, even those ruled by Willy Wonka.

Despite the eventfulness of this weekend I find my train of thought returning again and again to one topic; monkey pox. Where are they from and why do they want to hurt us? Who has unleashed their evil upon an unsuspecting world? If the articles printed in the Internet Times are to be believed then we have prairie dogs to blame for the disease. Apparently prairie dogs have become a trendy new alternative pet. You know the people who own pets like that. They are the same ones who buy those little rodents with the big eyes that die after five minutes and name them after characters from Tolkien books.

> *"Oh, I imported Tom Bombadil from Peru and he cost 700 dollars and he died from a heart attack when he saw a bug running on the wall. I think next week I'm going to order an African Gray Parrot and teach it to repeat lines from Farscape but never actually take care of it. I will name it Tuvok."*

Yeah, that's right; the super nerds are responsible for opening the Pandora's Box of monkey pox. At least monkey pox doesn't have a creepy name though. SARS has that whole AIDS thing going for it with the sinister acronym and West Nile Virus recalls a primal terror of biblical plagues rained down on ancient Egypt. Monkey pox just sounds comical, like the kind of disease the coyote that chases Road Runner would get when he opened a box containing Acme brand Bio Toxin. Fade to black or do a horizontal wipe and when we come back on the coyote he's fine, no more monkey pox. All that leaves for medical science to do is to reverse engineer the horizontal wipe into a easy-to-take injection or gel cap.

While I'm in unstructured rant mode let me mention something else that has been sticking in my craw like a stick made of craw. The whole Martha Stewart thing, I mean fuck her, she's Miss Perfect and I think 90% of the sane population in this country detests her. Still, I can't help but question our government's priorities when she's getting thrown to the wolves for screwing around with like 50 grand while the assholes from Enron and Worldcom are still driving human-fetus plated Hummer IIs back and forth to the Richomercado.

I mean seriously, the entire protectorate or whatever it is of Puerto Rico aside, what the hell does it take to bring some supreme assholes to justice in this country? It's obvious to everyone with a pulse that these guys are the most evil thing next to a robot that's made of dead body parts, so why can't we at least lock them up while they're awaiting trial. It's just rubbing people's noses in how they ruined thousands of lives and got away with it to see them tooling around in their limos and tailored suits. Fuck them, those cunts need to be coming into the courthouse looking like the guy on the subway who claims he lost his legs in Desert Storm and has this cool little scooter thing that I think he fashioned out of his own saliva.

Along similar lines, I would really like to enter our apartment into TLC's "Trading Spaces", but according to their retarded rules they only accept people with houses. My reasoning for wanting to

do this isn't so much what another couple would do to our apartment, but rather what I could do to theirs. They would give me a bathroom to makeover and come back to a blood-splashed abattoir and a murder one frame job that would see them behind bars for the rest of their natural lives. In case you find yourself suddenly trading spaces with someone for 48 hours here are a few quick home decorating tips I have devised.

I've got a space we can trade Genievieve, if you know what I mean, and I hope you do because I actually don't know what I mean.

- Fashion fake X10 web cams out of glass beads, wood, paint, and black yarn. Deposit them all over the house in unobtrusive places so they keep finding them for weeks to come. It would be like a really creepy Easter egg hunt.
- Design a bed that looks like a big comfortable bed with a cushy mattress but is actually just a breakaway panel with a sheet on it. When they lay on the bed for the first time they will fall through into a recess full of your urine!
- Use a long knife to cut into the drywall along the base of every wall. Every few feet along every wall punch a hole into the space between the walls and insert a leaky foam bucket containing a large block of frozen blood. Reseal the holes in the drywall and paint over them. After about three days their walls should start oozing blood. As an added bonus this will attract all manner of disease-baring vermin, possibly including prairie dogs.
- Rewire every light switch in the house so that it operates the lights in the room most distant from the switch.
- Place a tape recorder playing a looping tape of rat sounds underneath the floorboards or in the attic.
- If they have pets take them to a kennel or veterinary and buy similar but obviously different pets and bring them back to their house. If they ask questions about their pets feign ignorance.
- Place fiberglass plugs into every single drain in the house, but place them about a meter down the pipe so that it will take a while of using the pipe for them to back it up completely.
- Systematically scratch out the face of one of their relatives, preferably one of their kids, in every single picture of them throughout the entire house.
- Replace their countertops with pressure molded and oil coated blocks of sodium.
- Ejaculate onto every single piece of linen they own and onto the pages of innocuous magazines like "Better Homes and Gardens" and "Modern Architect".

Basically my goal is to be the first couple ever kicked off the show, and if I do manage to get kicked off I don't intend to go down without a fight. We're talking hours of footage of me screaming swear words and scratching and sissy-slapping the hosts.

So that's what I did for Father's Day weekend, how about you?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.16 Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport: The Center of Hell

Tuesday, Jun 17, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The tram at the Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport. There are various trolls and headcrabs hiding in that cart thingy.

There comes a point in every person's life when they realize they will not live forever and, sooner or later, they will have to travel through the Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport. When Jesus died for our sins roughly 100 years ago or so, He had no idea that our sins would eventually stack up like a gigantic pile of rat corpses and form the framework for the HAIA. If Jesus (or even God for that matter) knew what lay ahead for all humanity, they would've never bothered getting into all those fistfights with the Egyptians while converting bread into water and AC into DC. Besides the fact that I harbor an intense passionate hatred for every single living organism there, I don't have anything against Georgia or the remarkable features that great state has to offer, such as 140% humidity and a collection of buildings which once allowed people to enter inside them at some time in the mid 18th century.

The Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport has baffled the scientific community for decades now, bewildering various people who wear highly scientific white lab coats and use remarkably scientific tools such as "a hammer" and "a pen that was stolen from a particularly unimpressive hotel franchise." The central oddity powering this manmade terror dome revolves around the fact that an evil genius somewhere somehow managed to create this airport which not only links every single flight throughout the entire universe, but also serves as a central direct hub between our dimension and Hell. As Albert Einstein or possibly Thomas "Ed" Edison wrote in an especially spicy issue of *Consumer's Digest*, "no object can occupy two locations at one point in time, unless the object in question is one of Louie Anderson's thighs." Despite this concrete law of classical physics, the HAIA somehow manages to bend space and time in a way which produces the following disastrous results:

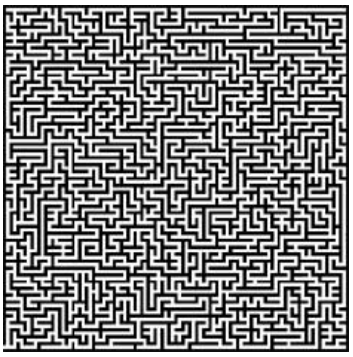
1) No matter where or when you decide to travel, you will invariably be forced to travel through the Atlanta International Airport regardless of Atlanta's proximity to your final destination. If you're traveling from Los Angeles to Seattle, you will be forced to stop in Atlanta. If you go out hiking and decide to swim down a stream, you'll invariably encounter the Atlanta International Airport midway through your journey. If you try to pick a friend up from the Denver airport, travel officials will forcibly pull you out of your car and throw you on a plane bound for Atlanta. Every form of transportation everywhere goes through Atlanta's airport, and when the Earth is nothing but a charred lump of clay 1,000 years from now, the only remnant of our glorious civilization will be the hulking remains of the Atlanta airport, which will be used by a super-intelligent race of centipede monster aliens who inexplicably have to stop there on their daily commute from Neptune to Pluto.

2) No matter what time of the day or year you get stuck in the Atlanta International Airport, it will be full of approximately one hundred jillion billion people, most of which have been aimlessly wandering the terminal since it was first built in 1768. Some of these so-called "people" are actually just ghosts of previous victims who died trying to reach their target destination a few decades ago. It's like that one scene in "Hypercube" where you see the people moving in slow motion for all eternity because they shamefully realized their agent mistakenly cast them

in one of the worst movies to ever land on a DVD, only without the horrendous acting and (lack of) plot. If you walk up to any person trapped inside the Atlanta airport and attempt to say "hello" to them, there's a 38% chance that they will not understand your English greeting. This is not because they are natives of some foreign country, but rather due to the fact that when they first entered the airport, English had not yet been invented.

3) 59% of your "flight" will actually be spent driving along the runway and periodically stopping. If you're traveling from Atlanta to London and the trip is estimated to be 18 hours, then your plane will aimlessly drive around the HAIA terminal for roughly 10 of those hours. Of course I have no idea how long an actual flight to London would take, as I don't have any idea which state that city is located nor why anybody would want to visit it, but my complete lack of knowledge is perfectly balanced out by my complete lack of giving a shit. If you're taking a trip to a closer city, such as Seattle, your plane will actually drive the entire way there. Atlanta has special highways just for HAIA flights.

4) Your flight will be delayed for an obscene amount of time ranging from one hour to one century. Airlines enjoy performing an exciting stunt known as "overbooking" in order to properly inconvenience customers who might have otherwise accidentally been convenienced.



A map of terminal C.

The procedure of overbooking is a highly exciting process that airline executives and thinktanks spent years upon years and millions of dollars researching. It's a very complex and intriguing phenomenon, so let me attempt to explain it by writing an analogy, a Greek word made up of two parts, "anal" and "orgy," which obviously makes it very obscene by my fundamentalist Christian Mormon Baptist standards. Say you walk into a car dealership and bring one of those Colombian druglord briefcases full of cash money. You see a car which the dealership is selling for $25,000 total, after figuring in all the kooky little fees such as "undercarriage toner replacement covers" and "state Federal local municipal principality tax." Once you finish throwing concussion grenades to separate the hundreds of swarming car salesman from your underbelly, you manage to give a dealership representative $25,000. In exchange he gives you a piece of paper claiming you now own the car. However, when you go to drive it away, you discover that a Mexican family of four is now sitting inside your newly acquired vehicle and driving it into a wall while screaming in some nonsense gibberish language. The salesman explains that he mistakenly sold "too many" cars and now you'll have to sit around and wait until the next shipment comes in. But hey, while you rest comfortably on their floor for the next day, you are welcome to enjoy some free coffee and maybe a muffin that was imported from 1986! If you're feeling particularly frisky, you can even read the issue of *Time Magazine* next to you which features an in-depth portrait of Mikhail Gorbachev!

Every single flight passing through Atlanta is overbooked because this is the only way the city can trick people into staying there overnight. You would assume that the most basic mathematicians would point out the potential problems in overbooking flights, but I guess the folks at Delta Airlines possess some mystical fountain of knowledge which explains the hidden mysteries of life that folks like me and maybe some guy a bit fatter than me cannot figure out correctly.

DELTA AIRLINES EXECUTIVE: "Hmmm, it says here on the chart that we have 238 people booked on a plane that only has 150 seats. Is this a problem?"

DELTA AIRLINES ENGINEER: "No."
DELTA AIRLINES EXECUTIVE: "Well I don't know what we're going to do, how can we fit 238 people on a plane with 150 seats? Do you know?"
DELTA AIRLINES ENGINEER: "No."
DELTA AIRLINES EXECUTIVE: "Let's go get drunk with the pilots."
DELTA AIRLINES ENGINEER: "Okay."

Various pleased Delta customers express their feelings at the customer service station.

I don't mean to infer that all Delta pilots are drunkards; the only lushes that I've personally encountered on Delta have been the ones piloting my flight. Besides, I'm sure some of them don't get drunk before each and every flight. A good portion of them probably decide to abstain from alcohol and instead shoot heroin directly into their eyes, a fun and viable alternative in the fresh and in your face airline industry. If, for some odd reason, you think that I may currently be "embellishing" my story or "enhancing" the truth by "lying" and then trying to "cover it up" by adding in "extra quotation marks," then allow me to present some further proof: **every single Delta flight I've taken has shown at least one episode of "Will and Grace" during the trip.** For Christ's sake, "Will and Grace!" Nobody anywhere has ever attempted to watch "Will and Grace" without drinking beforehand, and if anybody ever tries to claim they did, then they were obviously drunk and blocked out that portion of the day. Hell, the entire cast and crew must be drugged up and sedated before every episode in order to conserve the copious amounts of annoying sass needed for each show. Did you know that medical science is unable to produce an artificially-improved lifeform which can produce enough spunky sass required by that obnoxiously screechy woman and the flaming homosexual guy in each episode of "Will and Grace"? It's true; the producers have to use highly secret alien technology throughout post-production in order to give the show that sassy and in-your-face comedy we all have grown to know and love! Oh you crazy homosexuals, when will you ever learn?!?

"mwag gwahh maph blaaargh"

In addition to the aforementioned "phun pheatures ™" of the Atlanta International Airport, the complex features a stunning "it's really fucking long" layout which resembles a pregnant mall designed by an insane Nazi war prisoner. Lead architect James R. Wilkinson, one of the people directly responsible for Georgia's concrete monstrosity, had this to say about his part in designing the airport: "I hate people. I hate you. I hate people. I hate I hate I hate I hate I hate I hate I hate you all. The only thing consoling me in life is seeing the faces of those I've wronged float up before me as I mock them. You will all die at my hand. Humanity is a waste." To prove his undying contempt for the human race, Wilkinson made sure that every single aspect of the Atlanta airport was as unpleasant as possible. Although the terminals are essentially a long series of concrete blocks attached by a tram that is composed of 96% human sweat, there is really no logical progression between sections. At any given point in time, there is a good probability that your luggage will come spewing out of a wormhole that opened in a random location throughout the airport, most likely a Starbucks that has been under construction since the Cold War. If this festive event does occur, you can rest assured that the good people in the luxurious Airport Command Center floating five miles off the ground will be more than happy to inform you of this sudden change in plans by announcing the news over the intercom, "mwag gwahh maph blaaargh." I heard rumors that, at one point in time, people in Atlanta actually used their mouths to speak, but alas that time was long ago. Now, for the sake of efficiency, they employ a team of robots with

distortion pedals and a Radio Shack microphone from 1963 to blurt out such colorful announcements as "all luggage and passengers were recently vaporized by the rogue Ion Cannon attack on the runway" and "the airport is now officially on fire." These messages invariably end up becoming "mwag gwahh maph blaaargh" thanks to the cutting edge voice mutilation technology licensed by the kind folks at HAIA, so if you ever hear a voice saying "mwag gwahh maph blaaargh" during your layover, you should either start rushing towards gate B-18 or call the police, whichever seems more appropriate at the time.

I'm not exactly sure why I felt the need to inform the public of the horrid menace that defines the Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport, as statistics show over 92% of you have already been there and another 5% are currently stuck there right now. Experiencing the Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport is one of those experiences that we must all accept before we're able to mature into a mature adult man, even for you women and girls out there. The HAIA doesn't discriminate between any race, gender, or religion! All it knows is pain, like the ship from "Event Horizon," only without the luxury of having Sam Neill inside of it, and it will turn you into a man regardless of your previous sex. If I wasn't terrified of John Ashcroft personally coming over to my house and beating me to death with a bag full of broken ceiling tiles, I'd plead for somebody to do something drastic about that cursed airport, such as teleport it back to Hell where it originally spawned. I'm sure "teleportation" violates one of the Good Patriot Citizen 100% American Go Team Ashcroft laws that he passed a year ago, so I'll instead settle for voicing a public warning and reminding everybody to never leave your homes. No matter where you go, no matter who you want to see, and no matter what time you plan on leaving, you will, sooner or later, have to pass through the Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport and endure the wasted lies that fester inside its rotting skeletal system. Jesus may have died for our sins, but we'll all die for the sins of the Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport.

RETURN TOP PORTION WITH YOUR PAYMENT

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams saying hello out there in Internet Land. Hello. Rather than spew pure nonsense like usual, I've been told to go with a minimalist approach after the next two sentences. My agent swears it'll make me more mysterious, more hip, more in your face. I figure anything is worth a shot.

Crap, I can't tell you what today's Goldmine is about being all chic and sexy. Someone fire my agent.What would happen if you mixed up all your video games in a huge pot of molten plastic? In the real world, a lot of you would cry. But in my screwy minds eye, you'd get all kindsa neato game titles, like this one:

Damn that's hot! It's like good game design and my childhood all in one small box! The goons went the distance with these awesome mixed up video games and some companies should pay close attention.

Click here. DO IT! DO IT NOW! GET IN THE CHOPPER!.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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6.17 I'm The Party Pooper

Tuesday, Jun 17, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This is the face of justice, although it's not Photoshopped very well.

Thanks in part to this week's Photoshop Phriday tribute to a certain concentrated mass of fortified meat, I realized something important: there are simply not enough Arnold Schwarzenegger games out there. Beyond the "Terminator" franchise, the only other games I can think of are "True Lies" and the absolutely horrid "Total Recall" for the NES. I did leave out the "Commando" and "Predator" games I guess, but it's not like those count for anything. The thing is that Arnold, as one of the busiest actors in Hollywood, has done a whole shitload of movies. And while shit is definitely the keyword in that sentence, many of those movies went without precious video game tie-ins. Normally this would not be a problem at all. In fact, it would be so not a problem that it could easily bring the Palestinians, Jews, and probably even the Nazis together in harmonious agreement at least long enough for them to have a cookout and maybe a volleyball tournament. However, it bothers me. Oh yes, it bothers me like that rash I got after spending the night in Frolixo's haunted barn.

One of Arnold's most endearing characters was that of Detective John Kimball. Because of Schwarzenegger's absolutely visceral performance as the hardened cop deep undercover in the jungles of kindergarten, the movie pulsated with a sort of twisted energy never before seen in American cinema. "Kindergarten Cop," one of the finest motion pictures of all time, took the world by storm. More importantly, it captured my imagination and held it prisoner behind miles of landmines, guard towers, and German razor wire. Early on in the film, you felt that at any minute one of the kindergarteners could drive Kimball over the edge, turning him into a murderous loose cannon so consumed with acquiring revenge that his badge no longer meant anything. Unfortunately, at the end of the film, he turns into a total pussy. But then thanks to the wonders of stop buttons and denial we can easily forget about that, though. I think this site that I cannot read put it best when they said:

> *Schwarzeneggers zweiter Ausflug in die Welt der Lacher setzte auf bewährte Kassengaranten: "süße Kleine", zwei komplett unterschiedliche Cops als Buddies und der aus seinem gewohnten Umfeld gerissene Held. So ganz auf die Action wurde nicht verzichtet. Gerade in den ersten Minuten taucht der Schwarzenegger auf, den die Fans ausgiebig kennen: schummrige Kneipe, Sonnenbrille, langer Mantel, kurzer Prozess.*

I personally don't speak German, so I certainly hope they weren't talking about starting another dreadful war and were in fact praising "Kindergarten Cop." The Germans owe us this much, I think. Getting back on track, maybe I'm on my own when I say the thrill of being a badass undercover cop surrounded by fragile little children I could easily snap into tiny pieces sounds quite rewarding. I could wander the halls popping spines and crushing faces all the while tossing out awesome catchphrases like, "now that's what I call hitting the books... PUNK!" Seeing as how that sort of thing is strongly discouraged in real life, it would take some sort of "video game" to make it happen, which is fine with me since I like substituting such tired notions as reality and consequences with bloodlust and moral ambiguity.

I felt the best way to bring "Kindergarten Cop" to life in the video game world was to start a total conversion, or a mod. That way I could get other people to do the work while I cry myself to sleep and have panic attacks. Ideally, I wanted a game that mirrored the gritty world of undercover police work, and so I decided that *Max Payne* was the perfect vehicle to rework into a bloody kindergarten

shoot 'em up. The two go together like metal and magnets or Ben "Greasnin" Platt and escort service bills. Max Payne was a man whose family had been murdered, and the only fuel left in the veritable gas tank of his soul was high-octane revenge. He was also an undercover cop in a hostile world. Detective John Kimball was at odds with his surroundings as well. While the womenfolk admired his strong looks and respected his role as a "teacher," deep down he was drowning in a sea of textbooks and energetic pupils when he really wanted to be drowning murderers and rapists in a sea of blood. While Max's wife was murdered as part of some sort of vast conspiracy that Remedy must have bought at an Ion Storm garage sale shortly after *Deus Ex* was finished, that ultimately isn't much different from John Kimball's dilemma: his trusted female partner is terribly ill. Being sick is a lot like being dead, at least according to my fanatical doctrine soon to be terrorizing the world. The bottommost line is that both men are scarred, hopeless bombs just looking to explode at the right time and blow as many people as possible up in the process.

Since I have my platform all decided on, it's now time to wow you all with the list of awesome features I hope to include in this hot and heavy mod:

- **Sophisticated Schwarzenegger Facial Expression Engine (SSFEE):** if you're going to make a game with Schwarzenegger, you damn well better take full advantage of his full repertoire of mind-bending contortions and expressions. In real life, Arnold's face moves and contracts with such force that his face literally has its own gravitational pull, which may or may not have something to do with why he gropes women all the time. You can expect a wide plethora of expressions with this mod, and none of them appropriate to the situation.
- **Spit Wad Time Kindergarten Combat:** slow reality to a crawl as you move around and dodge spit wads, rubber bands, and other primitive guerrilla warfare tactics common to young children. Sharpen your senses to hyper acuity, see the spit wad coming, dive out of the way, and fight back with a slow motion Wet Willy while still in mid air.
- **Comic Book Cutscenes:** see the story progress through dramatic and fully narrated

comic book cutscenes. Want to watch how Detective John Kimball deals with his students as they veer into ominous and foreboding laden topics such as human genitalia and gynecology? You'll finally get that chance. All with the classic, comically dramatic writing that helped carry *Max Payne* over the edge.

- **Surreal Dream Sequences:** the best part about Max Payne was the awesome dream sequences that had you running through a maze-like home, tiptoeing across blood tightropes, and jumping across platforms in a low gravity void all under the guise of exploring Max's subconscious and buried feelings. Detective John Kimball will also have to take a journey through his mind, using jumping puzzles and confusing school-like mazes as a metaphor for his own overcompensating male mentality and feelings for his partner.

I do believe I have a genuine hit on my hands, and can't wait to get it done and out for you all to play. *I definitely think that will totally happen, for real guys.* And just as soon as I get this done, I can start on my epic "Hercules in New York," "Junior," "Twins," and "Jingle All the Way" total conversions for *Doom III*. You can bet Sinbad is one scary motherfucker when bathed in the moody real time lighting of a Martian outpost, but then again he is even in normal lighting.

It's Like Reading a Movie, Man!

Hey everyone, it's Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with yet another movie review. Let me tell you, it doesn't happen often, but I absolutely loved this movie! It's a fantastic story about a group of students who... aw, I'm not fooling anybody. The movie's called "Knight Chills" and it sucks something fierce.

> *It's a little known fact that I absolutely hate puns. I can't stand them, even when I use them. Especially when I use them. The title of this movie is a pun. That doesn't bode well for the rest of it. Sad to say, that one crappy-ass pun is several times more clever than anything in the actual script. The only possible excuse for the existence of this movie is that a bunch of people were sitting around, lighting themselves on fire and seeing if it would hurt every time, when someone said, "Hey, you know what would be a good idea? Let's remake 'Skullduggery,' but let's get rid of the ancient curse plot device and let's make every character completely unlikable!" Everyone must have agreed that this was a sound plan, most likely due to severe mental retardation, because "Knight Chills" exists, and lo and behold, it is "Skullduggery," minus the ancient curse plot device and without a single even remotely likable character. The best thing this movie has going for it is that the little boy who plays Jack Jr. is so horribly annoying that all of the other actors seem better by comparison. Well, that and it's not directed by the Polonia brothers.*

Zing! Take that, Polonia brothers! Now go and read the review. If you don't a creepy dead girl is going to crawl out of my TV and kill me!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.18 99 Minus 79 Ways to Die

Thursday, Jun 19, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The grim reaper will come to collect you soon.

Inset: Hermione, who is killed in the latest Harry Potter book.Pinioned to a brick wall by the smoking wreck of a rusting 1987 Camaro with a NOFX sticker in the rear window my life tumbles through my consciousness like sand through a colander forged from misfiring neurons. That's how I picture it anyway. The shitty thing about dying is that you never know how it's going to happen. I might get run down by a drunk in a Camaro when I'm walking out of a Quiznos with a sub or I might make it home and end up choking on a sub from Quiznos. Or the CFO of Quiznos, John Gallivan, could break into my house in the dead of night and brutally rape me before suffocating me with a plastic bag. They'll get him with the DNA evidence deposited inside my ruptured colon, but that's beside the point. The point is that try as we might to contemplate the end of our lives we're always going to end up drawing a blank when it comes to the specifics of that final moment. And much like Hermione in the new and highly anticipated Harry Potter book "Order of the Phoenix", we're all going to die.

One thing I enjoy doing here at Something Awful is mentioning how I'm using occult or bizarre sources of information to assist me in my rock solid journalistic endeavors. It may seem like a lazy and overused explanation for my mysterious research results, but I really do consort with evil of all sorts. For this piece on dying I have once again turned to the realm of black magic and sorcery to provide me with the answers that we all seek. Unlike my past efforts instead of hoarding this dark knowledge for myself and releasing just a trickle I have asked SA's official warlock Memnoch to assist me in preparing an interactive presentation. He has spent days chanting over the PHP insert you are reading right now and the blood of sacrificial offerings has filled his cauldron to the brim. Through the mighty sorcery of Memnoch I am able to bring to you a mathematical and astrological means of determining how you, our valued reader, will meet your individual end. If you don't want to spoil the surprise of finding out how you die or finding out that Hermione is accidentally killed by Dumbledore in the new Harry Potter book, I would suggest you stop reading now.

The Arcane Ritual of Death Determination

- **Step 1**

Consult the following chart to determine a number from 1 to 12. The number should be the one next to your astrological sign. When you have determined this number move on to Step 2.

- **Step 2**

Now that you have your "core" number you should take the number of the month in which you were born, the number of the day on which you were born, and the last two digits of the year on which you were born and add these numbers together. Take the resulting sum and multiply it by the core number from Step 1. Write this number down and proceed to Step 3.

- **Step 3**

With your "spirit total" determined you should now be ready to enter the final phases of divining your fate. Follow the link to the Hypnogif page and follow the instructions there. When you have completed this proceed to Step 4.

- **Step 4**

Discard your "spirit total" number and choose a number from 1 to 20. Reference this number on the table below to determine how you will meet your maker.

1. You will be crushed by a rolling boulder after replacing an Incan idol with an improperly weighted sack of sand.

2. Exposure to gamma radiation will cause subtle mutations in your DNA that lead to you developing a second head capable of independent thought. This secondary head will scheme to have you killed and while you are asleep it will call in a mob hit on you that ultimately results in your decapitation. Other than your head, your body will live on for thirty more years.

3. All work and no play makes Jack collapse from a stress related aneurysm in the middle of a management meeting. By Jack I mean you.

4. The rarely used expression "let them eat cake" takes on a horrifying connotation for you when you contract a rare illness that turns your entire body into cake. When you lapse into a coma near a child's birthday party you end up sleeping through your fatal candle impalement and subsequent cannibalization.

5. Your decision to purchase a purebred Pekinese turns out to be ill-advised at best when the breeder pulls one over on you, supplying you instead with a sack of scorpions. Your efforts to house train them lead to your fatal stinging and a clutch of their children bursting from your decomposing skull.

Your body will soon look much like this haunted house casket. Inset: Dumbledore, who unintentionally kills Hermione in the upcoming Harry Potter book.

6. Your significant other ends up watching a Lifetime movie marathon and becomes convinced that all men are evil womanizing scum who should be destroyed. As the nearest man you are unfortunately the first to meet your end at her hands. She is played by Judith Light of "Who's the Boss?" fame in the TV adaptation of her true story, you're played by Chef Paul Prudhomme in a fright wig. Women who received this result should immediately go see a doctor because they are actually a man.

7. You will die from natural causes alone, penniless, and unremembered. Except for that giant cock, that left a few marks on people's lives if you know what I mean.

8. Your Neon Genesis Evangelion Slash Fanfiction Novel completed you will commit ritual suicide live on webcam for #anime-suicidepact on Zirc.

9. While drilling randomly around your yard trying to find oil with a cordless power drill you will uncover an ancient Indian burial ground. Later that day you will choke to death while eating fried chicken.

10. You will die in your sleep at the age of 89. From a meteor impact.

11. A freak electrical storm puts the kibosh on a pool party you had planned but doesn't stop you from enjoying a leisurely swim in the midst of a lightning strike. Your corpse if found being eaten by raccoons several days later.

12. Your fear of heights is well advised but doesn't prevent you from being thrown from a horse onto a display of knives.

13. A personal revelation will cause you to kill yourself with sleeping pills in the next 48 hours. It turns out that the person you have been falling in love with over AIM - the one you just proposed to - was actually a chat bot promoting the movie "Swimfan".

14. A mishap at a Klu Klux Klan rally in which a flaming cross topples onto your back leaves you with severe burns and a broken vertebral disc. Your efforts to make the incident look work related by falling onto a saber saw the next day is fairly ill conceived and ends up eviscerating you in front of several dozen coworkers.

15. Your addiction to veterinary muscle relaxants leads to a pulmonary embolism that nearly kills you. After spending weeks recuperating in the hospital's intensive care unit you are almost ready for release when you succumb to a secondary infection exacerbated by the hospital's baked beans which contain more botulism by weight than actual beans.

16. Wearing fedoras and top hats comes back into fashion in 2016. Not in fashion in 2016 is being crushed in an industrial dough mixer, but that doesn't stop you.

17. You will soon become intimately familiar, in more ways than one, with Ronald Donald Chandler, also known as The Boston Detorsonator.

18. Hydroelectric turbines cannot be stopped by sticking your arm into them. What does stop them is when you stick your arm into them and then your whole body gets sucked in and chopped into pieces that clog the flow grates and cause an emergency auto-shutoff to trigger. If you don't believe me you'll be able to prove me right firsthand in the next three weeks or so.

19. Massive heart attack. The heart attack is triggered when you are straining to defecate on the chest of a nude and handcuffed Bea Arthur during a scat and bondage session. On a positive note the next door neighbors finally respond to Bea's cries for help and the media descend on your home. That might not sound too positive but no publicity is bad publicity!

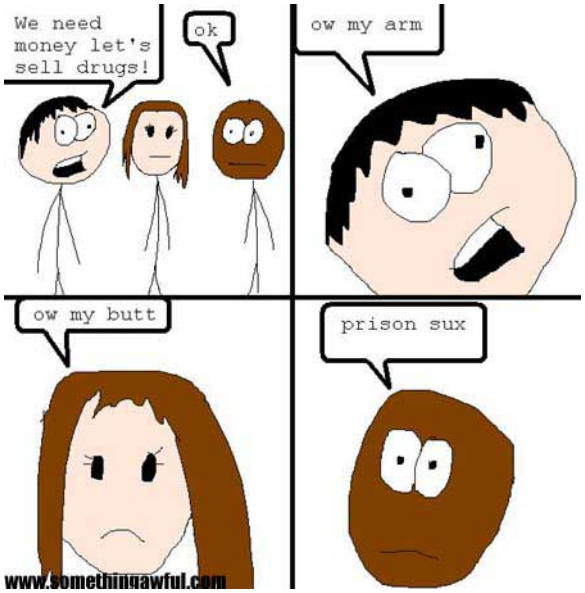
20. You remember when your English 202 professor explained how harpies are just a myth? It turns out he was wrong. They are not only real but they really don't like the cologne you're wearing.

The harpies that kill you will not be nearly as gothy attractive as these are, but that follows since your package is nowhere near as big as this dude's is. Not pictured: Harry Potter in tears at the death of Hermione.

It may not seem possible that we could simplify every single potential method of death into twenty numbered items, and you may be right after a fashion. The truth is these twenty items only represent an example of each category of death you fall into. For example the final item about being mauled by harpies is only a specific metaphor for the broader fate of being rent asunder by a flock of mythological flying bird women. So if you got number 20 that means it might not be harpies but rather nagas that descend from rocky outcroppings to peck out your liver and feast upon your entrails. You might also notice that nowhere did I mention a death in which the villain of "Order of the Phoenix" enchants you to look like him and then Dumbledore, mistakenly thinking that you are the villain, kills you by impaling you. That's because only Hermione in the highly anticipated Harry Potter book "Order of the Phoenix" dies that way, and she's a fictional character.

Photosoft Paint Phriday

Livestock has fallen ill thanks to Monkey Pox, but he'll be on his feet in no time I'm sure. In the interim, Marie "Elf Pr0n" Peccia, has stepped in for the ailing 'Stock and taken up the standard of Photoshop Phriday. This week's theme is "Four Panel Movies".



Go now and read the substitute's homework assignment! She may not command our respect but she wears these low cut blouses that cause a flurry of pornographic note passing.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.19 Super Senator Orrin Hatch and the Hatchlings Gonna Make Ya Jump, Jump!

Thursday, Jun 19, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Senator Orrin Hatch approves of T&A, just not MP3.

We here at Something Awful Inc. Ltd. Co. Rd. NAACP like to consider ourselves balanced on the "cutting edge" of the technological revolution. For example, Zack "Heist Editor" Parsons uses a video card made in 1992 to recreate famous first-person-shooter battles throughout 1942 on his computer. Josh "Livestock" Whatever recently purchased a monitor which is able to display up to 13 different colors if it's in super-high resolution mode and his Apple IIC is running the appropriate software. Additionally, one time I briefly skimmed through a copy of *Wired Magazine* while I was waiting for my car to have its oil changed by various diseased greasehogs strutting around in overalls. If you were to walk up to any of us on the street and ask our opinion of highly technological junk like the Build engine and full duplex modems, we'd probably hit you in the mouth and run away. However, the important point is that we'd probably know what you were talking about shortly before we broke a piece of plywood over your skull, and this vast inherent knowledge of technology-related shit is what gives us the cutting edge over the "rival" humor sites such as www.foxnews.com and www.godhatesfags.com, which I think are actually run by the same corporation. Ben "Greasnin" Platt just sent me an ICQ message saying something about something called "Linax," so that just further seals the fact that when it comes to smart crap, we sure do know our shit. If you're not convinced, check out this recent article I found on CNN when I was searching for the phrase "chicks with dicks":

> **Senator: Trash illegal downloaders' PCs** - *Illegally download copyright music from the Internet once, or even twice, and you get a warning. Do it a third time, and your computer gets destroyed. That's the suggestion made by the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee at a Tuesday hearing on copyright abuse, reflecting a growing frustration in Congress over failure of the technology and entertainment industries to protect copyrights in a digital age. The senator, a composer who earned $18,000 last year in song-writing royalties, acknowledged Congress would have to enact an exemption for copyright owners from liability for damaging computers. He endorsed technology that would twice warn a computer user about illegal online behavior, "then destroy their computer."*

I personally think this is an excellent idea and urge Congress to do whatever is required to pass Senator Orrin Hatch's revolutionary new proposal, even if it requires making a copy of some documents and speaking to somebody on the phone. The RIAA, one of the few remaining groups that has the brazen confidence and determination to stand up for the rights of music groups throughout the world, has been struggling to shut down the flow of illegal pirated music for years now, and I think that Senator Hatch's wonderful new idea will help them accomplish this daunting task. RIAA executives previously attempted to stop the senseless stealing of their music by throwing lawbreaking teenagers in jail for decades, fining them one hundred million billion dollars per illegal mp3 on their computer, and shooting their parents in the head with a Civil War cannon each time they discovered an R. Kelly song on their hard drive. However, music piracy is as large as ever, costing the music industry a bazillion dollars per hour, at least according to their statistics which were made up by a lonely record executive sitting around in his basement and using a pen to write down the number "one" followed by a random quantity of zeroes.

Senator Orrin Hatch deserves accolades for being the first person in the government with enough

bravado to step forward and finally suggest a measure which would finally end the brutal tyranny of mp3 ripping and distribution. Sure, many of you may think that creating mp3s is a "victimless crime," but scientific studies have shown that in the time it takes to rip an entire CD to mp3, at least 143 people throughout the world will die. That's correct, each time you make an illegal copy of music you purchased, **over one hundred people die.** Does that sound "victimless" to you? Do you think those 143 people truly appreciate the fact that you took time out to create digital music files on your computer instead of trying to help them by researching an anti-dying pill or perhaps some kind of lip balm which prevents them from being stabbed to death by rival African tribal gangs? Granted, these two statistics may not exactly be related to each other or have any type of local correlation whatsoever, but the RIAA doesn't need cold, hard numbers to tell them the difference between right and wrong. They're like a selfless, generous, kind-hearted organization run by a group of Mother Teresas who want nothing but to make the world a kinder, happier place full of marshmallows floating on a rich cup of loving chocolate milk and smiles. If you don't understand the motivation behind the RIAA's generous crusade to stop mp3s and anybody listening to music on their computer without wiring the RIAA $19,273 each time they hit their power button, then it's obviously because you're some kind of evil asshole who enjoys urinating on war veterans' gravestones and setting fire to handicapped children.

This revolutionary new bill that Senator Hatch has proposed is backed 100% by us staff members here at SA, assuming the following clauses are written into it, thereby making the bill completely effective:

Robert Cop 3.

1) A series of US government supercomputer clusters, dubbed "Team Robert Cop 3," will be set up to continuously monitor the entire Internet for any file which ends in .mp3. Since music pirates are known to get tricky and pull off such incredible stunts such as putting mp3s into .zip files or renaming them with bogus extensions, Team Robert Cop 3 will also monitor every single computer in the world for any file ending with any extension. If it detects a computer that meets the aforementioned requirements (it has a file of any kind anywhere), Team Robert Cop 3 will activate various high tech air raid sirens which will be installed on every street corner in America. When the sirens come on, all citizens should drop to the ground and place their hands behind their backs in a very non-threatening manner. Since deaf people cannot hear air raid sirens and therefore present a problem, they will all be rounded up and put into "Disability Camps" which will consist of a series of man-made mud huts that reside on land the government stole back from wily Native Americans who tried to previously build a casino or liquor store there. Oh yeah, and just for effect, a tape drive will be activated and start spinning for

no reason whatsoever. It's just a cool effect and will look great for "Team Robert Cop 3: The Movie"; the drive can be plugged into a waffle iron for all intents and purposes.

2) When Team Robert Cop 3 is alerted, Senator Orrin Hatch will be woken up from his peaceful slumber in the HatchDome, a high tech crimewatch lab that includes various electronics from 1960 which oscillate both sine waves AND triangle waves. Senator Hatch will jump into his crimefighting costume, a bright jumpsuit which features an image of a Department of Justice hammer on the back and the letter "Q" on the front. The letter "Q" is obviously a typo, as I we planned on sewing the letter "O" there, but the illegal Mexican immigrants who we hired for six dollars and a pack of cigarettes screwed up and decided to produce a "Q" instead. The HatchDome will be located in the middle of downtown New York, a 68,000-square foot mansion made out of jewels and plutonium, and will have a hovercar which Orrin Hatch can leap into and travel at the speed of light to reach any location throughout the world in a moment's notice. This includes any White Castles, assuming there are still ones that haven't been shut down.

Super Senator Orrin Hatch and his sidekick, Somethingboy.

3) Once Super Senator Hatch leaps into the HooverHatchJet, the onboard computer will start saying random variables and numbers in a British female voice. Team Robert Cop 3 will inform Super Senator Hatch of his target and how many suspected mp3s are located in the area, so he knows in advance how many anti-mp3 bullets to load into his Justice Gun (a shotgun with the word "JUSTICE" printed on it by the illegal Mexican immigrants). The HooverHatchJet will have a laser cannon, heat seeking missiles, and all the power of Congress. When Orrin's jet passes over your house at a zillion miles an hour, it will make a sound like "BLEEEP BEEP BEEPBEEP" and all your dishes will fall off the shelf and break and your wife will become pregnant with the reptile baby from the miniseries "V."

4) After reaching his target destination, Super Senator Hatch will leap back out of the HooverHatchJet and will be greeted by The Hatchlings, a group of positive streetsmart youth from different countries across the globe. The Hatchlings each have a distinctive power and skin color, proving that if we ignore all superficial, meaningless differences such as race and gender, we can concentrate on what really matters: destroying the illegal mp3 trade and worshipping the correct god (Jesus). Here's a quick rundown of each Hatchling:

From Africa, Kwame, with the power of Earth.
From North America, Wheeler, with the power of Fire.
From the Soviet Union, Linka, with the Power of the Wind.
From Asia, Gi, with the power of the Water.
And from South America, Ma-Ti, with the power of Heart.

One of the illegal Mexican immigrants gave me this image for the Hatchlings and claimed he drew it, but I am starting to have some doubts at this point.

Now that I really look at the list, it appears this is not, in fact, the Hatchlings, but instead the cast of TV's "Captain Planet and the Planeteers." I will chalk this up to yet another error made by the Mexican immigrants and try to make the best of a bad situation by actually giving that dumbass kid from South America a useful power. Remember how in the cartoon he had the most worthless piece of shit "superpower" in the history of the universe? Oh boy, Ma-Ti has the power of "Heart," that's really got all the pollution-fueled badguys quaking in their collective Eddie Bauer boots! The animators then tried to balance him out as a character by providing him with an essential crimefighting tool - the trained monkey - which helped him repeatedly escape from the prison cell that he was invariably captured and placed inside at least nine times per episode. Oh Ma-Ti and your crazy trained monkey, will you ever learn? I'll correct Ma-Ti's weakness by replacing his "power of Heart" with the "power of a loaded submachinegun." Oh yeah, and instead of a trained monkey, he'll get a robotic demon that shits exploding egg landmines. Now that's some good crimefighting there.

Regardless, Super Senator Hatch does not care what television show he steals his crew members from just as long as the world is rid of those dastardly mp3s and their friends, the oggs of audaciousness and the wavs of wrongness. Each Hatchling will burst through the suspected criminal's door and blind him with their respective powers. For example, the guy who has the power of Earth will make the entire Earth rotate around backwards so fast that the criminal goes back in time and reverse ages until he's a baby. Then the baby will be aborted and the doctor who performed the abortion will be firebombed. Super Senator will take this opportunity to grab the offending computer system and shoot it with the Justice Gun until the entire system is completely destroyed and unsalvageable, at which point the individual pieces will be shipped to a wrecking yard. The owners will smash every component into twisted metal chunks, then send them to a university experimental physics lab where the chunks will be smashed into individual atoms. The atoms will be collected in an illegal atom-holding box and tied to a NASA space probe headed for the center of the sun. Then, just to make sure, the HatchDome will fire a series of tactical nuclear warheads into the center of the sun, ensuring every trace rogue atom has been eliminated.

I believe that Super Senator Orrin Hatch's plan is perfect in just about every aspect, assuming every aspect is exactly how I describe it. Make no mistake; file trading and mp3s are highly illegal, just like raping the President while making counterfeit money in your meth lab that was constructed with the bones of your murder victims. We live in a society that abides by rules and morals, and listening to mp3s violates just about

everything our culture holds sacred. In their selfless crusade to rid the world of miscreant criminals bent on destroying our precious economy and turning America into a smoldering hellhole, the RIAA needs some effective tools to aid them along the way. Super Senator Orrin Hatch, Team Robert Cop 3, and the Hatchlings will help make this dream come true. If you don't believe me, then you're obviously not as technologically savvy as we here at Something Awful are, and I hope you find yourself at the end of the Justice Gun some day, you Russian commie pinko yellow bellied anti-American Nazi homosexual minority.

Sweet, Sweet Custard

Hello there ladies. Daring Armstrong here with an all new tale of adventure based on my incredible journeys through time. Last week I traveled back to 18-whatever to rescue General Custard from some sort of robotic Indian or something. I don't remember, I was drunk the whole time, but my heroism beyond belief has been recorded by Timelab intern Laura Abromowitz in the form of a colorful comic. She said that she would prefer to write factual debriefing reports on my adventures in time, but I get bored with all those typed pages and just start falling asleep! Professor Chronos told her that she had to turn my account of each mission into a comic, which I find enjoyable and pleasing to the senses. I hope you do as well, especially if you are an attractive and available woman (NO FATTIES).

I think this was one of my most heroic adventures yet and I hope you do too. I am available wednesday of next week and tuesday of the following week for ladies who would like to discuss this adventure in more detail. By more detail I mean in my hot tub. Naked. See you there!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.20 All the Children are Insane

Friday, Jun 20, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Something happened to me awhile back that really got me thinking. I was mowing the lawn in the afternoon like I do everyday, and I spied a couple of young punks cut across the corner of my lawn with their bikes. Like any God fearing, lawn-worshipping American, I yelled out, "You kids get off my lawn or I'll burn your goddamn treehouse down!" Then the strangest thing happened. They stopped their bikes, turned around to face me, and gave me the finger! Needless to say, I was shocked by such rude behavior, and caught off guard by the total lack of fear displayed by these delinquent 10 year olds. Way back when I was a kid (the 80's), we respected our elders. Sass was met with a swift belt to the buttocks, instilling a moral fiber and righteous sensibilities. I think what I witnessed on my lawn was the attitude of the new generation. Let's call them the Children of the Corn generation, or "COC" kids. It's quite obvious that something is wrong with the juveniles of America today, and frankly I'm quite alarmed. Statistics show that school shootings, drugs, obesity, and corporate pop music is on the rise, with no end in sight. How did this happen? How did we get so far? What caused the children of America to turn into obese, crackhead murderers with bad spelling?

Maybe the violent media, no parental guidance, the failure of the war on drugs, unhealthy diets, America's gun culture, the school system, classmates' teasing, and a total lack of any discipline whatsoever might be attributing to this problem, but what's the real issue here? Call me crazy, but I think it all stems from our lack of a good programs for kids to teach them the basics of manners and to instruct them on the dangers of guns and drugs. This has already been tried with programs like D.A.R.E., but they have been proven as total failures, usually resulting in drug use going up because the now curious 5th graders have been opened up to a new world of forbidden fruit, and you know if Nancy Reagan is against it, it must be cool. I believe that's because they went about it all wrong. Now, you all know I'm not one to sit around watching the world go to hell in a handbasket, so I decided to create some of my own programs, and donate a significant amount of my spare time to the cause. Helping the ailing children of America is more important than my silly hobby of creating the whole cast of Lord of the Rings out of Real Dolls anyway.

Kidz Don't Do Drugz

The first thing on my hit list of helping was drugs. The drug problem in this country has reached epic proportions, causing many a youth to fall into illegal lifestyles, resulting bad school grades, troubles with the law, and afterschool specials with Scott Baio. Sure, you can show the children film strips or read stories about why they shouldn't do drugs, but it doesn't seem to sink in. So I decided to create an afterschool program for troubled kids called "Kidz Don't Do Drugz". The first thing I did was to take them on a heart smart journey into the ghettos of Detroit to show them the depravity of the druggie lifestyle. We had an excellent time, or as the kids like to say, "Totally

tubularastic!"

Drugs has turned this spritely young lad into a small hobo full of sorrow.

On the first leg of the journey, we visited a local crackhouse where most of the drug activity in the area takes place. There we saw toothless, ragged crackheads beating each other with splintered chicken bones over some crack dust residue that would sustain a high for 3 seconds. Once the scuffle ended and the victor scrambled down some dark hole in the floor to consume his hard won prize in privacy, we interviewed a few of them to ask them what an average day is like for them. Basically they said it was smoking crack, or trying to get some money for crack. Then one of the let out a high pitch screech and slashed a girl in our group across the face with his ragged, HIV infested nails. We made hasty retreat to the van. Unfortunately, the outing did not have the impact I was looking for, for most of the children thought taking drugs was still "radical".

I had to take drastic measures: shock tactics if you will. The kids of today are so desensitized that it might be the only way to get a point across. At the next gathering, I announced that we were going to do a science project about the dangers of heroin. I ignored the grumbles and groans while seizing the class pet, a guinea pig called Mr. Monocle, and gathered the children around. Mr. Monocle was administered a healthy shot of heroin intravenously. Right away it went into seizures, suffered a massive stroke, flipped on its back, and promptly died. The kids were horrified and cried out in anguish, visibly shaken at what they just saw. "This is what happens when you mess with the needle!", I warned. I could see that the demonstration struck a cord, but I wanted to make sure so I spiked their apple juice with LSD and made them watch Battlefield Earth. Much like the Pavlov's Dog experiment, I used association. The children had such a bad trip that they will always associate negative thoughts with drugs. Children are just like dogs. Filthy little animals.

Rampage Prevention: Kids on the Edge

HE'S ABOUT TO BREAK!

One of the most concerning growing problems with kids is the number of school shootings that have taken place in the last few years. This is a new phenomenon that is tearing apart the school system. The schoolyard has become a Vietnam battlefield, unsure of who the real enemy is, or when they will strike. There is only one way to put a stop to this madness: prevention.

Kids that are different or just don't "fit in" are walking time bombs, ready to blow and send red hot shrapnel into the bellies of their fellow classmates. They make themselves targets for teasing by not putting forth an effort to be a team player, or by playing "Magic: The Gathering" cards in the library during lunch. These people need to be identified early, and separated from the normal people to be put in their own special classes, or even their own school. It's the only way to be sure. I went ahead and sent my plans to the local school district, and it's under serious consideration for implementation. Here is my list of warning signs of a child on the edge.

- piercings
- black socks
- trench coats
- saying "whoa" a lot (Matrix connection)
- dyed hair
- Jewish looking nose

- doodles on homework
- combat boots
- any independent thought or original idea

We simply can't afford to take any risks with these savage little miscreants. Metal detectors with armed security guards should be installed at all entry points. Also, random locker checks should be done to look for deadly weapons or suspicious notes, strip searches/anal cavity checks every morning, and each student should have to wear a tracking collar with the head exploding option like in the Arnold Schwarzenegger movie "The Running Man". The most important thing is to start early. A child is never too young to harbor deadly secrets, or plot diabolical schemes. Inspecting kindergarten finger paintings may help teachers stumble across a blueprint for terror, a warning sign of a brewing toddler rampage. The lives of countless innocent children may depend on it.

- **Adult/Children Friendship Program**

In order to get inside the mind of children, you need to befriend them. This program was about building a bridge of communication between adults and kids by hanging out together and having a great time. Every Sunday I would invite a bushel of young boys over to my bungalow to watch movies, go swimming in my pool, and eat ice cream. It was a great way to get in touch with the boys. My home on Sunday became a place of carefree fun, little wet boys running to and fro, glistening beads of moisture running down their soft nubile chests. In the afternoon we would play Twister, wrestle, and play full contact grab tag. I felt that I really got to know the boys on a deep, personal level. Unfortunately, this program has been suspended due to an ongoing Federal investigation. It's really hard to help the kids when I keep hitting brick walls like this.

SimNap was not a big seller.

- **The Alternative Gaming Project**

Violent video games are decimating our children's morals. Games like "Grand Theft Auto: Vice City", "Max Payne", and "Pitfall", are jam-packed with bloody images and unrealistic situations. Youths play these games for countless hours, learning lessons like bludgeoning hookers with golf clubs after sex to get your money back, and acquiring gold bars by crossing ponds via jumping on alligator heads. That's why I worked with a dedicated team of game designers to come up with some alternative, non-violent games that parents can buy for their kids.

- **Landscaping Tycoon:** A game of exciting challenges in the field of landscaping management. Order crews of illegal aliens to pull weeds, mow lawns, and trim hedges. Bask in the glory of having the best looking lawns in the area. Three expansion packs are in the works.

- **Colonoscopy 2K3:** A vast and detailed MMPOG.

- **SimNap**: Another challenging game that allows the player to simulate a nap. Ronnie James Dio is the voice of the Sandman.

- **Medieval: Total Peace:** Activision made this game for the people that complained that there is too many wars in "Medieval: Total War". In this game you can only be Poland and if you attack anyone, the computer explodes, horribly scarring you for the rest of your short, painfull life. (A reminder that violence begets violence.)

I must admit that this project was a failure. The kids got so bored with these games that they ended up setting fire to animals, overturning school buses, and assassinating prominent world leaders. All aspects of the project is cancelled, at least until the National Guard regains control of Nebraska and Oregon from the hordes of COC's.

I tried folks, I really tried. It's an uphill battle to help these already far gone children, but it's a battle worth fighting for. Did I make an impact? Maybe I did, and you know what, even if I helped just one child, it would all be worth it. It is vital that we reform the children of America, because if we let them continue on their current course, the savage little fuckers will smother us in our sleep with our own filthy, neglected pillows. The kids of today are the future of tomorrow's present. Think about it, won't you?

State Og: Hostile Takeover

Howdy folks, this is your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell once again. I'd like to take this opportunity to make a major announcement. Seeing as how Something Awful has no publically traded stock, the boys at State Og saw their opportunity to strike and spent the past week cutting up sheets of construction paper in varying colors then writing "Something Awful Stock" on them. While I don't want to confuse your limited intellect with the complexities of the stock market, this effectively means that we own 100% of all existing Something Awful stock and are therefore in control of the site. My first act as CEO is to introduce this week's update:

> *The following people were almost marked for termination but were spared because of their long, faithful service to the company and because they look appealing in tight swimwear. Instead, they will be beaten and tortured for the amusement of their coworkers at 2:00 in the Humiliatorium.*
>
> *- Bobby "Pseudonym" Babalurian: Keeps eating the guy in the cubicle next to him*
> *- Steven "Skippy" Lagrange: Pretending to be the Idol of Kharad-Djial in the fifth floor men's room*
> *- Arnold Shadtpillow: Poisoning the salad bar without prior written approval*
> *- Edward "Eddie Three-Hump" Twohump: A model employee, but we just don't like him*

While the chairman's board and I attempt to incorporate eye-poking technology into the site's html code, why don't you read the latest State Og update? If you need me I'll be leaning back in a chair made of money, smoking a money cigar and laughing a deep and hearty laugh as I toss money into a fireplace, which is also made of money.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.21 Throw Me to the Lions

Saturday, Jun 21, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I want to start off today by stating that I read every single email that comes into my inbox, because I am both a glutton for punishment and an idiot. I read it all, from the briefest flame to the longest letter of praise. I even read the letters from various government officials in Nigeria who desperately want to send my millions of dollars if I'll just send them my bank account number and the ads for pills and formulas the promise to make my cock so huge that I'll be able to strap a saddle on it and offer kids rides for two bucks a pop at the state fair. I read everything. Even though ninety-seven percent of the email I get has "CC: Greasnip@somethingawful.com, Greazaz@somethingawful.com, Grosnord@somethingawful.com, Greasnin@somethingawful.net" in the recipient line and is part of a massive spam campaign, that doesn't change the fact that someone, or more likely some automated program out there took the time to write to me, and the least I can do is take a look at what they have to say.

It's what's for email.

So it was that I sat down in my favorite chair, which by a strange coincidence is my only chair, and checked my email. Amidst the adds for generic viagra and offers to help me make thousands of dollars from home was a ludicrously lengthy email about Christianity. The heading of the email caught my eye. "'BUT THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF RELIGIONS' (and only one true God)" it proclaimed. Now, I've been involved in electronic correspondence with many devoted members of the Christian faith ever since I lobbed a few lighthearted gags at Easter. My email address has been forwarded around from right-wing humorless fanatic to right-wing humorless fanatic over the last couple months. So when I saw this religious email, I immediately made the assumption that it was in response either to my article or to an email I had sent to one of my critics. As the email went on and on, I began to question whether it was really a personalized letter to me or just some Christian spam (just like Jesus ate!). Here now is the email in its entirety with my comments interjected along the way.

> *"But There are Thousands of Religions!"*
> *(and only one true God)*
>
> *There are many man-made religions and gods. But according to the Bible, there is only ONE true God and only ONE way to serve Him. The true God is the God of Abraham, Issac and Jacob. All the rest are frauds.*

Take that, Allah, you big phony, you! My question is, am I supposed to be surprised by the fact that the Bible ways that the Christian deity is the only true God? I think that's more or less the point of Christianity. Now show me a passage from the Bible where it says that Buddha is the one true God and I'll be shocked. I promise.

> *"Understand that I AM HE: before me there was no God formed,*
>
> *neither shall there be after me."*
>
> *The God of Abraham, Issac and Jacob*
>
> *Isaiah 43:10*

Is it just me, or does it look like Jesus is dropping a major deuce in this one?

Right, this is just off to a bad start. Enough with the namedropping already! Abraham this, Issac that, Jacob whatever. I get it. I also get that all three of those individuals were Jews. Big Jews. Big, moneygrubbing, hook-nosed Jews. Stop trying to convert me to my own religion and get to the Jesus stuff already.

> *There are not many paths to God. Just one--His name is Jesus. A relationship with Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, cannot be compared to any religious imitations. Jesus stands alone without equal. The following is my response to an e-mail that I recently received (with just a few edits for readability).*

Okay, now in my experience, when someone says that they're responding to an email of mine "with just a few edits for readability," it means that they've removed the swears and/or fat jokes. I was pretty sure at this point that the author of this email had one of my letters forwarded to him by a concerned Catholic who couldn't defeat my dark powers on his own.

> . . . . . .
>
> *...may I submit a response to your comments about Jesus Christ?*

I'd rather you didn't, but you're going to anyway, so knock yourself out.

> *Your Observation: There are and have been thousands of religions. They can't each be right about everything, though each one has believers who have insisted that their religion is the one true religion.*

I don't remember saying this specifically, but since it's been edited for readability, who the hell knows?

Boogie, Jesus, boogie!

> *Response: This is true. What distinguishes "Christianity" if you will, is:*
>
> *A. Jesus Christ rose from the dead and was seen by over 500 people. None of the major religions of this world make the claim that their leader did this. They all lay in the grave dried up carcasses.*

Holy shit! I mean, I go over the line from time to time, but I've never referred to Shiva as a "dried up carcass!" That's just harsh.

> *B. Jesus Christ offers forgiveness of sins. Every single person on this earth has sinned--lying, stealing, fornication, etc. and we need to be forgiven. If you tell a Muslim that you did something wrong and ask him for a solution, he'll shrug his shoulders. A Hindu will tell you maybe you can get it right in your next life (which is, incidentally, considered a curse by those in the east). A psychiatrist will tell you, "You need some counseling, step in my office. Oh, that'll be $200 per hour once a week." I knew a Buddhist woman who had been going to her therapist for 20 years and was no closer to relief than the first day she went!*

Ask Jesus for forgiveness and He will say, "I forgive you and will give to you the water of life freely." And you will be forgiven.

Well that's terrific, except that psychiatry isn't a religion and the rest of that paragraph is pretty much crap, too. If I tell a Muslim that I've committed a sin and ask what I should do about it and he shrugs, it's probably because he doesn't speak a word of English, not because the Islamic faith has no system or repentance. Don't be a freaking idiot.

C. Jesus Christ offers His disciples a relationship with the God of the universe unlike the religions of this world. They perform certain rituals and rites to please God hoping that these vain oblations will work. Buddhists chant to scrolls and give food and cigarettes to statues that cannot speak or hear (they even have to light the cigarette because their god can't do it), Muslims obey dietary and cultural laws, Hindus worship any of a combination of millions of gods and goddeses (Shiva has six arms!) with rites, Catholics do penance and worship a host of saints as well as a goddess named Mary. Some people even claim to be their own god (which is ridiculous--they can't even make one hair white or black as a result of their own will).

Now this is something new - a Christian letter that actually condemns Catholics for not being Christian enough! I think I can safely say that now I've seen everything there is to see in life and the only reasonable recourse for me is suicide. Before I go, though, I'd like to see a crucifix light a cigarette. That's not to much to ask, is it? Just a little spark. I don't know too much about miracles, but the only way I know to get fire from a crucifix is to rub two of them together. And yes, Shiva has six arms. Thank you ever so much for pointing that out. Did you ever stop to think that maybe Shiva's a little sensitive about that? Jesus made fish appear out of thin air, you know. That's a little weird, too, but you don't hear me harping on it all the time.

On the other hand, for the Christian, Jesus Christ is Succourer, Saviour and Provider. Jesus provided the sacrifice necessary to pay for our transgressions. The sacrifice of Jesus pleased God for it made a way for every man, woman, boy and girl to know Him even though they had previously been criminals who transgressed His holy laws (laws against lying, stealing, adultery, etc.). Jesus paid the price for those transgressions and everyone that repents, turns to God and believes in the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus is a child of God.

Alright! Catch a free ride on the Christianity Express! Woohoo!

JESUS... IN...
SPAAAAAAACE!

Jesus is with the Christian morning, noon and night--guiding, directing, loving, perfecting. As you have tasted from your readings, His Word (which is also another name for Jesus--see John 1) is pure and doth teach us how to live, but it is far more important than that. It shows us how to know the true God, not some imitation--1) recognize that He is holy and without spot 2) recognize that we are sinful and full of spots 3) recognize that He loves us and sent His Son, Jesus Christ to die for our sins 4) believe in His Son, giving Him our lives and He will make us everything He created us to be, not to mention escaping hell.

Oh yeah, not to mention THE ENTIRE FREAKING POINT OF OUR TIME ON EARTH (according to an email I received from an angry Christian). And what's all this about spots? Personally, I like to think of my higher power as being infinitely wise and patient, not as a spokesman for "Giddyap" 409, despite its powerful cleansing bubbles.

> *D. Various religions have their "Holy Books" which are reported "revelations" coming through various means, e.g. dreams. But the origin of the Bible is quite different. It is rooted and grounded in history. It came from the experience of a specific people (the Jews, an ancient people who are still with us today), in identifiable places, at particular times. The archaeological record has only confirmed that the places and names found in the Bible are accurate--and has never disproven it. The Bible is not a "Holy Book" in the sense of esoteric philosophy like all other "religious" books. It is holy in the sense that it is God's word spoken through His people.*

So then... wouldn't it make more sense to follow Judaism? I mean, if the Jews were there and *they* don't believe in Jesus, why should I? It seems to me like I'm on the winning team by being Jewish already. Go Hebes! We're number one! L'chaim!

> *The Bible does not contain the characteristic untruths of other religious books. In Job, one of the oldest books of the Bible (written in about 3500 B.C.), Job wrote, "He [God] hangeth the earth upon nothing". Back then, people believed the earth was on the back of turtles and elephants and all kinds of strange things--you will find no such ridiculous statements in the Bible. The only way Job could say that the earth was suspended in air is by the Holy Spirit of God revealing it to him.*

Um... buh? I - I - I'm flabbergasted by the stupidity of this paragraph. I need a minute. So the whole giant turtle thing that people thought was divine revelation was obviously a load of bunk, but nobody could have possibly come up with "the Earth's just kinda floating there" without God telling them? Is that about right? Man, Jesus is giving me a headache.

> *The Bible is not a scientific book, but when it speaks about "scientific" matters, it is always correct. The Bible says that "the life of the flesh is in the blood". This is one of the most medically accurate statements that can be made. The blood carries all kinds of antibodies, nutrients, etc. George Washington died because the doctors (I'm sure they were the best at the time) bled him to death thinking that bleeding would help his condition--they took a quart of blood at the last bleeding. They drained his life out of him--"the life of the flesh is in the blood". Science was wrong.*
>
> *When a man severed his hand in 1988, doctors could not reattach it immediately because of his internal injuries. So what did they do? They attached his hand to blood vessels in his abdomen to keep it alive and reattached it to the man's wrist two months later. The blood flow kept that hand alive--the life of the flesh is in the blood. The Bible told us this important fact over 5,000 years ago and science has only recently agreed. Does that mean that the Bible was wrong when scientists said bleeding was the answer? No. Science simply had not caught up yet.*

I'm not going to argue over whether or not bleeding was a stupid practice. It was. But I can't think of a much simpler concept than bleeding copiously for extended periods of time makes you die. It's pretty easy to test. I'm pretty sure cavemen had a good handle on that one. Grunk hit Og in the head with a rock. Og bled a lot. Og died. Grunk did his best to avoid getting hit in the head with any rocks (but was later eaten by a sabertooth tiger).

You don't find truths like this in the various religious books but rather myth, superstition, and human wisdom. How could the psalmist write about the method of Christ's death a thousand years before Jesus came down to this earth? Crucifixion wasn't even a method of death in Israel when Psalm 22 was written. This a shallow treatise here, but a small taste of this awesome book. If we can trust the Bible for these amazing insights, can we afford to not believe it when it comes to life and death and heaven and hell?

What? No really, what? I'm totally lost.

Concerning manuscript evidence for the Bible, there is more evidence for the Bible than ANY other ancient manuscript--including the ones we use to assemble our history books--

- Aristotle - 5 copies available for comparison
- Homer - 643 copies available for comparison
- Plato - 7 copies available for comparison
- The Bible - 30,000 copies available for comparison (includes 5000+ Greek copies and another 25,000 written in other languages). This wealth of evidence is simply staggering.

This proves what exactly? There are a lot of Bibles in the world, it's true. Well, you win. I can't possibly argue with that, so now I must renounce my silly faith and get a velvet portrait of Christ to hang over my bed.

I'll admit it - Jesus terrifies me. Also, I think he's high.

Other interesting information--

The Bible was the FIRST book ever printed by moveable type.
The Bible is the bestselling book of all time. Press runs increase every year.
The Bible is the most circulated book in the world.
The Bible is the most translated book in the world.
The Bible is the most loved book in the world.
The Bible is the most hated book in the world.
No book is like the Bible. Millions have suffered and died for it. It has been burned. It has been spoken against--nevertheless it still stands because Jesus said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall NEVER pass away." The caretakers of the scriptures, the Jewish people (an ancient people) are still with us today and prophesies concerning these people are still being fulfilled.

Once again, yes, the Jews have survived through incredible hardship. They have carried their heritage and traditions down for many, many generations, which is why my family is *Jewish*. Doesn't say much for the Christians.

Your Observation: [All religions] probably all have valuable lessons, whether shared truths or unique perspectives.

Okay, I definitely never said that. All religions have valuable lessons? Bullshit. Some of them are just lame. I won't say which ones, though, just to piss off everybody. Now I'm starting to doubt whether this is actually addressed to me personally. The possibility of religious spam is becoming real.

Response: In a humanistic sense this may be true, but God is not a human, He is a Spirit and does not accept our motives based on what we think to be true. A person can live their life on this earth without the God of the Bible trying to live a good life, but this is not acceptable to Him. The Bible says that without Jesus, "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." We cannot please God with our humanistic good works. If you die trusting in these works, God will reject you, because you rejected His Son, His Beautiful love offering given for you.

Either the grammar of this paragraph is horrible or it just doesn't make sense. In any case, if a religion says I'm a bad person no matter how many saintly things I do unless I admit that I believe in some guy who's been dead for thousands of years, it's just not for me. Sorry.

Your Observation: The most important part of a religion is not its heritage, ceremony or philosophical consistency, though these do have tremendous value. By far the most important part is how a religion teaches people to act towards themselves and other people.

No, philosophical consistency is pretty fucking important. If you're going to sit on your brain, don't eat beans. But more importantly, I never said any of this.

Response: For a Bible-believing Christian like myself, the most important part of being a disciple of Jesus Christ is being saved from the wrath to come, loving my Jesus with all my heart, receiving His love, and loving others as I love myself which is a result of loving Jesus.

So all that stuff Jesus said about how to act and how to treat others - you know, the stuff that basically makes up the entire New Testament - that's not important, right? Just so long as I keep telling myself "Jesus loves me," it doesn't matter that I'm a disgusting bastard who beats orphans with puppy legs. Good to know!

Your Observation: I admire Christ's teachings of kindness, forgiveness, and tolerance. These are good rules to live by.

Well, I suppose that's true, btu I still never said it. I believe at some point I might have said, "Jesus doesn't suck."

Response: Yes, they are--but it is impossible to live up to these statutes without a relationship with Jesus Christ.

I'm still praying for you, Tracy

"Tracy?" Okay, this is a fairly substantial piece of evidence for the email-wasn't-written-specifically-to-me team. I suppose I could have just looked at the recipient list and seen that I'm not the primary recipient. However, I am in good company. Everyone who received this letter is a journalist of some caliber for various websites. I can only assume that my name and email address has been placed on some sort of Worldwide Internet Heathens list. Unless this guy is calling me "Tracy." I swear if that's what's going on, I'm going to kick some gentile ass.

Reader, if you are unsaved, please ask God to reveal Himself to you. He can be known--

He is not unknowable like the Hindu says,

They never said that.

> *He is not unreachable like the Muslim says,*

They certainly never said that.

> *He is not a force (or non-existent) like the Buddhist says,*

Where do you get this stuff? You want to tell me how the Tao is all that different from the Holy Ghost? Hey, have fun.

> *You are not alone in this world like the atheist says; and,*
> *You certainly don't have to be unsure about His existence like the agnostic says.*

Question nothing! Everything is fine! Obey or be destroyed! Resistance if futile!

> *Come to Jesus Christ and you will never hunger, you will never thirst or wonder again about Who God is. One of my favorite passages of scripture is Matthew 11:28-30:*

Jesus is going to provide me with refreshing beverages? Alright, now this whole Christianity thing is starting to look a little better!

> *"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."*
>
> *--Jesus the Christ*

Nah, follow me. I rock. And roll. All day long.

-- Ben the Platt

> ---
>
> *One more time. There is one God, He is the true God. He is the God of Abraham, Issac, and Jacob. There is none other. The Bible says so.*
>
> *"I am the first, and I am the last; and beside me there is no God."*
>
> *Isaiah 44:6*

Okay.

> *"Is there a God beside me? yea, there is no God; I know not any."*
>
> *Isaiah 44:8*

That "one more time" thing didn't really work out, did it?

> *"I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me:*
>
> *I girded thee, though thou hast not known me."*
>
> *Isaiah 45:5*

Gotcha.

> *"There is no God else beside me; a just God and a Saviour;*
> *there is none beside me."*
>
> *Isaiah 45:21*

Right.

> *...there is none other God but one. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many, and lords many,) But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.*
>
> *1 Corinthians 8:4-6*

Wait, I still don't get it? How many gods are there again?

> *There is a right answer to the comparative religion question. His name is Jesus.*

Which is why the Jews have survived and continue to prosper, as you said. At least this saves me the trouble of taking that comparative religion class next semester. Alright, more time for drugs!

Well, I'm a little disappointed that I was just one of the recipients of this email, not the target. On the other hand, I've never been prouder to be Jewish! I wasn't that religious before, but now that I know that my people are the chosen ones, I've got to say it feels pretty good. Oh, and Tracy, if you're reading this, don't be overwhelmed by this guy's numerous quotes, skewed logic, and creative grammar. He's just a sad, confused individual who's upset because he doesn't have six arms.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

6.22 Are You There GameSpy? It's Me, Zack.

Sunday, Jun 22, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It must be Mardi Gras because GameSpy is hiding baby-shaped turds in the cakes of every single game I buy!

When I'm not getting venom-soaked e-mails from people enraged at me for fake-spoiling the new Harry Potter outing (it was actually Dumbledore that dies) I like to kick back and relax with an ice cold beer and my current video game of choice. As a mediocre internet celebrity I doubt any of you care what brand of video game or beer I choose to indulge myself with. After becoming slightly intoxicated I stumbled over to my computer to browse the Internet and accidentally ended up at one of my least favorite gaming-related web sites; GameSpy. I found myself reading an article that covered the 25 dumbest moments in gaming and immediately wondered if they had ripped off my work of towering genius entitled "The Five Biggest Jerks in Gaming". Fortunately it seemed that their trip was to wells far more familiar, although amazingly not a single reference to that porno General Custer game for the Atari was in sight. I'm sure long talks were had over the editor's cocaine mirror in the GameSpy bathroom at "Custer's Revenge" being omitted from their list.

Other than the lack of "Custer's Revenge" on this list what was remarkable to me was the fact that GameSpy had attacked everything from Sega to Atari yet somehow had made the incredible oversight of leaving themselves off the list entirely. I'm not afraid to say that GameSpy is one of the most horrifyingly bad companies in the industry and that their primary product - GameSpy Arcade - is quite probably the second most hated piece of software next to RealPlayer. That means that I would rather download and install Bonzai Buddy than use the GameSpy Arcade player. With superior alternatives out there like All Seeing Eye, I think a large majority of gamers sincerely hope that the company will go out of business entirely. I can't stress how much I absolutely hate their adware bloated piece of shit and how it runs, but even more than I hate the software itself I hate the fact that it has infested a number of my favorite videogames.

It's fair to say that about half of the online PC games out there use GameSpy in one form another to provide multiplayer action over the Internet. This would be great if GameSpy wasn't so horrible, and would be tolerable if GameSpy Arcade wasn't often packaged independent of the multiplayer interface, forcing you to install separate software to play a game over the Internet. I have completely ignored the multiplayer components of any game that force me to install GameSpy Arcade because of how much I hate their fucking software, so basically when I buy a game that uses their shitty program they are personally robbing me of enjoyment of the game. As a means of celebrating how much I absolutely hate GameSpy I would like to take a moment to offer to you the "Three Dumbest Moments in GameSpy History."

3. RadioSpy.com

During the height of the Dot Com economy every startup was trying to capitalize on any idea their development departments and executives could cook up. Many companies had ideas that were less than sound, yet they forged ahead with them anyway. It would be difficult to find an idea more moronic than GameSpy's sister venture RadioSpy.com, which proposed to bring to the table the sort of quality we've all come to expect from the GSA matching service, only for questionably legal web radio streams! This might sound like a decent idea, but before you think that let me drop the bomb that GameSpy isn't a couple guys in a basement, it's a full fledged corporation. When it launched RadioSpy it had an infusion of capital in the millions of dollar range courtesy of Mike Ovitz. After months in development the site went live, and then in the span of about an hour unraveled as it became apparent that web radio was already a dying breed and not many people wanted much to do with a company making software to find 28kbps streams of Tom Clancy books on tape. Like every good and retarded Dot Com company, RadioSpy had a massively bloated and probably well paid staff that got their pink slips while they were still pissing champagne from the launch party. It was a monumental abortion of a business venture and somehow, unfortunately, it did not also sink GameSpy itself.

radiospy
software
RadioSpy is temporarily off the air
Please check this space in the near future for new-and-improved music software from GameSpy Industries.

The public has been clammoring for a multi-million dollar piece of software that lets them find the web radio stream of some kid playing Vanilla Ice that he talks over in a fake girl's voice.

2. Subscribers Click Here to Instantly Download Nimda

This whimsical cartoon clipart is the only thing that keeps me warm at night.

GameSpy's FilePlanet is now one of the few remaining major file clearinghouses on the web, enticing people to download patches and demos from their servers with promises of short waits and high speeds. Until such a time as Bit Torrent completely neuters this segment of the online business - no offense FileShack - GameSpy will probably be around.

For those of you who have never had the intense, almost erotic, pleasure of using FilePlanet before, please let me explain what a joy it is! Imagine waiting in line for hours while people repeatedly walk up, slap you in the face, and then scream at you about the latest add-on pack for "Battlefield 1942". When you finally get to the front of the line you realize that there is just a dead drop down onto some spikes about 500 feet below you, but you can't turn back because of the press of all of the people waiting in line behind you. You plummet to the bottom screaming and are impaled on the spikes. While you are bleeding out and gasping for breath you see Eletronic Arts CEO Larry Probst eating a sandwich. You cry out to him for help and manage to get his attention. He ambles over to you, stares down at you, and then begins to crush lemon halves into your wounds while laughing. Welcome to FilePlanet, enjoy your stay on this world of torment.

Way back when this sort of distribution method wasn't really recognized for what it was (completely lame) GameSpy was having some individual problems of their own. In 2002 GameSpy employees unintentionally infected two file servers with the Nimda virus on two different days. Apparently they were so accustomed to handling virus-like software like GameSpy Arcade they had forgotten about the danger of distributing actual viruses from their file servers. And so it was that over 3,000 people downloaded Nimda infected files from the GameSpy servers before the problems were caught. Luckily for GameSpy this all came on the tail end of the Nimda epidemic when every anti-virus

program made since 1980 could quarantine or delete the virus. Unluckily for the rest of us this meant that GameSpy was not involved in a massive class-action lawsuit that cost them millions of dollars and put them out of business.

1. GameSpy Arcade Arrives on the Scene

Hey, let's refresh that server list again and while that's taking ten minutes I can stare at this shock the monkey banner.

I remember when I first heard about GameSpy Arcade. I think I was sitting around in my smoking jacket next to a crackling fireplace, a tobacco pipe in one hand, a brandy snifter half full of cognac in the other, and a sleeping mastiff hound at my feet. I arose suddenly from my seat with an exclamation similar to "by Jove!" and then I think I threw a Sega Saturn controller into the fireplace. It seemed like a completely sound idea, and for years GameSpy was a pretty decent product, or at least until Mark Surfas came along to turn it into a vortex of cash designed to absorb every ounce of revenue completely apathetic to the annoyance caused to their customers. According to Lowtax GameSpy Arcade became "just a bloated kangaroo pouch full of fat Jewish negro children who all want to steal your wallet." GameSpy Arcade is the sort of software, created by the sort of company, that I have had pinned for failure for quite some time. They fill a niche for game matching but they fill it so poorly and annoyingly that I thought surely they would have succumbed by now to apathy, disdain, or a grass-roots campaign to burn their home offices. Much to my horror instead of falling in on itself like a rotting tenement the executives at GameSpy have somehow led the company to a number of lucrative partnerships with developers.

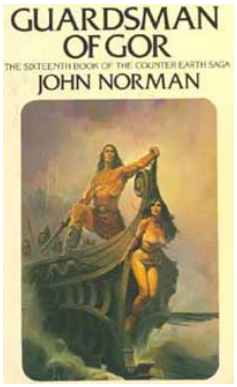
For this I blame the laziness and mismanagement of the developers, particularly at GameSpy's biggest partner Electronic Arts. It's barely tolerable when a developer uses GameSpy's code to support game matching within the framework of its own multiplayer options, its another entirely when you have to install GameSpy Arcade, register an account, wade through banner ads, and deal with their shitty fucking matching service that refreshes too much and too slowly to play a game. So much so that as I mentioned previously I have shied away from the multiplayer gaming on any game that uses the GSA installer method of multiplayer at least until All-Seeing Eye has a solution for me. Unfortunately even ASE is charging money now, and while it still is not nearly as bad as GameSpy's piece of shit it definitely seems to be heading in that direction. This is fine, because if both companies are horrible it might finally force developers to begin standardizing and creating multiplayer matching services for their own games.

Those in glass houses and all that GameSpy. I'm allowed to throw all the stones I want at the dumb jerks in game making today because I don't make games, I just buy and play them. You cretins are actually a part of the industry that you're calling dumb, yet you ignored your own horrible offenses and for that I say BAD, BAD ON YOU SIRS. With this hotly-worded rebuke I leave you, but before I go I would like to say that I hope every employee at GameSpy is skewered on a spear and roasted over a firepit burning brightly with the hatred of a million gamers wronged. Especially Fragmaster, I can't stand that fucking Fragmaster.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.23 I Swear to Gor

Tuesday, Jun 24, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



"Gor": the only series of fantasy novels bold enough to put women where they belong: tied to the front of a Viking boat in space.

There are certain groups of people on the Internet who are alive simply because they're too stupid to die. These subhuman clumps of fleshy waste product survive in a orbital meltdown that is their twisted view of reality, convinced that the bizarre neurological spasms occurring in their brain every two seconds dictate how reality "should" be, despite all diametrically opposite indications from the world around them. The most infamous group of such mental minefields are the furries, a close-knit association of people who would truly and honestly enjoy engaging in anal intercourse with a six-foot tall humanoid skunk that has an eyepatch and probably pilots a spaceship. I'm aware that roughly three or four of you fortunate souls out there may not be familiar with "the furry culture," so allow me to ruin every good impression you had of the human race in general by describing these exciting and dynamic creatures: *they're insane*. That's about all there is to it folks, and if I started going into depth about the furry "lifestyle" which involves jacking off to images of 300-foot tall female barnyard animals with penises the size of metropolitan city buses, I wouldn't have enough room to make fun of a fresh, new, and exciting group of Internet shitclowns that we here at Something Awful have been woefully neglecting over the past three years: the followers of Gor.

As a smart, witty, handsome, and incredibly charming individual, you may be asking yourself, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, what is this 'Gor' thing anyway? And if I'm supposed to be asking myself a question, why am I directing it towards you?" Well I guess you're just not as smart, witty, handsome, and incredibly charming as you thought you were. Also you're gay and afraid to come out of the closet and tell your parents. The whole "World of Gor" thing began in 1967 when John Norman, a distinguished filthy old man who purchased a mail-order Ph. D. in the respectable field of Philosophy from Columbia University on Mars, wrote the groundbreaking novel "The Tarnsman of Gor," which was groundbreaking in the fact that it contained 1,452 pages and weighed nearly 700 pounds, buckling concrete and requiring a government permit to legally own. "The Tarnsman of Gor" was a revolutionary book at the time, encouraging men to break free from the shackles of society and its rigid "rules" that suggested males should not use women as large paperweights and jacks to hoist up their monster truck when changing tires. The universe of Gor is a place where men are men, boys are smaller men, and women serve the same function as Christmas tree decorations except the neighbors won't give you weird looks when you fuck them repeatedly. To learn a little bit about the mysterious land of Gor, let's examine a quote from author John Norman, master of philosophy and Gor-related history:

> *Gor is a continent in science fiction. Many may wish it did not exist, but it is there. It is not hard to find, really. Just look for a world that lies a thousand degrees north of monothink, a thousand degrees east of orthodoxy, a thousand degrees west of ideological conformity, a continent far from the placid waters of predictable mediocrity, a different world, one real, one like no other, one beyond the familiar world's horizon, one emergent from far, tumultuous, untamed seas, a world alert to deep currents, which listens to secret whispers, which wears stars in her hair.*

We can figure out a lot by examining this excerpt. For example, we can instantly assume that John Norman has severe mental issues and apparently wants to have sex with an entire planet, which may be okay for somebody like Galacticus but probably isn't the best thing for a 200-year old man who

writes books about giant birds and semi-naked men for a living. The majority of the Gor series, which is composed of several billion novels and has been translated to at least one language, revolves around a mild mannered character named "Tarl Cabot," a liberal arts teacher who was abducted by UFOs during a camping trip; you know, just like Dr. Professor John Z. Norman Esq.'s life only with significantly less anal probes. The flying saucer transported Professor Cabot to an enchanting and magical world named "Gor," and the series details the epic struggle between the Goreans (like the Koreans, only not Korean) and the Kurii (evil furries with spaceships). As an interesting side note, Norman claims that many famous Earth creatures such as the Yeti, the Sasquatch, Grendel, and Otis Nixon are all Kuriis who got stranded here when their intergalactic love boat ran into New Jersey or whatever. Watching over (and presumably betting on) this exciting conflict lays the Priest-Kings, a group of magical beings who make sure the Gorean-Kurriian war abides by certain governmental standards which include such obvious rules as *"metal armor is not allowed except for helmets and small shields (bucklers)"* and *"mechanized transport of any kind is forbidden."* If you break any of their strict rules, then the Priest-Kings will light you on fire and then send an exploding anthrax-filled Pick-Me-Up Bouquet to your family members.

This is all highly wonderful and simply the epitome of science fiction writing, but I'm truly excited to inform you that the best is still to come. You see, the fantabulous world of Gor revolves around a very very very very long and very very very very detailed set of rules explaining that 99.9% of all women should be slaves. Dr. John "Bates" Norman NYPD may claim that the planet of Gor revolves around the sun, but in reality the planet revolves around a highly complex and technologically advanced hierarchy of male dominance. Many of the primitive Gorean machines are not powered by gasoline but instead by the vaginal fluid of submissive women who are trapped underneath a quilt and chained to a large boulder while a strong, burly, manly man hits them with an outrageously large Spiked Log of Eroticism. Need some proof? Well feast on this colorful essay about the world of Gor, written by somebody who has entirely too much time and pent up sexual frustration:

One of the many Gor slave positions. You must be white trash in order to do this correctly.

> *Slave females are expected to use all of their abilities to please their masters. Since one of the most pleasurable things a man and woman can do together is have sex, slaves are used often for sexual purposes. On Gor, a woman subjected to sexual use as a slave is not permitted to hold back or inhibit herself in any way. Surprisingly to the Terran, but not to the Gorean, the slave female finds that she cannot help but respond deeply and powerfully to the use of a master: her biological tendency to submission, when allowed to manifest itself, rewards her with extraordinary pleasure in sexual use and sexual drives far beyond what the free woman can experience. Gorean slave girls have been known to break their own bones on the bars of their cages trying to touch a man when they have been secured for a long time.*

This exotic world of misogyny and male dominance is every science fiction nerd's wet dream; in the world of Gor, women throw themselves all over the nearest 20-sided die rolling scrawny outcast nerd with a broadsword! Gor is so much better than Earth because on Gor you get to fight for virtues and stab evil creatures with glowing magic poles while buying slave women who cater to your every whim and don't turn you down like Betsy Hilman did in the high school junior dance when everybody laughed at you and then you spilled punch on your pants and ran home crying and your mom laughed at you because she was drunk out of her mind and they'll all pay oh yes they will pay. To further push the boundaries of this already leaky, pus-filled envelope which should be marked "return to sender" at the most convenient chance, each Gor book cover features an embarrassingly goofy man swinging some large object on the top of a mountain while various scantily-clad slave

women lay at his feet hoping that he'll drop a pound of two of salami from his pants and into their awaiting mouths. No sane creature who squirted out of some broad's egg sac would ever take such a retarded, inconsequential, misogynistic bunch of crap book seriously, would they? Well if you thought "no" then you've obviously never been on the Internet before and should probably ingest some mind-altering drugs to prepare you for the shocking fake world of bizzaro-reality here online.

AARGH! NO! I HATE YOU, GOR!!!

To some particularly fragile nutjobs on the Internet, once again the line between fantasy and reality becomes as fuzzy as their last memory of lifting up their 600-pound pale Slim Jim gut and actually viewing their own penis without the aid of a hydraulic lift and a series of NASA cameras. Thousands of dedicated online fuckbags have spent the last decade ironing out the kinks of the kinky "Gor D/s" scene (which either stands for "Gor Dominant / submissive" or "Gor Dumb Shits"), which is some kind of retarded bondage / dominance thing that combines the beauty of 1960's science fiction novels, sex, and Internet chat rooms. I honestly can't think of any mixture more disturbing and worthless than this, except possibly tons of napalm and the local Lee's Summit grade school.

As in Scientology, what was once a series of books penned by a hack writer bent on gaining fame and fortune has now been converted into a fake religion of sorts, bringing thousands of mentally disturbed individuals across the globe together and onto IRC channels where they can use a whole bunch of bracket keys when describing their sexual relationship to another bloated lard Twinkie on the same channel. If you don't believe me yet, perhaps this helpful basic guide to Gor-ing on the Internet will help you out:

> *The visible manifestation of slavery on Gor could be something as subtle as how a woman wore her hair, or something as overt as a black iron collar hammered onto her throat. Online, it is the lowercase reference. (And to some extent the use of third-person speech. See above.) Some slaves online will also "collar," or put into brackets, the capitallized initial of her master's name (or the name he uses). Curly braces {} or squared [ ] are of no real difference, although some slaves have suggested that {D} signifies a "virtual" relationship and [D] signifies a real-time (rt) one.*

Wasn't that helpful? Now you know how to address your friends and family online when you've become a slave to "-={[pSyK0_666]}=-" in the chatroom "#hotgoraction"! If you're some stupid, weak, senseless woman who really wants to hook up with an overweight, bearded Internet Gor geek douche bag who lives in a room that consists of four plasterboard walls and an anime wallscroll, then you'll be happy to know there are plenty of submissive Gor resources to teach you dippy dames how to act around your man! Take this helpful hint for example:

> *Ownership is total. You cannot kinda own someone, any more than you can be kinda pregnant. Leasing a slave is not the same thing as owning a slave. (Example: if you lease a house, you can act as an owner of it, but there is a higher authority that actually does *own* the house. It can be removed at any time by the bank or homeowner, and thus, you have no power over them in that respect). By the same token, a slave who has limits, such as being married, that would inhibit the Master from having full and complete power over her, is being leased. The marriage is the actual owner, and the Master is borrowing her, working within the confines of her owner's (husband's) restrictions, knowing someone else has ultimate authority. But it isn't ownership, unless he has the consent and power over her spouse as well. Even if the Master chooses not to *utilize* the power he has...*

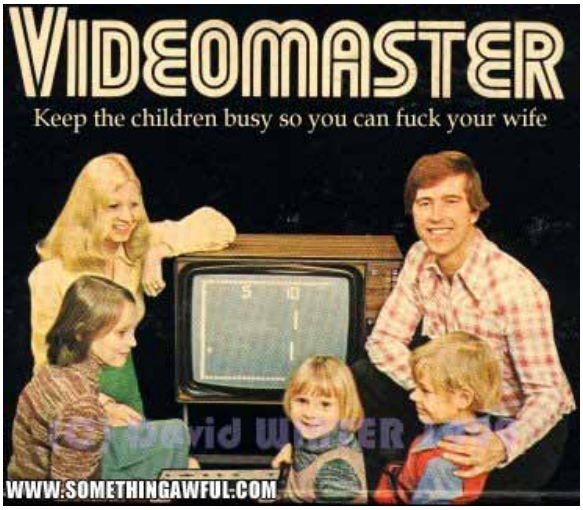
the fact that he is limited and is restricted diminishes the claim to possession.

Hey! You're kinda dumb! I mean granted, I don't expect too much intellectual discussion from a group of people who want to be slave women and abide by a set of rules written in a series of fantasy books from the 1960s and then adapted to fit the Internet 's AOL chatrooms, but it nonetheless is disturbing to witness a whole community of people dedicated to wearing domination collars and submitting to people with bellies the size of mature bulls. The important point here is that we, the citizens of the Internet, must be aware that the D/s fans of Gor are alive and well, hiding in the various nooks and crannies of the Internet, and if we don't prepare ourselves for them then we might run the risk of allowing them to step out into the limelight and falsely believe that their fucked up behavior is just as "acceptable" as being a furry and spending weeks airbrushing a griffon fucking a moose. If you encounter anybody attempting to push a Gor book upon your person, please choke them to death with their own submission collar and run to the nearest exit, which will probably be blocked by furries attempting to jack off to promotional posters of "Finding Nemo."

HOLLA BACK YOUNGIN

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams kinda sorta paying attention. You see, I'm reading the new Harry Potter book to find out who really did die in the end. Zack has been telling me it's Dumbledore, but dammit, I hope not. Dumbledore kicks all kindsa ass, like he was a machine that was made just for kicking all the asses out there. So please excuse me if I'm a bit distracted.

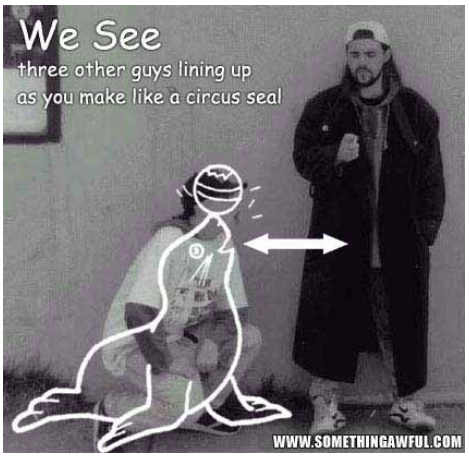
To continue on with my distracted state, I decided to make a double upped version of the goldmine today. The subjects: "create slogans that aren't very effective" and "spoofing Microsoft's new ad campaign."



Oh wow, Harry didn't get expelled! That was a close one, eh? Screw you sideways Fudge.

Click here to find out who really dies!.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


We See
three other guys lining up
as you make like a circus seal
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

6.24 We're Still Waiting

Tuesday, Jun 24, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Maybe it's the warm summer air that's filling my head and making me forget the murderous video game-inspired thoughts I normally think, but lately I've had a sort of primordial longing. And no, I'm not talking about an erection, but thanks for wondering. I've been longing for the arrival of a lot of things, particularly things that that have been promised to us by the news media, by politicians, and by everyday crazy people like you and me. You know, the things that are going to make an impact on life and the world, changing the flow of the very air we breathe for better or worse. As part of a sort of unsanctioned and dangerous reminder service, I want to list the things that need some sort of closure. If you're in a position to bring closure, please do, so long as it doesn't involve my death.

The Discovery of Weapons of Mass Destruction in Iraq

I'm awfully disappointed no weapons of mass destruction have been found in Iraq yet, because I was promised they would be. In fact, I was told this every day for close to six months. Even now, with the war having been a tremendous victory for the human spirit, I am still being told that weapons of mass destruction will be uncovered. I can imagine my government lying to me, since that's pretty much their job. They don't exactly have a long track record of honesty and integrity to back them up, either. But what I just can't tolerate is the British government lying to me. Tony Blair, the Supreme Overlord of the Britons, assured the world that they would be found. Was he lying? And if so, does he think he can pull a fast one on us, the world's only Superpower? I think it's time for America to take a good long look at this so-called "United Kingdom." Just whose side are they on? It sure doesn't look like it's our side.

Was this cake baked with deception and frosted with lies?

Back to the issue at hand, each day thus far has been an exciting new opportunity for weapons of mass destruction to be discovered, but each day ultimately ends with the same disappointing sunset. Maybe the Iraqis hid the weapons really well, like under some flying carpets or in a magic lamp or something, I don't know. My knowledge of Iraqi culture comes mostly from Ray Harryhausen's Sinbad movies. Really, though, I'm starting to think that there never were any weapons of mass destruction in the first damn place. As an advocate for hard times and the impending global apocalypse, I'm disappointed whenever a potential murderous despot loses his insane grip on the world. How the hell am I supposed to have my very own apocalyptic themed adventure if everything is hunky dory? Come on Kim Jung-Il, you crazy bastard, the ball is your court!

Totally Mind-Blowing, Earth-Shattering Sequel to 9/11

We were all but guaranteed that terrorism would become a daily part of our lives. At least here in the United States of America, anyway. It has, to some extent, because that's all the government and news can talk about. The problem is that for all the talk, it's just not happening. I'm not saying I want suicide bombers blowing up my local Super Wal-Mart and denying me of the precious back to school savings I so desperately need, but I also don't want stupid colored terror rating systems telling me how high the likelihood of such an event is. Terrorism just isn't happening here, so all this talk is pointless. Like most people capable of absorbing and digesting daily events, I am quite capable of realizing that tragedy can strike at any time. Being reminded of this fact and encouraged to hoard duct tape and gird my home from invisible bio-toxins simply doesn't do me any good. I

may be a tad on the morbid side, but it's kind of a downer when the government tells you there is a good chance the world will go kaboom and then nothing happens.

Honestly, I just don't think the terrorist have what it takes to deliver a truly worthy follow-up attack. They zinged us pretty good with a genuinely creative and surprising plan involving planes and important symbols of capitalism, but what are they going to do now? I'd be pretty damn disappointed if their next action is something generic like blowing up another building or sending toxic mail to useless senators and elderly journalists. They really need to innovate and raise the bar to a new level of destruction. I realize they just want us dead, but that's no excuse for them to settle for mediocrity. Face it; if you're going to die senselessly in a heinous attack, it might as well be one somebody put a lot of time and effort into.

- **Duke Nukem Forever**

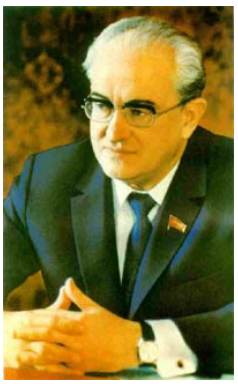
lol j/k gg man

- **Proof of First Cloned Human Baby**

It's the crazy clone lady! She has a face only medical science could love! Somebody cloned ugly all over her face! Am I right or am I right?

Although there is a good chance I simply imagined the whole thing, I do seem to recall a rather whorish looking woman – a boxcar virago if you will – coming on TV and telling the world that the very first human clone was born. Seeing as how the Bible clearly outlines that cloning is a sin, this immediately brought about fiery wagonloads of condemnation that raced alongside bandwagons of disdain. I myself recall falling to my knees in emotion while raising my clenched fists into the night sky screaming, "what terror has medical science wrought?" in a fairly dramatic manner. Actually, once I got past the scary science lady's jarring appearance, which seemed to mimic the characteristics of a grisly rental car accident, I was a bit thrilled. Cloning revolutionizes the boring old methods of producing unwanted children by taking pretty much all the fun out of it and adding tons of weird steps. Instead of just having sex and then letting nature and possibly witchcraft carry things to screaming, bloody fruition nine months later, you can embrace the startling frontiers of science, where sophisticated science tools invented by scientists make science come alive – in your womb! I assume somewhere in the equation a pill is manufactured, and this pill contains all your memories and traits and makes you pregnant with your clone when ingested.

The downside to this daring breakthrough in science is that the people responsible for the cloning miracle, a crazy ass religious cult, forgot to offer up proof. To this day their claims of cloned babies remain unsubstantiated, which is a real shame. I looked forward to seeing those wacky clone kids in a zoo some day or at the very least spitting on them and uttering scathing futuristic slurs for clones, such as "Gene Scene" or "DNA Duck." None of those slurs are particularly logical or hurtful, so I guess it's for the best.



The man everybody can't stop thinking about.

- **The Resurrection of Yuri Andropov**

I know a lot of people eagerly wait for Jesus Christ to return, but I think he's pretty much missed his window of opportunity. Isn't there a statute of limitations on that sort of thing? Well, if not, there should be, because nobody likes a spiritual slowpoke. Somebody who definitely hasn't missed his window of opportunity is former Soviet leader Yuri Andropov. He may be dead, but he certainly isn't forgotten. It seems like I can't go a single day without hearing somebody reminisce about the golden days of Andropov. It's

hard not to think of Yuri, who is famous for the various things he did when he was alive. Yes, if there was ever a time for Yuri Andropov to return from the dead, now is probably about as good as any. Come on back, Yuri!

Hilarity to Ensue

Wait for it... Wait for it.... Ah, screw it, it's not happening here. Maybe this weekend when wonder twins Frolixo and Greasnin do their updates.

I'm pretty sure it was either a wise Indian or perhaps my caseworker that said, "promises are meant to be broken." And while I'm pretty sure they were just taking the old phrase "rules are meant to be broken" and breaking it, it still goes a long way in ending this update with a thoughtful quote that everybody's heard before. I guess that means most of these promises, whether they be about nuclear weapons in strange Arab lands or children produced in terrifying experiments conducted by some harpy in a lab coat, we can expect them to be broken. Finally, on a positive and unrelated note, Zack Parsons has been lying to you. Hermione actually dies when she bites off Harry Potter's finger and falls into Mount Doom.

100% Pure Homegrown Cranky

Hey boys and girls and boys that get beaten up for looking like girls, Taylor "Not Livestock" Bell here. It seems everyone's favorite Haunted Whorehousekateer, Mista T, has masterfully crafted another review of a UT2k3 map that is severely lacking in goodness! And if you don't believe me, let me inform you that the map is called Beta Funnel 2k3.

> *The map does not look like a funnel to me, but rather like half a barbell, and a pretty poorly made one at that. Actually, I could also say that this map looks like a bad rendition of Rosie 'O Donnell eating half of a goat, but it wouldn't be as accurate as the aforementioned description. There seems to be only one texture in this map, and it's a bland, rock texture. At least the walls aren't some kind of atrocious tye-dye-esque, swirly puke crap, so thank God for small favors.*

Read the review quickly before ol' Steve gets mad and starts ripping out his own teeth and flinging them at you. I've had it happen to me, and it is not pleasant.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.25 Eastside Treats (Part One)

Thursday, Jun 26, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Japan is the land of wind and ghosts, of Hentai games and enema omelets, and most relevant to this article it is the land of slightly unnerving snack foods. Peter from J-List has done me the honor of sending some "tasty treats" across the Pacific for my review purposes and I am happy to inform you, and in some cases warn you, about what's cookin' in Japan. Keep in mind that these aren't delicacies like truffle and Homard Lobster served with caviar, these are just run of the mill snack items that you could probably pick up at a gas station in Japan. Well, maybe not at a gas station as we know them. In Japan a gas station consists of a tunnel covered with blinking lights and anime characters where you slide your credit card into a cartoon penguin that shoots gasoline and treats out of its eyes.

If Kaga eat whole green peppers I assume he would enjoy the "Cookie Hamburger Fudge Things".

Let's proceed to part one of the smorgasbord since I already have a stomach ache from eating all of this frigging chocolate and weird marshmallow crud.

- **"Cookie Hamburger Fudge Things"** *(English Name Unknown)*

Click the image for an enlarged view of the delicious product.

Packaging: There is almost no English text on the packaging other than the words "Every Burger". The way in which giant hamburgers seems to be floating ominously down a sidewalk while a distressed bear creature in a chef hat gestures and exclaims certainly had me on edge before I even opened the box. Inside is another picture of the bear chef being further menaced by the giant hamburgers along with two individually wrapped silver packages not unlike soft Pop Tarts.
Aroma: Chocolate cake and nail polish.
Texture: Molten gobs of thick chocolate sludge (it's like 90 in Chicago right now) adhering to tiny vaguely hamburger-shaped hard cookies with seeds or bug eggs all over the top. One of the cookies had decompiled itself and had some weird smear of what looks like bird shit on it.
Flavor: Fudge syrup by way of bad and slightly soggy tiny cookies. This was actually a pleasant surprise because I was expecting some sort of weird Japanese meat or shrink-rayed whole hamburgers.
Review: Not bad I guess, pretty much like a chocolate sandwich cookie here in the United States only with more chocolate and a hamburger gimmick. I have to admit I

was a little disturbed by the smears of white crap inside the hamburgers as I'm not really sure what they're supposed to represent. Cheese? Mayonnaise? Do Japanese people put marshmallows on hamburgers or was there a crazed bird loose in the factory?
3 out of 5

■ Gravel Choco

Packaging: The package for Gravel Choco reads in English "Watch out! Try to eat!! It's nice, isn't it!?" and I must say that a candy that warns with "Watch out!" is not necessarily off to a good start. The name of the candy itself implies that it's chocolate that resembles gravel or a combination of gravel and chocolate, neither of which would surprise me. I'm pretty ignorant of human physiology but if I know anything I know that Japanese people all have gizzards and have to eat rocks to digest their food. Possibly this is a sweet-tasting Japanese equivalent of Metamucil.
Aroma: A car's gas tank full of bubblegum.
Texture: Each piece looks more like giant oddly colored Nerds candy than gravel but comes in a variety of more gravel-like colors. Possibly because of the heat these candies were easily crushed between thumb and index finger, resulting in a very thin chitin shell and a weird and totally un-chocolate like white paste. The paste was warm, again possibly because of the heat here, but also possibly because these things are alive.
Flavor: An interesting blend of sugar-flavored toothpaste and Bazooka gum flavoring or some kooky artificial banana flavor. Much as I had suspected after analyzing Gravel Choco's texture there is not a goddamn hint of chocolate. Maybe I got the "creepy white bubblegum paste" flavor on accident, but the other package I have clearly says "Ikoi Strawberry" is the flavor.
Review: Good god, I knew people in Japan had different tastes than people in the United States but this is truly some repulsive garbage. It's not even the good kind of repulsive either, where it's funny-tasting just because you aren't used to the exotic flavor of Daikon Seaweed wraps. It's like an accident in the lab at the candy factory somehow made it into production. I recognize all of the tastes in this travesty, but it's like eating a Peanut Butter and mayonnaise sandwich; they just don't work at all. Maybe the "Ikoi Strawberry" flavor tastes better.
1 out of 5

■ Gravel Choco - Ikoi Strawberry Flavor

Packaging: Almost identical to the regular disgusting flavor only the package is red and has "Ikoi Strawberry" beneath the warning label about watching out.
Aroma: A crate of freshly picked rancid strawberry flavored yogurt.
Texture: Exactly the same as the regular flavor only the weird paste inside of them was bright pink in color. **Flavor:** Amazingly, the flavor of the strawberry is pretty similar to strawberry taffy or something like that with a salty hint not unlike Reese's Pieces. The

pieces don't taste like real strawberries, but the simple fact that the taste of the candy matched the flavor of the candy on the package earns it bonus points.
Review: I kind of like this stuff. I'm not a big strawberry candy person but it has a creamy flavor that grows on you and the crunchy gravel shell makes it very similar to a strawberry M&M or something like that. I'm still finding the whole "Choco" concept mysterious to my American and European chocolate experiences since this doesn't taste like it has even a hint of chocolate in it.
4 out of 5

■ Gummi Choco

Packaging: Of all of the various Japanese wacky snack packaging I received I would have to say that Gummi Choco most closely resembles a Western candy box. It looks sort of like one of those Sugar Baby boxes you can get at a gas station, but it features cartoon strawberries that appear to be very concerned about something. It also shows cut-aways of what I hope are the actual candy inside the box.
Aroma: A berry perfumed wax museum.
Texture: A malleable but not very messy chocolate covers each spherical Gummi Choco and by depressing the chocolate I can tell that a gummi core waits beneath the chocolate hemispheres. The chocolate is slightly oily on the surface and when you squeeze a Gummi Choco it takes several seconds for it to return to roughly its previous shape.
Flavor: The Choco component is the outer casing for the high-tech Gummi Choco and therefore what you taste first; a salty and creamy chocolate that does at least taste somewhat like chocolate. Wrapped around the gummi and serving as a buffer between its core and the chocolate crust is a mantle composed of a strange spongy white cake of some sort. It seems to be flavorless and may even be marshmallow. The gummi is the last thing you taste and it seems to be made out of moistened owl pellets. I'm a big fan of gummi candy but this lacks the consistency of any gummi candy I've had before and has a faint chemical aftertaste. It may be all natural for all I know but if it is they must be the kind of strawberries that grow in a cauldron of thalidomide and human blood.
Review: Boooo. I really thought that this one would float my boat. I enjoy gummi candies, I enjoy chocolate, and I really like those pieces of dried fruit you get at Starbucks that have a yogurt coating. I figured however they made this candy it would come out quite good. The chocolate was pretty decent, a little oily, but where they lost me was on that fucking white crap they seem to enjoy sticking in all the candy. This mystery substance that may be marshmallow or may be the distilled ether of human torment is

not offset at all by the weird artificial taste and unpleasant texture of the gummi in the center.
1 out of 5

■ NOTIME Gum

Packaging: The entire nation of Japan is sort of like New York City in that every single person is always in a hurry, especially when buildings are exploding. In that crazy workaday world the stressed out salary man might not have the time to brush his teeth, so enter "NOTIME" gum. This simple blue and white package of gum contains eight individually wrapped pieces of chewing gum with a toothbrush logo that can only mean magically clean teeth.
Aroma: Mint and enriched uranium.
Texture: The consistency of the gum would lead one to believe that this confection has more in common with the molar-sticking "Now and Later" of America than soft chewing gum. It's hard, very hard, and smooth like a "Now and Later" but coated with a fine white powder like most gum tends to be.
Flavor: NOTIME softens up quickly in your mouth and tastes basically like your average hunk of mint flavored chewing gum. Each hunk of breath freshening goodness is pretty big allowing you to blow decent-sized bubbles of Far Eastern splendor. However, and a fairly big however, the gum suffers from the "mystery additive" syndrome that a lot of Western gums do. What tasted like mint in the first few seconds of chewing starts to taste like mint with a side of smashed up aspirin tablets. Whether this is purely a flavoring botch job or has something to do with the teeth-cleaning aspect of the gum is unknowable thanks to the lack of English text on the package.
Review: It doesn't take a lot to please me with gum. I'm a simple man who just likes a strong and long lasting flavor without the image of chewing up pills of Tylenol or something. NOTIME fails in the pill-imagery category and I rated it down accordingly. This odd flavor is not overpowering but it's enough to make me never want a piece again.
2 out of 5

■ Black Black Gum

Packaging: Bringing you "High Technical Excellent Taste and Flavor" Black Black claims to have a "Long Live[sic]". The packaging is suitably dour for a gum with the word "black" in its name twice, combing grey and black with lots of great Engrish phrases. Inside the package are nine sticks of the gum, each wrapped in foil and a black paper sheath. I think the reason Black Black claims to be "high technical" is that it incorporates caffeine into the gum, although I'm not 100% certain on that factor.

Aroma: Mint and compressed insect parts.
Texture: Just your completely average stick gum. Gritty texture accented by that white powder they put on everything gum-like.
Flavor: Black Black tastes somewhat minty but it has several other very strong flavors that are difficult to identify. One seems to be the caffeine, or whatever they're using to conceal the caffeine, that gives it an unpleasant bitter flavor. There is also some other tangy flavor worked in there that is really fucking nasty. I'm not sure what it is, maybe mulched human fetuses or bear bile or something, but it's probably the most vile taste in any of these things.
Review: Supposedly Black Black is popular, which is really horrifying to me for some reason. I realize that a lot of things are acquired tastes including coffee which Black Black would ostensibly be a substitute for, but this is just awful. Easily the worst of the bunch I've sampled for today and a depressing way to end my reviews.
1 out of 5

You might think that's a lot of throbbing snack to gobble, but Monday I've got a whole new batch of snack foods from Japan including mysterious sushi candy and corn on the cob flavored pretzels. Plus as an added bonus to you our valued reader I take a look at Gundam Wing and Titanic themed condoms from Japan. I may or may not end up vomiting into a sink!

Phresh Phrom The Phunny Pages

Hey cats, Josh "Largestick" Boruff here once more. After temporarily being replaced by a broad, I am now back in the thick of things with a new helping of Phriday courtesy of the SA Forum Goons. This week, they went ahead and just stole all their ideas from Gary Larson, creator of "The Far Side" comic strips. That's not to say they didn't do any work, though, because it's no easy task transforming cartoon illustrations into lovely images. Here now is the ceremonial sampling of images:

C'mon, help a brother out and view! VIEW! VIEW!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.26 Neo Made Me Do It

Thursday, Jun 26, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Want to Write for Something Awful?

Before I begin today's update about "The Matrix," Twinkies, and murdering homosexual city councilmen, I'd like to point out that we're accepting writing submissions here at Something Awful. Would you like to write a front page update, ROM Pit Review, guide, or any other kind of feature? Send it in and if it makes us laugh, you'll be on the team! Of course, if it doesn't make us laugh, then we'll bury you under 10 feet of concrete and drive the Batmobile over your putrid grave, but those are the chances you take when you submit articles to a self-proclaimed "comedy" website. Give it a shot and send us what you've got, big boy!

Neo Made Me Do It

The so-called "Twinkie Defense" saves another person.

The 1970s were known for many things, most notably the creation of yours truly and the absolute most horridly disgusting fashion trends in the history of the universe, two events which I feel are intimately connected on a local level. Although these occurrences celebrate the birth of two worthless, highly repulsive things, the 1970s are also remembered as the decade of the infamous "Twinkie Defense." This odd phrase refers to a legal battle in 1979 which captured the hearts and mind of news reporters across the globe, thereby forcing the rest of the world to capture it into their hearts and minds as well, usually through the threat of blackmail.

The diligent news media of the 1970s was just as concerned with 100%-fact filled reporting as they are these days, unable to be compromised by the lure of headline-grabbing news bits and scare tactics which simply appeal to humanity's most primal instincts. Oh wait, sorry about that, I was referring to the news media of the Bizarro World Dimension. No, the major media outlets of the 1970s were just as pathetic and parasitic as they are these days, scrapping real news in favor of sound bites and memorable headlines which would sell more newspapers and get the public to tune in at 6, 7, and 10 in the futile hope that the news industry would inform them of the silent, invisible, deadly killer which might have possibly maybe kind of perhaps lived in THEIR OWN HOMES, ready to smother their helpless little children like a ladybug underneath a baseball tarp. Everybody knows one of my biggest pet peeves is the sensationalistic news media, so you'll just have to go along with my ranting here and pretend that you actually give a damn regarding my utter contempt for the folks trying to make us think we'll immediately keel over and die if we don't glue televisions to our faces and watch every single live action police chase they air. If you are incapable of pretending to care, then just imagine that I'm a very wealthy Nigerian member of royalty and I'm about to give you a fake $36 million check just for agreeing to send me your life's savings.

According to my vague recollections of a Showtime movie starring that retarded man from "Wings," the so-called "Twinkie Defense" originated in 1979 when Dan White, a former police officer and longtime psychopath, decided to murder San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and his up-and-coming homosexual rookie administrative aide Harvey Milk. You see, Dan White wasn't the most stable individual in the world. Hell, I've known oxygen-15 samples which were more stable than Dan White. Ha ha, that's a little chemistry joke for you grizzled nerds out there! Thanks for playing along! White used to be the city supervisor of San Francisco, unaware that the city he was

supervising had a considerable amount of people who enjoyed partaking in a considerable amount of homosexual activity. When this realization sank in, White began to get depressed, as shown by a series of images depicting him sitting in his house and drinking apple juice disguised as liquor because movie actors are not allowed to drink during movie shoots, even if they're in Showtime Original films (when liquor is truly needed to survive). This depression led Dan White to become increasingly depressed in a very depressing way, and soon he began to convert this emotion into raw hatred for non-Conservatives like George Moscone and a lot of those festive mincing folk who you regularly see in gay pride parades wearing rainbow-colored shirts with witty slogans printed across them like "cock: it's what's for dinner." Since White couldn't murder all the homosexuals in San Francisco, as that would take too long and he was not able to afford enough handgun ammunition, he settled for shooting the dynamic duo of Moscone and Milk inside of City Hall.

Ultimately, these two murders ended up presenting a problem to Dan White's budding political aspirations, as he soon found out that shooting people was not only impolite but illegal as well. When he was brought to trial his attorney claimed that White's severe depression and unhealthy mental state was to blame for the double murders, not Dan White himself. To a certain degree, this man had a point; I mean, if Dan White had a good brain, then he obviously wouldn't have wanted to shoot people with a gun. There are tons of people with non-broken brains living across the world who don't murder political opponents on a regular basis, obviously excluding Byron "Low Tax" Looper. Due to a lapse in our fundamentally flawed legal system, White's attorney was not able to get a separate court hearing for Dan White's brain, so he had to settle for the next best thing: the ol' "temporary insanity" plea. The defense brought out a parade of highly trained psychologists who all claimed White was not responsible for the two murders even though he brought extra ammunition with him that day, intentionally avoided the metal detectors in the front lobby, and killed the two victims in a calculated fashion while fully reloading in between murders. Note that I failed to mention exactly what field these psychologists were "highly trained" in; if I had to guess, I'd probably assume it was skee-ball machine repair.

Dan White. Of course he's not the same Dan White that I'm referring to in this update, but who the fuck reads Something Awful for its meticulous fact checking?

Two unfortunate kids trapped inside the Matrix. Yes, being inside the Matrix turns you into a prematurely balding retard.

The attorneys went on to say that White's obvious mental condition could be proven by the fact that before his killing spree, he ate a lot of junk food, something that he previously did not do when he was much less insane. Yes, back in the late 70s and early 80s, the legal system actually allowed defendants to cite their diet as proof of their insanity. Just think about it; if Dan White had claimed he was eating dirt and lampshades before murdering those two city officials, he probably would've never served a single day of jail time! Hell, the President of the United States would've probably flown down to shake White's hand and hand him one of those hilariously oversized checks that people win in the Publisher's Clearinghouse Sweepstakes. For some unknown reason, White's conviction was reduced to "voluntary manslaughter" (as opposed to "he fucking shot two public officials to death in the goddamn City Hall") and his sentence was reduced to six years (as opposed to "a life sentence in a penal colony on the moon"). The gay community became outraged at this verdict, electing to riot and burn down many prosperous downtown fabric and home decorating stores throughout downtown San Francisco. White was released from prison in 1985 and promptly committed suicide despite the fact that his prison didn't serve any junk food and therefore he should've been completely sane.

The media decided to capitalize on this court trial by dubbing it "The Twinkie Defense," claiming that Dan White escaped a double murder charge because he ate Hostess brand snack foods. See, this is how the American media likes to operate: news corporations don't care what really happens just as long as it can be selectively chopped up and distorted into something that will sell more newspapers and TV commercials in between broadcasts. It doesn't matter that "The Twinkie Defense" was not a defense nor ever presented as one, the important point here is that "The Twinkie Defense" can effectively cause the American public to get all rowdy and riled up in protest, thereby causing more people to watch television and buy newspapers so they know exactly how rowdy and riled up they should be at any given point in time. Now for the good news: it looks like we may have another "Twinkie Defense" on our hands, folks!

> **Guilty plea in 'Matrix' defense slayings** - *A teenager who shot his parents to death as his sister listened helplessly on the phone has pleaded guilty to murder and weapons charges. Attorneys for Joshua P. Cooke, 19, had planned to argue that their client confused right and wrong because he thought he was living in the virtual reality of the 1999 movie "The Matrix."*

First off, I'd like to warmly welcome the exciting new "Matrix Defense" that newspapers and television broadcasts will soon embrace, claiming that if you think you're trapped inside a movie then you can murder people and get a lighter sentence. The next quarter I have to pay taxes and become intensely frustrated at the US Government, I'll start telling my attorney that I believed I was living inside the Rob Zombie movie "House of 1000 Corpses." Hell, anybody confined to a life inside that film should be allowed to shoot as many people as they like, preferably including themselves. Secondly, I'd like to express my appreciation that a movie is now getting kids to kill people, as opposed the cliched old "*Doom* made my son shoot the ice cream man" videogame crap has gotten really played out, and I'd truly enjoy it if Lt. Col. David Grossman dies when a shipping truck full of returned *Postal 2* PC games backs over his skull. Finally, I'd like to point out that although the "Matrix Defense" may have a few fundamental flaws, such as the fact that you're still convicted if you attempt to use it in court, it is an airtight excuse and should be impossible to dismiss.

An old radio. Why? Because it is.

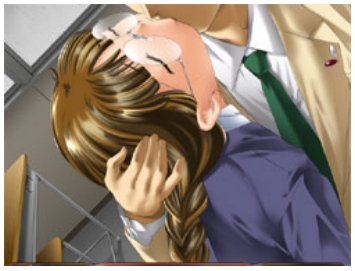
For example, can any of you right now prove that you're not in the Matrix? I know I sure can't; hell, I cannot even prove I'm sitting in my stolen office chair and typing this update right now. It's really quite difficult to prove anything with all the prescription and highly non-prescription medication that my brain has absorbed over the past decade or so. I may actually be a 50-year old black woman for all I know, in which case I cannot even successfully A/S/L myself. The whole premise behind "The Matrix" was that our minds are all trapped inside a giant computer while our real, physical bodies are floating around in jars of pickle brine juice in some other dimension where giant robotic squid fly around and generally fail to obey traffic laws. No wait, the premise was that Keanu Reeves is Jesus Christ and you have to take mysterious red pills in order to drop-kick unfriendly IRS agents. Wait, that isn't it either. Okay, I don't really know what the basic message behind "The Matrix" is, but I do know that you can kill as many people as you want if you're in the Matrix because they're not real anyway and you probably won't have any points subtracted from your total score if you mow down innocent civilians with a submachinegun.

I eagerly anticipate the days when the news media picks up the "Matrix Defense" term and begins adopting it to inaccurately fail to describe things which didn't happen the way they claim they

didn't even happen in the first place. Was that last sentence coherent at all? I hope not, because I honestly didn't intend for it to be in any sense. Soon, very soon I hope, we'll have a nation full of people who are killing their loved ones like June Bugs underneath a steamroller because they're convinced that everything in life is simply a scene from "The X-Men" or "On Golden Pond." The media will be rambling on and on about the "Matrix Defense" and we'll be a nation full of calves sucking from the teat of Ted Turner and local news broadcasts. I'm sorry if this update sounded like a bunch of disjointed ranting which didn't logically progress from one point to another, but I have to admit that I've been feeling really depressed lately and as a result, have changed my diet to a nonstop buffet of McDonalds and Twinkies. I never used to eat such junk food before I got depressed; all I previously used to eat was strange men's semen.

■ Sensei 2: The Undiscovered Country

And you thought I was going to make one of those fucking Electric Boogaloo jokes. Zack "Eistgay Ditoreay" Parsons here with a brand new Hentai Game Review for "Sensei 2", one of the worst games I have played to date. Don't believe me? Oh you will!



Bobby confronts Shuichi in the hallway and abruptly decides to beat the living shit out of him, which proves extremely easy since he's a Kennedy and Shuichi is about as tough as your average frail British boy in a Sid and Marty Krofft TV show. Once Isotoner sends a bruised and bloodied Shuichi off to Lidsville a change comes over our "hero". Since he's so good at getting his ass kicked Shuichi decides to give into his dark side. This dark side is sort of like the prism on the cover of that Pink Floyd album only instead of light going in and a rainbow coming out, Shuichi gets filled up with beatings and shoots out the entire spectrum of rape directly at Shoko.

This sounds like quite a barrel of fun! Get on your dancing shoes and soft-shoe your way over to this week's Hentai Game Review.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.27 Weekend Sports Report

Friday, Jun 27, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings sports fans! Due to the huge amount of mainstream growth of this site, and the increased demographic of readers that happen to be old men that fall asleep watching baseball games, I've decided to dedicate Saturday to sports and only sports. That's right, a no holds barred look at the big stories in today's sporting news including scores, highlights, trade rumors, and intense debates about controversial sports issues with my magical toy monkey, Hector. I realize that this will be in direct contrast with the other six days of nerdy articles about video games and Japanese snacks, but some jocks are starting to discover the Internet, and it's my job as a political activist to represent the minority. So without further ado, let's get it on! Sports that is, not sexual intercourse.

Top Stories

Mike Tyson gets in fight with a tree

Yesterday afternoon, "Iron" Mike Tyson was involved in an altercation with a tree in New York's Central Park. Apparently, Tyson was jogging past the tree while getting ready for a upcoming bout with a random white guy that Don King picked out while eating lunch at a Jack in the Box. The wind happened to pick up, making the tree branches sway to and fro. Tyson took this as a challenge, and attacked without warning, catching the tree unawares. A flurry of savage punches slammed into the tree's bark causing fragmented pieces to fly through the air. The enraged former champ then took a large bite out of a knot on the tree, causing thick sap to ooze from the open wound. The fight was clearly Tyson's, yet he did not walk away unscathed. After a powerful combo of jabs to the tree's large mid trunk, Tyson broke his right hand in four places. Although this means Iron Mike won't be fighting anytime soon, Don King has already arranged a rematch with the tree at Madison Square Garden with tickets going for $200 apiece. The boxing commission welcomes the new arrival of horticulture to the sport, and hope this will give boxing the boost it so badly needs.

Baseball game delayed by weird looking cloud

The fans and players at the Pittsburgh Pirates match up against the Boston Red Sox got a little more than they bargained for when a strange looking cloud drifted through the sky over the stadium. All eyes looked upwards, fixated on the queer cloud that had an almost unexplainable shape. The players on the field sat down on the grass pondering, prompting the officials to delay the game until a proper wind sent the vaporous visitor on its way. The public perception on what the cloud looked like is varied, from the standard Abraham Lincoln, to a castle, spaceship, a badger, a lump of mashed potatoes, or even Hall of Famer Ozzie Smith's right thigh. Fistfights broke out over heated debates about the cloud's shape by some of the more intoxicated fans. As soon as the mysterious cloud was out of sight, the game resumed and the Red Sox rallied to win 6 to 5. After the game, the Pirate's head coach had this to say: "I think this is a game we would like to forget, but I don't think anybody will ever forget that weird looking cloud."

Carolina Panthers charged with drive-by shooting

The issue of the high amount of felons playing in the NFL has just reached a boiling point as the Carolina Panthers football team has been charged with a drive-by shooting in a local suburb this past week. A one Jasper Jackson was walking to his mailbox in his robe and slippers when the Panther's team bus pulled alongside of him. A eruption of fire poured out of the bus windows, riddling Mr. Jackson's body with 274 bullets. The bus then quickly sped away to training camp where the team was getting ready for the 2004 season. The

authorities are still not completely sure what triggered the violent outburst, but they have received tips that Jackson was wearing Tennessee Titan colors at a popular gang hangout. The NFL has reacted swiftly, suspending 10 players and fining the others $15k each. The judge appointed to the trial dismissed the case on grounds of lack of evidence, despite the fact that the kicker for the team filmed the crime. The judge was overhead saying "Look, the last thing I need to do is piss off a bunch of monstrous criminal millionaires. Besides, this year I think we really got a chance at taking it all the way." Jackson is survived by a couple stank hos and a pitbull.

Scores

Toronto Blue Jays: **4**
Chicago Cubs: 1

LA Lakers: **106**
Dallas Mavericks: I don't know

Tiger Woods: -1 under par
Pete Sampras: **7-7-6**

Detroit Tigers: 0
Detroit Lions: 0

Mike Tyson: **317**
Tree: 240

Sports Gab with Frolixo and Hector

Frolixo: "In this edition of Sports Gab, we are going to talk about women being integrated into male dominated sports. With me, as always, is Hector the monkey, providing his sometimes unpopular, although always thought provoking, views. Women have been making great strides in sports as of late. Of course I'm talking about Annika Sorenstam and her entrance into the men only golf tournament. This has taken the media by storm, and has shaken the sports world to its foundation. What's your take on this, Hector?"

Hector the monkey: "All women belong in my kitchen cooking me brownies and then giving me oral pleasure. Next question."

Frolixo: "Hector! That's terrible! Women have made huge advances in the last hundred years and your statement reaffirms that there are still roadblocks to progress. Can you really sit there and truthfully say that's how you feel?"

Hector the monkey: "Listen you little ginger snap, when I get home from busting my hump at the steel mill, I expect my woman to have prepared a nice hot meal for me, and the house be spotless of dirt and grime. How can she attend to her wifely duties if she's chasing a rubber ball around or taking joy rides in golf carts all day. It's madness! If Strom Thurmond was alive, things would be different.

Frolixo: "Wow. So you are totally against women playing any type of sport whatsoever? Don't you know it keeps many women fit and healthy? Next thing you know you'll want to take away their right to vote."

Hector the monkey: "They can vote? I must have missed that one. Hey don't get me wrong firecrotch, I like a nice trim woman, and will accept nothing less. If my old lady starts packing on the pounds I can tell she's been cheating on her daily rations, and I give her what for. After sleeping in the garage for a few months, she'll beg to let her back in bed.
It is my personal opinion that the large increase of women playing sports is a Black Chino-Jewish conspiracy aimed at stealing all our women away while we're at work. I have some flow charts in my basement proving this."

Frolixo: "Ok, I can see we're getting nowhere because of your ignorant sexist and racist blathering. This whole edition of Sports Gab is ruined now. Are you happy with yourself, Hector? Does that make you feel like a big monkey?"

Hector the monkey: "Cram it Paskiewicz. I'm not afraid to come over there and feed you these cymbals you dirty pollack."

Frolixo: "You don't scare me! Your days of lording over me are over, I don't need you anymore. I'd like to see you try to come over here so I can teach you a lesson, you plastic simian fuck!"

Frolixo: "AIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEE"

That does it for this edition of Weekend Sports Report. I hope you join us next week for all the latest news and scores, as well as an exclusive interview with baseball great, Darryl Strawberry. We told him it was a job interview but we'll just ask him questions about outfielding while freebasing. See you next week sports fans!

(p.s. Happy Birthday to the current forum Idiot King "Quick Stop". He is 10 years old today and likes to dress up like a little princess.)

State Og: Because Sometimes You Just Want to Cuddle

Howdy, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here again to fulfill my obligational duty to please your booty. This week's State Og update is focused entirely on our employees, but it focused too hard and its eyes got kind of crossed. While I slap it in the back of the head to try and fix it, check out this preview:

> *Lucas was abandoned on our doorstep as an infant, swaddled in a blanket that appeared to be made entirely of cat fur. As it turns out, he was just an incredibly hairy baby.*

> *We were so impressed by the little bastard that we hired him on the spot as a customer service representative. After three years of fielding calls by screaming unintelligibly as our customers have come to expect, Lucas felt it was time to move on and we agreed. He was given a promotion to our marketing division, where he called people at dinnertime and screamed at them unintelligibly in a crude attempt to get them to buy our products.*

I like to think that by reading this week's State Og, you'll grow closer to our employees. Perhaps close enough for one of them to grab you and put you to work in one of our ketchup mines. Sure we haven't struck ketchup yet, but we're *that* close, and your enslavement could make all the difference.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.28 Lawsuits and Government Ties

Saturday, Jun 28, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's that time again, loyal readers! No, not time to scroll down and read Frolixo's article from yesterday. You have to give me at least a paragraph first. No, now it's time to take another fun-filled look at the world of mind-bubblingly frivolous lawsuits! **WOOOOHOOOOOOO!!!!1!** Sorry, got a little overexcited, there. What can I say? Nothing gets my motor running like satirical discourse on our horribly clogged legal system. Well, large amounts of coke, I suppose. But nothing gets my motor running like satirical discourse on our horribly clogged legal system or large amounts of coke. Nope, nothing at all.

Today's feature case comes to us courtesy of the hard-hitting reporting at PC Gameworld, a site dedicated to hosting as many annoying, unstoppable, intrusive, Internet Explorer-crashing pop ups as possible. The domain owners would hate to see their remaining space go to waste, so they frequently fill the gaps between monstrous ads with news about the latest happenings in the world of computer games. While I was there trying to download the latest fifty shareware Arkanoid clones, the following article grabbed my attention like a flaming gorilla:

This screen from Postal may have flamethrowers, brawling in the streets, panicked civilians, and needless bloodshed, but it doesn't have any actual references to the Postal Service, so I guess it's A-OK.

> *Postal Game Defeats US Postal Service*
>
> *The case, brought by the USPS in 1997, was widely considered to be a ridiculous waste of funds and has now been dismissed.*
>
> *Six years after the United States Postal Service (USPS) sued the makers of the notorious videogame Postal and its ultra-controversial sequel, Postal 2, game developer Running With Scissors has been informed by the Trademark Trial and Appeals Board of the U.S. Department of Commerce that the USPS's opposition case had been dismissed with prejudice.*

> *The case, which was brought by the USPS in 1997, was widely considered to be a ridiculous waste of USPS funds - especially considering the fact that the game had nothing to do with the Post Office or its employees; a fact apparently lost on then U.S. Postmaster General/CEO Marvin Runyon.*

For those of you who don't remember how this case began, or just don't care, or care, but don't really have the time to concern yourselves with the details, let me give a quick refresher. The first Postal game followed the exploits of one man in his mission to shoot, blow up, and otherwise kill everyone and everything he came across. It was mindless, ultraviolent fun. The United States Postal Service didn't think so, though. They had no problem with the senseless murder and completely unnecessary bloodshed that comprised every second of the game. They just didn't like the name of the game. They were still a little antsy about the string of disgruntled postal employees coming into work with semiautomatic weapons and killing their coworkers. If you ask me, which you didn't, but I assume you eventually would have, I think the Postal Service should have just accepted the fact that everyone was going to associate them with random killing sprees ever since the Star Wars: Dark Forces game included the cheat code "LA POSTAL" that gave the player every weapon.

That couple was later sued for taking a picture of the words "post office" without the express written permission of the post office.

So, even though the original Postal had absolutely nothing to so with mail services of any sort, the USPS did what any patriotic American organization does whenever the opportunity presents itself - it sued. For six long years, the Running With Scissors company fought the nearly unwinnable fight against one of the US government's oldest and most valuable establishments. Meanwhile, games like Worms 2: Armageddon let players throw exploding pieces of mail at one another lawsuit-free. And of course, the Postal Service had to fund its massive legal assault somehow. Wonder why the price of stamps has gone up so many times in the last few years? It couldn't be because they have to pay more employees. They're all either in jail or dead! Here's what Running With Scissors CEO Vince Desi has to say on the subject: "It's friggin ridiculous to think that every time we or one of our fans bought a stamp, that money went directly into a campaign to put us out of business."

Desi is absolutely right. There must be dozens of other sources that the Postal Service could have used to raise funds in addition to siphoning stamp profits. They should have remembered that what counts in lawsuits - hell, what counts in this country - is not doing the right thing, but making the most money from all possible sources at all times. The courts may have finally dismissed the Postal case for being an outrageous waste of time, but there are plenty of other good and potentially lucrative causes out there. Taking my inspiration, as usual, for the absolute worst possible sources, I've decided to put my legal expertise to work and make some serious bank. My original plan was to team up with Something Awful Official High Powered Legal Attorney at Law and Legality, Leonard "J." Crabs, but he insisted that he was working on a number of important cases. Then he hurled a chair at me and informed me that he would very much appreciate it if I would get out of his office before he would be required to "fucking ice" me. I tried to tell him that he was not, in fact, in an office, but rather in the middle of the city dump, but then he broke down in tears, so I slowly backed away and decided to mount my own legal campaign. More money for me, anyway. So without any further ado, excluding the rest of this sentence, here are my latest sure-fire lucrative lawsuits.

The Carpathian Monks vs. America Online

Just look at his face. This monk is ready to unleash the fucking legal fury.

The world's most successful internet service provider and computer assimilator, AOL, may be a couple years behind in terms of actual internet technology, but they do have the honor of being the ISP of choice of the entire order of Carpathian monks. Or do they? I did a little research into this most holy of orders to find out just how much truth there is to AOL's latest ad campaign. A spokesman for the monks said absolutely nothing, since the order took a vow of silence in 1211, but you have to admit that landing a job as a spokesman and never having to say anything is a pretty sweet deal. I commended the spokesman on his sound career choice, but it got me no closer to finding out if the monks really use AOL. After a good deal more research, I discovered the shocking truth - not only do the Carpathian monks not use AOL, they can't even use computers! Their lifestyle strictly forbids the use of microtechnology and other such witchcraft. What's worse, because they can't watch television, the monks had no idea that they were being portrayed as avid AOL users! Basically the only details that the ad got right are the date that the order took their vow of silence and that they are in fact huge baseball fans.

Clearly, America Online and its advertisers are guilty of misrepresenting the Carpathian monks in a mass medium. As far as I know, that's close enough to slander to make a powerful nuisance suit.

Now, obviously without speaking it would be very difficult for the brothers to present their own case in court, which is why I formed the Carpathian Monk Advocacy Group, which I head personally. I asked the brothers if they had any objections to my representing them or to my taking a fifty percent cut of the settlement, and they didn't say anything, so I think we can assume that the case has their full support. It pains me to think that there would be corporations out there that are so money-hungry that they would exploit these most noble and honorable monks. It's just disgusting. It's a good thing that there are people like me who want to see justice done.

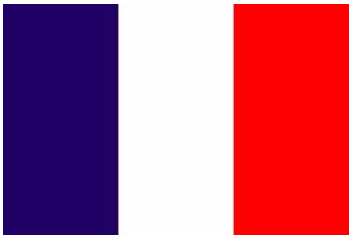
The People of South Carolina vs. The Late Strom Thurmond

You're not getting off that easy, buddy. Not you or your smarmy tie.

Strom Thurmond retired from the United States Senate last year. On Thursday night, he died at the age of one hundred. Coincidence? I, and the people of South Carolina, think not. For over forty-seven years Thurmond served as senator to the southern-most Carolina. The World War II veteran served eight full terms. After all that, he retired and died within the space of just one year. Sure, that's fine for you, Strom, but what about your constituents? What are they supposed to do, just go on pretending you're not their senator anymore like they did for the last few months? You'd like that, wouldn't you, deady?

If you want my opinion, there's something fishy afoot. When you're the kind of senator who can give a filibuster that lasts over twenty-four hours and still lose on the following vote in a landslide, you don't just retire and then go off quietly to die. No, Strom, you were in the Senate for life. The people of South Carolina owned your ass. They let you play your little retirement game for a little while, but no one ever said you had permission to go ahead and die. That's breach of contract, my friend. As the duly elected attorney for all of South Carolina (and also Wisconsin, although that has no particular bearing in this case), I will not rest until either you crawl out of your grave and get back to work or compensate your constituency for all of the grief and stress that you caused them. You can't escape litigation through death, Thurmond. You can't escape litigation through anything (your wallet not withstanding)!

The Concept of Freedom vs. France



Hmm... nice colors, French flag. Real original.

If there's anything that we can learn from the US Postal Service's lawsuit against the Postal video games, it's that you can sue someone if they try to use your name, even if that's the closest they come to having anything to do with you. While that suit may not have been victorious or actually reached a verdict before it was tossed the hell out of court, it still kept Running With Scissors locked in litigation for six full years. The spunky video game company may have had the moxie to ride out six years, but does France? Methinks not. Somehow a country with the nickname "Surrendertopia" just doesn't strike me as the kind of defendant that would deal with all of the hassle, harassment, and public humiliation of a lengthy court battle when they could just as easily settle for a few billion dollars. Yes, France is the perfect target, I realized that much to be true, but on what grounds could I sue them?

I'll tell you on what grounds. On the grounds of truth. On the grounds of justice. On the grounds of the American Way. I have decided to become the legal representative of the concept of freedom itself. Ever since France failed to back the American intervention in Iraq, all things French have been dropping their cheese-eating, wine-guzzling, beret-wearing moniker in favor of the label of "freedom." Sure, that's all well and good, but did anyone ask Freedom if it wanted to be used as

just another word for "French?" I don't think so. So France thinks it can just run the good name of Freedom through the proverbial crepe? We'll teach those froggy bastards a lesson they won't soon forget or recover from, economically speaking. Viva la Freedom, indeed!

There you have it, three juicy cases just begging to bog down the courts for years to come. If you're a Carpathian monk, a resident of the state of South Carolina, or some sort of physical manifestation of the abstract concept of freedom, it's time to get excited about your legal and financial future. Remember, you've got me fighting for you, and I don't get a penny until you do! However, when you do get a penny, I expect it to be delivered to me promptly. Keep that in mind. Don't make me sue you.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

6.29 Eastside Treats (Part Two)

Sunday, Jun 29, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Friday I brought you the saga of a bear being pursued by hovering hamburgers, chocolate-encased gummi candy that is made from fruit grown in vats of human remains, and a gum so black they called it black twice! Today I will be wrapping up this exciting two part series on Japanese snack foods with notable entries like the mysterious sushi candy and pretzels flavored like corn on the cob. I received a number of informative e-mails after my last update and I can now tell you that "Black Black" gum not only contains caffeine but also nicotine, so for you folks trying to quit smoking you might want to look into importing some of it.

Without further ado let's get on to the banquet of despair. Be sure to stick around for the end when I wheel out two oddball items that probably should not be eaten.

- **"Scary Sushi Fudge Tubes"** *(English Name Unknown)*

Packaging: This is hands down my favorite packaging of any of the candy. There is no English text other than the perplexing use of "Open" on the perforated cardboard opening, but the cover is bursting with crazy-eyed animal cartoons of indeterminate parentage. They look sort of like penguins but appear to have slabs of fish and fruit adhering to their backs. A view of what I assume is the candy contained within is also in the upper left-hand corner, which leads me to believe that the candy is some sort of marshmallow and gummi fusion intended to resemble sushi. Less sense-making is the fudge you can see emerging from the marshmallow. Inside this box are ten or so individually foil-wrapped pieces of candy.
Aroma: Packing peanuts that smell faintly of vinegar.
Texture: The candy consists of a marshmallow stuck to a gummi sushi, so it shouldn't be too difficult to infer the texture from there. Both marshmallow and gummi were particularly soft for their respective candy thanks to being individually sealed in the foil.
Flavor: The taste of the gummi slice on top of the marshmallow is overpoweringly tart but with a little chewing you will also get the marshmallow along with a slightly unusual chocolate surprise. I'm not sure what kind of chocolate they use to inject inside the marshmallow but it's definitely not normal. It tastes alright but it has a weird gritty texture that may be from some sort of ionic bonding with the marshmallow.
Review: Pretty damn good! You don't get very many of them considering how giant the box is and you really have to eat two or three before you can tell what they taste like. I gulped down the first one and never tasted the chocolate. A second and more deliberate attempt introduced me to a rich chocolaty flavor that worked amazingly well with the little marshmallow and the gummi. I don't know if it would do very well over here just because of the sushi angle, but the flavors work and I could see gummi dinosaurs on "dino poop" filled marshmallow skulls or something.

3.5 out of 5

Crispy Pizza Pretz

Packaging: These come in a box resembling Pocky, which for the uninitiated are a Japanese pretzel-type snack most commonly found with chocolate coating on one end. Japanophiles love Pocky for some reason but to me it tastes just like crappy and insubstantial Nestle Flipz. The front of the package features a pizza much like an American style pizza only not quite. It has some uncooked leaves stuck on top of it and just looks somehow off to me. Thrusting up boldly next to the pizza are what I assume are the Pretzi, which look like baked match sticks rolled in mysterious and I'm sure magical herbs.
Aroma: Oddly enough the individually wrapped packages smell like American cheese slices when you open them.
Texture: Each of the four individual packages inside the box contains about ten Pretzi. A Pretz is pretty much like a stick of Pocky which is to say it's a long and narrow cylinder with one side flattened and darkened by the cooking process. Basically imagine a very dainty version of those big dark brown pretzel sticks you buy at the store, the ones with the nickel sized salt cubes stuck to them. This particular variety of Pretz has a very fine dust of flavoring adhering to the outer surface that gives it a powdery texture.
Flavor: Basically it tastes like you took a tiny bite of a normal pretzel. Pretz don't have a lot of "meat" to them, which means they taste like almost nothing, and to my barbarian American taste buds the flavoring dust on the outside has about as much taste as the wind. To see if I was missing out on something I crammed three of them into my mouth at once and I have come to the conclusion that they taste like soy sauce and flour.
Review: Mmmmm, soy sauce and flour. These things have so little flavor to me that their might as well just be salt in the package. Like anything with salt on it they are strangely addictive but definitely not something I would choose to snack on with any regularity. I'm also going to have to deduct a point for the fact that eating ten of them is about as snack-satisfying as drinking water.
2 out of 5

Corn Pretz

Packaging: The packaging for the Corn Pretz is identical in format to the packaging for the Pizza Pretz, with two instead of four individually wrapped Pretz not-quite-a-snack-snack-packz inside a long box. On the cover in place of the leafy pizza are a couple of ears of corn that look like they've seen the wrong end of a flamethrower. Not particularly appetizing to a good old fashioned boiled corn boy like myself but certainly nothing

disgusting or creepy.
Aroma: Slightly rancid corn chips with a hint of mustard.
Texture: Even though you would think that "corn" would be a flavor baked into the Pretz itself it is apparently applied to the outside of the Pretz with a fine flavor dust just like the Pizza flavor. This interesting approach leads me to believe that they're going less for a corn flavor and more for a fake corn on the cob flavor. Just like the Pizza Pretzi they are slightly sandy textured thanks to the fine coating of powder.
Flavor: I was quite surprised by the level of flavor on these bad boys. You would think that "pizza" would be a much bolder taste sensation than "corn", but these things have a very strong corn on the cob taste to them. They don't taste like Fritos or any other corn chip, they taste like pretzels covered with microscopic buttered ears of corn. Japanese shrinking technology at work? I think so ma'am!
Review: The bold flavor of corn on the cob is not one commonly seen on shelves across America, possibly because we eat so much damn corn we don't really want our pretzels and chips tasting like it too. Nevertheless those crazy Japanese have created an artificial corn on the cob flavor that tastes fairly convincingly like corn on the cob. Unfortunately for me, corn on the cob flavored pretzels are actually kind of gross.
2 out of 5

■ Dakara Gum

Packaging: Dakara gum has a kooky medical theme going on with the mostly white packaging and big red heart on the label. Other than "Dakara" and the word "gum" the only English on the label are the words "Life Partner". Should I share this gum with my life partner? Is the gum itself my life partner? Or are we talking about a sweeping and general "life partner to all of mankind" type of theme here? I can't really answer these questions, but I do know I opened the package slightly nervous that the gum might contain AIDS.
Aroma: Urine stained sheets woven out of dried apples.
Texture: The gum is off white and looks and feels just like your average stick of Wrigley's gum here in the United States. I thought I might have detected a pinkish color on the gum but it turned out my retina had detached again and I was seeing through a glaze of blood. No biggie, just an old recurring boxing injury from my bare knuckle days.
Flavor: Dakara tastes pretty similar to the Wrigley's fruit flavor that comes in the

yellow packages. It's a mysterious tangy, fruity taste, that is just a little bit tangier in Dakara than it is in Wrigley's. The taste goes out of the gum extremely rapidly.
Review: I'm not too big on fruit flavored gums but Dakara does the job about as well as can be expected. Unfortunately, it suffers from the "rapid flavor withdrawl" syndrome that most fruit flavored gums fall victim to, leaving you chomping on a plug of bitter sludge in about ten minutes or so.
3 out of 5

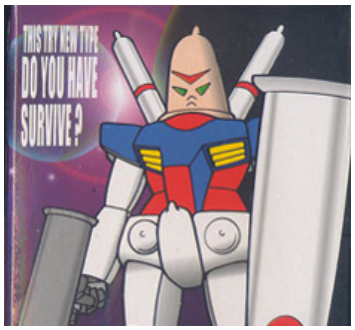
■ Ume Gum

Packaging: The flowery and romantic packaging and gold lettering that reads "Fresh & Fruity Fragrance" had me geared up for a trip to the gay bath house. Seeing as how the only Japanese I've picked up from all my Hentai game playing is the phrase "please stop raping me" for all I know "Ume" actually means "homoerotic".
Aroma: Explosion in the perfume factory.
Texture: With my eyes watering from the overpowering fruit smell wafting off the package I managed to pull a stick of the gum out and unwrap it. Inside was a red stick of gum with your usual conveyor marks on it and a generous dusting of flour or rat poison or whatever that stuff is.
Flavor: Welcome to the 1980s! Fruit Stripes gum is apparently back and bigger than ever in Japan, only instead of a singing rainbow-striped zebra the Japanese get flowers and gold text. I feel like unlacing my Keds, putting on some sunglasses with bright orange frames, and busting out a break dance routine to the "Fruit Island Cereal" theme song. Ume gum tastes EXACTLY like Fruit Stripes gum, which translates to a bucket of artificial flavors and sugar that is slightly sour.
Review: I'm ready to hop into my Delorean after chewing up a couple sticks of this gum. It's definitely my favorite of the gums and maybe even my favorite of all of the products, but the packaging has got to go for me to carry it around. Maybe if I draw some skulls or something on the label with permanent marker I can enjoy Fruit Stripes gum and still retain my fragile masculinity.
4 out of 5

That ends the parade of dubious deliciousness, but aside from confections there were a couple of other boxes of interest in the package Peter from J-List sent to me.

■ Gundam Wing Themed Condoms

I will be the first to happily admit that I have never watched an episode of the Gundam Wing anime. It seemed better than Pokemon or Dragon Ball Z but just a little bit too much on the repetitive and homoerotic side for my tastes. Proving once again that my tastes are a poor barometer for the rest of the world Gundam Wing has become extremely popular, so much so in Japan that they have knockoff Gundam Wing condoms. I guess if you're having anal sex with a frail white-haired teenager it might be nice to be protected from venereal disease and ass impregnation by the mighty armor of Gundams. The box



proudly asks "This new type do you have survive?" This is a deep and philosophical question that one cannot rush to answer, you must contemplate it wholly and allow its meaning to permeate every fiber of your body. A clue to this elusive meaning is given in very small text at the bottom of the box where it reads; "Condoms is type SEX-78 series." Okay, I admit I still have no idea what it means, but the condom robot on the package looks like it could blast some serious crotch graboids.

"Titack" Themed Condoms

These bad boys are definitely my favorite thing out of the whole package that Peter sent. I don't know if it's the fact that they called them "Titack" instead of "Titanic", if it's that horrible clip art boat on the front, or if it's the bizarre cartoon condoms reenacting the idiotic prow scene from the movie. I was pretty disappointed when I tore open the foil on one of the condoms and discovered that they did not have arms like on the cover of the box. I hate to reinforce stereotypes here, but I did a little scientific experiment and these condoms are definitely smaller in length and girth when compared to their American counterpart. I have an average sized penis - you know, about 36-40 inches soft - and there is not a chance in hell these things would have fit it.

This is probably going to be the last time I do this for quite some time and my internal organs are already applauding my choice. That is, unless some fine distributor of weird German or Russian confections would like to get in touch with me in an attempt to cause me a combination of gout and shotgun suicide.

A Clever Ruse

Frolixo here to provide you with a html link to a EMAIL PRANK that will knock the socks off

your feet and kill your loved ones. I know you may be saying to yourself "I thought Frolixo was a gentleman, not one to partake in such trickery". Well this is a special case. I have been harassed, threatened, and physically beaten over my articles, and I won't stand for it anymore. Take a look at part of the emails I received and tell me if I'm wrong for getting my panties in a knot.

> *"Please excuse me for my language right now, but your article enraged me so much, that I just cant sit here being all polite. How the fuck can you say that the children of America are filthy dogs when you injected heroin into the class pet? And spiked their apple juice with LSD. Are you fucking insane?!?! What were you thinking?! Do you want these kids to die? And it's people like you who need the help who yell and swear at 10 year olds just because they ran over your lawn. I understand that you might worship your lawn or whatever you do, but just because they ran over your lawn with a couple of bikes, that doesn't give you the right to swear at them and threaten to burn their tree house down."*

You see what I have to deal with around here? It's bad enough to have to bunk with Greasnin and his funky feet, but this is unacceptable. Hopefully when I was through with her, she learned her lesson about picking on people that write silly stuff on the internet. So put your cursor over the link provided: CLICK HERE DUMMY, and I promise you a few laughs at a very stupid person's expense.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Merry July 4th, You Goddamn Worthless Anti-American Bastards

Tuesday, Jul 01, 2003 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

Before I start writing this computer screen Inter-web page thing today, I just want to say that I'm going to fucking stab whoever the hell stole my 1965 Sears Recliner. I'm gonna pick you up by the throat and shake you like a bag of grits falling off the back of a pickup truck and teach you some goddamn respect for your elders because this shit is just crap I tell you. I went to watch "Law and Order" a couple nights ago and when I walked over to sit down, I fell on my grizzled war veteran ass because, hey guess what, MY GODDAMN 1965 SEARS RECLINER WAS NOT THERE. Some puking bastard apparently broke into my fortress of solitude the night before and stole my goddamn 1965 Sears Recliner while vomiting all over my brand new carpet which I just had cleaned in August of 1987. The next time you little punkshit fuckbuckets try to break into my house and rip off some of ol Cliff Yablonski's hard earned loot, you're going to be greeted by a fireplace poker jamming through your eye socket and throttling that rotting gray stuff you got growing in between your ears.

This old hag tried to pick me up last week. I would've caved in her face with an iron, but from the looks of it, somebody already beat me to the punch, by about one million times.

I'm gonna have this puke on my carpet analyzed with this DNA anaylzation machine I built out of a record player and a piece of metal that I think fell off the Challenger before it crashed into the WTC. This DNA machine thing can analyze the unholy hell out of your DNA and bones and shit and then it will play some classic Sinatra tunes in the background like "Lady is a Tramp," which is one of his best songs ever because all women are tramps and if you give them an inch, they'll steal your damn ruler. Hell, it was probably some dumb broad who swiped my 1965 Sears Recliner so she could sell it and buy makeup or new shoes or lamps or groceries or whatever the hell dumb broads these days buy. I'm going to program my DNA machine to pick up women's DNA and shoot lasers at it once I figure out how the hell to program machines. I think I gotta use a screwdriver or change the wiper fluid or some bullshit like that, so fuck it, I'm just going to go to Batty Grable's house and beat the snot out of her hairy punk kid because she was probably behind this crap and I swore revenge against her after the last time I ran for PTA and lost and she called me some words which I can't remember right now because I was drunk when she said them and I'm sort of drunk now too so shut up or else I'll push over a wall on you and throw your kids down a well like in that one movie about the fighter pilot who came home to find his wife had a wall pushed onto her and his kids were down a well. I think that one guy who screams all the goddamn time was in it, Al Casino or whatever his name is, the crazy Italian shithead. "Hi, I'm Italian and I'M CRAZY AND I'M ITALIAN AND I'M GONNA START SHOUTING NOW FOR NO REASON WHATSOEVER, YAAAAAHHH!" That guy.

So I went to sit down this morning and fell down again because my 1965 Sears Recliner wasn't there, then I rolled out my door because my house is on some fucking uneven foundation. Did I tell you about that? Yeah, the worthless grubslob who sold me this hellhole house back in '56 didn't bother to tell me it was built on a goddamn Indian burial ground, so every time it rains their coffins start coming up out of the dirt under my house and fucking up the foundation which I think is mostly stucco and duct tape. And let me tell you, it's been raining like a broken goddamn piss faucet here in Appleton City these past few days or weeks or months, I don't know, I haven't been able to keep the days straight since that one time last year I tried brewing my own beer with battery acid and

paint varnish and then my eyes started getting all fucked up and I swear to god I saw a bunch of VCs sitting in my lawn, which is why I went through six magazines of hollowpoints that night and bulldozed that goddamn Shriner billboard off Highway 228.

Alex Jennings, the Pimplesbury Dough Boy.

So all this rain is fucking up my foundation and I went to go grab my nightly 2:38 AM beer which I drink every night in between my 2:36 AM beer and my 2:39 AM beer, and this fucking casket came launching out of the ground like a gerbil from Richard Gere's ass. The door swung open and this Indian corpse came lumbering out at me with his arms out like a brown zombie so I shouted "GET A JOB TONTO, YOU DRUNK INDIAN PIECE OF SHIT" and threw some casino chips at his head in the hopes that his primal instinct to gamble would distract him from knocking over my new coffee table I stole from Henry Grimmington's yardsale last week when the circus was in town. As you can probably guess, even the corpses in Appleton City are dumb as punch spit, so this Indian kept coming at me and then I got REALLY pissed off. I said, "okay Chief Cocksnuggle, you want to play? Let's play" and I took a shovel and started digging through the tiles in my kitchen. After a few hours, I pulled up the corpses of his wife and kids and I started giving his dead broad skeleton wife a big deep tongued kiss in the mouth while shouting, "how do you like this, you dirty drunk Indian chief? I'm making out with your goddamn dead whore wife!" Then I took my shovel and knocked her head off and threw it into the creek while calling the homeowner's association because there's no way in hell I'm cleaning up this mess that I was clearly not responsible for in any way whatsoever. I'm now using the Indian's ribcage as a tie rack in my closet, but since I don't own any goddamn ties, I just throw used tissues at it and use it to clean out my gutters.

The secret lives of Jiffy Lube employee #1 and 2.

Anyway, tomorrow is the 4th of July I think, so this computer screen Inter-web page is now about how you little faceless fucks need to respect us Vets and learn about our glorious country of America. See, we got this little thing in America called "freedom," and if you don't like it then I have the freedom to kick your teeth in so far that you'll have to sit on top of your next McDonalds Fat Fuck Meal to chew it down like the greasy landslug you are. Brave people like me and Manny Johnson down the road are the reasons why you currently don't have a hammer and sickle branded into your forehead and you're not running around shouting "hail Hitler" at robot statues all day. When freedom was threatened by the Krauts in WWI, me and a bunch of other patriotic men were shipped overseas to bomb the hell out of the worthless commie fucknuts who were threatening our precious democracy and stock market and booming coal industry. I was one of the brave men and younger men who was in the trenches of Grenada, sucking up mustard gas grenades that the lazy German Kraut pinkos were tossing at us for 58 days straight. All I had back then was a Graham Chapman 1102 .223 rifle which could hold one single bullet and that bullet weighed 19 pounds because they filled bullets full of concrete back then (lead was too hard to find, which is why we had to turn trash cans into scrap metal so Uncle Sam could build anti-helicopter missiles). My rifle also had a big stabbing spear at the end of it, and I used that thing to disembowel about 200 Germans, most of which were during the war or at least somewhat afterwards. One time I was stationed at Mount Scheiße and the Krauts had these tanks which shot fire and acid everywhere and my field captain just had his spine removed by a German infantryman who snuck in to our base with one of those metal rods which are laced with gunpowder and barbed wire. Anyway, I took over the squad and we rushed that hill and killed ourselves 19,000 Germans and captured their secret tank base which they were using to build tanks that turned into helicopters that turned into jets. When I came back from the war, people spit in

my face and had the nerve to call me a "babykiller" and outrageous shit like that just because I killed a lot of babies in the war. Hey let me tell you something, you yellowbellied redfaced pinko commie treehugging liberal hippie environmentalist Sasquatch carpet salesmen: foreign babies grow up to be anti-American soldiers, so if I wipe out a foreign maternity ward or two either on purpose or because I've been drinking so much that I'm convinced Christmas trees are trying to rape me, then I'm helping save this country.

Patty "Big Mac" Dunkins throws one of her own shoes.

As you drooling clownjobs all know, I have served in every major war since WWI, including WWII, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Shootout at the OK Corral, the Earth vs. the Moon People (the government will deny any knowledge of this, but I swear to god IT DID HAPPEN), and that battle where I drove a tank and ran over the foreign guys in the sand. I thought at first that was Dessert Storm, but then I remembered the cops showing up and saying I had blacked out and ran over Ed Bishops at the East Appleton City River View golf course (sandtrap on the 14th hole), which is perfectly fine by me because Ed Bishops is a goddamn worthless liar who claimed I borrowed his weedwacker last June, even though there was no goddamn possible way for me to steal his weedwacker because I had set fire to his garage the night before. So in summary, I'm a fucking war hero and Ed Bishops is a dirty bastard who will try to frame you for public intoxication when you're sitting around and minding your own business and watching his wife undress from the bushes outside her bedroom's window.

Last year me and Gary Feldhor were celebrating the 4th of July down at the VFW on the corner of 18th Street and Monroe, and we were having a great old time. Gary sells propane down at the Lunch N' Munch, so we were throwing the propane cans off the roof and shooting them with these armor-piercing rounds we found locked in the storage room of the police station. We were told that there wouldn't be any problems with this because that's what we assumed since the parade had already passed by and most people were off the streets and going back to their homes to do god knows what. It turned out that those roaming chucklefucks hadn't started the goddamn parade yet, and Gary and me were blowing holes in the Boy Scout troop practice below us. Now that's fine by me because I've seen those news stories about the Boy Scouts these days and how they're letting in homosexuals and child rapists and illegal aliens, but Gary started bitching about how his drooling little snotfactory kid was in the Boy Scouts and he might be the next kid trying to dunk his head in the water runoff grate in some futile attempt to keep the flames from getting inside his skull and charring the precious half-ounce wad of crap that they use to think about transsexual porn. Since Gary was getting on my goddamn nerves, I told him to go downstairs and get me another bottle of whisky because I only had one or two or six bottles left. He said he was too tired to go and he didn't have the ability to walk straight thanks to my patented "Cliff Yablonski Double Vision Punch" which is made up of gin and used motor oil. So then I told him his wife was on the phone and wanted to speak to him, but he made up some bullshit excuse like "my wife died from breast cancer in 1987" so I told him that if he didn't go downstairs, I'd put a lump inside his chest, only it wouldn't be full of cancer, it'd be full of my goddamn fist. Because I would punch him. You know. Anyway, I don't think Gary was listening at that point because his eyes were open and he didn't have a pulse, so I went home and watched some show on TV about zebras fucking each other.

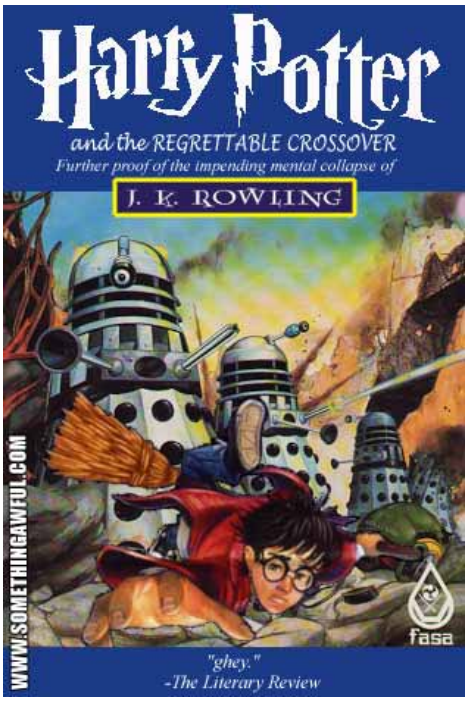
So that's why the 4th of July is a special time of the year and you should start respecting people like me because I served this country and served it proud, and you haven't done jack shit except fuck up my order at White Castle, you drooling blobs of sweating lard. And I swear to god, I'm going to find that 1965 Sears Recliner and beat the shit out of whoever the fuck stole it from me to

sell it for meth money. I don't care how many elementary school students I have to run down in my Chrysler to get there.

Plump Your Lip's $24.76

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here on a lovely Tuesday, mere hours away from a four day weekend, in which I will play lots and lots of Planetside, as long as the squad I'm leading doesn't decide to recall back to the Sanctuary without telling me. That's some real leadership there folks.

I've got all this extra time to waste on Planetside because I finished up the newest Harry Potter book, "Order of the Phoenix." Poor, poor Neville. I really didn't think he'd be the one to bite it, but as long as it isn't the holy trinity or Dumbledore, I'll be right as rain.And this brings me to today's Comedy Goldmine, Harry Potter books we'd like to see. With all the hype and excitement surrounding the Harry Potter tales, can you blame the goons for coming up with a few off the wall versions of the books? Well, can you? HMMM?



I'd copy that on my Tivo if they ever made it into a movie, I tell you what.

Click here to start singing that Cars song, cause Lowtax has it stuck in my head.

-~Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

7.2 Shepard Smith: Why Is He Such An Asshole?

Wednesday, Jul 02, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

For those of you poor bastard readers who either don't have cable TV or live in an insignificant and probably better off country that doesn't enjoy the blessings of American cable news networks, this update will be even less relevant than my usual articles about robots and the various gastrointestinal disorders I'm thoroughly convinced are killing me. With the recent war and continued appearance of new newsworthy events, I've found myself watching the news a lot more. This hasn't been easy, though. Those sharks at the cable company are desperate for my money, and feed me all but a few channels on the TV. In particular, all the ones I don't want. Now I could pay for better channels, but that would be difficult given that Lowtax pays me in a weird system not unlike that of the Iran-Contra Affair. My normal procedure for dealing with contra affairs is to quickly tap *up, up, down, down, left, right, left, right, B, A* and hope for the best, but that simply doesn't work in this case. Anyway, the reason for this directionless jive talk is simple: the only freaking news station I can get is Fox News. This means that Shepard Smith, TV's answer to getting blasted in the groin with a shotgun, is more or less the sole source for televised news I have available. I've been studying this Shepard Smith, as I feel it is important to have a firm understanding of your enemy's methods and behavior. This study has left me with one lingering question: why is Shepard Smith such an asshole? I've spent more than enough time thinking about this, and I've come up with some theories that I think may well shed better light on the mystery of the giant bug that crawled up Shepard's ass and laid its eggs, which in turn hatched creatures that excrete a pheromone that causes asshole-like behavior. Don't get confused there, that line about the bugs and the asshole pheromone wasn't one of my theories – I was just being poetic.

■ Theory One: Shepard Smith is from an alternate asshole reality

By simply shaving his goatee, evil alternate reality Shepard Smith appears as human as the rest of us!

The first thing we have to consider is the most obvious, and that is that Shepard Smith isn't from our humble splinter of reality. According to the cover of a magazine I glanced at while waiting to get a bad haircut, alternate realities actually do exist. If in fact there are alternate dimensions out there, it's an undeniable certainty that there is at least one that's just filled to the brim with colossal assholes. Shepard Smith is good at what he does – being an asshole – but does he have what it takes to be King Asshole of the Asshole Universe? I simply don't think so. He's too much of a weasel to ever gain true power by any fair or decent asshole means. To free himself from the chains of mediocrity, he found a way to escape his dimension, migrating to our universe with the knowledge that he wouldn't have to work as hard at being an asshole as he did before. That in itself makes him even more of an asshole, because now he's a lazy asshole that doesn't want to work that hard. We have a lot of assholes in this dimension, but we can't boast anywhere near as impressive asshole demographics as the nefarious Asshole Universe. Because assholes like to be seen and heard, he instantly went for a job as a TV reporter. That way he can spit in thousands of faces while smiling that smug asshole smile of his, delivering important biased news updates in that calm, soothing voice of his that just makes you want to ram your fists into his asshole solar plexus until he vomits his last breath of undeserved life in your face.

■ Theory Two: Shepard Smith is Satan incarnate

While I'm not religious and I've never successfully crucified anybody that wasn't a GI Joe action figure, I am open to the possibility that there are higher powers in the universe. Keeping with that, it's not hard to imagine that one of these higher powers, the divine representation of evil, might have decided to occupy the mortal world in the guise of a mild mannered reporter able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. This instantly creates countless doomsday scenarios, all of which give Fox News a reporting advantage since they will essentially finance Armageddon by having its instigator on the company payroll.

Gaze into the eyes of true evil, for your TV will soon run staticky with blood!

> **Shepard Smith:** Welcome back to Fox News' exclusive coverage of Armageddon. We return live to the scene of just an utterly ferocious battle where my unholy masses are preparing to drown the innocent in a river of blood that's at least six feet deep. And boy, have you ever seen coverage like this? You can see the horror in the eyes of the dying, and it's a beautiful thing.

In any normal circumstances, this would also explain why Fox News would hire such a rotten scumbag in the first place, but given Fox News seems to prefer them, it doesn't really bring any sort of lasting closure. I shiver at the thought of things to come, but I'm comforted by the knowledge that I'll probably be dead before the worst happens. Us intellectuals are always the first to go when a madman gains power.

If this theory is true, it is perhaps possible to change course. I don't know how deep the unholy blood pacts between Shepard Smith and the cursed Nielsen Families go, but I'm sure some frantic witch hunting and hysteria would go along way towards ensuring a bright and happy future.

- **Theory Three: Shepard Smith is a cyborg**

The machines will rise soon. This clever promotional tie-in was designed to get me free stuff. Please send me free stuff, Hollywood.

Could it be that Shepard Smith is neither organic nor metaphysical? Maybe, just maybe, he is no more than a cold metallic husk of pulsating circuits and coiling wires flowing with conductive charges of hate and evil. Maybe his asshole nature is merely the consequence of improper or malicious programming. I can't imagine any human ever creating a device so wicked on purpose, so I have no choice but to believe that a robotic Shepard Smith is an honest experiment gone wrong. Even the inventors of Little Debbie Fancy Cakes probably thought they were doing a good deed when they found a way to cram a goddamn sugar mine into a tiny cube. How can this theory be proven true? Well, short of Shepard exploding or popping a head gasket on live TV, the only way of proving this theory true is to travel back in time, not to any particular chronological hotspot, though. It's just that once the technology of time travel is mastered, it will be super easy to figure out simple things like creating powerful laser guns. When all that stuff is out of the way, somebody can just shoot Shepard Smith in the face with a laser. If he dies like a no good robot, then the monster is dead and humanity can rejoice. In the off chance he gets shot and turns out to be a normal human, well, hey, at least we figured out time travel. Now we can get back to the important business of trying to rescue Abe Lincoln from all but certain doom before it's too late!

- **Theory Four: Shepard Smith is a visitor from another planet**

The Visitor called Shepard would very much like to eat you.

Another possibility is that Shepard originates from the deepest reaches of space, from a dying world almost barren of water and food. For the goal of self-preservation, it's possible that the Great Leader of this world might send massive fleets of ships in search of a world like ours, rich in water and flourishing with life that can be subjugated into both food and labor. Perhaps these Visitors are already here, and we simply don't know it yet because we've been blindfolded. Gaining control of the media would be a wise tactic for anyone considering instituting a fascist state and taking control of the planet. I know, you're thinking that I'm crazy, because he looks just like us! Appearances can be deceiving, however, for underneath that fleshy mask lies Shepard Smith's terrifying reptilian face. How can we be certain Shepard Smith is one of these visitors? Let's look at the facts!

- Shepard Smith has never once mentioned why he wants the world's water supply, nor has he admitted his secret plans to transport it back to his home world.
- Shepard Smith has never been seen eating. Is this because he doesn't want the world to find out about his sickening diet of live rats?
- When was the last time Shepard Smith mentioned he was human? Probably the last time he mentioned he was a giant lizard. Some topics are best avoided when you're trying to hide your true identity.
- Shepard Smith has a unique voice. Although it lacks certain alien qualities, it does seem rather sinister. It is entirely plausible that the unique characteristics of his voice are the result of alien voice masking technology.
- Shepard Smith clearly reports on the news the Great Leader wants us to hear, and not the news we want to hear.

All of these facts come together to mean one thing: Shepard Smith is hiding his diabolical plans. It's only a matter of time before he starts delivering his news updates in an orange uniform as gloomy synth music plays in the background. As appalling as all of this sounds, we may already be too late. An alien race capable of subverting so many in such an undetectable manner would be hard to defeat. We would have to place our hope in an unlikely group of rag tag heroes, not to mention sympathizers within the alien news media hierarchy, to wage a guerrilla war for our freedom of press.

While all these theories are based on careful observations and sound scientific thinking, I still feel the true answer eludes me. I guess this is a mystery that will only be revealed with the passage of time, which, according to my calculations, should already be happening. Will he lead us to doom or just annoy us like a radiated mosquito bite? Only time will tell, so shut up so it can speak already.

I Meant to Get "Casablanca," But Netflix Sent Me This

Hey, everybody. Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with a review of "Ax 'Em." I've seen a lot of movies in my time, and this is one of them. But just barely.

> *How do you review a movie so unfit for public viewing that you can't even figure out any of the characters' names? I don't know, but I'm sure as hell going to try because, dammit,*

> *that's my job. I'll tell you, though, it doesn't get much tougher than "Ax 'Em." There is so much wrong with this movie that the mere fact that it is available on DVD strikes me as an insult. If this can make it to DVD, then the crappy fake shoe commercial I shot for my TV production class a couple years ago should have a two-disc special edition. Writer, director, and star Michael "Mfumay" Mfume, who must have graduated from the Polonia school of filmmaking, leads a hastily assembled cast and crew of his friends and people who owed him money through a muddled waste of tape that is about as good as you'd expect from a man whose nickname is a pronunciation guide to his last name. This movie is a seventy-five minute compilation of dialogue that is either loud and annoying, or completely inaudible, and my feelings toward it can be best described as abject hatred and overwhelming boredom, respectively. My only hope as I set out to write this review is that once I'm done, you will despise "Ax 'Em" as much as I do.*

I wrote a lot more than that, my friend! And at least some of it is funny! Don't believe me? Well why don't you click these words and find out?

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.3 Martha Stewart, I Ain't

Thursday, Jul 03, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Anybody who has ever read this site undoubtedly knows of my recent home purchase, in which I recently purchased a home. With the low interest rates, booming house industry, and the fact that Washington state was gouging me for ever bloody red cent I owned for tax and rent money, it made complete economical sense for me to suck it up and buy a home. After weeks, months, or possibly years of negotiating and signing random papers thrust in front of me by the mortgage department and some bearded man named "Ed," I finally received the keys to my house and gave it a test drive at the beginning of May. I've mentioned hundreds of times in the past that becoming a homeowner completely skews your view on life, especially when compared to the mind set one must occupy when living in an apartment. Here's a quick chart showing the comparison and contrast of priorities when living in an apartment and house:

THE DIFFERENCE IN PRIORITIES BETWEEN OWNING AN APARTMENT AND HOUSE:

When living in a house, you value:	**When living in an apartment, you value:**
A beautiful, weed-free lawn that is thick and full of dark green grass.	A full bag of Cheetos and enough carpet to wipe your hands on.
An excellent paint job on the outside of your home along with a meticulous trim.	Walls that don't fall over and crush you when you walk near them at night.
Responsible neighbors with a family who will watch over your house when you travel out of town.	People who live next door and fail to exchange volleys of automatic gunfire every hour.
A low water bill and electricity rate.	Water that doesn't taste like a pinball dipped in garlic for a month and fails to spontaneously ignite when you turn on the lights.
Privacy and ample room for pets.	The lack of dead animals or family members buried underneath the floorboards.

The "sign" of a good builder.

I'm not going to blabber on about the many, many differences between renting an apartment and owning a home, so I'll just instead point out that home ownership requires a lot of responsibility and time. It's like getting your first dog and realizing you have to feed and walk it every day; when buying a house, many people are surprised that you have to feed and walk it every day. I know I sure as hell was, and to be quite honest, I haven't really determined how to feed my home yet. I keep on shoveling coal and lumber and atoms into its chimney, but nothing seems to be happening. I'll just chalk that up to my own consumer ignorance and call Ralph Nadar in a fit one of these nights.

While I may not know much about feeding and walking my house, I have learned a whole bunch of "trips and ticks" regarding home maintenance. First off, I learned that bitch Martha Stewart doesn't know shit about home maintenance like I do. Oh sure, her little suggestions explaining how to covert a single beer coaster into a fully functional television stand with surround sound speaker brackets may appear to be good advice, but her suggestions only apply to people living in the Bizarro Dimension where black is white and up is down and nothing is as what it seems. Scientists have repeatedly proven that Stewart has

never, ever, ever provided a practical, useful, functional homemaking tip in her entire life, and 98% of her show is simply computer-generated graphics disguised by smoke and mirrors and a complex NASA laser light show. How else do you think her studio engineers are able to cover up the raw evil alien power coursing through her veins behind her reptile face? It sure as hell isn't makeup, as Stewart's got pores the size of kiddie wading pools. This is just one of the many secrets that "they" don't want you to know. Do you know how Martha Stewart really decorates her house? I'll tell you: Mexicans, and lots of them.

The rest of us who can't afford supercomputers and foreign kids to help us disguise our home and trick people into thinking it's not a complete trash dump have to depend on realistic, cheap solutions to solve our problems. Martha Stewart and her ilk seem to believe that we all inhabit a fantasy world where we crap out jewels every night and live in houses built on a platinum foundation. I sure as hell know this isn't true, as I spent a good two hours looking through my shit last night and didn't find one single diamond, although I did determine that I somehow ate a rubber band the previous night. This is where average homeowners like myself come in; I'm not afraid to reveal to you, the average homeowner, some of the top secret tips I've discovered while puttering around my house like an injured stork. Here's just a few of the many, many practical discoveries I've come upon in my vast two months of home owning experience:

1) The solution to almost any problem is a bottle of Formula 409. I cannot stress this enough: buy as much goddamn Formula 409 cleaning solution as you can. 409 is like god's magical elixir, brewed by angels and put into plastic bottles by Saint Somebody himself. A few days after I moved in, I noticed a few troublesome stains near my bathtub. My highly trained brain revealed that these stains were the result of some mystery chemical like "Coca Cola" or "blood" having been spilled across the tiles. Since I was naive to the world of home owning, I futilely attempted to splash some water on the stain and scrub it off with a brush. Guess what? Nothing happened. I continued to pour more and more water onto the stain until I was soon worrying about water warping the floor beneath it and didn't have any time to worry about the stain itself. Then, in a last ditch effort, I decided to spray some 409 on the area... and the discoloration magically vanished like the Cleveland Indians from the pennant race! I soon learned that 409 could counter any chemical anywhere and in any form, no matter if it's solid or liquid or that other form which is like a gas only it starts with the letter "g." To make things even better, 409 can be used to kill the 14 hundred million zillion flying wussy bugs that try to break through your windows at all hours of the day and night, sometimes by using very tiny lock picks. I swear to god, I literally cannot leave my house without a pickup truck full of these generic Wal-Mart bugs swarming in. I don't even know what the fuck kind of insects these are; they look just like a cross between a wussy fly and a feminine mosquito, and apparently serve no purpose except to breed and then fly into a spider web to die roughly 19 seconds later.

What this place needs is just a bit of 409 and it'll be as good as new, I tell you.

A few days ago, I got sick to death of walking outside and instantly having every orifice of my body plugged full of generic flying wussy bugs, so I armed myself with the bottle of 409 and ventured outside. Before I knew it, I was blasting clouds of bugs left and right, like when Jessie James fought all those Indians at the Alamo back in the 1700s. Clouds of cleansing poison were floating throughout the air like toxic cotton candy balls, reducing entire generations of generic bugs to twitching piles of nerves and yellow goo which leaked from their bug anuses. I literally nuked a few thousand of these annoying little bastards and I probably would be enjoying my sweet victory right now if I wasn't worried that there was a "boss" insect waiting for me later tonight. As a person raised entirely on

an unhealthy diet of video games, I know for a fact that when you kill 30,000 identical weaker units, you eventually have to fight a much larger, stronger representation of the aforementioned entity. This creature is known as the "boss" enemy, and usually begins to violently flash red when he's been sufficiently injured. I'm preparing for this epic battle by getting a Costco card and purchasing one of those industrial-sized 409 bottles which are the size of a Russian ICBM, only more deadly.

The hammer is as natural as Mother Nature herself.

2) If you can't fix a problem with 409, then you can fix it by smashing something related to it with a hammer. When mankind was nothing but a bunch of dimwitted monkeylike primates way back whenever the fuck that was, the first tool to ever be invented was a hammer. Do you think some caveman like Grog or John Kruk initially used a dinosaur bone as a socket wrench? No, the first implementation of the dinosaur bone was used as a "smashing device" which caused something (the bone) to hit something else (something else besides the bone). Mankind still wields these tools to this very day, although recent advances in the metallurgy field have allowed us to create steel that is somewhat stronger than 500,000,000-year old bones which, if I remember my high school biology correctly, are full of delicious caramel and creamy fudgy nougat. If you want to be a responsible homeowner, you must carry a sturdy hammer in your side pocket at all times, ready to bash and beat any problem into submission. Due to the cold air inside colliding with the hot air outside, my central air ducts were expanding and contracting at a very rapid rate, causing the metal to creak and make horribly obnoxious noises at all hours of the day. It sounded like a very small child was trapped in my basement and trying to escape by constantly tapping out morse code on a slab of sheet metal. This made me quite upset since the sound of the air ducts creaking were drowning out the noise that the very small child trapped inside my basement was trying to make by banging on a slab of sheet metal I installed down there for some reason I can't exactly recall offhand. Oh little Jimmy, will you ever learn?

Since I don't have any knowledge of my central air conditioning system and lack the patience to dial seven telephone digits of somebody who does, I decided to take it upon myself and repeatedly bang the air duct with a hammer. This plan didn't initially appear to work, as the metal sound didn't go away and I was still unable to locate another small child of any sort. Since drastic times require drastic actions, I upgraded my "banging" plan to a very detailed "beating the unholy hell out of" plan, and soon found myself venting all my frustrations on the target vent. It all eventually paid off, and soon the tapping sound was gone forever, although I think I inhaled about 50 pounds of airborne dirt and insulation in the process. That will work out in the end though, since I heard insulation provides you with the necessary amount of vitamin L required to produce sperm that aren't blue, radioactive, and shrieking nonstop.

3) If you can't fix a problem with either 409 or a hammer, then you can fix it by calling the builder and claiming your water pipes are leaking. Generally speaker, home builders hate everybody everywhere. They'll pay some redneck slobs to glue together a few walls, attach a chandelier with a nail gun, and then try to cover up any highly obvious errors with carpeting that was stolen from a mall liquidation sale. If one of your walls is leaning in at a 70-degree angle, then the builder will "fix" that by bolting a whole lump of carpet together on the opposite side of the room, thereby providing a more noticeable distraction to prevent you from looking at the caving wall. To prevent the homeowner from complaining about the wad of carpet lump in the opposite corner, the builder

The builder MIGHT take a look at your house if the water pipes get this bad.

will make it so when you walk to the living room, all the lights mysteriously dim and the floorboards creak as if they were lined with nails and pressing down upon your helpless grandmother. To distract you from the faulty lights and grandmother in the ground, the builder will often hire people to set fire to your lawn.

What the builders love doing in this day and age is the "fire and forget" process of home building. Once they're done stapling the final nail in your sheet rock, they'll peel out at 200 miles an hour, often fleeing so fast that they'll turn into a cloud of individual, filthy atoms. In fact, some builders leave so fast that they actually travel back in time, thereby ceasing to ever be born and exist! Good luck trying to get somebody to fix your lights when they haven't even bee born yet, chump! As far as I can tell, the only way to lure somebody related to the construction of your house into coming by and fixing the crap they broke is to claim there's a water leak. You could call the home office every damn hour to bitch about the 10-foot long nail protruding from your ceiling and they won't do shit except give you random dates and times when they most certainly won't show up. You'll call them up and plead, "please, for the love of God, fix my damn light sockets so they stop cursing at me in Latin when I turn them on," and they'll reply by just giving you a series of dates and times which aren't related to anything anywhere. They'll say, "9:32, Sunday, 11:03 PM, February, November, 3:56 AM, 1962, yellow, 11:32 PM" and then abruptly hang up. The only way to coerce somebody into coming by is to claim the water is leaking somewhere and your house is about to slide off its foundation and travel down the street at a speed above the legal limit. If that doesn't work, you can always go over to the main office and hit them with a hammer while spraying 409 in their face.

I may lack the tact and otherworldly deceit associated with Martha Stewart and her den of lies, but I do know a few practical things which separate my "common person" advice from her web of horrors. Next time you want real person advice from a real person regarding how you, as a person who is real, can maintain their filthy rotting home, you should seek out another real person to help you. Like me, only not me because I don't want to write about this stupid topic any more. Whoever you seek, make sure it's not Martha Stewart; I cannot over-emphasize how Martha Stewart is neither real nor a person, which will give the Federal government a real hard time trying to put her in jail. Have you ever seen somebody try to arrest and indict a computer hologram or reptile alien who can turn into light particles and pass through solid lead? I sure haven't, and I've been drinking all day! Please keep these handy homeowner pointers in mind at all times and you'll soon find that your keeping your house in tip-top shape can be easy and fun! Well, assuming your water pipes aren't leaking and your home is now located in the Mississippi River, which it might very well be for all I know or care.

◘ [INSERT YOUR NAME HERE] the Vampire Slayer

Zack "Gggggg Eeeeeeeee" Parsons here with a spooky new Guide! Summer is in full swing which means it's definitely time for a first hand guide on destroying supernatural monstrosities. Head on over to the guide corral and check this new one out buckaroo!

Ghosts only rarely pose a physical threat to those in their immediate vicinity and even this is usually an indirect result of panicked behavior in the face of their spooky antics. Much more frequently they just turn your life into shit by being total freeloaders on your valued property. They'll float around through any wall at any time of day or night, levitate your books like they own them, leave ectoplasm all over the fucking place, and bleed out of your electrical sockets whenever they feel like it. If you tell them to get off their ass and earn their keep they'll float up into the attic and sulk for a couple days with those goddamn chains. They're just a serious pain to have around, especially the Indian warriors from the burial ground you built your pool on top of. They will just stand over your bed and point accusingly at you for hours on end and believe me, if you had trouble jerking off in front of the cat imagine how bad it's going to be with some Sioux warrior with two centuries of betrayal in his eyes. No matter how loud you turn up "Dirty Talkin' Blowjobs Volume 14" it won't be loud enough to drown out spectral pathos.

That sounds HOT! Cruise on over there now and check it out!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.4 When Pride Cometh, Then Cometh Shame

Thursday, Jul 03, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's that time of year once again for Americans like me to honor our country's independence by blowing our hands off with Black Cats, waving the flag back and forth while staggering drunkenly on our front lawn, and yelling "wooooooooooooo" whenever something bright appears in the sky. I caught myself cheering on the rising sun early this morning and, after a brief moment of embarrassment, I realized that the sun was just God's way of celebrating how completely awesome the United States is. After that I cheered the sun until my vision went dark and I had to put a washcloth over my face for an hour or so. I'm still seeing stars which means all I need to do now is stare at a couple of halogen tubes and I'll have a virtual American flag superimposed over whatever I see. If I could only bottle that kind of patriotism I would be able to sell it at Wal-Mart and become a very rich man.

In memory of America's fallen heroes.

I give my country a pretty hard time on Something Awful, maybe sometimes undeservedly, but I figure the US of A is a big boy and it can roll with the punches. Today is the Fourth of July though, no time for politics or editorializing on the headlines, this is the day we let it all hang loose in a fiery celebration of our nation's proud heritage. Every country has an Independence festival of one kind or another, although seeing as how I'm American I really don't care about any other countries less awesome than America so I have no idea what they do exactly. I'm sure Cuba celebrates Castro or Chez Guevara or one of those pinkos, and Germany probably has a festival for whenever they finally beat back the bog goblins. England has the Queen's birthday and Freedom has some holiday that I'm sure is extremely rude and gay in a celebration of their country's legacy. Heck, Iraq can celebrate their Independence from cruel dictator Saddam Hussein on whatever day President Bush decreed that all of the shooting going on in Iraq had somehow fundamentally changed from war to "guerilla action". Oh those kooky wars where we win and then people keep dying every day, really makes you think! Who the heck am I kidding, it's the Fourth of July, ain't no time for thinking in this neck of the woods!

Patriotism CANNOT go too far. It's just not possible to have too much of such a good thing.

Seeing as how this is the Fourth of July I would like to turn this update into a wonderful remembrance of American culture. What better way to kick things off than with the theme song of American patriotism? Lee Greenwood's beautiful and stirring song "Proud to Be An American" will likely be familiar to most fellow United Statesians, but I think just knowing the lyrics of the song isn't enough. Let's explore the deeper meaning of this tribute to our great country.

If tomorrow all the things were gone,
I'd worked for all my life.
And I had to start again,
with just my children and my wife.

I'd thank my lucky stars,
to be livin here today.
'Cause the flag still stands for freedom,
and they can't take that away.

Some would argue that the flag doesn't really stand for freedom these days, but considering the types of fine specimens that blare this song from their trucks at all hours I don't think they would actually notice if the flag stood for smelting copper into commemorative statuary of Allah through their drowsy alcoholic stupor.

And I'm proud to be an American,
where at least I know I'm free.

It's a little known fact here in the United States but dozens of other countries are also considered "free". Greenwood is correct in his assumption that Americans are unique in knowing they are free since no other nation from England to Italy has a song like "Proud to Be An American" that gets played constantly almost year round.

And I wont forget the men who died,
who gave that right to me.

Like the Native Americans.

And I gladly stand up,
next to you and defend her still today.
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land,
God bless the USA.

Try standing up to defend her from an extinction level meteor.

From the lakes of Minnesota,
to the hills of Tennessee.
Across the plains of Texas,
From sea to shining sea.

From the ice encrusted Bering Sea to the clear waters of the Caribbean!

From Detroit down to Houston,
and New York to L.A.
Well there's pride in every American heart,
and its time we stand and say.

Oh SNAP! The Black Fuehrer of Harlem will not be pleased.

"When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom."
- *Proverbs - 11*, The Pinko Commie Bible

But hey, Mr. Greenwood, all in fun, right?

After that it pretty much keeps repeating so I won't continue sniping at poor Mr. Greenwood since he is unable to defend himself here. Let's continue on with the festivities and pour out a forty for our dead homies in the first constitutional congress!

In addition to gathering around and getting drunk and blowing up fireworks that come in a variety of bright American colors I intend to celebrate the birth of this great nation in my very own personal way. Normally when I say something like that I'm being sarcastic and just intend to sprawl on the couch playing Sexy Volleyball in my boxers while trying not to black out

from heat exhaustion, but this time I genuinely mean it! My Fourth of July is going to rock the house here at Casa De Parsons and if you're interested in celebrating like we intend to then please allow me to offer you some tips on being a diehard patriot.

- Cover everything in tiny American Flags. Stickers, actual flags, magnets, spray-paint stencils, tattoos that you cut out of those hitch hikers you keep murdering, and photographs of flags all work equally well. The "dime check" is a good way to ensure that you have adequately covered your home in American Flags. Just take a dime and throw it as hard as you can, when it stops bouncing around if it isn't touching an American Flag then shame on you.
- Consume at least a twelve pack of beer by yourself. It can be any kind of domestic beer but people will think you're a liberal fag if it's a microbrew or a commie union scumbag if you're chugging Old Style. Guinness has recently been added to the list of acceptable patriotic beers even though it isn't domestic and Sam Adams has been removed because the guy on the bottle looks like he might be a homo.
- "Born in the USA" is an acceptably patriotic song for the Fourth of July and don't let any Springsteen fan or snooty party crasher tell you otherwise. Try creating a mix CD using this, "Proud to Be An American" and various bootleg National Anthem renditions you recorded at sporting events. Stand up and take off your hat during every song.
- Fireworks can be a lot of fun but be sure to be very careful when you're pouring gasoline on them to "pep things up". Fireworks may shoot out of the pile of bottle rockets unpredictably so warn any children near you by screaming "this is gonna RULE!"
- Mobs of people shooting assault rifles into the air aren't just for Middle Eastern countries anymore! Grab a few good buddies and run through the streets ululating and firing a carbine skyward. Angle your weapon so that it probably won't hit any bystanders.
- God gets downright pissed off when someone burns an American flag, but he's got no problem with burning a heathen flag so get a grab bag of flags from shitty countries and set them ablaze. Yeah, suck on that Burkina Faso! You won't be fucking with America anytime soon Lichtenstein!
- Hot dogs and burgers are great fare for a Fourth of July party, but think of the possibilities when you combine those two fantastic tastes into a single super sized serving. Fill a sack with 20 hot dogs and then add five pounds of ground beef. Break three eggs into the sack, season to your taste, and then beat at least one illegal immigrant unconscious with the sack before sending him back across the border with a blast of rock salt. Upend the sack onto a hot grill and flatten until it covers the entire grilling surface. Slice like pizza and serve with a side of fried chicken.
- If you have to drive anywhere honk your horn and don't stop until the clock ticks over to midnight. Hell, don't let that stop you! Who says we can't honor our nation's independence by honking incessantly for the next week or two?!
- Sex is scary and bad, but violence is great and wholesome, so don your armor of God and march on down to the nearest immigrant-run business to reap a harvest of blood. Chanting "U-S-A" while you eviscerate the Pakistani woman at Dunkin' Donuts is your birthright as an American citizen, particularly if you are an American citizen of Indian descent.

You are a cow-like consumer with fingers singed by low grade explosives. Sweat stains ring your armpits and trace the outline of your protruding beef-stuffed gut that strains like a hatching reptile

beneath the confines of the NASCAR t-shirt you bought at Wal-Mart. You work 50 hour weeks without overtime pay, your right arm has been broken twice below the elbow by compressors falling off the line, and your common law wife is probably giving blowjobs to the plumber when you're out of the house. Don't let it ruin your Fourth of July that you just got your walking papers, you've got two cold cases of Miller Lite and a brick of bottle rockets. Just kick back and let God bless this mess we call America. Good times.

Bombs Bursting in Air

Greetings and Marry July 4th, eFriends and eEnemies! Josh "Lyestacks" Boruff here to interrupt another horrible assault on glorious America by Zack Parsons! I had a fantastic day today, made only richer by children lighting off those damn "Witch Whistles" every five minutes as well as the bass heavy throb of distant bottle rockets meeting their doom. Yes, fireworks make everything better. In a weird coincidence straight out of science fiction, my talk of fireworks segues directly into my talk of this week's Phriday theme, which is none other than fireworks! Cripes, you'd think I planned these things.

The SA Forum Goons did a bang up job making crappy fireworks packaging, so enjoy the exploding fruits of their labor! As an special Independence Day bonus, there's a crapload of awful images I dug out of my inbox plastered at the end.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.5 Under Seige 3: When Animals Attack

Friday, Jul 04, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Not since the battle of Wake Island has man faced such adversity as I have at my own apartment this past year. When I moved to the heavily wooded outskirts of Metro Detroit to escape the crime, pollution, and white battle rappers, I thought that I could at last relax in my own residence, safe from random assaults and unwanted intrusions. Boy was I ever wrong. I would probably rank this mistake up there with asking Livestock out to the prom, only to get ditched for Zack "Kitten Lips" Parsons, and then getting pig's blood dropped on me when I got voted "most prettiest princess". The enemy is at the gates my friends, and they mean business.

This enemy I speak of are the venomous woodland creatures that live in the forest and streams in my backyard. It seems that they have banded together in an unholy alliance against a common foe: me. Through sabotage, subterfuge, and psychological warfare, they have led a successful campaign against my front, causing me great emotional trauma, lack of sleep, and whining about it over the Internet to everyone's general annoyance. Let me tell you about some of the things these bastardly beasts are doing to make me cry at night while eating a whole tub of vanilla ice cream by myself in the bathroom.

A racoon defends its hard won position on my balcony. Not pictured: me getting bitten in the kneecap.

Racoon City: The Battle for the Balcony

The main battleground in this constant and neverending war is the balcony. My balcony is right in the woods, with branches so close you can touch them. Since I'm on the third floor, it's the perfect level for most of the treetops where the vile little creatures plot their conspiracy. The bulk of this beastly battalion consists of very large raccoons that have taken up residence on my balcony, using it to nap, scream loudly for no reason, and as a personal bathroom. Yes, they shit everywhere. Not cute little nugget shit, but big ole dog sized shit that doesn't smell very pleasant in the least. Since these animals are nocturnal, they find my balcony very convenient for sleeping during the day. All day long they're huddled in the corner taking a nap. If I try to go outside with a chair to sit on my balcony to enjoy a nice summer day, the current racoon sleeping in the corner will wake up and growl menacingly, warning me to leave or get a face bite full of 29 various diseases. Since I'm a big wuss, and confrontations make me hyperventilate, I let the raccoons keep the balcony. For now.

Lewd Lovemaking Ducks

Just like the President of The United States, George Bush II, I like to get a good eight hours of sleep a night. Unfortunately, it's been more like 4 hours a night due to some randy ducks that practice their nightly orgies in the stream outside my window. When I was in 'Nam, I slept through Vietcong raids like a baby, but these duck's quacking of pleasure rouse me out of even the soundest sleep. These nightly Culigulan feather-filled fuckfests have gotten totally out of bounds of what I would call decent water fowl mating. I got so sick of it, that I went outside with a flashlight to break up the duck kingdom of Sodom and Gomorra. I dispersed the rabble amongst a whirl of feathers and duckish secretions, and went back to my bed to try to get some sleep, but they would return with renewed vigor. Since my sleep has now been cut in half, I've found it hard to concentrate at work, and cannot perform with a woman any longer. My girlfriend doesn't buy the duck excuse, but I know it must be the source of my intimacy problems.

Bird Nest BBQ.

One of my favorite things to do in summer is cook juicy red meat and various wursts over an open flame. When I am tending the BBQ, I am the master of my domain. There is nothing more personal and holy than a man's grill. One day I saw a medium sized sparrow entering the closed BBQ from a vent hole on the side. Thinking it was mighty queer, I investigated as to why on earth this bird was going into my grill. When I opened the lid, a shrill womanly shriek of horror erupted out of me. There was a bird's nest in my BBQ! Littered with sticks, twigs, hay, and a healthy portion of crap, my once proud BBQ was defiled. Never before have I felt so violated, barring the time that I was molested by Gary Hart at the 1984 National Democratic Convention. I was so enraged that I let out erratic, hysterical laughter and laid down on my floor in catatonic despair until I felt the urge to put a Hot Pocket in the microwave.

There's a bird's nest in my BBQ. THERE'S A BIRD'S NEST....IN MY BBQ!!

Animal Dance Party USA

Everyday is a party at Frolixo's apartment! Since I'm on the top floor of the building, I hear every little footstep or acorn that taps on the roof. Apparently the roof is the most happenin' place in the animal kingdom, a hotspot where all animals can get together and dance the night away. Paws of all shapes and sizes randomly stomp and scramble across the roof at all hours of the night. I can only assume that raccoons, squirrls, and other assorted beasts are dropping E, juggling glowsticks, and jumping up and down repeatedly to test the stress capacity of the ceiling. I bet they keep playing Paul Oakenfield over and over again, who I hate and want to die in a fiery car crash. This is another reason I can't sleep.

Piglets in my PC

I hope this is covered under my warranty.

I noticed awhile ago that my computer had not been acting up to par, which distressed me to no end since it's fairly new and I take good care of it. When I would go online to "surf the information highway of love", the browser would tend to lock up and freeze, especially if I was 97% completed on a pornography movie (for research purposes only). I tried Norton Anti-Virus, defraging my hardrive, and washing the keyboard with warm soapy water, but nothing worked. So I decided to pop the baby open and take a look at the hardware. Sure enough, a batch of guinea pigs had been breeding inside my computer. As soon as I got all of them out (there were 5), my computer was totally normal. I'm still not sure how the guinea pigs got in there, but I'm sure they came from the forest and snuck through the

air vents. To prevent this from ever happening again, I traded my computer in for a sack of magic beans.

Counter-Attack: Operation Grizzly Adams It was high time to take back my apartment by any means necessary. First, I placed dozens of garden gnomes on the balcony to deter enemy racoon movements, then spikes were installed on the rooftop to put a end to the animal hootenanny taking place. Lastly, I purchased a duck call whistle from the local sporting goods store to confuse the out of control duck sexual activity taking place, hopefully to the point of frustration and dissolution. I decided to leave the nest on the grill, so that when the birds lay their sweet, fresh eggs, all I would have to do is turn on the flame and have an instant meal. Operation Grizzly Adams was in full effect.

Plan B: Flee Operation Grizzly Adams was a total failure. While the gnomes did create some difficulty for the raccoons, most were broken or shat upon within a week. The spikes on the roof only succeeded in transforming the animal rave party into a goth dance club that is pretty much the same but more queer. The duck call only seemed to work on my bloated, mentally defective neighbor Steven, who is now trying to breed with me to make little retarded ducklings. Finally, the raccoons ate the bird eggs before I had a chance to cook them, thus foiling my plans for a free meal on nature's expense. There is only one other option: flee. My lease is up in one month and I don't plan to renew. The animals have outright beaten me on their own territory, just like in 'Nam. They may have won this round, but I'll be back, oh yes. This isn't the last they've seen of me. They may have taken my apartment, but they'll never take my FREEEEDOM!

Anybody want to buy a slightly used BBQ?

The Og Volta

Hi folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting in as your State Og Representative as always. It's Saturday, July 5th, and you know what that means! You overslept dude. The fourth was totally yesterday, you somehow managed to completely pass Friday up. What the hell is wrong with you?

> *From the talented mind of our Chief of Cliched Japanese Biology, Dr. Christopher "Nishimura" McLeod, comes the next big thing in life saving techniques. After a four-year stint locked in the State Og biodome and skate park, Dr. McLeod finally figured out how to work the door latch and emerged with an astounding new product! Yes, Christopher's inaccurately named Rape Cats are here and ready to help the world!*

Once you've had some coffee and fully woken up, check out this week's State Og. It's chock full of words, and maybe vitamins! Okay, there aren't any vitamins. Still though, words. You can't beat words, unless you're playing some really abstract game of Rock, Paper, Scissors, and Words. If you are, we don't want your kind reading State Og anyway.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.6 Something Awful Bagz Squad

Sunday, Jul 06, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Greetz to 4luc4rd, @Rose@ , +=+Alucard+=+, Alucard, and Tetsuo

The SomethingAwful Bagzsquad is pleased to announce our latest fan sub release **"Psychic Aura Academy - Episode 46".** We have packed this exciting episode full of the most accurate translation you can imagine and we did it weeks before the other translation crews! This is scientifically provable as them sucking huge dicks and us being completely awesome almost beyond belief. We know that you have been waiting nearly a day since the last episode of Psychic Aura Academy was released in #animebagz, but wait no more!

This Episode: Kujari finally tells Mimono that he has secret affections for her! A miscast spell is running wild through the academy and may actually interrupt him mid sentence and then he'll blush and she'll think he's getting fresh - which after a fashion he is - and then she'll punch him through a wall of lockers or turn him into a goat or something. Meanwhile a new student named Asoko has arrived at the academy and she is shy and sickly and secretly is attracted to Kujari who she keeps bumping into in the hall. Believe us when we tell you there will be at least **FIVE SCENES** where she falls over and he sees her panties and then she sees him staring and then they both get embarrassed and Kujari may or may not shoot blood comically from his nose. It is fresh and hilarious each time it happens! Meanwhile Kujari's robot maid is becoming jealous of Mimono and has taken to wearing increasingly fucking retarded costumes that show off her ten year old figure. There will probably be some situation where she is going to have sex with Kujari because her robot logic is different than our human logic, but he pussies out and explains why they can't have sex (hint: it ain't because she looks ten).

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN **WAREZ, APPZ, GAMEZ, HACKZ, CRACKZ, FILEZ, DATAZ, LINKZ, SERIALZ, AND BAGZ?!** WE THOUGHT SO. WE ARE YOUR NUMBER ONE SOURCE FOR ZERO DAY FILEZ!!!

Just Cracked BY Alucard, BlAcKwIzArD, Greasnin and the SomethingAwful Crew:

The Sims: Hot Dog Expansion
The Sims: Baby's Day Out Expansion

The Sims: Socks and Knit Sweaters Expansion
The Sims: Office Cannibals Expansion
Police Quest 3
Doom II
Half Life 2: The Sorcerer's Apprentice
Doom III
Doom V

These are complete ISOAPS files so you will have to use Something Awful TOOLZ v4.5 which we have designed for your downloading and burning. This is a ten day demo and after ten days it will emit a constant squeal from your PC Speaker and if you try to crack it we will send **SINE WAVES** through your PC Speaker so suck on that Deborah! If you somehow do crack it we will know (you won't though it uses 400 bit encryption) and then we will send **TRIANGLE WAVES** causing you to be **ANNOYED!**

PLEASE SUPPORT SOMETHING AWFUL CREW BY VOTING US AS YOUR NUMBER ONE SOURCE OF FILEZ OR CLICKING ON OUR SPONSORS BANNERS AND LINKZ!

MaDWoLVES LAYER OF DOOM
The Computer Phreakars Guild TOP 750
HTML Writer's Guild BEST OF THE WEB 1996

HAY!! Is that not enough filez and appz for you?! Well why don't you try logging on to the Something Awful FileBagz Hub? We have over 100 Pintobytes being shared right now of the HOTTEST APPZ LIKE ADOBE AFTER EFFECTS!!!!!!!!! WEB EDIT PRO v3.0!!!!!!! Obey the rules or be kicked IMMEDIATELY.

Rules

Must share 8 gigabytes of porn (HOLE MOVIES NOT CLIPZ)
Must share 10 gigabytes of anime
Must share 20 gigabytes of FILEZ (HOT FILEZ COUNT AS DOUBLE GIGABYTES)
No Fatties (unless you have HOT FILEZ)

SA Pro-GamerGRANDMAis selling his Everquest characters and Diablo items so act now!

$750.00 [SABagz]Alucard666 - Lvl 2 Ranger w/ Force Hat, Rusty Short Sword, Cloth Armor, Old Meat Jerkin, Bracers of +2 Something, 23 Rat Pelts

$495.00 [SABagz]LauraKrofft - Lvl 1 Druid w/ Glass of Milk, 5 Rat Pelts, That PKing Book, Rusty Short Sword, 2 Wolf Meats

Diablo ITEMZ $70.00 Sling Stone
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$120.00 Gourd of Eating
$2000.00 Car of Magic
$2899.00 +5 Car of Magic
$4000.00 +5 Car of Magic w/ Sword of Fish and Ebony Tease Bucket
$7300.00 Gem
$10000.00 208 Gold
$40000.00 8 Potions (assorted)

THE BOOK THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE!!!

Banned in 49 States and 2000 Countries!!! You have to see this to believe it, this book is called "THE SECRETS THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE!!" and we are selling it exclusively through our distro site Something Awful Dot Com. Not available on ebay or amazon, this incredible book is over 300 pages of secrets that will change your life. Expect to have your eyes opened about topics and secrets like:

Who are THEY?!
What are the aliens agendas?
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What do they put in food?
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Hitler's Magic Jet REVEALED?
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And many more secrets! You need to order now but this is only available in BGZ format which is only viewable in our Something Awful TOOLZ program and you will need a key to unlock the GBZ file. You can write your congressman but that won't get you these secrets, only WE have the skinny! Do you remember how addicting Centipede was in the arcade? Think about that for a minute. Why was it addicting? Yeah, **THEM.**++++++++++++**!!!!!!DIRECT DOWNLOAD OF THE DAY!!!!!!**++++++++++++++++

HILARIOUS CLIP OF BASKETBALL HITTING KID FROM ACROSS THE COURT!!! YOU HAVE GOT TO SEE THIS.

Joke of the Day (Greetz to glasyalabolas)

> Richard Dean Anderson walks into a bar.
>
> The bartender says, "Hey, you know, we've got a drink named after you."
>
> Richard Dean Anderson says, "Really? You have a drink called 'Richard Dean Anderson'"?
>
> The bartender says, "Yes. Wait, no."

Remember Kids if you're fucking with Something Awful Bagzsquad then you're going to get the **BUM RUSH.** We have over thirty member in our Sims Online mob and we will **FUCK YOU UP** like we did **KatieCutie.** She wanted to talk shit about our MOB then we fucking blocked that bitches house up, pissed all over the front lawn and moved shit around. She knows **RESPECT** now. And we are always all over the **HACKZ** so we know way to fuck people up even worse than we did **KatieCutrie**. Like we have a **HACK** called ***"Disconnector"*** that will mess you up right when you're doing some important shit like rearranging paintings or moving lamps. **BLAT BLAT!**

BABEZ OF THE WEEK - BRITNEY SPEARS REAL NUDES

NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW!

Running out of ink!? Our new hypnosis tapes are **GUARANDTEED** to fill your ink jet cartridge with any color you need. BUY NOW and you will receive a second tape that allows you to change the color of the ink ALREADY IN THE **CARTRIDGE**. How is this possible you ask?! You won't know until you unlock the power of your mind! The human brain is only operating at 5% of its capacity but we will teach you to use up to **TEN PERCENT** of your brain's **UNLIMITED POTENTIAL.**

You can not only just fill Ink Jet cartridges you can also use the amazing powers of hypnotism to fill:

Tar Buckets
Bagz
Salt Shakers and Some Pepper Shakers
Barrels of Iodine
Shopping Carts
Form Fields
Employee Positions at Tobacconist
Cider Mugs
Toner Cartridges
AND SEVEN MORE!!!!

Act now and we will include - **free of additional charge** - a power focus gem that allows you to centralize your chi magic during hypnosis. If you aren't 110% satisfied with our hypnosis program then you can return the unused portion for a refund and keep the gem as OUR GIFT TO YOU!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.7 Sorry, No Update Today

Sunday, Jul 06, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Sorry everybody, but I just didn't have the time to put together an article for this week. I'd especially like to apologize to the other Something Awful writers, Risheick "Lowstolixo Editor" Kyarsoruffeiwicz. I've let you guys down. But I don't want you to think that I just blew off my work so I could go out and do drugs with hookers. I have a very good reason for not being able to write an article this week. Actually, it's sort of a long story. I'll start from the beginning, but remember, this is just an excuse for not having an update. I don't want anyone confusing this with an actual article, now.

Friend? Or delicious foe?

I was scuba diving off the coast of Zimbabwe a couple days ago on a fact-finding mission for ELEAWTA (that's Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive for those of you who don't keep track of the major humanitarian organizations). I was trying to determine once and for all whether or not whales are fair game. Yes, we all know that they're endangered, but the question is, are they dangerous to mankind? Could they win in a one-on-one fight against a human being? With their massive size advantage, the answer seems to be yes, of course they're dangerous, what kind of idiot are you to ask such a stupid question? However, as the president and founder of ELEAWTA, it is my duty to fully investigate the danger associated with any given animal before adding it to the approved list of creatures that group members should feel free to go out, beat up, and eat. In my opinion, the whales' size advantage is balanced out by mankind's ability to go to the beach and not die. I also contemplated the fact that whales are basically gigantic eating machines. That would seem to make them formidable adversaries, but then I saw that documentary "Finding Nemo." Apparently when whales eat something by accident, they carefully instruct it how to avoid digestion. That's not exactly what I would call fearsome behavior.

See that? Completely surrounded by land! I don't know what the hell I was thinking!

Obviously, the whales - giant, docile blobs of fat, or giant, docile blobs of *death* debate had to be settled. So there I was, searching for whales off the coast of Zimbabwe. A problem presented itself when I discovered that Zimbabwe is completely landlocked, and thus it is quite difficult to find an actual coast, let alone whales. I wanted to rebuke my guide, Nbalamate, for making me walk for hours through the Zimbabwean wilderness in search of a nonexistent coastline, but unfortunately that was when a group of armed rebels took us both hostage. As it turned out, the rebels were planning major coup, but they didn't;t want to just rush into that sort of thing without clocking up a few hours of experience, so they had decided to stage a practice coup by overthrowing the National Guide Service. Long story short, Nbalamate was mercilessly slaughtered and the rebels established a new, customer-friendly guide service with lots of informative film strips and a money back satisfaction guarantee. It was all very pleasant, with the exception of the arterial spray during the brutal killings, but it still didn't get me any closer to finding a whale worth fighting, killing, and grilling, and thus I was still completely out of material for my upcoming article (the one you would otherwise be reading right now).

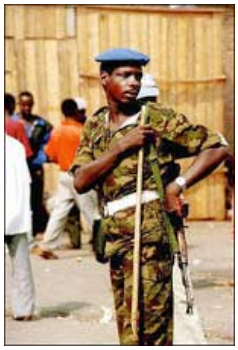
The rebels/tourguides didn't seem particularly intent on killing me, possibly because they were tired out from the almost unimaginable extent to which they killed Nbalamate. I tried to explain to them

that I was an American internet journalist and I was getting hungry, so would they please direct me to the nearest horribly endangered species, but my captors didn't seem to understand. I gathered that they didn't speak any English. I tried speaking louder and slower, but much to my surprise that didn't help. I'll admit that the combination of hunger and general frustration with the relative lack of whales in my immediate vicinity had me on something of a short fuse. Perhaps if I had been in better spirits I could have tried talking even louder and slower and some sort of intelligent communication could have been reached, but I just didn't have the patience. So instead I just whipped out the one item in my possession that transcends all cultural and linguistic barriers. No, not my penis. I'm talking about my official ELEAWTA membership card. Festooned with the ELEAWTA logo (see image at right), there is no place in the world that this symbol is not recognized. Since it stands for all of the progress that my beloved and rapidly-expanding organization is making in the pursuit of chronicling the best ways to cook lethal and endangered animals before they vanish forever, you can just imagine my shock when the rebels starting hooting and gibbering and waving their primitive AK-47s in my face.

Working for a Better Tomorrow For Us All

Better than Visa, unless you need to buy something.

There are over one hundred forty dialects in Zimbabwe, and I only understand a handful of them. And, for the record, not the popular handful So unfortunately I can't say I really understood why the rebels were getting so worked up. And just as a comparison of my good old-fashioned American civility to their open Zimbabwetian hostility, they didn't even *try* to speak louder or slower. Eventually, I was able to piece together enough of their gobbledygook and frantic gestures to figure out that the ELEAWTA logo is a dead ringer for one of their holy symbols. Considering that the ELEAWTA logo is just the Republican Party elephant colored black with a rudimentary bite mark erased out of it in MS-Paint, you have to admit that this was one heck of a coincidence. Then again, I should have figured that I'd do something blasphemous in front of the Zimbabweites sooner or later. Everything is holy to those losers. Since my membership card seemed to be the object of their ire, I did the most logical thing - I tore it up. Don't worry, I always carry a spare. In any case, this did not have the calming effect that I had hoped for. If anything, it angered the rebels even further. I came to the conclusion as the first of what would turn out to be many bullets hit me that it was distinctly possible that they were now planning to kill me, too.



Now that is one saucy dissident.

Well, long story short, the scientists were able to preserve enough undamaged cells to clone me. Unfortunately, my clone was also dead and full of bullet holes, so that was a bust. Clone number two was alive and in relatively good health, but he was only seven inches tall. Clone three was just a computer simulation. Really, clones one through sixty-two were less than ideal. But clone sixty-three was more or less perfect. There were some modifications here and there (curious, ladies?), but I'll get into those in a minute. So I was cloned back into existence, which was a plus, but of course there was a catch. Poor, poor Greasy. I've been cloned so many times in my young life, and there's always been a catch. You know, there's a saying the field of cloning - when you're a clone, you're never really yourself. Ha ha! Get it? It works on a number of levels, but in my particular case it meant that I was brought back to life to serve as an unstoppable killing machine. And who exactly was I supposed to kill? Not the whales, I can tell you that much. You guessed it, my job was to kill the rebels. In all honesty, that sort of bummed me out. Aside from killing me, they hadn't been all that bad. Oh well, it wasn't like I had a choice in the matter anyway. The scientists told me that they had implanted a chip in my brain that would

basically force me to do their bidding. Like they really needed to tell me that! It's not like this was the first time that I had been cloned from the remains of my own corpse in order to put down a rebellion.

Yep, now I'm a cyborg. Just like this little fella.

With heightened strength and agility, as well as expertise with a smattering of melee and ranged weaponry, I was a one man fighting force suitable for a movie starring one, or possibly multiple members of the Van Peebles family. And so it was that I became an assassin for the Zimbabwenese government. Armed to the teeth and as ready to rock as a newly cloned, scrawny, bald ball of death can be, I made my way to the rebel stronghold, A.K.A. the Zimbabwe National Tourism Office, which was conveniently located about half a mile down the road from the Zimbabwe National Genetics Research and Armory facility. When I got there, the door was locked, but since it was one of those doors that's basically just a big aluminum-rimmed window with a handle, I could see the rebels sitting inside. I hadn't felt too strongly about them one way or the other before, but as I stood there watching them answer the phones and draw up the new eye-catching tourism brochure, I felt a hatred unlike any that had ever been beamed into my head via computer chip implant before. I don't know how long I stood frozen in that spot, just watching them, but evidently it was a little too long, because they saw me there and summarily shot the everloving shit out of me with surprisingly little regard for the structural integrity of their door.

Long story short, I just got out of traction and came to the terrible realization that not only did I not kill the rebels quite as much as the Zimbabwican government would have liked, but I still hadn't settled the whale debate. So, while my body may make a full recovery, my mind is darkened, damp, and kind of smelly with the knowledge that I may have single-handedly failed to prevent the infrastructure of an entire nation from crumbling, that those who long to feast upon blubber for the good of mankind will have to wait, and most of all, that I let down the faithful readers of Something Awful. So once again, I apologize. There will be no article today.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

7.8 Grams For Grandmas: Respect Your Elders By Giving Them a Trough of Cocaine

Tuesday, Jul 08, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Cheer up, you old hellbeast! You're about to embark on a new and exciting future that cannot be generated by repeated hospital visits or those bullshit "virtual reality" devices that you regularly see on the Sci-Fi Network!

You are born. You live. You get old. You die. With the exception of Dick Clark, this simple sequence sums up every living creature's existence on the planet Earth. It could very well encompass the life span of any creature on any other planet throughout our solar system barring the planet on that one episode of "Star Trek" where the old people were actually young people and vice versa, and although I don't exactly remember what happened in that episode, I think it's safe to say that somebody shot a laser beam at somebody else while yet another character mentioned something about a "hull breach." Poets and other chronically unemployed people have been bitching about our brief, fleeting existence for thousands of years now, and despite the fact that most of them are fortunately dead at this point, new ones keep springing up to lament upon our short time on Earth. As long as we continue to be born, we will continue to get old and eventually die. Some of us may luck out and either get jabbed in the skull with a knitting needle until we are successfully aborted, and others of us may have our DNA put into magic scientific genie lamps where we are turned into futuristic cyborgs that roam the Earth looking for renegade humans to kill, but the majority of us will undoubtedly succumb to the cold grip of death's elderly embraces.

Mankind currently knows no way to escape death, and as a result we must face the cruel reality that most of us are going to continue to age in a rather linear fashion each year until we successfully stop living. The human race has always respected and admired our elders, at least until the present time. In ancient Egypt, old people were given solar-powered temples made out of solid gold and polished by the evil alien Nazi overlords who helped them with the construction of these luxurious shrines to their highly comical gods. Of course the Egyptians leaders would then tip over the pyramid, thereby crushing the elderly people beneath them like a June Bug under a Humvee, but that was a very graceful way to die back then just like how Islamic fundamentalists believe it's equally luxurious to strap bombs to your testicles and run inside a crowded bus station when the local "Nuns and Crippled Orphans Society" is passing by. Native Americans, who were known as "Indians" before that term became highly insensitive and racist due to Cleveland's baseball team routinely losing games even before they had a chance to play them, had a very strict set of customs revolving around respecting their elders. Go try to rent any movie about Native Americans and I guarantee you that there will be at least nine thousands scenes featuring very, very, very, very old people sitting in front of a fire and saying very, very, very, very boring and nonsensical gibberish in a monotone voice. All the other Native Americans would say, "oh really, that's just fascinating Spitting Duck Turkey Frog," generally humoring the old people and making them feel comfortable until a non-Native American American came by and sold them trick beads infected with AIDS. This is assuming the old person was named "Spitting Duck Turkey Frog," which is a very common Native American name, at least according to my research of six beers. Hell, even us stupid white people used to be nice to the elderly back in the 1950s or so. We refused to mug or assault them on a regular basis, and if that's not paying reverence to somebody, I don't know what is.

However, as is the nature of mankind, times change. People change. Feelings change. Traffic lights change. Old people have absolutely nothing to look forward these days except telemarketers harassing them on their deathbed, medical bills piling up like government nuclear waste landfills, and empty promises of their son who repeatedly swears to visit them in the hospital but instead ends up spending the day watching the all-new Spike TV and drinking Ajax under the kitchen table. All kids wish they were teenagers. All teenagers wish they were adults. All adults wish they were teenagers, or at least fucking one on a regular basis. Note that nobody wishes to be an elderly person in this day and age, which is for a very good reason. There is absolutely no appeal in getting old these days as nobody respects you, nobody gives you any special rights, and the only "perk" you get is a half-price discount off a greasy, overpriced, sweating lump of carbon residue labeled "French Fried Fiesta Breakfast Platter" at Denny's. Well, that is, until now.

"Grams For Grandmas" is the new non-profit organization I am starting up here at Something Awful headquarters, unless of course it actually starts generating a profit, in which case it will be a "non-profit for profit" service and I can begin callously stepping on the backs of all those who helped me reach the position I obtained, just as I have done with this website. The entire theory behind "Grams For Grandmas" revolves around three complex and highly scientific points:

1) It is not fun to become really fucking old.
2) Narcotics are fun but very illegal.
3) If you take narcotics on a regular basis, you will more than likely die before you grow old.

Smoke out and get loaded, grandma! Tonight's your night to shine!

Economists estimate that by the year 2005, Social Security will consist of nothing but seven two-dollar bills and a postcard depicting a sunrise in Utah with the caption "wish you were here" scrawled across it in red Magic Marker. Additionally, elderly people will make up over 72% of the American public by that time, swarming into our hospitals and retirement homes like reporters on those ugly-ass mutant Iranian twin sisters who are being cut apart with state-of-the-art Iranian hacksaws and chains. The government is clearly incapable of rewarding people for getting old, as President George W. "Double-yoo" Bush Jr. wants to instead spend more money on making Middle-Eastern people explode while American flags wave in the background and we're all spammed to death with pro-USA frisbee flyer advertisements. Since the public sector refuses to bribe elderly people in exchange for them not dying, it's up to us, the private sector, to make the hopes and dreams of the elderly come true. I don't have any clue what their hopes and dreams are, so I'm going to instead project my hopes and dreams upon them and pray for some entertaining results.

Grams For Grandmas seeks to make life easier and way more fun for the remarkably old people in America by cramming their nervous system so full of illegal narcotics that every day will be a bright, sunny, exciting new adventure for them. Think about it; the main reason people abuse illegal narcotics is so they may "escape" from their harsh, cruel reality where they regularly say things such as "get off my fly tip, dawg" and "would you like fries with that?" The glorious world of drug abuse provides a sunny day for these sullen Sallies, a world full of wonderful new adventures that routinely involve them dry humping carpet samples or trying to eat an entire police officer. Elderly people over the age of 100 need this kind of fabulous escape from their dreary life of bedridden depression, and they also deserve to be awarded for living so long and failing to die even once. Grams For Grandmas will hook up

these senior citizens with the illegal narcotic of their choice, ranging from cocaine to heroin to the blue-colored Nuke in "Robocop 2" that made your eyelids fall down. These lucky folks will then be allowed to interact with other near-dead folks who are so doped up that they're convinced the walls are speaking to them in Latin and trying to persuade them to vote Buchanan.

When applying for the Grams For Grandmas program, entrants will be charged a one-time processing fee, as well as a two-time "processing the processing fee" fee, which will probably appear multiple times on their credit card bills... you know, just to make sure we charged them correctly. The applicant will then be asked the following series of questions:

1) Are you old?
2) I mean, like really old?
3) No, like even older than that? I mean like really, really, really, REALLY old?
4) Does the idea of a crack buffet line appeal to you?

If the applicant fails to answer all of the questions because they're so elderly that they lack the ability to properly move their mouth in a fashion so that key vowels and consonants are emitted from it, then they are allowed into Grams For Grandmas. If somebody tries to trick us, like a wily 99-year old who forged their driver's license so it says they're 100, then we'll have no choice but to place them in our "Guns For Grandmas" program, which revolves around key staff members shooting them with various handguns, then proceeding to mutilate their corpses with key staffs. If their check bounces, then they are put into the "Garages For Grandmas" program, where a bunch of elderly people are forced into a small, improperly ventilated car garage and given one crowbar to beat the others to death with so they may survive, all filmed and sold to Fox as a gritty new reality television show entitled "Behind Closed Doors: the Secret Lives of the Elderly" which is simultaneously too hot for TV and too hot to handle. In fact, it's so hot that if you tried to watch it, you would combust and die. If you even try to think about watching it, then we'll stab your family members in the face with fireplace pokers. That's how hot this show is, folks.

The most famous ugly old crazy hag grandma of them all, Carol Channing, in flower format.

Once accepted into Grams For Grandmas, the elderly person will allowed to choose from our exotic "Bucket of Narcotics" and pick their own custom, designer drug of the month. For example, July offers "Kooky Ketamine," a delicious home-brewed concoction that will have Ol' Lady Clementine thinking she's looking out of the eyes inhabiting Jimmy Carter's hair! She'll be able to taste the color red, fly across tropical landscapes inhabited by strange and beautiful creatures who resemble a comb and act like a comb only they're called "Gwerno Beasts," and feel as if she and the universe were one entity inhabiting the same great Arby's of Heaven. Also she'll finally be able to figure out the deep metaphysical message behind Christian Slater's hit movie "Gleaming the Cube," as well as Patrick Swayzee's "Roadhouse." August brings forth "Meth Madness," where it's an utter madhouse... OF FANTASTIC SAVINGS! Imagine a trough of shining fake steel, packed brim to brim with only the best and most refined methamphetamines that our cook, Joe "One Eyed" Jenkins, has to offer! We use only the best and highest quality rat poison and industrial cleaning solvents in our meth, and we pass the savings onto you, the old person who's about to die a prolonged, painful death! In addition to our monthly theme drug, well months, we have an email list that applicants may sign up for and get complimentary free spam mail that takes advantage of their inability to see coherent words that form a certain pattern and make some degree of sense if you look at them in the right lighting. These exclusive email offers contain such wonderful deals as "don't reply to this message in order to join our $100 a month eBook club" and "if you

fail to read this, you have already subscribed to our service and owe us a whole assload of money in your last will and testament, you old bag of rotting flesh."

Overall, we feel that Grams For Grandmas will completely change and revolutionize the way we treat and feel about our elderly. For example, we'll suddenly start treating them with dinner plates full of pills with red crossbones on them, and we'll start feeling like, "hey, old people doped up on a bucket full of horse tranquilizers is pretty goddamn funny, especially after I've been drinking." As for the actual people in Grams For Grandmas... well, they'll all be too bombed out of their mind to complain about anything, and if they even try, we'll slip them one of those pills featured predominantly on the ABC "After School Specials" that turned Fred Savage into a lean, mean, date-rape machine who rammed his tongue down Winnie Cooper's throat after the prom. After all, we should reward all the old fuckers in our society, not treat them like the outcasts they actually are. Since showing reverence and respect is far too annoying and time consuming for me, I figure spiking them out of their decrepit old minds is clearly the next best thing. After all, since this is a non-profit service, what I am doing just has to be in their best interests, unless of course Fox picks up the rights to "Behind Closed Doors: the Secret Lives of the Elderly." If that happens then fuck it, I'll give the old bastards a jug of Clorox and laugh all the way to the bank.

For Customer Use:

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here. I am sick. Like for reals. Doctor says I have the ole tonsillitis which doesn't surprise me in the least as I've managed to contract it somehow at least once a year. I have one weak tonsil, and as much as I want them to take the damned thing out, the doctors keep saying it's good to have. It's also apparently good to shoot yourself out of a cannon and into a well. I'm not a doctor, but I play one on the net.

I'm still playing Planetside, despite all the bugs. OMGLOLBBQ on Markov. The WTF is apparently an abomination against man and God. But you can't have God in your name, either.Sweet Jesus, I'm rambling. Lemme check my temperature to find out if I'm delirious yet. 101.2 Time for Tylenol. And time for today's Comedy Goldmine so I can go back to bed. You know how sometimes people will have pets do human-like things like eat with a tool or kinda belch out a sound that sounds like a word, or refinance a car loan? Well, what if they *were* people?

I'm going to have nightmares now on top of the need to rip my own throat out.

It doesn't get any less freaky, so go ahead and get it over with..

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.9 Ray's Inferno (Part One)

Tuesday, Jul 08, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Big Prize Week is Coming!

As of this time and not really any other, I would like to take a moment to knock the fucking wind out of your undergarments by announcing the coming of BIG PRIZE WEEK! In what has to be the biggest thing to happen to SA since that time the ghost of John Elway paid us a surprise visit and taught us an important fable about lasers mounted on orbital space stations, Big Prize Week promises to become the greatest thing to ever happen to this site, and especially to you readers. We've dragged you through hell with our self-proclaimed "comedy," but soon we will take all that pain away with prizes of the big variety. FOR AN ENTIRE WEEK! What kind of prizes you ask? In case your ears were swollen shut from bee stings and you failed to hear me mention big prizes, we're talking **BIG PRIZES!!!** We're talking prizes that will make you so happy a smile will seize control of your face, killing and raping the muscles you use to frown. It's coming, just you wait.

Ray's Inferno (Part One)

Note: the following is a brilliant work of fan fiction that I created in spite of my step dad who told me I had to go get a real job and stop messing around on the Internet. Well, screw you, step dad, I'm old enough to buy alcohol and so I don't have to take your orders.

The Rise of Ray Combs

The last thing Ray Combs remembered was being swallowed whole by the gaping maw of death, and seeing a thousand faces flash before his eyes. Here was a man who, for a living, put families against each other using promises of money and prizes as a catalyst for blood feuds. This was not an inherently evil occupation, for in many ways it promoted strong family bonds and team work. Ray's family bonds were never tested in such a manner, though, and they proved to be too weak to sustain. Finding steady employment was also a question of great concern, one who's answer proved fleeting. And so then Ray, at the end of his wits, with family and security slipping away, hung himself with bed sheets in the closet of a mental ward. As the last ounces of life drained from him, there was a feeling of calm release as he watched the warp speed slide show of memories that zoomed through his brain. "This is the end," he thought as the memories faded to the most beautiful black he had ever seen. He looked to Heaven for freedom, but the survey did not agree.

Ray Combs' life is restored, but not without consequences.

"Rise from your grave," demanded an almost lifeless voice emanating from somewhere obscured from mortal eyes. Perhaps it was the voice of God, but it sounded more like Sinistar. Ray was too confused and delirious to understand who was talking to him, for he had just been dragged through six feet of dirt by an unknown force that definitely was not a pick-up truck driven by a cowboy. His eyes and body were saturated with tiny black particles that clung together like cobwebs and latched onto his skin like leeches. Just as he had seen when he left life behind, there was nothing but total black. The black was no longer comforting; it was twisted and made his insides feel like a piñata filled with glass and a rabid turtle. He scratched madly to

get it off, almost digging into his own skin in places. The dirt made him feel violated and afraid, like one gets when a mysterious insect crawls or slithers across the skin without prior written consent. His lungs (Oh god, how long have they been without air?) were just waking up after a long and somber hiatus. The oxygen he breathed in came as a harsh shock to his system, yet still, his body was up to the challenge. His organic systems quickly began to reorient themselves to the task of living. Pulses of energy began flowing through cells, which began a rapid restoration of the damages done by decay. Ray Combs was alive once more.

That mysterious force – the one that tore him from the earthly soil – was once more upon him. He felt the need to walk forward, for some inexpiable force was preventing him from staying stationary. This is where he first noticed his surroundings. He was in a graveyard, one that was apparently doing a particularly poor job of keeping its residents occupied. He realized he was not alone. All around him the dead were roaming. Was he one of them? Was he just another lost soul with eternal insomnia? No, he felt too alive, too stricken with purpose to be a zombie. He was nervous, though. In spite of returning in such a deranged and occult manner, Ray did his best to remain calm and try to deduct as much information as possible about his situation. Hysterics would do little to aid in this situation, especially with such menacing creatures all around him. The zombies were not the only predators: a fierce, two-headed dog, the dioskilos, was stalking about. Ray moved with increasing speed, finding the muscles in his body to be stronger than he remembered. This proved to be quite the asset, because by the time he reached a large ruined temple, he was completely surrounded. A primordial voice inside his head had been telling him to seek sanctuary, and this temple was his answer to that voice. Just as he rushed up the steps he was hit with the nauseating realization that he would never make it to safety in time. The beasts were close behind him and gaining ground at a faster rate of speed. He was a high-powered magnet, and they were the kind of metal that was interested in a long-term relationship with a high-powered magnet.

The mysterious ebony space captain comes to rescue Ray from the monsters and lead him to his destiny.

Although his enemies were poised to strike, divine intervention struck first, which is usually the preferred order of things. A humming noise sliced through the howls and groans of the fearsome scourges, just as it sliced through the very fabric of reality like a chainsaw through unwanted clown corpses. The air itself sparkled with light like a beautiful waterfall. Unlike most waterfalls, this cascading dance of energy took human form. Where once stood nothing now stood an ebony-skinned man wearing a strange uniform. He instantly pulled from his belt a handheld apparatus of some sort, and with it he fired swords of light that disintegrated the monsters. It went by in an instant, like the Fast Money round of Ray's old game show. The stranger had saved Ray Combs from a second death.

"My name is Captain Benjamin Sisko of the Deep Space Nine. Starfleet Command has sent me to guide you through the next stage of your journey, Ray Combs!" Sisko offered a reassuring smile, one that carries much weight given his rank. As he was a captain, a leader therefore, he was in apt position to take Ray's hand and guide him through this dark time.

Ray almost trembled, overjoyed that he was no longer alone. But still, questions and confusion lingered in his achy bones like a magazine subscription that proved entirely regrettable. "I am not sure what has happened. Am I dead?"

"In a manner of speaking, Ray, you are. You left your world as no man should, and for that you will need to find your way. Starfleet Command has given me this mission, but the balk of this burden rests on your shoulders." Ray sighed, realizing for the first time that his attempts to escape pain were fruitless. The suicide tree is never truly ripe, and its roots are poison to all who walk near it.

Although, it is not like he had any other time to realize this, seeing as how he was dead and all.

Continuing with the change in mood, Sisko approached Ray, placing his hands on Ray's dirty shoulders. "You have to be strong, Ray! Where we are going few men survive. I promise you that if you make it, that if you are strong enough, the rewards will carry you through eternity." His voice had become grave and serious, yet his words wavered a little under the emotional strain.

"But why me? All I wanted was to get away from the pain!"

"Maybe so, but running is only a temporary solution. Sooner or later you have to fight."

Ray paused, though he was sure of his task, he was unsure of his abilities and inner resolve. His companion was not one to procrastinate, however, and quickly signaled that it was time for Ray to begin his trial.

"Where do we go from here, Captain?"

"We pass through an unstable wormhole. Mr. O'Brien will transport us to our vessel." Sisko himself paused, but only for a brief moment, as if contemplating the horrors that wait and relishing just one more second free of them. "Mr. O'Brien, we are ready. Two to beam up."

With those words, Combs and Sisko became as dancing light, shimming until there was nothing left but air and a desolate graveyard.

Ray's Descent

Sisko and Combs rematerialized on board a small ship cast out in an infinite black sea. Ray was reminded of death, and then the disorienting rise from the ground. But this black did not torment him like the dirt. Instead it seemed almost peaceful, almost comfortable. He was reminded of all the space related questions he used to ask at his old job, and the families who would answer them. He always felt a little joy when a player would answer correctly. "Survey Says!" could bring doom just as often as it could bring salvation, after all. He was probably a billion miles from the set of Family Feud, if it even still existed. Little did Ray know that his old job had been handed to Louie Anderson. If he had known this, he probably would have hung himself again.

The small craft they sailed through space in ventured into the mighty wormhole, which blossomed like a flower and swallowed them like the maw of death. They did not die; they merely traveled through a tunnel of light. Space was a constant conflict between light and dark, Ray observed, yet there was peace in the balance. Ray wondered if there was enough peace for him, or if he had damned himself forever with his selfish actions. He wanted to survey a hundred people and find out the answers, but there was only one person around, and he seemed more of the impartial guide and observer type than the sounding board type.

Sisko and Combs enter the den of the Lemmings, who live eternally as slaves to pointless routine.Sisko commented, "Theirs is an existence most sad. They move from task to task without ever striving for a higher goal other than the immediate task. But the tasks never end."

Before long, Ray lost track of their travels. He was exhausted, and took solace in a short nap. This nap proved quite satisfying, brief as it was. When he awoke, Sisko said it was time to go. The duo beamed to an endless pasture speckled with mountains and rocky ledges, full of those who were like lemmings. They marched endlessly with no purpose, falling off cliffs and splattering into pools of bloody pulp.

"Why don't you get involved?"

"Starfleet Prime Directive forbids it."

"Oh, dear," said Ray Combs as he watched a lemming fall from a cliff, saved only by the expert deployment of a parasol.

"We must go. There are still errors for you to see and reflect on."

They journeyed into a cave that had been created by lemmings exploding themselves. It was a horrid march through dark, suffocating rock that seemed to sweat even more than them. The passage was getting hot and becoming more and more like the inner thighs of Richard Simmons.

As they neared the end of the passage, Ray inquired of his guide, "What's next?"

Sisko remained silent, not wanting to spoil the forthcoming events like some shitty Internet writer, and continued on into the darkness. Ray's question was answered only be dripping water and the eerie breathing of the cavern. In the distances he could hear moaning and wailing.

READ THE EXCITING NEXT CHAPTER OF THIS NON-NERDY SAGA NEXT WEEK!!! DON'T PUSH ME STEP DAD THIS IS MY ART!!!

◘ Role Dise To Go

Howdy y'all, Taylor "the guy who writes all that stuff about games" Bell here with a riveting followup article. My last article was a review (sort of) of a terrible MMORPG called Ragnarok Online. It appears that things haven't been running too smoothly for the incompetent gang of high-school programming class dropouts known as Gravity Interactive, and they haven't been running smoothly for me either. You see, several people did not seem to appreciate my original review-type-thing, so without hesitation they fired up their email clients and blasted me with a merciless salvo of electronic death.

you dumbshitlick...

i am not a fan of ragnarok
i have not played it

but your information on koreans, by that i mean south
koreans, is very fucking misleading

first of all, i think you were talking about south
korea because north korea is a communist-side and they
don't freaking make any kind of entertainment
especially anything like a pc-game

secondly you are a dickcunt-sucking shitlick
although one of my friends is a korean
i don't know what koreans really do and don't really
care but i have a problem with stereotyped
motherfucker like you

just fucking review the game, don't involve anything
to degrade the people

He certainly raises an interesting point! Check out the full documentary, you dumbshitlick!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.10 Attention FBI: I Plan on Destroying RealNetworks Headquarters From an Orbital Laser Cannon

Thursday, Jul 10, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Before I launch into today's festive, fun-filled update describing how RealPlayer and RealOne and every other RealShitty product from RealNetworks has left me with an unquenchable bloodlust that can only result in the slaughtering of millions, I would like to thank Zack "Ghost Exchanger" Parsons for letting the dream of the upcoming "Big Prize Week" come true. I can't praise him enough for all the hard work and effort he put into organizing "Big Prize Week," and once next Sunday rolls around I know you won't be able to either. This is definitely one of the biggest and most exciting things we here at Something Awful have ever done in our entire existence on the Internet, and I don't think I'd be going out on a limb if I claimed it was simply the biggest thing ANY website has ever done on the Internet. Zack spent months upon months getting brainstorming "Big Prize Week" and putting together all the pieces so it would be the incredible success that it's bound to be. If it sounds like I'm gushing too much praise for the man, let me just say that once "Big Prize Week" begins, you'll undoubtedly understand why I'm so excited about even the mere concept itself. Let me also take this last sentence to extend my personal gratitude to some other people who helped make "Big Prize Week" possible: a special thanks goes out to Jeff Bezos, Steve Case, and Steve Jobs, all of which were critical in amassing the tools needed to make "Big Prize Week" the astonishing success it will be. Thank you very much, and I sincerely hope you readers out there are as pumped up about "Big Prize Week" as I am!

With that out of the way, I would like to begin today's update by offering a brief and simple synopsis fueling the backbone of the text you're about to read:

Fuck you, RealNetworks.

See? Now when I want a program to simply play a video, I really love it when all this other crap appears! This is my dream come true!

When Rob Glaser, President of Progressive Networks, announced the launch of RealAudio back in April of 1995, most people hailed it as a technological breakthrough which would completely change the world of streaming Internet audio. This was mainly because there previously was no world of streaming Internet audio, therefore making it highly easy to change. You see, back in 1995, Internet users had two different options when it came to listening to online audio: they could either download wav files of live sports broadcasts from 1978 at 3 kbps, or simply program their computers so it emitted screeching triangle wave sounds periodically while they pretended it was a highly advanced super-robot from the future like that piece of shit bronze midget from "Buck Rogers" or possibly "Battlestar Galactica," depending on which show it was on. The Internet was relatively in its infancy back then, lacking the strong technological backbone and bandwidth it has these days, so a low bitrate streaming audio broadcast was hailed by many as the wave of the future. Big name companies such as Microsoft (which now produces 100% of everything in the world) and Netscape (I don't recall exactly what they used to produce, but this 89-year old man down the street who spends his free time whittling wooden figurines of black children

eating watermelons claims that Netscape once produced Internet browsers) immediately adopted this technology and signed many exciting new contracts with Progressive Networks. Once the mass media companies saw the backing by these two online powerhouses, they began to sign up as well, offering live ABC Radio news, Major League Baseball broadcasts, and results from the tremendously historic Hong Kong elections. I don't remember who won the aforementioned horribly historic Hong Kong elections, but they must not have done a very good job in their presidency, as every time I watch an anime movie their entire country gets vaporized by nuclear missiles, comets, giant robots, and millions of tentacle penises, most of which lack the right to vote.

Now I'm not going to make any outlandish claims, like "RealAudio always sucked" or "women find me irresistible." I have to admit that early versions of RealAudio, and to a lesser extent RealPlayer, were good products. RealAudio did a somewhat decent job of pumping out streaming audio over crappy modem connections, at least compared to the alternative of buying a plane ticket and traveling to wherever the broadcast was taking place. The futuristic technology of RealAudio came from its ability to "buffer" media and stream it out at an even, consistent rate. Of course this never really happened correctly, but it was the thought that counted. If I were to walk up to you in 1995 and say, "you know, one day shares of Linux stock will debut at $100 million billion dollars per share," you would hear that exactly how I said it. However, the buffering technology behind RealAudio would allow me to say this same thing to you in realtime, only I could be 2,000 miles away and Dungeon Mastering in my mom's basement while doing so. Unfortunately, RealAudio would transform the sentence of "you know, one day shares of Linux stock will debut at $100 million billion dollars per share" into something more bandwidth / Internet friendly, which resembled something like this:

> *(BUFFERING... 100% DONE)* "You kn-" *(BUFFERING, 47% DONE)* "-ow, one d-" *(BUFFERING, 9% DONE)* "-ay shares of Linux" *(BUFFERING, BUFFERING% DONE)* "will debut at $10-" *(BUFFERING, KITCHEN FLOORS ARE NOW BRIGHT AND SHINY)* "0 million billion doll-" *(BUFFERING, WHY NOT DOWNLOAD A PRIMITIVE VERSION OF BONZI BUDDY TO SPEED UP THIS DOWNLOAD WHILE YOU'RE WAITING HERE?)* "-ars per share."

RealNetworks makes black people think about something!

Then there would be some horrible white noise and an advertisement for the newest version of the Spry Mosaic web browser, which included support to render the letter "q" properly on most platforms. Those were indeed the good ol' days, when the Internet was an electronic version of the Wild Wild West, only instead of cowboys there were people talking about the latest patch for *Doom*. And instead of tumbleweed, there were ads for the hottest FTP freeware sites on the Internet. And instead of horse toughs, there were - ah, forget it, the Internet was never like the Wild Wild West, and if you think it was, then you're probably one of those retarded folks who seriously use the term "surfing the Information Highway" without laughing hysterically.

Everything was relatively fine for the next couple years; Progressive Networks continued to ramp up support for RealAudio and created such monster smash hit products as "Timecast," a piece of non-functioning software which delivered a bunch of information to people who didn't bother to read it, and "RealPublisher," which nobody has ever used to this very day (including the programmers). However, a disturbing trend was beginning to take place with every release of RealAudio. Each version, while moderately improving the potential sound quality and reliability, was growing increasingly bloated like a tick hanging off Louie Anderson's armpit. The original version of RealAudio was simple to use and easy as hell to install. All you had to do was go to "JC3621's Ko0l wEb PiCkS oF Da DaY" and click on the download link. Once your computer finished grabbing the file six days later, you clicked the program, installed it, and you were ready to go listen to things erotically buffer themselves. However, as the release number increased, additional "features" were

added to the software, despite the fact that nobody asked for these features and nobody sure as hell wanted them. In addition to playing streaming media, RealAudio could now take over every audio file on your computer unless you filled out an eight-page contract instructing asking it politely to refrain from turning your computer into RealAudio HeadQuarters! And hey, Progressive Networks knows how much you kids love pictures of 20-year old women listening to their computer speakers inside a white room, so RealAudio can easily change your homepage and browser links to all point to their homepage where you can be informed of exciting deals and offers available only through RealAudio! And if you decide to ever shoot yourself in the head out of raw frustration, be sure to use RealStreamingSuicideAudio to transmit the sound of the gunshot to thousands of online Internet users in realtime! It will only be buffered 573 times per second!

RealOne OpenPass forces ugly, pasty white girls to put brown mops on their heads and listen to signals from NASA probes!

Soon Progressive Networks took the step which sealed their fate: they changed their name to RealNetworks, and the 500 mile-an-hour downhill slide began. RealAudio was quickly declared "obsolete" by the people in RealNetworks' Department of Raging Assholes, and RealPlayer 4.0 was spewed out with every copy of Microsoft Internet Explorer 4.0. I guess the positive side of the coin was that nobody in their right mind used IE back then, as Microsoft spent less time developing IE than it did with Notepad, except possibly to ensure IE crashed at every possible opportunity and didn't support anything anywhere no matter how much you cried about it. In addition to streaming audio, RealPlayer 4.0 included streaming video which came in two different formats: big blocky chunks of blurry pixels, and even bigger blocky chunks of blurry pixels. They used a special proprietary compression algorithm created by the people in the RealNetworks Department of Incompetent Jerks Who Hate All Human Beings, and this codec allowed audio to sound as if it was recorded inside a bathroom water pipe with a Fischer-Price microphone manufactured during the Kennedy administration.

Once RealNetworks figured out that they had a stranglehold on the streaming audio and video market, they became crazed with power and turned into psychotic zombies bent on the mental downfall of all mankind. RealPlayer downloads increased in file size from 500k to roughly 298.3 megs, although you can get a really speedy download if you agree to subscribe to the Real1Total1RealPackageRealSavings service which only costs $19.95 a month and allows you to get streaming video feeds of behind the scenes footage from never released "Designing Women" episodes in Spanish. Instead of the simple, effective, easy-to-use software that defined RealAudio, RealNetworks is currently pushing their most worthless, bloated, piece of shit file to ever hit the Internet, RealOne. In case you're wondering what the "One" stands for, it is an acronym for "Obnoxious New Executable," which succinctly sums up everything about RealNetworks' current marketing release strategy. By default, RealNetworks will try to trick you into downloading their Premium Gold Platinum Ultra-Super-MegaPass Limited Edition Ken Griffy Jr. version of RealOne, which has a free 14-day trial that immediate changes into a not-so-free lifetime subscription service which usually begins a few weeks before your 14 day trial expires. You know... *for your convenience.* In addition to playing the obsolete RealMedia formats, the software now comes with the following super mega fun bonus features:

More bloated crap that nobody will use! Look for it to change names and double in file size in a year!

■**PLAYS ALL MEDIA FORMATS, EVEN IF YOU DON'T WANT IT TO.** Once installed, RealOne will begin a series of hostile takeovers where it corrupts and hijacks every possible file extension association, usually by holding key people hostage. Hey, did you like listening to mp3s on WinAmp? Well RealNetworks knows you secretly hate the efficiency and ease-of-use that the last decent release of WinAmp (2.73) had to offer, so please welcome your new mp3 player, a gigantic hunk of blue and white pig vomit that makes up for its lack of useful features by adding in the luxury of needless software bloat! RealOne is programmed to associate itself with all files limited to the .* extension in order to ensure that it will be able to play file types that don't even exist yet! It's that futuristic! And if you ever make the forbidden mistake of removing its file associations, RealOne will be more than happy to let you know that you royally fucked up and it will take the liberty of changing them back again! You can't get this kind of stellar customer service these days!

■**EASY ACCESS TO ONLINE RADIO WHICH YOU WILL NEVER USE.** The only thing worse than regular radio is Internet radio, especially now that the RIAA is making online stations pay them $40 billion in taxes every time they play the new Metallica track, which includes samples from hit Eminem songs and was recorded by a group of budding 18-year old sound engineers inside an Alabama toolshed. I don't know anybody who listens to any Internet radio except NPR, and let me tell you, the people who religiously tune in to NPR spend all their money on car bumper stickers which read "My Other Car is a Broomstick - Support Your Local Wiccan" and "George W. Bush Jr. Murders Babies."

Just give us your goddamn credit card and don't ask what we're giving you in exchange!

■**ADVANCED CD BURNING WHICH YOU WILL ALSO NEVER USE.** Hey RealNetworks, there are a shitload of great CD burning programs, and RealOne is not one of them! Anybody who is serious about making their own CDs uses dedicated programs such as Ahead Nero, which offer a ton of great features for a low price. The biggest feature of RealOne's CD-burning capabilities is that it can make the sound of a clown masturbating when you're done producing a corrupted disc of your favorite Christina Aguilera mixes.

■**EXPANDED EQ CONTROLS WHICH TRANSFORM YOUR SHITTY STREAMING AUDIO INTO EVEN SHITTIER STREAMING AUDIO.** If RealOne's EQ controls included a toggle which could switch between "sound like crap" and "don't sound like crap," then they might have a useful feature on their hands. As is, the EQ is about the most worthless piece of junk ever, easily taking a back seat to "adjusting the treble knob on your PC speakers with your fat nerd fingers." Sure, the lure of being able to increase the bass of the guy's voice advertising environmentally-safe bleach is simply intoxicating, but it's yet another worthless feature that RealNetworks has piled on in a futile attempt to make people think that more features = more better.

■**NEW TOOLBAR MODE ENSURES YOU'LL CONSTANTLY BE REMINDED OF HOW MUCH YOU LOATHE REALONE AT ALL TIMES.** Upon installing RealOne, it will place a shortcut on your desktop, a shortcut on your startup menu, a shortcut in your program links, a shortcut on your toolbar, a shortcut in your system tray, a shortcut in your Internet browser, a shortcut branded across the

Don't even get me started on this one.

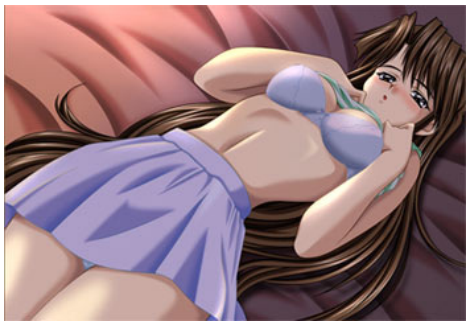
foreheads of the ones you love, a shortcut inside the shortcut inside the shortcut on the next computer you purchase, and a shortcut that leads to a page which takes over all your previous shortcuts with RealNetwork shortcuts which allow you to purchase RealOne visor caps and monthly passports to view that QVC baseball card show where the two rednecks shout a lot and throw things.

■ **BUILT-IN MEDIA BROWSER HELPS YOU HATE THE INTERNET IN GENERAL.** Once again, RealNetworks is convinced that you and I are all tired of using fully functional products, and would instead prefer a series of half-assed pieces of junk that are built into one gigantic ad serving lump of software. The RealOne Media Browser will allow you to browse "The Internet Lite," which is kind of like the Internet if you were to take out all the free content and instead replace it with ads and pictures of people enjoying various RealNetworks products. That's right, if you purchase the Premium Gold Platinum Ultra-Super-MegaPass Limited Edition Ken Griffy Jr. version of RealOne, you'll finally be able to see a nonstop parade of ads telling you what songs and videos you like and how to best purchase them so RealNetworks successfully makes the most money! It's like being on a RealNetworks' controlled version of the Internet, which is a paradise for mentally handicapped people with large credit card limits.

I suppose I may sound a tad bitter when it comes to talking about RealNetworks, but I can honestly say that I have never hated a piece of software as much as I despise RealOne and all its previous and future incantations. This may be because I hate the unnecessary features, code bloat, corporate whoring, or the fact that whenever RealOne attempts to run on my computer, it completely locks up Windows XP Pro, causing me to do a cold reboot. Yes, this wonderful piece of software can't even be shitty on my computer, as it causes my entire system to freeze and never recover unless I pull the plug and power it back on. Thank you very much for your incredible progress, RealNetworks, and I look forward to the day when I can buy a complete RealComputer, which is simply a stone box covered entirely with ads that refuses to do anything but sit there and waste my time while a magic voice inside the box continually barks at me to upgrade to RealComputerUltraPlus, which is simply a heavier stone plastered with more ads. Ah, the sweet price of success!

■ Double the X-Change

Zack "Rape Crisis Center" Parsons here with a smoldering meteor of Hentai Review to reveal to you. It's the sequel to one of the first games I reviewed here, a little sex-change masterpiece entitled "X-Change 2".



In X-Change 2 you are Takuya, your average wimpy and effeminate Hentai Game protagonist who is attending Miyanomori Private School for mega eyed freaks. Despite the fact that a year or two ago he got turned into a girl and rutted with anything that had genitals or a mouth his girlfriend is still Asuka from the first game. In the intervening time since X-Change she has been taking "annoying bitch" pills and she waffles back and forth between over-the-top aggression including physical abuse and being mysteriously brooding. In the opening conversation with Takuya she hits him no less than five times, a good sign of a dumb bitch I would throw down a flight of stairs the first chance I could find. Since the game features no stairs and only minimal use of the "throw" option I just did my best throughout the course of the game to spend as little time with her as possible.

Run, don't walk, to read this all new Hentai Game Review! Because I'm watching you missy, and I will take you off Santa's list in a heartbeat if you fuck with the wrong motherfucker.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.11 Hateorade

Thursday, Jul 10, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's Almost Here!!!!

Big Prize Week is so close I can almost smell it, and I couldn't be more excited about the fun games, prizes, and interactive contests we are going to be offering. Starting Sunday there is going to be a dramatic change here at Something Awful and I feel sure that you will all agree it's for the better!

I know that yesterday Lowtax gave me a lot of the credit for developing the concept of Big Prize Week, but I strongly feel that the thanks belong entirely to him. Rich is an inspiration for myself and the other writers here at Something Awful and without him we would have never come together and created something as totally fantastic as Big Prize Week. I mean sure, we are all probably smarter than him, and definitely better looking, but he has so many contacts in the industry that have helped out with putting this together. Everyone from nVidia to Microsoft's Team X-box has been in on this from the ground floor and we owe that much to Rich's incredible skill at making people not hate him. Extra special thanks go out to the folks at Rockstar Games and Bethesda Softworks for adding that extra special kick off that is going to make our launch of Big Prize Week so exciting on Sunday.

So enjoy the article today and tomorrow, because they are just a drum roll for the intensity of the coming week.

Hateorade

I'm generally a pretty calm guy. I don't simply ignore the things that piss me off. Day in and day out I absorb all of them and lock them away in my head for future use. Then after a few months of this I have some sort of cathartic rage fit where I just explode with anger at every single one of these things that have been festering in the back of my brain. Examples of these time capsules of anger are annoying trends, being cut off on the interstate by a woman talking on her cell phone, or just irritating groups of people. Yesterday was my day to open the box labeled "HATRED", and since it felt so good to get it out of my system I thought I might share. If you'd like you can share what you hate with me. It's always good to commiserate with a fellow "silent sufferer".

Fuck you Wedge Robot.

Thanks to how often I see the shows on TV one of the first things that pops into my mind that I hate are fighting robot TV shows. There's a guy who built and competed in Battlebots on our Forums and I mean him no offense, but mother fucking CHRIST I hate that shit. It's so boring, it's always just a robot getting pushed into a saw and sparking a little bit and then turned over or something. You know what's more exciting than watching wedge robots slowly fight? Watching ANYTHING ELSE fight. Ants, babies, slugs, anything is more action packed then watching two wedges try to flip each other over. Even turtles BITE and CLAW, put them on the air!

All that would be tolerable if somehow, some way, the slack jawed masses hadn't voted with their molten minds that wedges ramming each other at 5mph was GOOD and should be WATCHED. God Bless Comedy Central for canceling Battlebots. The only thing funny about it was that the execs at Comedy Central thought a fucking show about robots fighting is funny. CURSE and POX upon

TLC and TechTV for continuing with robot fighting shows. I think this trend might be thankfully nearing its conclusion but my god I hate the robot shows worse than anything else on TV. Seriously, even shows like Big Brother and Real World had their moments of excitement and entertainment, they couldn't even piece together enough exciting footage from Battle Bots to make a decent promo for it.

> "HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER WEDGEINATOR GOES HEAD TO HEAD WITH FLIPOCUTIONER!!!"
>
> (Insert footage of two 50lb wedges with arms trying to flip each other)

LET ME IN THERE I WILL FLIP BOTH OF THOSE BITCHES IN TEN SECONDS.

Fuck you Art Mann.

Holy fucking shit do I hate the TV channel "E!" It was never a bastion of quality seeing as how it was, to me at least, "The Channel With Talk Soup". Now even that has been degraded into worthlessness as talk shows have become increasingly unfunny and both of their good hosts left. Now "E!" is a PG-13 jack off festival at night with non-stop "WILD ON" followed by paid advertising for "Girls Gone Wild". They might as well just fucking combine their vapid and worthless shows into one mega show of censored breasts and drunk college girls awkwardly making out for the camera. Then during the day you'll get "E! News" with contemptibly smug hosts like that fucking faggot Steve Kemetko. I want to push him into a spike filled hole just so I can see the look on his face when he realizes his arterial blood stained his new turtleneck sweater. And their chirpy fucking women with their spray-painted smiles always accompanied by a doofus sidekick like Art Mann or whatever the fuck his stupid name is just so you can think "hey yeah, mongoloids can get WILD ON and meet celebrities too".

In fact don't just fuck "E!", go ahead and include the whole culture of celebrity watching. From those inane reports on Prince William, to Larry King's automatic ass-licking interviews on his farce of a show, to anything written about a movie star that doesn't include the words "coming soon to theaters". I don't even want to know when they die, just bury them and maybe flash a picture on the news. I don't need a week of memorials when a news caster collapses from a heart attack or some Oscar winner chokes to death on her own vomit.

Oh hay.

I hate economic analysts. You know, the ones that have been coming on TV for the past two years or so saying "we're entering a recovery phase" and then the next month the numbers come in and everything is worse. They can blow their starched sunshine up asses every day but the fact that these people are being paid to be 100% wrong month after month and then are CONSULTED for their advice is galling. It's gotten so bad that when they come on TV now they laugh when they say "well the numbers suggest we are entering a recovery phase, but we've been wrong the last five times we said that..." SO WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU ON HERE? Shut the fuck up you stupid cunt. It's your fault people are sitting there with pots on their heads across America month after month saying "the economy is getting better" and then disappearing into their crawlspaces when the unemployment figures roll in. I want some fucking honesty for once, from the analysts, the pundits, the politicians; I want someone to look me in the eye and tell me "I fucked everything up on that one, and it may be really bad for a while". No one - republican, democrat, moon alien - ever cops to what they did. And they're all followed by swarms of apologists.

Fuck you, uh, Niger Innis.

In fact, fuck all TV analysts. I hate those idiotic jerks they trot out whenever they need an expert on something. Shooting spree? Here comes three guys who claim to be experts on spree killers. Naturally they don't actually know a fucking thing about the subject other than some paper they wrote that got rejected by the New Yorker. They're like the news equivalent of fucking monster generators in Gauntlet. CNN, Fox News, whoever just wheels them out and stories start spawning out of them. Where is fucking Blue Elf with a couple well-placed arrows when we need him? There is an even more vile breed than the TV analyst though; the TV media analyst. After the story is done and there's a brief moment where everyone realizes that the analysts were all wrong and even adding to the problem. That's when the networks wheel out the TV media analyst to ask the tough questions like "was it wrong for us to cover the story so much?". He'll show clips from two days ago where the TV analysts look retarded as ever, he'll have polls from people saying how much they hate the inflammatory media, and then at the end he'll look at the fucking camera and do a "makes ya think?" Yeah fucker, it makes me think, it makes me think about what a self-stroking jack fest this whole report was. Great, you realized it's a freakshow on there, but you're just going to cart out progressively more experts each time this shit goes down. Fuck them and especially fuck YOU.

Fuck this fake macho atmosphere of terror we live in. This is a fucking horrible country of cowards. Everyone is a fucking pussy sad sack sitting there on their couch whimpering while they let villainous whores like John fucking Ashcroft steer the ship wherever they want. Fucking dumbass terrorists. I remember right after 9-11 Bush came on the TV and managed to string together enough mispronounced words to spit out something to the effect that "we need to go about our lives or the terrorists have won". Guess what bitch?! THEY WON! We're fucking quaking in our boots and pissing in our pants over here. They make a couple buildings fall and we are jumping on our goddamn swords ready to ruin our economy, our freedom, and even our personal security just to keep the evil Arab fucking boogeyman from getting us. I remember when my "normal lives" didn't include terror alert announcements and deleting my cookies because I'm afraid the FBI has some crazy software sifting my mad filez.

Fuck you hardcore anime fans.

Fuck hardcore anime fans and Japanophiles, fuck them hard. You know what, a little bit of that is fine. Good stuff comes from every culture and every country. There are great French, British, German, Japanese, Russian authors/filmmakers/artists. But the people who I reserve hatred for are the simpering idiots who consume the exact sort of cultural garbage from Japan that they turn up their nose to around here. You know what most of those anime shows are? THEY ARE JAPANESE "FRIENDS", "WINGS", and mother fucking "LOVE BOAT". You know what a faggot the cool and smart people in Japan think you are for obsessing over panty shots in SAUCER CATGIRL POLICE?! Here's a hint: GIGANTIC.

The Matrix. Oh the Matrix. Even though it nearly became self-parody with Reloaded it does nothing to dispel the fact that it has spawned one of the worst trends in filmmaking. Take an uninspired action sequence, ineptly combine with the Matrix's bullet time and freeze rotation effects, and voila MORE OF THE SAME STUPID SHIT. You know why that shit was cool? Because it made sense in the FUCKING CONTEXT of the movie. Which is exactly why it isn't cool to see some kid throw a football and then his mom catches it and BAM freeze frame and rotate and maybe have some water drops WOOOOAAAAAAAH.

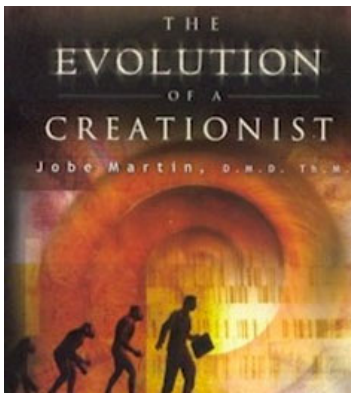
THAT IS AWESOME AND SUCH A HILARIOUS PARODY. THEY ARE GENIUSES.

Oh goddamn, I hate goth entertainment culture period. Fucking Neil Gaiman, I would slit his throat if I ever saw him on the street. I hear he's talented, hell I believe he is talented, but the legion of fans and the legacy he has created makes me wish nothing but hateful daggers thrust through his skull. And Vasquez isn't cool either, he was okay with Zim when he wasn't being too "WOW EDGY" but his fucking comics are the gayest thing to ever gay. I swear if I ever talk to some girl in a Death shirt at a comic shop again and she mentions Johnny the Homicidal Maniac I will literally transform into a hydrogen proto star and consume all goth culture until I collapse in on myself and form a brilliant shining star of anti-goth radiation.

Fuck unpunished criminal CEOs.

My bleeding liberal heart pounds like an alien chest burster underneath my sternum when I see and read shit about corporate criminals. I would say they are the rats leaving the sinking ship with their insider trading and draconian profiteering that rapes the 401ks of hundreds of thousands of people and destroys the livelihood of all of their employees, but they are in control too. They are the captains bailing out of their ships right before they crash them into the iceberg they set sail for and then burning all of lifeboats on their way out. Again, in My America, CEOs would not just be held to the same standards as the everyman, they would be held to much higher standards because they are enjoying much greater benefits. If they fuck up they just ruined ten thousand people's lives, but these scum aren't just fucking up, they are willfully betraying everyone. And so far we haven't even seen the slap on the wrist we have come to expect from the pathetically beholden people who have always run our government. They aren't even trying to make it look like they care these days, they just say something about investigations and then feed the folder right into the shredder while Ken Lay heads off for three months in the Bahamas and snorts coke off the artificial cleavage of a thousand dollar an hour escort flown in fresh daily from Paris.

Don't get me started on the politics that hold up anyone with a paycheck with five or more zeros as a golden saint of America.



Fuck you and get the fuck out of our schools you morons.

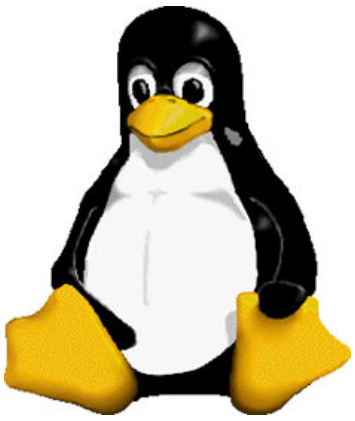
I know it's a hot button issue, so fuck SCENTED CANDLE STORES. Now I like candles as much as the next guy, which is to say not very much at all, but do we really have the need for entire stores devoted to candles? APPARENTLY SO! Since when I went to the mall to do Christmas shopping last year there were SIX MOTHERFUCKING CANDLE STORE IN THE MALL. One candle store had apparently grown so successful that it became able to open a second goddamn store in the SAME MALL. Not the same plaza, this fucking store was under the same roof. The next time I need apricot vanilla smoke in my apartment courtesy of Yankee Candle I will know that I can walk in at either end of the mall and get my goddamn candle. I mean seriously, is mall space that cheap that SIX CANDLE STORES can prosper?! And how do you judge a good candle store? Or do they all specialize, like one has fucking fruit scented candles and another one has candles with made up scents like "Harvest Moon Scent" and "Winter Breeze". I guess I will never mother fucking know because the odds of me setting foot in a store devoted entirely to candles are about the same odds as me getting rid of these giant centipedes we have here.

MAYBE YANKEE CANDLE THREE WILL HAVE A CENTIPEDE REPELLING CANDLE WHEN THEY OPEN IN 2005. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Another little fun thing that burns me up is any time I hear about some group of whiney moronic creationists wanting to foist their made-up horseshit stupidity on the minds of school children. When I catch wind of this in the news or online I want to go on a murderous rampage through the Bible belt. If I ever had a teacher in high school, or even grade school, who tried to combine science with religion in some mumbo-jumbo, crock-pot of stupidity I wouldn't have just laughed them out of the fucking classroom; I would have STABBED them out of the fucking classroom. You know what, you have your mythology bitch, that's fine and I'm glad you can be happy being stupid but if you try to tell my kid about Jesus riding a dinosaur I will gouge out your heart with an 8,000 year old Sumerian spoon - you know one of the ones that predates life on earth according to you. FUCK THEM. They are all idiots worthy of sterilization at best and an industrialized program of enforced eugenics just to teach them that monitored evolution can even breed out their kind of stupid.

Speaking of sterilization, I think we need to do something about breeding when it comes to people who love a fucking consumer item so much that if the slightest negative thing is said about it they blow their top. One of my main interests is playing video games so I notice it in the world of gaming especially but it exists for every single thing that can be consumed, from sports cars to fudge cake. A good example of this not related to gaming is years ago I was at Best Buy and some dude was there with his friend shopping for surround sound. The friend tells the dude who is shopping "I have a Sony surround sound system and it's the best" and the other dude said something to the effect of "I like Aiwa better; I think their subwoofer units sound richer." Just some personal opinion type of thing, but the Sony advocate blows his fucking top and goes off on this huge long rant about Aiwa making substandard product, Sony having cutting edge shit. WHO FUCKING CARES?!

New flash people: You are not fucking wed to what you buy. When some dude doesn't think your Magnetbox is pretty you don't have to defend it like it's your wife and he just trod upon her honor. Take a few deep breaths, put down the dueling pistols, and realize that not everyone likes to spend their money the same way.

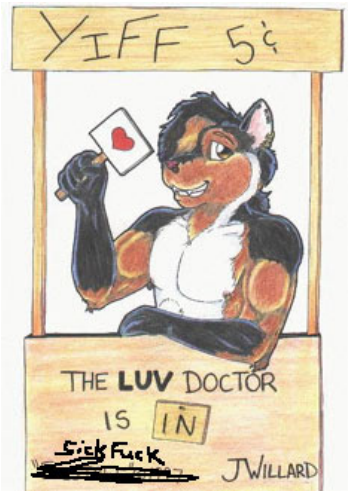


Fuck you Linux devotees.

Which segues nicely into my next point: ELECTRONICS ELITISTS. Imagine the Sony guy from my scenario and then make his only goal in life to talk about how good Sony is. I hate the people who tell me AMD is better or Intel is better. I hate the people who tell me which video card is best and get mad when I'm happy with what I have. I hate the stupid fucking cocksuckers who tell me I need to buy 400 dollar headphones. You know what bitch, I'm not too worried about the cocksucking range of field when I'm playing a Tower Defense map on Warcraft or listening to MP3s while I write. If I wanted to spend four hundred dollars on headphones I would probably buy ten pairs of 40 dollar headphones just to spite you.

Joining them high on the list of those who will pay are Linux nerds. SHUT THE FUCK UP ALREADY. I'm glad you find solace for the ravages of your lonely and hollow life in a fucking free operating system but if you tell me to install it I will break off your fingers and feed them down your throat with the latest distro of Redhat stuck to a plunger. I don't really care all that much about my operating system as long as it fucking works, you want to know why? It's the equivalent of a goddamn table. This is the surface I do my work on, and I don't need some weird Swiss ergonomic table that's at an angle because all of my cans of pop will slide off of it. I'm glad that you think using one of ten thousand different Linux versions gives you some moral high ground to speak down to me from, because fuck knows I might as well be sodomizing

preschoolers by using Windows XP and I NEEDED TO KNOW THAT. Die in fire you hyperactive hot-headed dip shits.



Ugh. Fuck you and die.

And while we're wrapping things up in the realm of technology I would be remiss if I didn't vent my overarching hostility for the drooling masses of "Internet Enabled Fetishists" out there. You know who you are you sick mother fuckers. You're the furries, the inflationists, the amputations fetishists, and the genital mutilation addicts. You are the people who would have lived a normal life before the Internet. Some of you might have had the first itch of your fetish but you would have suppressed it because you could never find anyone who shares your fetish and encourages you to blossom into a full grown sicko. But for many it isn't even just a pathetic counter culture enabler for their disgusting fetishes and lifestyles, it's flypaper for any lonely nerd who wants to belong to a clique. So they have to wear a panda suit with a cock-sheath, at least they feel accepted when some sweaty fifty year old man in a wolf costume has them clumsily bent over a couch. IT'S ALL GOOD BRO!

I reserve special disdain for the furries because they hover around every corner of the Internet like vile humping fur-coated flies and then rabidly defend their deviant behavior. God help the furries if I ever run into a real life group of them. I will shove their fucking giant reflective puppy dog eyes so far down their skulls that they will be puking up their own brains before they can form the words "hate crime". If I ever run for president it will be on the furry segregationist platform. If you have ever doodled an anthropomorphic character with visible realistic genitals then you will have your hands cut off and I will wear them around my neck as a fucking badge of office. I will have teams of scientists cloning your fuck-happy fox creatures just so I can loop footage on TV of them being vivisected and brutally executed.

Finally, a big "fuck you" goes out to my niggas who are camwhoring. I think every single person who owns a webcam, everyone, should take it and either smash it with a hammer or shove it right up their narcissistic anuses. They can cram it next to their Amazon wish lists full of annoying anime DVDs and Techno DJs that even God hasn't heard of, yet they somehow have ten albums. Yeah, I'll buy you the Love Hina boxed set when I see your web cam broadcasting an image of your decapitated head.

Ahhhhhhhhhh. I feel better already.

Collect all Phriday

Hello victims of another Zack-fueled soapbox demolition derby, it is I, Josh "Petticoat Junction" Boruff here to usher in the dawning of a new Phriday. This week the delightful chaps of the SA Forums put together their very own trading card sets. Some are hilarious, some are scary as all hell, and some are actually kind of cool. Here is what I like to call a preview:

I think it would probably be best if you just went ahead and looked, because otherwise we'll go out of business and we'll all fall on hard times. Then our wives, which most of us don't have, will have to get jobs and our kids will be without the vanity items they need to be popular. Also, Christmas will be ruined and we won't have enough money to for that surgery we all need. See what your lazy attitude has done?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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7.12 Spotlight: Hollywood!

Friday, Jul 11, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

One More Day Until Big Prize Week!

TOMORROW IS THE START OF BIG PRIZE WEEK!!! Only one more day to wait before a shower of BIG prizes fills your mouth and nose until you cannot breathe. FREE PRIZES. This extravaganza of prizes planned for all next week is quickly becoming the most talked about Internet event ever. Thousands of people around the world are signing up for online service just for a chance to take part in Big Prize Week, and get a chance to win the big big prizes! Games, prizes, cash giveaways, raffles, rides, elephant ears and did I mention PRIZES?? We're sure everybody will have a great time, and an almost embarrassing amount of fun!

As the time for outrageously big prizes draws nigh, I want to give a very special thanks to the people who made it all possible. Lowtax, the architect and creator of Big Prize Week, took his opium induced dream and made it a reality. Zack Parsons has been an absolute rock, rallying on the troops when our spirits were low, and providing the organizational skills so needed to make such an event possible. Ben "Greasnin" Platt handled the refreshments, providing us with steaming hot coffee so that we could work on Big Prize Week without having to stop and make coffee ourselves. There's that Livestork guy too, he's alright I guess. I also want to thank our corporate sponsor, Vagisil, for providing us with the funding and support for Big Prize Week. Without them we would have been dry and itchy, with a "not so fresh" feeling.

We implore you to join us, and to invite all your friends and family. Big Prize Week is just our way to give something back to the community. It's just a modest little "thank you" from all of us here at Something Awful.

Now get ready for some BIG BIG prizes because IT STARTS TOMORROW!!!! BIG PRIZES!!!!.

Spotlight: Hollywood!

Today we will be taking a look at the HOTTEST news about the stars of today! I know Mr. Parsons expressed his displeasure of star gazing in his rant yesterday (he's so cute when he's angry!), but as they say in the "business", the show must go on!

Entertainment News

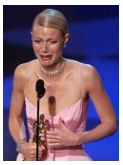
Word around town is that **Ben Affleck** is on set of his new project, "Huckleberry Hound". The remake of the classic Hanna Barbara cartoon is a follow-up to the huge success of Scooby Doo last fall. With a budget of over 100 million dollars, the movie is boasting the latest CGI technology as well as a strong cast including **Julia Roberts** and Friend's star **Matthew Perry**.

The buzz word on everybody's mind is "Oscars"! Hollywood tough guy **Bruce Willis** is teaming up with **Catherine Zeta Jones** to make "Die Hard 4: Die Harderer". Studio execs are hoping the sexy duo will help propel the action flick past "Lord of the Rings" for a best picture bid. **Jack Black** co-stars as the goofy, yet loveable, computer hacker sidekick, and **Gary Oldman** rounds out the cast as the ruthless European terrorist.

Mel Gibson is looking to do another historical blockbuster about killing Englishman. This time the setting is the 100 Years War, but America will be replacing France in the conflict. The project was described by the studio as a "history action thriller romance" geared towards male audiences aged 5-18. Some history purists voiced displeasure when hearing that zombies will be in the flick, but Gibson promised that the main story of the war will be told without "Hollywood revisions". **Renee Zellweger** also stars as Cleopatra, and **Martin Lawrence** has signed on to play King Edward II.

Vin Diesel was recently listed as #6 in Entertainment Weekly's Top 100 Actors of all time issue, overtaking the recently deceased Gregory Peck. With such movies under his belt like "XXX", and "The Fast and the Furious", it comes as no surprise. A new Diesel vehicle is planned to hit the theatres this Christmas. It's called "Pass Go, Collect Death", and it's about a bunch of rock climber parachuting undercover spies that race cars blindfolded and it has tons of hot chicks in it. It co-stars **Chris Tucker** as a sassy black guy who screams a lot.

Gossip Gab



Things have been hot hot hot lately in Tinseltown! Steamy romances, ugly divorces, and scandalous affairs have provided plenty of dirty, juicy news to dish out in this edition of Gossip Gab. **Halle Berry** was seen at a local LA Dairy Queen whispering sweet nothings into **Nicolas Cage's** ear, even though Cage recently proposed to Friends star **Lisa Kudrow**. **Cuba Gooding, Jr.** was also at the Dairy Queen eating a double scoop ice cream cone, even though he said he was on a diet. **Gwyneth Paltrow** was seen around town with a new diamond on her finger, and there are speculations that **Adam Sandler** may be the lucky guy. I hope he remembered to get a prenup!

Tom Hanks is in the news again after a very public and messy breakup with **Reese Witherspoon**, his co-star in the new movie "Saving Private Ryan 2: Lost in New York". Word is that it's over Hank's new facial hair look, which Witherspoon describes as "gross". Is there a doctor in the house? ER's **Noah Wyle** was rollerblading in Central park when he slammed into heartthrob **Josh Hartnett** as Hartnett was tying his shoes. Both sustained minor injuries and are now said to be dating. How cute!

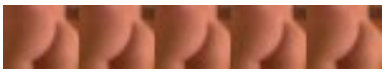
J. Lo might not be over her former beau **Sean "P-Diddy" Combs**. They were spotted in a posh uptown restaurant having drinks, while Combs' entourage looked on. If I were Affleck, I would get that one million dollar ring back from that skank ho before she sold it for crack. It looks like hunk **Orlando Bloom** found more than fellowship during the making of Lord of the Rings. He was last seen from a helicopter sunbathing nude on the private grounds of **Ian McKellen's** Malibu home. Is that a staff in your robe Gandalf, or are you just happy to see me?

In other news, **Ethan Hawke, Jack Nicholson, Marlon Brando**, and **Christopher Walken**

were sharing a cab that rear ended a bus carrying **Lucy Liu, Ewan McGregor, Clint Eastwood, Cate Blanchett, Kevin Bacon, Keanu Reeves, Kiefer Sutherland, Billy Zane, Bill Paxton, Jodie Foster, Matthew McConaughey, Geoffrey Rush, Martin Sheen, John Travolta, Sigourney Weaver, Robert DeNiro, Rene Russo, Jackie Chan, Al Pacino,** and **Angelina Jolie**. All were killed.

Fashion Alert!

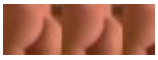
Ahoy fashion! **Sir Sean Connery** is setting sail for style as he blows us out of the water with this stunning once piece suit. I would let him be the captain of my ship any day! If he was wearing this while making "The Hunt for Red October", I wouldn't have walked out of the theatre dissatisfied at the lack of scenes detailing the cramped bunk quarters of the sweaty Russian seamen. Complete with white cufflinks, naval buttons, and a majestic frilly sailor shirt, he is truly the master of the sea, as well as our hearts.

 *(5 flummoxed buttocks out of 5)*

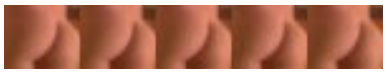
Well if it isn't little miss perfect strutting around like she's God's gift to style. **Elizabeth Hurley** has to be the most overrated tramp ever to enter the business. Who does she think she's kidding with that dress? I saw the same one on sale at Walmart for $8. And what's with that accent? She sounds like a 2 year old babbling (not to mention drooling). It's no wonder poor **Hugh Grant** had to flee into the arms of a diseased prostitute. If I ever saw her in person, I'd claw her eyes out for what she did to sweet little Hugh!

(1 flummoxed buttocks out of 5)

Look everybody, it's **Cameron Diaz** in yet another vain attempt to reinvent her lackluster wardrobe by hiring a team of specialists to work on her day and night. Let me tell you honey, what you need is a prayer, 'cause it ain't happening. This plain black velvet dress just reeks of desperation, and it's hard to stand out when 90% of the other women are wearing exactly the same thing. Sorry Cameron, this just isn't your night. Incidentally, I do like the hairstyle though, and the makeup job will earn her a few points.

 *(2 1/2 flummoxed buttocks out of 5)*

Ohhhh LEEEEEOOOOO! Can it get any better than **Leonardo DiCaprio** in a Georgio Armani suit? He's like a sweet little cream tart wrapped up in chocolate that you just want to pop in your mouth and savor forever until time stops and you're trapped with him in a diamond palace full of soft furs and raging fires and wrestle all night long. Leo sets the standard for all men everywhere as far as I'm concerned. sigh

 *(5 flummoxed buttocks out of 5)*

Tramp alert! **Tara Reid** gained notoriety in the smash hit film "American Pie", but is really known around Hollywood as being a slutbag whore! I HATE HER I HATE HER I HATE HER! Why can't all these harlots get put on an island somewhere where they can devour each other. Oh wait I forgot, they're all bulimic. This outfit is simply a fashion disaster. I don't even know where to begin, so I'm not even going to start. What a bitch.

(1 flummoxed buttocks out of 5)

Well that's all for this edition of Spotlight: Hollywood. Join us next week when we talk about Barbara Streisand's new flame, Russell Crows erectile difficulties, and pictures of Sean Penn's inner thigh. Remember, keep reaching for the stars, and keep your feet on the ground. Toodles!

State Og: Strong Enough For a Man, Made For a Woman

Showing up weekly like a woman's period, I'm your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell. Instead of further impressing you with my impressive knowledge of the vagina (in the front, right under the belly button), I shall instead impress you with this impressive selection from this week's rather impressive update:

> *State Og has found a cause it can fully stand behind and exploit in order to improve our public image. After the issue was brought to our attention by a good friend of the company with the slogan "Just say NO to zombies eating your brains", we decided to dedicate all of this upcoming week to stopping zombies from eating our nation's spongey and succulent brains.*
>
> *Pamphlets and posters will be spread nationwide urging people not to allow zombies to eat their brains, no matter how politely they may ask or how hungry they look. The material also points out that you should wear conservative clothes, since it's widely known that women who wear slutty short skirts are just asking to be attacked by the undead.*

You know what I'd call that selection? Pretty good. Now go read this week's State Og while I sneak into our Big Prize Week warehouse and mark every single item as my own by licking it.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.13 State of the Union... of Porn

Saturday, Jul 12, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Hello and welcome, ladies and gentlemen. If you could just take your seats, there, in the back, we can get started. That's great. I've called you all here for this emergency meeting because our beloved industry is facing a silent crisis. Oh sure, it's easy enough to ignore the signs. There's no one problem that's so large that it would attract attention. No, rather there are many problems growing in the shadows, but together they threaten to tear us apart. How much longer can we wait to take action? How many able-bodied, or artificially able-bodied young men and women must lose their jobs? If we don't address these issues now, then my friends, there may not be a porn industry to wake up to tomorrow.

There are no naughty parts in this picture. Back away from your screen.

Now, the porn scene isn't completely bleak. There is definitely some good news, and I'll get that out of the way right now. We're making the transition to DVD with remarkable smoothness. The concurrent release of the biggest titles on video and DVD has proven to be very successful, as have the DVD-only releases, such as "I Play with Jenna," and "I Play with Shay." Really, the whole *I Play with...* series has been selling quite well. The facsimile of interactivity those titles provide has done wonders to keep lonely men from having to acknowledge the sad truth that the only person they're actually playing with is themselves. In addition, a number of the good old companies have continued to do very well. Ed & Randy, we've seen your *Dirty Debutantes* series evolve into a couple hundred volumes of *More Dirty Debutantes*, followed by volume after volume of *More Dirty Debutantes 2000* and *2002.* The new *Dirtier Debutantes* line is off to a fantastic start. We've seen just one terrific success after another from the whole women-writhing-in-front-of-a-camera genre in the last quarter. Congratulations are certainly in order to everyone involved with those projects.

Nothing here, either.

However, the sad truth of the matter is that those successes may be the result of a frightening trend. Now, I'm sure I speak for all of us when I say that I certainly wouldn't wish for those who are doing well to experience any sort of negative change in their good fortune. I want that to be understood. We are not here to fight one another, but to find a way for the entire industry to support itself. We're here to improve cooperation, like two guys double-teaming a girl. We all need to help each other through this current phase that will hopefully pass quickly. I can see many of you nodding your heads already. You know what I'm talking about. There's not a man, woman, or freaky man-woman here who can deny this problem, but it is certainly an easy one to overlook. I'll put it simply: men are being phased out of porno. Or at least, out of the acting end of it.

I scoffed at the idea of such a thing when it first struck me, just as many of you are scoffing now. How could there be a porn industry without men? Men started the porn business. The first big porn stars were all men. During the golden age of porn, the movies would consist of one of the top male stars having sex with one woman multiple times. Eventually, a few women began to make names for themselves, but it was still the men who drew the crowds. The fans thrilled to see how men like John Holmes could make a woman feel. They fantasized about being that sexually skilled, about being that well-endowed. Those were high times for men, but this industry stands for nothing if not equality, and so we started to emphasize the role of females. Like a scene going from vaginal to anal,

the plots began to shift away from the charming, worldly man teaching the shy, submissive girl the ways of love, in favor of the strong, independent woman expressing her self-love and empowerment by fucking everyone she meets. Classics like "Debbie Does Dallas," and its weaker, but still notable sequels including "Debbie Does Houston" and "Debbie Does Dallas in Space" are prime examples of this shift.

Now the shift is continuing to a disturbing extreme. We're talking midget bondage disturbing, here. More and more feature titles, the pictures on which the entire industry pins its hopes for awards, recognition, and a shot for the stars to break into legitimate acting, are all-girl. The number one bestselling porno in the last few years was "Les Vampyres." While no one can question the technical expertise and artistry that went into that film, from an actor's standpoint it was entirely biased towards women. But the feature titles are not where the real problem lies. At least, not yet. No, at the moment we're seeing this issue at its worst in the domain of the hardcore pornos.

As you all know, I've worked for several years now in a video store with an immense adult video library. That is why you elected me your spokesman, because, like doing a girl from behind in a room full of mirrors, I can see the industry from both sides. I have seen what is being produced and I have seen what is being purchased. Let me tell you, it's alarming. In a box of fifty movies, maybe three or four of them will ever feature any guy-on-girl, one-on-one action. The rest of the movies are all one guy and multiple girls. It's indulging a male fantasy, to be true, but those tapes primarily focus on the girls who make out with one another while the guy and his partners are relegated to the background. We're seeing tapes produced these days with more than a dozen women for every man, if there is even a man at all. More and more frequently, there is not.

Where are you, you king among men?

No market has seen more growth in the past year than the all-girl genre. Two girls, three girls, twenty girls - and the numbers keep going. Titles like "The Violation of Violet Blue: a Lesbian Gang Bang" and the rest of that series have shown viewers that even nonconsensual mass rape is possible without a single penis in sight. The *No Dicks Allowed* series is fast approaching its hundredth installment and shows no sign of slowing. More frightening still, the day of the one-woman cast porno is already upon us. With DVD technology making interactivity a near-reality, all a producer needs to make a movie is one woman who is willing to moan for a couple hours.

They're taking over!

The old guard of female porn stars is fading. Or at least, the parts of them that are organic are fading. But for every Jill Kelly who gives up acting in favor of producing, there are a hundred more eager young synthetic women waiting to take her place. And the big names who remain, your Jenna Jameson, your Shay Sweet, your Tera Patrick, they each literally go *years* between boy-girl sex scenes. Meanwhile, how many male porn stars can you name? Honest to God *stars?* Zero. What about Rocco, I can hear some of you shout. Rocco isn't as young as he was a few months ago. He's ravished Prague a few times too many. He's taking more producing jobs these days. He'll be gone entirely in a couple years. He's only got two, maybe three hundred more pictures in him, tops. Where is the next John Holmes? Where is the next Ron Jeremy? Big Ron himself has left the business to enjoy a very successful career in cameos. Just as a note, he did get in touch with me a few hours ago to say that he wanted to be here tonight, but that he's busy filming a new 1-800-COLLECT commercial with Carrot Top. Of course, we wish him all the best.

To return to the matter at hand, there conservatives out there who say that men can never be

removed from the porno business. I ask those individuals to think again. They can and they are being removed and replaced. How, you ask? I'll tell you. By transsexuals! That's right, transsexuals are running legitimate men out of the business. Armed with both breasts and an impressive johnson, transsexuals fulfill all the needs of a director who wants to have girl-on-girl action, yet still have penetration without the aid of an artificial dildo. For their part, the transsexual community is quite accepting of pornography as a career. It's getting to the point where any old transsexual can get into the business, regardless of how attractive he/she may be. The only arena still left just to men is the gay market. When men are actually used in straight hardcore pornos these days, most of the shots leave only the genital area in the frame. It's time for the male hardcore porn actors of the world to stand up and cry, "we are not just our gigglesticks and fat sacks! We are human beings, and we will not be degraded!" We must not let ourselves be used as cheap whores!

If the industry is going to save itself, the production companies will have to learn to work together. After all, we didn't get into this business to make money. Maybe I'm wrong, but I think we got into this business because we love what we do. Whether it's acting, camerawork, lighting, sound, directing, producing, or any other job on those sets, you're helping tell a story. Granted, that story may be brief and really only used as a introduction to the hour and a half of sphincter-ripping sex, but nonetheless, its our job to help people forget about their problems for a few hours. We bring husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends closer together. We give lonely people something real, true, and alive to spank to. We provide the entertainment at cheap bachelor parties. We teach adolescent kids the ways of love, sparing them years of awkward fumblings. If any of you are in this business for any reason other than the love of what you do, I ask you to leave quietly, and leave now.

For those that remain, it's time to rekindle our love of the business, stop competing with one another, and start working together. Barely Legal, stop trying to monopolize the high-quality newcomer smut market. Let Young & Fresh have their shot. Evil Angel and Elegant Angel, stop pretending you're two different companies. No one buys it. Besides, Elegant Angel, you're not fooling anybody with that whole holier-than-thou spin you'd just love to put on your image. When you release "Double Penetration Sluts II," nobody cares that you used a Roman numeral. You're still making a movie about chicks getting reamed by two guys in each and every available orifice. Believe me, that doesn't make you any classier than Evil Angel's "Flesh Hunter 4." In the mature market, let's see some compromises. Horny Over Forty, you guys stop putting the absolute worst quality shot possible on your box covers, and Forty Plus, you guys stop naming your titles things like "Horny Hens A-Laying."

This is also a problem.

In this dark hour, everyone needs to give one hundred and ten percent of their effort. That goes for absolutely everybody in the business, from the boom mic operators to the guys who come up with the titles. I bring up the latter on purpose. There has been some slacking off lately. I realize it's tough to come up with new erotic titles day after day, but you can't let your standards drop. For instance, while we certainly don't want anyone copying anyone else's title word for word, I think we should put an end to stealing titles and purposely misspelling words. No more "Naughty College Sluhtz" or "Hot Seks in Bologna." Likewise, all of you title writers who specialize in parody titles, it's time to step it up a notch. It's one thing to take the name of a movie or television show and change the wording slightly so that it sounds similar, but is clearly dirty. For instance, "Baredevil" is fine. However, I noticed something quite bothersome the other day. Apparently one of you thought it would be acceptable to steal a joke directly from Matt Groening's *Futurama* and entitle a porno, "Sexlexia: The Sexy Learning Disability." Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Now is the time to unite. It's not too late to save the industry that we've put our blood, sweat, tears, and a number of other bodily fluids into. We have to put aside our differences, our competitions, our petty personal desires and start thinking about all of porndom. My friends, there is a bright future out there for smut, but to achieve it we must work together, we must strive together, we must survive together, and most of all, we must come together.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

7.14 Gateorade

Sunday, Jul 13, 2003 by El Pinto Grande

Hails and well met fellow travelers of the Informations Byways, it tis being I Sir Grande of the Rounds Table! Hahaha, just kidding folks, I am being the same old El Pinto Grande as always and am not made to wear the shining armor of the night. I am considering myself a pretty relaxed sort of the luchador and am not given to being angry like the rudos on very many occasions. Day ins the day outs Yours Truly is given to accepting all of the bad behaviors of the people and the animals and is placing this in towards box inside of brain. This is to being unlocked on occasion once every three months ago and this is like Gator which is biting at birds which are landing on head. Do not touch a crocodile's head, this is being soundest of advices.

This is Yours Truly. Hello!

I am feeling so relieved after the outpourings of my angers on the ground I am thinking that I should be sharing with you what is making Yours Truly in contempt. If you are being cut from the same cloth as I am and you are a wrestling sensation from Mexico then you can send the letter in the computer to me and it is good to share.

The first thing I am being to hate is American Chemical Factories which are sometimes next door to homes of Yours Truly. Up their nose with the rubber hose, they are putting so much of the chemical into the lake that I am made to think sometimes ghosts are out haunting the lake but it is FROGS!! Forget that buddies! What sort of chemical is making the frogs crazy talk like this? I don't know, but it can't be good for my large son or even Yours Truly. I am having to drink this water friend types, and let me tell you that I do not appreciate the clouds of the smog and the monsters that emerge from them. These are all product of chemical factory and I think El Diablo who is in league with American Chemical Factory. Employees are A-OK, I am not made to have problem even with president of American Chemical Factory but if he is unleashing the beasts and poisoning the walls I am going to have to ask for him to TONE IT DOWN BUDDIES.

IMG HTML="bigguys.jpg"

Yesterday I am in garden and I am seeing rabbit which is usually eating the carrot and is such a trouble to the devoted gardening folk such as Yours Truly but is also adorable which is defensive camouflage to keep me from smashing with rakes. This time rabbit is changes which I am thinking maybe come from American Chemical Factory, I am not knowing for sure, could also be meteors. Rabbit is made to have two heads, but the heads are not next to the other head like normal two head snake and fish, it is head on one end AND HEAD ON THE BUTT!!! Really peoples of the world, what kind of sick in the head person is thinking it is okay to put heads on the butts of rabbits? Which way will it go? Does the crud come out of the mouth? Which end am I given to address with the "good days to you rabbit"?!?! WHO KNOWS!? It is given to perish in rake attack and I am burying it with much griefs but it is not meant for this worlds.

Also hoses should be destined for the noses of Eduardo Cruz. He is superb jerk of Tijuana newspaper

"Tijuana Daily Sun" and he is in the sportingest of departments which is mean that he covers the actions in the squares circle. Eduardo Cruz is given to write about how Yours Truly is no longer past the primes and is not fit to be in the rings. I am not knowing how he is writing such scandalous criticisms, I have not seen him in the squares circle because he IS NOT A LUCHADOR! What is that about? You are needing to walk the miles in these boots before you are writing in the newspapers again Mr. Cruz. I will send you a package with the contents being one rubber hose and I will address it to your nose so be ready to accept delivery.

WHOEVER IS LEAVING TURTLE CAGE OF RAMBO OPEN AT NIGHT: ENOUGHS ARE ENOUGHS!!!! I am ready to stick so many hoses up your noses that you will be made to called "HOSE KING" if you are ever inheriting monarchy. I am sure the gentle reader types are thinking "well greatest legend of wrestling and flexible luchador El Pinto Grande, it should not being overly difficult to capture the escaped turtles" but I am saying "THINK AGAIN BUSTERS!". Rambo is a whaley sort who is scrambles up pipes and climb in the vents and if turtle cages are open it is not uncommonest of sounds to hear the clicking of turtle claws inside vent above bed. It is one things to keep me awake at the nights before a matches with the clattering in vents it is another thing if best friend and animal companion Rambo is wander into BOILER!

You, sir or madam who is made to leave turtle cage open, are you ready to have the bloods of a beloved turtle pet friend on your hands? You are so rudos I am not knowing what to do with your kind! Rambo is a true friend type and I am knowing that he is not having capabilities of opening the cages so it is someone in this house that is making the mischief. Large Son, if I am discovering that it is you who are behind this I am given to send you to strong camp where you are going to be working like an oxen and hauling tons of bricks!! Wife type, if it is you who is letting the turtle out of his house then I am going to have to have a long talk with the police and will be seeing what they are saying about the arrests of divorce.

Abominational, let me have some words with your type and introduce the hoses into the equation of YOUR NOSE! How will you be liking that!? Not much I am given to think. I am so sick and tired of being sick and tired of you talking about how Mexico is not a good country. Take the peeks into the mirror Abominational, that is a Mexican type staring back at you, so do not be quickest of judgment on our proud heritages! Mexico is the cradles of civilization and it is an important exporter of the products of the world. Did you know that now there are more American Chemical Factories in Mexico than there are in America? I bet you are not given to thinking about up sides to this sort of thing Abomonational. You are also not the best of wrestlers and that is me being generous of your character. You are rudos and you are cheat and your fight is all staggering and grappling, which is not what the fans are given

No don't go away please! Credit for photo and earlier photo is being to Greasy Deej.

towards paying to see. When you hear the boos next time it will be for your bad wrestling skills but also because the fan types cannot resist the boos when a grown man is having rubber hose in his nose.

Oh hey.

I am almost made to forget the egg salad that wife type is making. I am not caring if this is wife's egg salad or if this is mysterious character's egg salad, this is one bad dude and not good at all in the sandwiches. Mayonnaise meet egg, introduce friend relish and PREPARE TO DIE! If you had a nose on you I would be feeding a hose into it with mighty kicks so be prepared for that egg salad. I am giving this to turtle type Rambo and even he is turning up the noses at the egg salad and this is coming from a shelled gentlemans who is eating BUGS! I am no professor type when it comes to math but I think this is meaning that BUGS = BETTER THAN EGG SALAD! I think this is a startling discovery and I am intending to write the essays for science journals after this page in computer book. You think you are so smart egg salad but think about that again.

Grandma is hurt, call police.

One Bug that is somehow not even better than the egg salad goes by name of Bug Ox and he will have whole factory devoted to building rubber hoses to place in towards his nose in MY MEXICO. For those who are not having a clues about Bug Ox and his many rudos antics let me tell you about the time he is wrestling good friend type Sombrero Largo in squares circle. Bug Ox is doing his trademark maneuver which starts with him looking like the girls and then sort of squeezing his butt and then he is given to say "Bu-Bu-BUG OX!" and the crowd is on the course booing all the times during this. Then he is charging forward to level Sombrero Largo to the ground with the force of light breeze and of course Sombrero Largo is yawn and counter with drop toe hold that is sending Bug Ox to the mats for a nap. Bug Ox is somehow not too asleep to reach in and pull out the foreigner's object from inside cape and it is a knife. Horrible referee type Xavier Chavez is not made to stop Bug Ox and this perpetrator is committing horrible stabs to arms and torso of Sombrero Largo.

THIS IS UNACCEPTED!! I am fed to the brim with this sort of garbage Bug Ox and I am going to be seeing you on the street and I will say:

> "Oh hello Bug Ox, come into this alley with me I have surprises."
>
> And you are so stupid you will say "Why of course legend of wrestling El Pinto Grande, surely I am not doing things in days of yores that are upset you and force on to you the seeking of vengeance."
>
> Then when we get inside of alley I will say "Oh hello Bug Ox, here hold this end of rubber hose while I am KICKING THE OTHER END INTO HEAD THROUGH NOSE."
>
> And then you will have nose implants of hose.

Up the nose of hemlines and I am of course referring to hemlines of dresses on ladies and putting rubber hoses up the nose of them. Right up their nose hard! These hem lines are just going up every day like the Down Jones Industry Average and pretty soon they will be called the neck lines. I am not having a daughter so this is less concern to Yours Truly than if I am having daughter but it is hard not to have the wondering eyes when the hem lines are in the clouds. Good friend type Sombrero Largo is taking me to dancing place where the women are so excited about dancing they are having a policy of hemlines so high the hemlines disappear into space. Then they are taking off the other clothes under the top clothes and dancing some more and I am starting to get dizzy so I

excuse myself to the restroom. I am loyalist of husband and honor so I am not touching the women any more than is the requirement of laws.

Okay thanks, I am feeling better already.

Go Forth and Stab Some Spiders

Hey folks, Taylor "Enemy of Korea" Bell here with another excellent review of a game that would kill to possess the amount of excellence that my article has. To ingest this excellence in easy-to-swallow review form, simply click this shit, man!

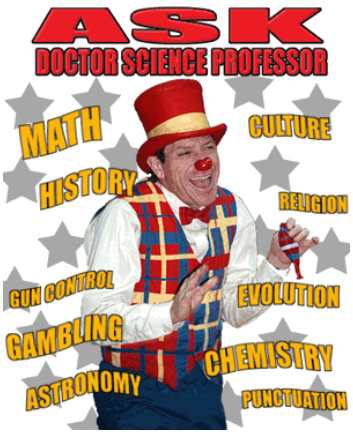
> *After I fought off 200 little dwarflings and saved the industrious clone-people of Whatev-erthatvillagewascalled, they handed me an utterly useless bow before sending me off to go find Merlin. I assume after I left they spent a good half hour snickering and laughing at me before getting back to their busy schedule of standing motionless and watching mold grow on their feet. Ignore the previous paragraph where my naive, ignorant self from the past whined about how useless the Plastic Sword was – this fucking bow is so horrible at killing enemies that every shot I took made a few of the dead ones come back to life and rise from their graves like the guy from Altered Beast. At least with the Plastic Sword an enemy would die once you whacked it 20 or 30 times, but the Toy Bow is unable to kill any enemies because you can never hit them. You can have a giant 12-foot-tall hick standing in front of you at point blank range and shoot, and somehow you will still miss. And if that wasn't bad enough, sometimes when you fire the arrow will fail to arc downwards and hit the ground. Instead it will arc upwards and disappear into the sky. Yes, that is correct: the people who made this game were unable to incorporate gravity, otherwise known as the "Principle of Things Falling Down Instead of Up, Durrrrrp", into their game. If I was a programmer and I couldn't even get gravity to work correctly, I'd quit and find something less embarrassing to do, like writing for a website or something.*

I suffered greatly to bring you this review, so I think you should come along and suffer with me.

-~El Pinto Grande

7.15 Doctor Science Professor Explains It All

Tuesday, Jul 15, 2003 by Doctor Science Professor



A hearty "hi-ho" and "oh, hi" to all you eLadies and eMen out there surfing on the Information Superhighway! If you're reading this text, then you've obviously stumbled upon this website, which has recently hired me as a scientific contract writer to, well, contract write up some super science fun which will be both "fresh" and "in your face!" The website's owner, a Mr. Richard Kyanka, recently contacted me while I was wrapping up my book tour in southern Delaware, promoting my recently released scholarly slam-dunk, "And On the Eighth Day, God Created Photosynthesis." You see, I don't like to toot my own horn here, but I've been called *"the... best... 'scientific'... and entertainment... expert... show in the disgusting, infamous history of traveling... 'scientific'..."* by such notable review boards as *The Waukegan Daily Herald* and Mrs. Joyce Clayton of Danbury, New Hampshire. Although the name my parents gave me was Edward D. Mostoff, I travel across the east coast with the name "Doctor Science Professor" and perform a series of what I call my patented "intellectu-fun-ual" seminars that help teach the miracles of the universe to man and woman and man and woman's child alike! While I do love putting on the shows for kids, I also publish a tremendously scientific series of books distributed through Flappy Day Publishing Inc., which is run by my close friend Able Jenkins of Yardston, New Jersey. He also runs the best buffalo wings restaurant this side of the Mason-Dixon line, so if you're in the area, stop by "Sloppy Able's Wing Den" off Route-163, right behind the Radio Shack that recently burned down. If you'd like to read any of my previous works, be sure to check out some of my latest exciting offerings to the scientific world:

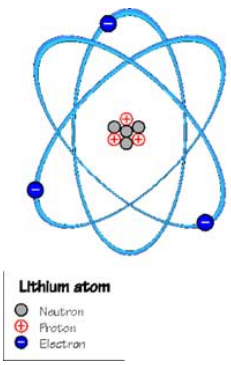
- **"How to Disguise Dirt as Delicious Honey and Really Piss Off Bees"** (informative novel, published in late 2002. This baby's got a "surprise ending" which will end up shocking even the most jaded scientific experts! Also, if you read it backwards, you'll realize it contains a completely different storyline than if you were to read it the opposite direction!)
- **"Mother Nature: Stop Trying to Shoot Her With Guns, Because You Probably Won't Kill Her"** (pamphlet I wrote and printed out on my PC workstation in January. I tried giving them all out to the local church and cemetery, but they refused to take them, and as a result I've got these blasted things sitting around everywhere. If you'd like a copy, please send me an email and I'll send you a few hundred. They are printed on "biodegradable" paper, which in scientific terms, means that its atoms will fly apart once you've dropped it on the ground)
- **"Friend or Foe: The Hidden Agenda of Boron"** (informative / spy novel, published in late January 2003. I've gotten a ton of praise for this book, particularly the pictures I drew at the end which, among other things, contained a very detailed map of Middle Earth according to what I feel was J.R.R. Tolkein's true view of the world)
- **"You've Got Snail!"** (guide to North American snail hunting video. Well, I mean it was a video that was a guide to North American snail hunting, not a guide to hunting North American snail hunting videos. Wait, I don't think I made that last sentence clear. If you're still confused, please send me an email, and I'll try to also include a copy of "Mother Nature: Stop Trying to Shoot Her With Guns, Because You Probably Won't Kill Her" if you give me your home address and phone number so I can repeatedly call

and ask if you got it. Released in March 2003)

- **"I Ain't Gonna Stop Dancing 'Til the Stork Comes Home"** (fun and festive music video where I simultaneously dance and teach children about the wonders of pelicans and what to do if confronted by a pelicans on their way home from after-school activities. As you have probably noticed, the word "Stork" in the title is a typo that I asked them to fix repeatedly but they never got around to doing. The fireproof puppets in this video were provided by a Miss Martha Billingswie of Cedar Point, Rhode Island, and the computer-generated graphical image of Humphrey Bogart's disembodied, flying, phantasmal finger was created by the swell folks at SuperCoolTV in the lovely Grey Falls, New Hampshire area. Released and aired on public access TV station 163 at 3:26 AM on Thursday, May 11 in between "Darkfox's Lair" and the politically charged "USA USA USA USA USA #1!!!!!!" show run by that gentleman with the gimpy leg)

I'm sure you can tell I've been just the regular busybody here, trying to teach my unique blend of science, history, religion, and entertainment while making enough money for my monthly payments on my mobile home. Did you know that Tyrone Power, star of the silver screen and lead actor in such films as "Girls Dormitory" and "Nightmare Alley," was a huge fan of the scientific arts? You can call me a liar all you'd like, but this generous gentleman once started up a fund to teach inner-city minorities about such important health-related things such as the importance of drinking from the correct water fountain, why the best air atoms are located on the back of the city bus, and how staying with people of the same color helps boost your immune system to prevent such deadly diseases as "Hogtied Negro Syndrome" and "Space Mumps!" I some day hope to be the star and make a difference like Tyrone Power did, although I currently lack the stage presence due to my broken hip which I recently injured during a performance of my brand new original play, "Don't Touch Those Amino Acids, Sweet Georgia Brown!"

Tyrone Power knew the power of the atom and when to call a spade a spade.



The lithium atom. Some of those crazy quack docs had me taking plenty of these at one point in time, let me tell you!

Now let me tell you lovely folks about this broken hip fiasco. My doctor says I need to go under the needle and get a little sugary surgery service sometime soon, but let me tell you folks, I don't fall for that old dog-and-pony shenanigan of the medical industry! Ol' Doctor Science Professor here knows how to manipulate vitamins and chemicals and atoms to heal himself, and I'll be darned if some quack tries to tell me that I need to pay him good money for a phoney-bologna trip to knockout land! Any injury, from a bruised knee to the classic "horrible car accident which caused a street pole to cave in your entire face" can be cured by what I call a little "UYHD" thinking; Use Your Head, Dummy! Do you know what happens when doctors perform surgery on you? I'll tell you what happens: you wake up and realize the doctors left their watch and marriage ring and car keys inside of your ribcage! If you don't think it can happen to you, let me tell you this: **it can happen to you!** I was the victim of this age old scam back in 1987 when the so-called good "Doctor" Henry P. Billingston of Forestwood, Alabama tried to break into my house and open up my stomach to retrieve his pinky ring which he must have left inside of me when I fell asleep a few nights ago and then woke up feeling particularly gassy. Don't make the mistake I did - just say "no" to these quacks! You can't write "medical science" without "science," and I know science, so that should prove I'm an expert here.

Well I seem to be doing just a tad bit of rambling here, so let me guide this train back onto the fast

track to my patented brand of "edu-fun-a-cational" entertainment! A Mr. Richard Kyanka hired me to freelance and write a scientific column for his webpage, although he never did tell me what the name of the webpage was and when I asked him, he just mumbled something which I thought sounded like "CNN.com" but it could've possibly been "MSNBC.com." Either way, I'm not a man who would pass up a shiny 50-dollar bill, so I gave him the big thumbs up and agreed to share a little bit of Doctor Science Professor Q&A with you ladies and gentlemen! And before you get the wrong impression, "Q&A" stands for "Question and Answer," not anything bad like those obscene programs which show during the late night cable television disgust-o-thons each night. Mr. Richard Kyanka sent me a few of the more scientific questions that his curious readers asked him for me, and requested I share a few exciting scientific facts and tips with you fellahs! So, without further ado, let's jump right into the Q&A session, shall we?

This first email comes from a very inquisitive reader named "DarthMaul3728132." Let's hope he uses my advice for the powers of "The Force" and not "The Imperial Army," LOL! That's a little "Star Trek" joke for you sci-fi fans like myself out there; say hi to Chewbacca for me!

> ***hey doctor science progressor,***
>
> ***my teacher says i need 2 get at least 6 hours o sleep evry night or else i wont be able 2 do god scool work the next day. i think thats bullshit becuase I play counter-strike from 6:00 until 4:00 AM the next day and i can lern just fine. so whats up with sleep and why do i need to sleep when i get all the sleep i need after i play a few rounds of cs_ dust. ps science is for fags roofle 0wned fag!!!!***
>
> ***DarthMaul3728132***
> ***member of clan -={(gH0sT-sH3L1)}=-***

First off Darth, let me congratulate you on asking such an astute question! Most kids in school don't realize the effect sleep has on the human body, and I'm glad you're interested in improving your schoolwork by seeking answers to such an exciting topic! A lot of "cool" stuff goes on when you tuck yourself into Beddy Bye Time, much more than the average Joe Blowhard "Atom Dummy" Six pack would think! For example, there are five distinct stages of sleep that your body goes through every night:

> **STAGE 1:** A light sleep. This is when you're tossing and turning around in bed, hearing those "creepy" noises that sound like raccoons digging through your trash but in reality could be anything from a deranged homicidal lunatic preparing to murder you, to some space creatures ready to pick you up and transport them to their exciting home planet of wonderful, sweet, beautiful rewarding pain! Your brain waves are irregular at this point, going up and down faster than a fat person on a helicopter traveling through a hailstorm in a tropical paradise!
> **STAGE 2:** Your brain waves start growing here, getting very large and sometimes shorting out nearby electrical equipment! This happens to me all the time, I'll set my gosh-darned alarm to ring me up at 7:30 AM, and blammo, next morning I find myself waking up around noon and wondering why my alarm clock is crushed and I have hundreds of electrical components and plastic dug into the skin on my hand. That's brainwaves for you, my friends!
> **STAGE 3:** A deep sleep. This is when you start dreaming and the magic begins! If you are a good boy and haven't done anything bad like masturbated or peed in the shower, you will have beautiful dreams about mermaids and classic automobiles. If you have been bad and broken some of mom's rules, then you'll dream about being anally violated by a dinosaur! The choice is up to you, my fine-feathered friend!

STAGE 4: I forgot this stage. My notecards say something which I can't really read (the ink is smeared), but I think it says "floaty melty." I'm sorry, but I don't know what that means, so I'm surely not going to stir up that hornet's nest!
STAGE 5: Bonus stage. Grab 100 coins and receive an extra continue.

That alarm clock seems a bit too big, don't you think?

Sleep is very crucial to all our lives because it gives our bodies a chance to "recharge" the "batteries" located in our "stomach" next to the hole where our spinal fluid atoms come in and mix with Encino Acid atoms to form a chemical which many scientists call "Brain Juice Atoms." Simply put, the longer you sleep, the more brain juice that gets pumped into your Cerebral Palsy Nervous System, allowing you to perform such tasks as taking out the garbage, solving complex algebra problems, and secretly watching your mother undress from the crawlspace in the attic. Additionally, you will produce more white blood cells, which are the little suckers in charge of keeping the AIDS virus from dissolving your bones. People with a low white blood cell count often find themselves in the clutches of other mens' arms, contracting this incurable disease and unable to fight it no matter how hard they flail their arms in protest. And although you might not know it, Congress recently passed a law legally prohibiting anybody from becoming a homosexual until they're 21, so make sure to get enough sleep during your early years, junior!

Let's tackle our second and first to be last letter from another young mind, a "Tammy D." from somewhere in my home town, the east coast!

Dear Doctor,

I heard you were a doctor and a professor and knew science, but my mom said she grew up in New Hampshire and everybody knew you back then as "the guy who eats bicycles" and they said you never earned any degree in college. I don't believe them though, because you came to my school once and performed your one man live show, "Wheat: a Bunch of Tan-Colored Atoms Which Are So Darn Tasty!" I yelled at the principal after he kicked you out of the parking lot and threatened to call the police, because he was soooooo lying when he said you were touching Cindy Rodgers' boobs. I saw your hand and it was mostly on her groin, not anywhere near her boob!!! Anyway I was pedaling my bike down the street last weekend after softball practice, and a bug flew into my mouth. My dumb brother says this bug can lay eggs in my instestinse which will then hatch and spawn a colony of insects which have to eat their way out of my body. Is this true? I don't believe it is, because my brother one time told me that all Mexicans were actually bears with all their fur shaved off, and I asked a Mexican that and he said no. So what's going to happen to me? Am I going to die?

thanks, Tammy D.!

Many kids your age are confused and spooked by bugs, Tammy! However, you shouldn't worry about them, as they're completely harmless in almost every way unless you're a piece of agriculture or you're sleeping and you fail to tape your mouth and nostrils and ear holes and anal passage shut with duct tape, as I teach in my exciting "smart-u-tainment" show, "A Hole Big Bunch of Bug Business!" I performed this show a few weeks ago outside the Valvoline oil change station in lovely downtown Midrange Falls, New Hampshire, and almost got to the third act before the police requested I move to another location and extinguish the sparklers I was using to represent

the production of your body's cartilage. While most insects are digested inside your lung sac, some are able to pass through your digestive system unharmed due to the protective chemical carapace they produce thanks to a strong resistance to the pesticides and deadly toxin atoms our farmers have been spraying them with for decades now. Once they slide down your tracheal monotony, they will land in the food sack which scientists and doctors call the "Medusa Oblongata." Depending on the thickness of their protective shell, they can survive anywhere from one hour to six solid months there, spawning new eggs and creating a colony of larvae whose sole purpose is to dig through your stomach lining and seek the sunlight outside.

Once you get a few of these suckers inside your body, you can pretty much kiss your sweet atoms goodbye!

While these wee wily wriggly bugs may have an excellent defense against our internal system of acid atoms, they are still susceptible to good ol' American know-how and can-do! We may lack the knowledge to create a series of death atoms that would kill them before the larvaes have a chance to pupate into embryos and then gestate into a full-blown pupil, but it's cases like this that demonstrate how sometimes force is more powerful than any atom in our chemical arsenal! If you hire somebody to punch you in the stomach repeatedly until you're coughing up slugs, soon your insect problem will be gone and you can return to business as normal! However, don't forget to keep duct tape over your mouth, ears, nostrils, and anus at all possible times... unless you want a repeat performance from these pesky punks!

Well, that's all the space I'm contractually obliged to fill here, and I must get back to penning my upcoming off-Broadway musical play, "Doctor Bun-Bun and the Cosmic Catastrophe." Like all my work, this entertaining experience will teach you a little bit about the world around you, a little bit about life, and hopefully a little bit about yourself. It's about Hitler taking over a giant Jesus robot suit and using his powers to try and outlaw atoms, thereby striking a crucial blow to the pro-Jewish science movement. It's an analogy for, well, something that I can't quite remember offhand because I left my notebook back in the holding cell at Primrose Square when the mall police chased me down for breaking into the Spencer's Gifts and trying to put my pro-atom pamphlet, "Mommas, Don't Let Your Kids Grow Up to be (±)-2-(2-Chlorophenyl)-2-(Methylamino) Cyclohexanone." It's about atoms and how they can be used to create anything from tractors to horses! If any of you would like further information or a schedule of my upcoming appearances, be sure to swing by the Parker Valley Station Hickory Farms at 5:30 PM tomorrow. I'll be there with bells on - literally - and performing a song and dance number from "Atomic FUN!" I can't wait to see you there!

Finding Inspiration In The 70's

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams saying howdy on yet another fine, fine Tuesday. Let's all assume, just for a moment, that everybody in the world was a total moron. Present company excluded, but of course. With so many stupid people out there, companies have to make sure that they are not accountable for someone deciding to make toast and shower at the same time. Therefore, everything must have a warning label. For today's Comedy Goldmine, the goons sort out the perfect labels for all of these tangible items we having lying about.

Makes sense to me!

Come on, see how the rest of the world lives..

-∼Doctor Science Professor

NITRIC ACID 42° Bé
CORROSIVE
8
DANGER!
NITRIC ACID 42° Bé
KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

7.16 Ray's Inferno (Part Two)

Tuesday, Jul 15, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Note: story continued from my horrifically nerdy last worst update ever.

The Land of Vice and the Law of the Robot

The star captain and the resurrected game show host made their way through the corridor that tunneled drunkenly like intestines through the belly of a hot dog eating contest champion. The gnawing screams and cackling grew louder, daggering deeper into eardrums like ethereal harpoons into ghost whales. This voracious cave proved to be bulimic, and soon vomited the travelers up as though they were a fattening cake that may or may not have had a saw blade concealed under layers of frosting. The place where the cave expired was a small opening large enough to hold a small town play or musical about the choking hazards of exceptionally large peanuts, though that was merely a distant possibility. This cavity stood between the ending of the cave and a doorway, guarded by man coated in metal like nougat in chocolate.

Sisko appeals to the robotic policeman for passage.

Sisko stepped forward, trigging the metallic man's head to twist towards him and emit a piercing hydraulic noise. "Freeze," said the voice to Sisko, who complied by ceasing all movement-related activities. "This is the doorway to level 2, home of perpetrators of vice. You are not authorized to pass."

Ray, horrified by the sounds slithering out from behind the door, did not want to go further. Sisko, however, had a job to do, and so he beckoned with the doorkeeper, much to Ray's discomfort. "Robot, officer of the law, you were once a man and in many ways still are. My friend seeks salvation, and he can only acquire it by venturing further."

"I have rounded up these criminals and I guard them, yet my jurisdiction ends at this door. If you were to continue, the law will not be able to protect you."

"We will just have to take that risk."

The robot methodically twisted and moved his limbs in noisy harmony to open the door. He then adjusted himself so that the two travelers were fixed in his view. "Move along," he said in his hallow, mechanical voice that rode through the air like a thunderstorm on a unicycle.

The nymph tries to seduce Ray Combs into joining him on her camping trip of the damned.

And just like that, the adventure continued. Ray, growing ever fearful, hung close to Sisko; half expecting to have to use him as a human shield should the situation grow worse. They walked through the door, and...

Ray found himself in a place he never expected: a lush and beautiful forest. The place seemed so serine he figured he had just woken up from a nightmare, especially since Sisko was nowhere to be found. He was reassured of this when a beautiful blonde woman appeared before him. She had a smile that was like a rainbow made out of assorted flavors of ice cream – a Neapolitan arch annexing most of her face. Ray wondered if she was a former contestant whose family had won a lot of money on the Feud. The two stared at each other leisurely, like teenage

lovers slowly drowning in a tar pit that was formed on top of a pool of quicksand.

Ray witnesses the horror of the carnal.

The moment was shredded when he reappeared. That dreadful Sisko, why did he have to come back now when Ray was so at peace? So much anger flowed through Ray's head, knowing that the dark journey looms over him once more. "Do not let the nymph fool you, she wanders this forest to seduce fools like yourself," Sisko commented without a hint of regret. He had no qualms spoiling this moment no matter how precious Ray believed it to be. "Perhaps if you saw her in her true light," Sisko added.

In an instant, Ray realized she was no more a woman than an effeminate man with skin like that of a specter wearing mime makeup. The once pretty girl now groped and fondled itself, and in front of an inconveniently placed prop child no less. Ray realized there would be no pleasure awarded to him on this trip, and he had best behave himself well. He had a renewed faith in Sisko's leadership, who he could now see as having earned his rank through hard work.

The Journey Through the Den of Excess

From there the duo journeyed deeper and deeper, to a level full of those who spent their entire existence feeding in excess, always ensuring their lives were embellished with too much food and drink. There was nothing they would not consume, no matter how perverse the taste. Like Scientologists or rats, their tongues were ravenous and willing to eat even their own offspring. Ray almost lost his appetite from the sight of a fat woman drop kicking a garbage can to acquire the lush turkey dinner concealed within. It is hard to believe, but for some people, finding a large plate of ham or turkey is as simple as smashing a crate or garbage can. Others gain smaller rewards like fruits and beverages, usually for smashing or killing. Eating here has taken on an intensely savage quality. Feeding only comes through destruction, yet in spite of the effort required, none of these people lose weight. The residents are bulbous meat pods that snail their way around looking for more to consume. Often they become entangled in such a way that their stomachs begin feeding off each other in an endless loop of digestion and consumption. Then there was the matter of the mouth, a monstrous yellow jaw that drifted through the air to chomp down hallucinogenic pills. These pills would then cause the mouth's demons to take form and give pursuit. They did not dwell here too long, for the obesity and insanity of the inhabitants prevented any level of comfort.

Ray is tempted by the greed of unlimited golden rings.

A hop and skip away and they were surrounded by the greedy: those who spent their lives chasing gold coins, shimmering metal rings, and inventories filled to the brim with vanity items such as powerful swords and magical shields blessed by people who have no business blessing magical shields. The denizens of this dreadful level were forced to chase an endless stream of gold coins, yet their pockets had holes so they could never hold them for long. It was a train powered by the fuel of greed, and it moved devilishly fast like a horse with a rocket on its back and a carrot dangled in its starving face. Ray lifted a gold ring up to inspect it, but quickly found it torn from his hand, along with some of his flesh, by a rabid hedgehog slavering for unattainable wealth. This lust for money, was this what Family Feud was all about? Ray was nauseated at the thought and vowed that if he ever returned to Earth, he would have a long talk with the show's producers.

Sisko was again leading Ray forward. They passed through a level that was consumed with anger. Because of this, they had no chance to stop. Even as they raced through this enraged furnace of voluminous spite, the local population threw projectiles and chased them. To them, Ray and Sisko were a big

tease. They offered something new to hate, but because they did not stop, they were no better than an ice cream man on the day the sun explodes. Sisko noted that their hate had mutated them into monsters, but it had not mutated their love of sports. Most of them were either clad in football or hockey uniforms, and seemed quite thrilled at the prospect of beating the bone marrow out of each other in the medium of professional sports. After that they passed through a rather doggish place that served as a habitat for those who turned away from the spiritual truths. It was here that they had a picnic and ate some tacos that Sisko had brought with him. Sisko was going to tell Ray he made the tacos himself, but figured this was the wrong place to tell a lie. Instead he said a computer made them out of atoms. Ray assumed Sisko was lying and made them himself.

Survey of a Suicide

Ray realized their had been a distinct lull in conversation and felt the need to share a detail of his life. "Did you know I used to warm up live studio audiences for the 'Golden Girls,' Captain Sisko?" Ray inquired.

Ray and Sisko meet a fallen angel shortly before eating some tacos.

"It's time to start moving," said Sisko, not wanting to comprehend what a "Golden Girl" was. In the time he was from, Bea Arthur and the rest of the "Golden Girls" cast were quite dead and forgotten, although it is plausible their dead bones still found a way to be annoying.

Sisko guided Ray to a giant laundry chute that led to the next level and also to the place where the laundry was supposed to be done. Since this is Hell, the laundry never actually gets done, turning everyday into a cursed laundry day. There is never anything good to wear save for dirty pants and t-shirts advertising various computer programming languages popular in Scandinavia. Ray was delighted that his blue suit had survived so well in such an inhospitable climate. He pledged to thank the wardrobe department of the Family Feud, and followed Sisko into the chute.

They landed on a pile of soiled laundry along the side of a cave that stood at the base of a large forest. Sisko rose up first, turning rather sternly to Ray and saying, "We are nearing the end of this journey." Ray sprung up, eager for the kind of sweet relief that comes from divine salvation or winning the lottery right before an expensive throat surgery.

Has Sisko betrayed Ray? The intense drama that can only come from game show fan fiction nears its climax!

The ebony Sisko almost disappeared in the dark of the forest, but the red of his uniform did manage to reflect some light. Ray staggered behind, half excited and half fearful. Something did not seem right with him. The trees themselves seemed almost as though they were spying on him, which was as queer a thought as the Pope's bar mitzvah. The moaning and creaking of these ancient wooden behemoths was more than just wood blowing in the wind, it was a song of woe and a warning.

Ray became rather alarmed and stopped moving altogether. "Sisko, something isn't right."

"Nothing is right here, in case you haven't noticed."

"Do you really know where you're going, Sisko? It's so dark here, I can't see a thing!"

"I am taking you home, Ray. We are very close."

Ray noted a certain sinister quality that began to resonate in the undertone of Sisko's voice. Suddenly he wondered if Sisko was leading him to salvation, or taking him to his final dwelling in Hell. Ray began to back away from his guide, inching further and further into unknown darkness. Almost as though Ray Combs possessed his own gravitational field, Benjamin Sisko was pulled to him. Ray would have known of it, though. He was too gripped with panic to let Sisko get close, and so he began to run through pitch darkness.

"Ray, stop! You don't know where you're going!" Sisko shouted to no avail. Suddenly a smile wrapped itself around his face. He began to laugh, manically no less.

This cold laugh reached its way into Ray's ears, which immediately sent the instructions to his brain to open all floodgates. This was no time for one to crap their pants, though, and somehow Ray maintained dignity while the torments of Captain Benjamin Sisko enveloped him.

"Ray, you really thought I was leading you to Heaven?" asked Sisko, who had undergone a rapid metamorphosis into an asshole.

"But, but, but... What about Starfleet Command? What about all that stuff back at the graveyard?"

"It was all a clever ruse. I'm no Star Captain! Why, I'm surprised you didn't recognize my voice! Here let me show you..."

To the overwhelming horror of Ray Combs, Sisko removed his own face. He tore it off, revealing it to be a crude mask. One moment, Ray is standing next to Benjamin Sisko, the next he is standing in front of Richard Dawson, the man Ray Combs replaced on Family Feud. He could barely make out the details, but it was him alright.

"It was because you took Family Feud to heights I never dreamed of! You made it your show when it was all mine! All mine! But Ray, you threw that away when you hung yourself! Survey says its time for you to suffer the consequences."

"How? But h-h-h-ow could you do all of this?" Ray insightfully inquired.

"I made a deal with Satan to get revenge at all costs. I will return and claim the show as my own, and thanks to greed, I'll be supplying Hell with plenty of new citizens. You, Ray Combs, will get to spend the rest of your life suffering for your evil deed."

Ray realized the ground was swallowing his feet and that his skin was beginning to feel stiff and hard. He was transforming into a tree, which puts him at a tactical disadvantage next to Richard Dawson and all but eliminates his chances of ever hosting a game show again. He could not help but think how awkward it would be to move around as agile as he once did, jumping from one side of the Family Feud set to another. He wanted to talk, to curse Dawson, but his mouth was too hard to move. It was not long ago a force pulled him from the dirt, now it was returning im to it forever.

"Goodbye, Ray! I hope you like it here! I think it suits you nicely."

With that, Dawson left Hell to return to Family Feud and untold heights of glory. When Dawson finally returned to the set of the Feud, he saw a familiar face. It was the demon he made the deal with, only now he was hosting the show! Dawson approached the fiend, a sniveling, nasally, and obese monstrosity, to ask what was going happening.

"Call me Louie," the demon said. "Louie Anderson. Oh, and I think I'll be keeping this job."

Richard Dawson went home and hung himself with fifteen feet of garden hose. Shortly thereafter, Ray Combs had a new neighbor.

A Review? Of a Movie? No Way!

Oh yes, my friends. Believe it! It's Ben "Grabnose" Platt here with another installment in the ongoing series entitled "Movie Reviews." This time, I pitted my steely resolve against the Eighties smash hit "Star Crystal."

> *The Eighties were a simpler, more innocent time. No one suspected their neighbors of being terrorists who wanted to kill them. But there were terrorists in America back then. They were just too busy making godawful movies to go around hijacking planes. Lance Lindsay's "Star Crystal" is just one example of that cinematic terrorism. Unlike many of the movies reviewed here at Something Awful, this film was given the blessing of a reasonable budget. That budget clearly went toward special effects. Well, special effects and a whole lot of crystal meth. Aside from the passable effects, this movie is loaded with more crap than a Mexican restaurant men's room. Lindsay not only directed this space epic, he also wrote the script. Thus, all of the contradictions and nonsensical occurrences are solely his fault. As for the cast's hair, well, that's society's fault.*

Oh, I am such a bitch! Now go read the review or I'll scratch your eyes out! Well, not me personally, but I'll hire someone to scratch your eyes out. Well, "out" might be a little strong. But I will hire someone to give you a nasty poke. Not necessarily right to the eye, but definitely to the general eye area. To the head, anyway. I'll do it, too.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.17 A Day in the Life of a First Person Shooter Hero

Thursday, Jul 17, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Jake Snapshot was a man like you or I. He was a man with responsibilities and obligations to his friends and loved ones, with too much to do and not enough time to get it all done in. Jake Snapshot had a beautiful girlfriend, a modest but pleasant apartment in the suburbs, and a good buddy from the office. The difference between Jack Snapshot and you is that Jake Snapshot is a hero in a First Person Shooter, and this is his journal in his own words.

- **6:00 AM** Alarm went off. Attempted to hit the snooze button but was not able to

Waking up with some Tai Chi is how I prefer to start my day, but there isn't always time.

from bed. Got up and strafed until I was directly in front of the alarm and then acted. Snooze button activated.

- **6:05 AM**

Alarm went off again. Got up, sprinted into the shower, and acted. The shower turned on and water phased through my chest for several seconds. Looked at myself in the mirror and jumped up and down several times. Am I losing weight? No time for that.

Sprinted into the bedroom and decided to wear my mega armor to work. It had respawned on top of the dresser. I repeatedly ran at the dresser trying to get dressed but the mega armor was not cooperating. Decided to jump on the bed and from there to the dresser but the low ceiling prevented me. Then I realized I could crouch and jump simultaneously and I managed to get on top of the dresser. Armor Level was raised to 200%.

- **6:15 AM**

Phone began ringing so I used the phone. Two weird black bars closed in from the top and the bottom of my vision and my perspective was wrenched out of my body. My boss at the office was screaming at me that two people had called in sick and I needed to hurry in and finish preparing the IT report for the Thursday planning meeting. It was like a nightmare. I couldn't control myself and just made some smartass sarcastic comment before hanging up the phone. In a rush I jumped up on the counter top and sprinted over several cans of soda to restore my health to 100%. Then I sprinted to the front door and used the front door. As if in a dream again the black bars returned and I saw myself driving to work. When I came to from this vision I was standing in the lobby of my office building.

- **6:50 AM**

Arrived at work and headed immediately into the break room for a donut and a can of soda. The donuts were still in their crates so I took out my infinite ammo blaster and destroyed three crates, each of which contained a single donut. I was only hungry enough to eat one but making the crates explode is just too much fun to pass up. After

Ching Chang approaches.

that I headed to the soda machine and attempted to use it but nothing happened. I bashed the soda machine once with a crowbar and it made a breaking window sound and sparked. A soda was dispensed. While enjoying my donut and soda by running on top of them I was joined by fellow coworker and best friend Ching Chang Darkie. He's a great guy. He's half Asian and half black and he has a totally in your face attitude that just makes me laugh at all times. He said "Herro Snapshot-san, you got any flied chicken and watelmerron?" That crazy Ching Chang!

- **8:40 AM**

I used my computer over three thousand times today in my office cubicle and the IT report for the planning meeting was finally almost done. I used my computer one last time and sprint to the printer to begin printing and then photocopying the document. Horror gripped me like a monkey grips a magical banana as I realized that we're all out of 40 pound Hammermill stock. I ran over several unlabeled reams but they turned out to be low quality Xerox paper inadequate for the report. I sprinted to the supply room and opened the door by using it. It made a loud creaking sound and swung slowly open. Some asshole had used all of the 40 pound stock at the printers and had used all of it in the supply room. All that was left were a few dozen boxes of shotgun shells neatly lined up on the floor and I couldn't even pick those up because I didn't have a shotgun.

Just as I was working up the nerve to head downstairs into the basement supply room Ching Chang approached. He stood there staring at me like I should do something so I sprinted up to him and used him. He said "Yo homesrice, whatever you are doing I wirr be your main man" and then he brandished an uzi. I tried to decline his offer, but Ching Chang insisted. He's a great guy but he is not the sort of person you want around in a dangerous situation like heading into the basement. Not too bright if you know what I mean.

- **9:00 AM**

Taking Care of Business.

I descended the steps into the basement with Ching Chang close behind. He kept prod-

ding my back with that machinegun and I was really worried he was going to unload on me at the first sign of trouble. We entered the lair of the rat monsters and were immediately besieged by several dozen mutant rats. I dispatched the first wave fairly easily with my infinite ammo and began to sprint around picking up the assault rifles and grenades that they had dropped. By the time the second wave of fire ball rats spawned Ching Chang had managed to get himself stuck against the wall and was spinning really fast shooting his Uzi. I grunted with pain every time a fireball slammed into me while Ching Chang screamed "Snapshot-san, I am under attack!" Oh great, thanks Ching Chang, I couldn't see you there spinning like a tornado and shooting randomly with that uzi of yours.

Finally I dealt the last of the fireball rats a fatal blow with my infinite ammo pistol and we headed into the refinery section of the basement. I knew that this would be one of the most dangerous areas thanks to the hundreds of oil filled barrels lining the catwalks and Ching Chang's tendency to fire at anything. I sprinted forward on the catwalk and Ching Chang immediately got stuck behind a cluster of exploding barrels. I figured this was for the best and left him standing there while I rushed forward to face the cyber zombie troopers beginning to appear. I blasted through them with my assault rifle, taking advantage of fortuitous exploding barrel placement to destroy clusters of them within the barrel's radius of death. Near their spawn point a cluster of them had actually clipped through the wall and were stuck right next to an exploding barrel. See you in hell zombie troopers!

When I finally fought my way to the door to the adjacent room I used the door and it wouldn't open. A disembodied voice informed me that "[I] can't leave a companion behind in the level" so I had to backtrack all the way through the catwalks and shove fucking Ching Chang out from behind the barrels he was stuck to. Not even a word of thanks from him as we rushed back to the door and proceeded to the Spider Queen's Burrow.

■ 9:25 AM

Spiders were everywhere! Endless waves of them in varying sizes and colors attacked us as we sprinted through the spider queen's lair on our way to face the demonic monstrosity herself. Somewhere along the line Ching Chang had picked up a shotgun to match mine and he turned out to be a menace with that thing. Every time spiders attacked us I had to strafe quickly out of the way before Ching Chang would bury half of a spread of buck shot into my back. Then whenever I would be ready to open up with my own shotgun Ching Chang would run forward at the last second to block my line of fire. Eventually I tricked him by running up and down a set of stairs until he got confused and just started walking constantly into the wall. I left him there and gunned down an increasingly large swarm of spiders that frequently just appeared out of walls to attack me from all sides.

The spiders were really taking it to me after a while but I stumbled upon a hidden room accidentally that contained a clean mega armor outfit and several first aid kits as well as plenty of ammo. I took advantage of this good fortune by sprinting over everything and topping myself off. I would have liked to have been able to pick up the spare medical supplies after I got myself up to speed but for some reason once I felt healthy I was not able to pick up any first aid kits.

Shortly after this I found myself in the spider queen's lair itself. Those goddamn black bars came in from the top and bottom again and I was paralyzed as I watched the spider queen slowly descend from the ceiling and strut around before she began attacking me. I would have loved to have blasted the crap out of her dumb ass while she was showboating but those accursed black bars robbed me of my opportunity. Instead I had to fight off

the baby spiders that kept jumping off her back while simultaneously trying to shoot her in the mouth whenever she did her acid spray attack. Needless to say I had my hands full, but somehow I managed to finish the bitch and her cronies off. Then I had to walk all the way back to the stairs to get fucking Ching Chang.

- **10:30 AM**

Fuck that thing, I hate it. Why does it fight us? All I want is a ream of paper.

I hope I never have to jump again in my entire life. Minutes earlier I had to leap from platform to platform over an infinite gulf of despair and for some damn reason these hovering platforms were moving. Ching Chang would just fall into the pit repeatedly and then reappear on top of whatever platform I was on; I wished I had it so easy. For some reason Ching Chang can survive that fall, but I knew I would be dead the instant I missed one of these damned platforms. It certainly did not help that my inability to view myself from another perspective made gauging the distance to the next platform almost impossible. Somehow I did it though and we made it into the final level of the basement.

It was thick with zombies, red zombies that would explode when they got close to you, super zombies that were twice is big as normal ones and carried mini-guns, flying Succubus zombies that looked like women in bikinis and they made this horrible orgasmic moan when you shot them to death. There were even robot zombies. I don't know what kind of retard makes a robotic zombie, probably the same kind of retard who puts our office supplies at the far end of a monster infested basement. I should have just dipped into petty cash.

By the time we finally made it into the Cathedral of Pain area of the basement it was almost my lunch hour. Pretty typical that I would bust my ass through another day eating lunch on the go while my boss sits in his air conditioned office earning overtime for taking a dump after five o'clock. I sprinted up to the giant skull-encrusted double doors and used them. They swung open and immediately in came those black bars as the cyber demon zombie overlord stomped out towards me and Ching Chang. Again I would have loved to have emptied about three magazines of assault rifle ammo and at least a dozen rockets into his head, but no such luck.

The thing had a chain gun rocket launcher. I don't know if you're aware of what that is but it's not pleasant and amounts to about one explosive rocket hurtling directly at you every half second. Luckily no one put any furniture in the Cathedral of Pain so I was restricted to strafing and even jumping over his rockets. I tried to go back into the narrow hallways that would confine him but I guess all the doors locked when we came in. Ching Chang went down after about five seconds, blasted into pieces by a direct rocket hit. I figured this would ruin my day but for some reason I was able to keep fighting the boss of office supplies. At last a well-placed rocket took the beast down!

The black bars came back and I saw myself and the mysteriously intact Ching Chang loading our arms with Hammermill 40 pound stock. Now all we had to do was back track through every level that was sure to be full of monsters once again.

4:10 PM

I was thinking I might get home on time after all. Ching Chang and I had made it back from the basement and had printed, copied, and collated all of the IT reports and it was still almost an hour before it was time to leave. We headed into my boss's office to drop the reports off. For some reason my boss had decided to redecorate with a shitload of those exploding barrels from the refinery in the basement. I thought that seemed like a pretty dumbass idea at the time but I just wanted to unload those damn reports. Unfortunately, my boss was feeling chatty. While he was telling me about some fishing trip and flipping through the report Ching Chang must have noticed something. He sprinted over to the nearest cluster of exploding barrels and drew his shotgun. Before I could say anything a rat emerged and Ching Chang opened fire indiscriminately. The barrels went up like a propane tank covered with C-4 and gibbed Ching Chang completely.

When the dust had settled I looked at my boss with dismay.

"These reports are worthless without Ching Chang!" He exclaimed to me. "You're going to have to start over."

I blinked and I was back in the spider queen's lair with Ching Chang in tow. I had always thought my life autosaved after every door.

Maybe now that you kids realize just how hard Jake Snapshot has it you won't try to emulate him and go on your spree killings or harass old people like your favorite Wolfenstein character.

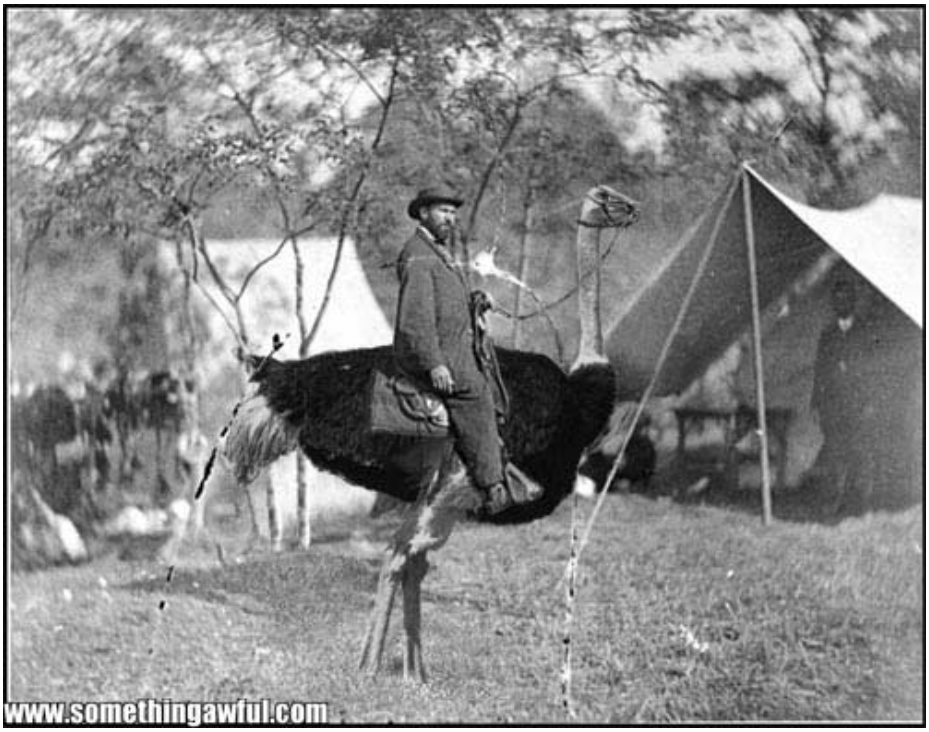
Hooligans.

Ken Burns' Photoshop Phriday

Hello kiddies and kiddos, whichever you are, it is I, Josh "Green Acres" Boruff here with another helping of razzle-dazzle and pixilated fanfare. This edition of Photoshop Phriday travels back in time to the American Civil War, and promptly rapes it. All sorts of long gone moments, harrowing and happy, are torn to pieces by our beloved SA Forum Goons. The phrase "history comes alive" probably didn't imply the past rising from its grave and violently attacking people for their sweet, delicious brain matter. It does here, however.

Now stop crying and go read this free comedy, you rotten fishwives.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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7.18 Rated Arrrrrrrrrgh!!!

Thursday, Jul 17, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'd say this kid was old enough to watch some X-rated movies, or at least a film where the lead character blows peoples' heads off with a shotgun for 60 minutes.

I don't go out to the movies that much these days, mostly due to the fact that the theaters are located outside of my home and therefore make it quite tricky to get there while refusing to wear pants. This strict "no pants" rule severely limits my outdoors activities, but since the only things you can do outside your home in Missouri is get bitten by insects or watch other people get bitten by insects, I don't feel I'm really missing too much. I'm one of the ever-growing minority of people who refuse to see movies in the theaters, instead waiting for them to come out on DVD so I can subsequently refuse to watch them on my DVD player. I blame this sentiment on the fact that I have pretty eclectic taste in films and don't really care for the newest "cars driving into other cars and then exploding in slow motion from nine different camera angle" films that Jerry Bruckheimer shits out on a regular basis. Some of my all time favorite films include "Blackmale," "Thick As Thieves," "Miami Blues," and "Session 9," none of which could particularly be labeled as box office blockbusters. In fact, I think the number of cast and crew members from each of these films outnumber the quantity of people who have actually watched the movies, which is a shame because I honestly love each one of these films and encourage everybody reading this to check them out.

To give you an indication of how terrible my movie-attending performance is, I've only seen two movies in the theaters within the past six years and one of those films was "Gone in 60 Seconds," which I mistakenly thought was a film about my sex life. Now I don't need to fill in the blanks here and explain exactly how watching "Gone in 60 Seconds" will make anybody with half a brain despise movie theaters and everybody associated with them in any way, so let me instead simply indicate my burning desire to stick a few hundred pounds of plastic explosives up Jerry Bruckheimer's ass and then film his bloated carcass exploding from nine different camera angles, preferably in slow motion. I recently broke my "no outside movie" rule by attending a showing of "Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines and Downfall of Arnold's Political Aspirations" in one of the many Kansas City 546-screen movie theater complexes. I'm a modest fan of the "Terminator" series and I have to admit that one of my most favorite movie scenes occurred during the ending of "Terminator 2" when John Connor bit the finger off Gollum and fell into Mount Doom. "Terminator 3" has received mixed, mostly positive reviews from movie critics and my fat next door neighbors alike, so I decided to bite the bullet and attend a movie which featured a man biting a bullet.

Although I wouldn't claim "Terminator 3" was a bad movie, I would have a difficult time convincing myself to believe it was a good movie. I'd say the biggest flaws of the film revolved around the fact that it lacked a good, solid pacing. The movie would toss out an action-packed, intense action scene which lasted 15 minutes, immediately followed by 30 minutes of dialogue between two people who had the charisma of rotting plasterboard that had flown out of the back of a pickup truck and landed in a ditch alongside a highway. Now I must admit that I'm a big fan of humanity; hell, some of my best friends are humans. However, I was really rooting for the robot apocalypse to take place in T3, as the murder-death-kill fueled machines of genocide had much more character and sex appeal than any human being featured in the movie. If you want to save yourself the $36 that it costs to see a film these days, let me briefly sum up "Terminator 3" for you:

1) Bad robot appears.
2) Helpless and stupid humans run away from it.
3) Bad robot finds them.
4) Helpless and stupid humans run away from it again.

This pattern repeats for about 90 minutes until the humans find some place that the bad robot can't chase them because there is a particularly large door in its way and, in the future, robots cannot figure out how to open particularly large doors. Hell, I don't think there are even any doors in the future, as the post-apocalyptic world of the Terminators seems to support a style of architecture best described as "blown up concrete blocks that are on fire despite the fact that concrete doesn't usually burn." If you plan on being an architect or interior decorator later on in life, please keep in mind the fact that you'll probably be out of a job once the robots start slinging nuclear warheads around the globe. I'm guessing the mobile ice cream delivery service will be adversely affected as well, mostly because I honestly cannot remember a single ice cream man appearing in the futuristic clips from the "Terminator" franchise, despite the fact that many of the filthy people holding automatic weapons looked like they would really enjoy a Bomb-Pop or Creamsicle.

This image appeared when I did a search for "Terminator 3." Draw your own conclusions, I guess.

But I digress; today's update is not about what happened onscreen during the viewing of "Terminator 3: The Rise of the Franchises," but rather what happened offscreen. There is an unfortunate trend that has been increasing in popularity the past decade or so, one that threatens to undermine our way of living and sanity in general. I'm not referring to the amount of movies using "bullet time," I'm talking about all the fucking six-year old retarded kids that are being hauled into R-rated movies by their deadbeat parents. There was a large black woman behind me who apparently thought it would be an utterly fantastic idea to bring her four small children to watch "Terminator 3: Rise of the Box Office Receipts" the fine day I chose to attend. Now I don't have any problem with kids in general, just as long as I don't have to fucking see them, hear them, smell them, or ever think about them in any way whatsoever. If you want to go hitch up with some guy who predominantly wears shirts that feature various farm equipment manufacturer's names, pop out a few dozen kids with him, and then bitch about how he's not there for you on the next episode of "The Jenny Jones Show," that's absolutely fantastic with me. I assume I'll still be eating at Wendy's 17 years from now, so your kids will assuredly have a job in their future. However, I do not appreciate it when these gutter-dwelling hagbeasts tug their filthy dirtbugs into the movie theater to watch an R-rated movie about mass murders and graphic violence.

"MOMMA! WHY DID DAT GUY DO DAT?"

The underage oafs in question sat behind me in the theater, asking key questions such as "MOMMA, WHO IS DAT?" and "MOMMA, WHAT DEY DOIN?" every 13 nanoseconds, which provided a really helpful service for me since I found it somewhat difficult to follow the detailed and complex dramatic storyline behind "T3." The mother kind of dropped the ball and failed to help out her kids, as all her answers were some variation of "just watch the movie, Quantisha" or "watch the movie, Lungfisha" or whatever the hell her little bastard children were named at the current time. A 10-minute procession of explosions and gunfire would inhabit the screen, and the split second that things ceased blowing up and catching fire, her dimwitted hellspawn would shout, "MOMMA, WHERE DEY GOIN TO?" As you can obviously imagine, the children lacked the ability to distinguish between "I should shout at the top of my lungs because the film is very noisy" verbal mode and "I should fucking talk in a normal

goddamn volume because the explosions stopped happening half an hour ago." These kids talked so outrageously loud that people attending the next sequel in the Terminator franchise will still be able to hear their screeching voices. I realize that previous analogy didn't really make too much sense, so please just pretend it was so incredibly clever and hilarious that you are unable to fully comprehend what a fantastic writer I am.

While my reasons for loathing the presence of children at movie theaters are fairly selfish at this point, I would like to explain one of the resulting perils that will undoubtedly affect you soon. We've currently got these land monster mothers bringing six-year olds to R-rated movies, content to let their little lifelong unemployed greasehogs view movies that feature hundreds of people being shot to death after engaging in fairly explicit sexual situations that caused them to shout enough curse words to make the ghost of George Carlin blush once he dies and his ghost begins making celebrity appearances at the charity fundraisers of his choice. If irresponsible parents want to haul their children to these types of movies because they're too cheap or lazy to hire a babysitter, hey, that's fine with me just as long as they don't object once I pull a fucking Baretta on them and proceed to wrap enough duct tape around all their McDonalds-encrusted rotting mouths to ensure that they'll never say a goddamn word for as long as either I or they live. What worries me is that soon we'll have a generation of kids raised on these R-rated movies, completely immune to exploding skulls, people punching through other people's crucial body parts, and women having sex with men inside of fast cars which drive on a speedboat on top of a horse's back snowboarding down a snowy cavern while holding a can of Mountain Dew: Code Remix Ultra Vanilla Slice Extreme LiveWire XP Pro. Think about this: what kind of movies will these kids be making once they turn 18 and realize that the only career prospects they have lie in either preparing deep fried objects, professionally running into other fat men in the pursuit of a brown ball, or being an action star who must remember such key lines as "who, me?" and "what, you?" and then being required to run from one side of the screen to the other?

If the current trend of "let's take our stupid little loud-mouthed kids to graphic R-rated movies" continues, the movie industry will be doomed. Where will the shock value go? When I was a kid, I was horrified by many of the scenes in "Poltergeist," particularly at the image of Craig T. Nelson with hair. If somebody were to release "Poltergeist" in this day and age, it would get a G-rating and Taco Bell would begin offering a "Crazy Choking Clown" toys with every Kid's Meal purchase. We've got a generation of youth who are being exposed to movies that our parents would've slapped us silly if we tried to watch during our childhoods. What types of movies will these kids be making when they grow up? To what levels will the Hollywood "shock value" ultimately sink to before our culture decides to do the job of the machines and willingly nuke ourselves? Full-frontal nudity is no longer shocking in current movies, instead becoming a staple, expected feature of any film. Did you know that over 86% of Disney cartoons these days feature at least one shot of the female lead's exposed breasts? Even more disturbing, **over 41% of Disney cartoons show oral intercourse between two non-consenting adults,** although they may be adult fish or adult polar bears or adult space creatures. I guess there's a slight chance those aforementioned two facts may be slightly factually incorrect, but I'm 100% sure of the "86%" and "41%" figures, I'm just not positive exactly what the percentages were describing.

Although this has nothing to do with today's update, I recently purchased this velvet painting of the Notorious B.I.G. for my house. Thank you very much, eBay, for making my dreams come true!

In the year 2031, will we be seeing blockbuster releases of movies such as "The Stabinator: Vengeance

Comes in Blood," a PG-rated film about a contract killer who rips out his victims' veins one by one and then winds them together to form a giant prosthetic penis which he uses to rape his next victim with until it bursts through her spinal column? How about "Sexy Sex 37: The Sex Above" which has 80 minutes of film shot from a tiny camera that was inserted inside a man's penis and then used to film it entering a vagina repeatedly? Will Hollywood get so desperate to shock audiences and offer new experiences that the directors will personally attend every screening and throw buckets of semen on the audience during the main character's climax? Well, now that I think about it, that last idea is kind of funny, and I'd actually pay to see people attending the next Jerry Bruckheimer movie get covered in man-splooge. Hell, I'd pay *a lot* of money to watch that. Maybe it's actually a good thing to have these kids growing up on a steady buffet of ultraviolent, sex-filled, curse word movies. As long as I don't have to hear their ratty little mouths open every goddamn second and ask their blubberbag bitch hog mom why person X is beating person Y to death with their own severed penis, I'll be happy. Well, I won't necessarily be happy, but I won't be praying for them to explode from nine different camera angles in slow motion, which is certainly a step in the right direction.

◘ Straight Outta Bronxton

Zack "Lice Mediator" Parsons here with a Movie Review! I've endured all or most of the horrors that "Bronx Executioner" has to offer and I am reporting back to you! That means I reviewed it you jerks!

While Dakkar and Crowley are walking tensely around the inside of the security control room occasionally shooting androids that enter, Margie is upstairs in the villa living the high life. For evil android gang leaders the high life involves watching weird red and black video footage of rape and hanging out with the gang that includes a woman that appears to be a super hero and a man in a shirt that say "MARIJUANA" on it. Exhausted from too much wild partying like this she heads off to bed. Shark is all turned on by watching the grainy red rape video and he confesses his robot love for her, but Margie will have none of that. Spurned Shark watches from the shadows as Margie undresses and then gets busy with a random robodude who just walks in.

I didn't sweat and bleed for you just so you could ignore my link to this amazing review! Go and read it now or be damned to the fires of eternal something.

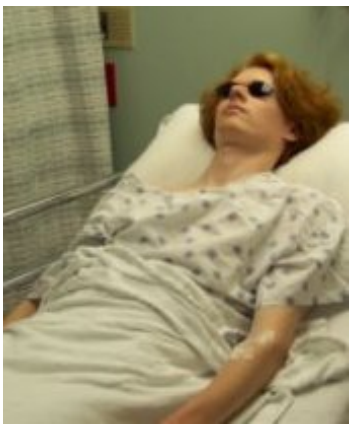
-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.19 Journey to the Center of my Bum

Friday, Jul 18, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

My Grandpa would always sit me down on his knee and tell me that "Good health is the most important thing in the world. More than success, more than money, more than power." Actually I think that was Hyman Roth from The Godfather Part II, but the point remains that it's important to stay on top of your health so you can enjoy the years you have on this earth. The body is a very fragile and delicate thing that requires constant maintenance and care. This especially is the case when it comes to the human digestive system. Stomach and intestinal problems are the most common issues that people currently face. It seems like everyone I know has some sort of digestive problem. What could be the cause of the steep incline of cases? Is it the overbearing tension and stress of 50 hour work weeks, traffic jams, and noise pollution? Or, is it the greasy, sugary foods we devour, food that our bodies were never designed to consume? I'm sure it all must have a profound effect on our systems, and it sure sucks when your plumbing feels like it had man eating plants popping out of it like the popular video game, Super Mario Brothers.

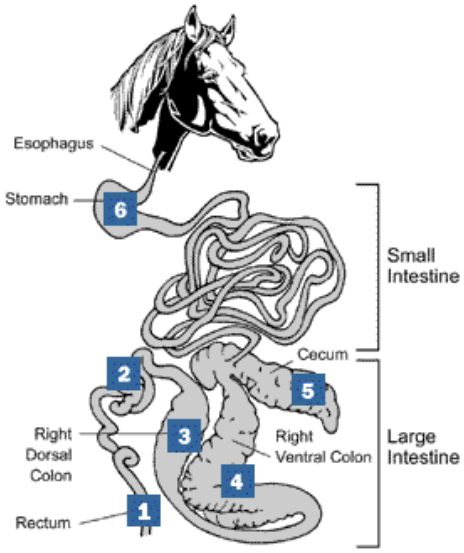
That's why when I started experiencing horrible pain in my stomach like being jabbed with a red hot poker covered in sulfuric acid, I thought it would be wise to have it checked out. At first I tried to go the cheap way about it and asked the advice of my Uncle Cecil, who was a vet before the state took his license away after a pig/cat love triangle scandal. He told me that my belly was full of goblins because I eat too much lettuce and the only cure is to drown them in pure malt whiskey. This makes sense since he's been drinking whiskey since the Vietnam War, where supposedly a whole battalion of Vietcong goblins entered his body while he was sleeping in his foxhole. Unfortunately, Uncle Cecil's usually reliable advice proved to be unsound, and only complicated my stomach ailment. So I decided to finally go to the doctor and get it looked at by professionals. They said it was pretty serious and they would have to get a closer look...inside my bowels!



Oh dear sweet baby Jesus, take the pain away.

Of course when I heard this news I screamed like a little girl and ran out of the doctor's office, but quickly came to my senses and realized that the pain would not subside unless I took care of this problem. So I returned to the doctor and set the appointment for my surgery, as well as instructions on the preparation procedures. It was no picnic let me tell you. It said I had to go 48 hours without eating a thing and drink 3 ounces of this oily laxative that was the bottle said was flavored with "ginger-lemon" although the taste was more reminiscent of a "soiled underwear/decomposed flesh" flavor. I didn't think the eating part would bother me that much because I'm a skinny dude and don't think about food that much, but as soon as I couldn't have any food I wanted to eat everything in the world. Every time I had to feed my guinea pig meals, I would get jealous over the scrumptious pellets he would get to devour. Going to the bathroom wasn't that bad since I was equipped with the the newest hi-tech PDA so I didn't have to miss what was going on in the world while I sat on the toilet. After my digestive tract was clean as a whistle, and I looked like an extra from Schindler's List, it was time to get a look inside of me and see what was wrong.

The procedure would not be without great peril and risk. The brave medical team consisting of Dr. Steve and his team of nurses would be using the latest technology of colonoscopy medicine in my surgery. A new laser developed by NASA will be shrinking the medical team to a quarter of an inch in height so they can enter a small ship that was specially designed for navigation in the human body. Soon I was on the table with an IV in my arm, pumped full of powerful narcotics, and ready to be probed by the ship manned by the hospital staff. They were equipped with video cameras, so I could follow their progress on the screen in front of me. In order to properly convey where they explored and what I saw, I have provided a handy map to the inside of my body. Hold on to your hats, for you are all about to take a journey to the center of my bum!



1 The Rectum: Entrance to Hell

As the intravenously-fed narcotics whisked me away to the land of unicorns, the medical ship, aptly named the S. S. Bold Eagle, entered my rectum. Right away there was trouble. Visibility was very poor, and the ship had to navigate around some random Go-Bots action figures that I have no recollection of putting in there, but I've been to some wild parties, so who knows. Once the Go-Bots obstruction had been cleared with the ship's mechanical arm, they continued deeper into the passage to my colon. So far no hints of infection, cancer, or disease had been spotted. The captain turned the ship to the starboard side, bracing the crew for the rapids and falls ahead.

2 Little Bear Falls

As the S. S. Bold Eagle rounded the Buffalo Rapids and the Chippewa Straits it came upon the Little Bear Falls, a place of ill refute for sea vessels and feces alike. The walls closed in and the speed of the current picked up. If things weren't hard enough for Dr. Steve and his staff, the weather took a turn for the worse and forks of lightning nearly missed the boat many times. As the falls approached, one shaky-kneed intern lost his nerve and jumped ship, trying to make a swim back towards the light. The cowardly fool was swallowed up by a whirlpool and was not seen again, until I went to the bathroom the next day. The rest of the crew lashed themselves to the deck, bracing for the notorious Little Bear Falls. The ship went over, crashing over the foamy break, nearly capsizing, yet staying upright and clearing the dangerous falls. The staff gave a sigh of relief, and then continued down the tunnel. That's when a kraken attacked the boat, trying to cut it in half with it's razor sharp beak, but the Dr. Steve beat it off

with the ship's mechanical robot arm. With the danger past for now, they made their way into the colon.

Killed by bad weather, or dinosaurs?

3 Colon Discoveries

Soon the walls opened up enough wto here it was impossible to see either side. The S. S. Bold Eagle was in the large expanse of the colon, where they suspected they would find the root to my pain. Ahead in the gloom they could make out an large island, so they crew decided to stop to replenish the water supply and camp for the night. After the vessel was safely anchored and camp was established, they decided to do a quick search to maybe find out if there was anything of interest on the island. It didn't take long to find what looked like a section of a wing from a prop plane. Dr. Steve, being a historical student as well, recognized the piece and continued searching. Under a patch of palm trees they found a badly damaged plane that, upon further inspection, turned out to be none other than Amelia Earhart's missing plane! Inside the cockpit was her skeleton, some of the bones splintered and broken. The glee of the discovery was short lived when a Stegosaurus tore through the underbrush, snatching a well-endowed nurse in its mouth and swallowing her whole! The crew screamed, running back to the rowboat, and made their way back to the ship. As they rowed, they saw all kinds of dinosaurs on the island, fighting with each other and stomping to and fro. Although they had made a great find with Earhart's plane, they left the piece of wing on the island, thus failing to bring back proof, and leaving the secret to the dinosaurs.

4 The Junkyard

Leaving the island behind, the Bold Eagle sailed into an even larger section of colon. By this point, most of the staff wanted to get out of my body since most of them had golf and lunch reservations, but the sense of duty kept them going. Since they came this far, they wanted to find what the problem was, but they just hoped it would be soon. Suddenly, the lookout in the crow's nest shouted, warning of a dangerous object in the water, which was possibly a coral reef. They slowed speed and as they drew near they saw that a pile of random objects were jutting from the water, presenting a grave danger to the ship's hull. Extreme caution was used navigating around the objects, which consisted of things like car keys, forks, bottle caps, CDs, and license plates. I really don't remember eating these things, but like I said, I go to some wild parties. Just as the ship was making a turn around an old Kenny Loggins CD, the hull struck a can opener, splitting it open. The Bold Eagle soon was taking on more water than the crew could pump out, and the doctor called to abandon ship. Luckily land was near, and only one male nurse drowned. They would have to go on by foot.

5 El Dorado: The Lost City of Gold

Legend speaks of the Lost City of Gold as a magical place crafted from pure gold; every road, every building, even the toilets. Scientists and doctors alike laugh when they hear of it, calling it a mere child's tale. The staff of Novi's Providence Hospital learned differently when they turned the corner into the *Euglena Pectora.* Blinding golden light bathed them head to toe, their jaws dropping with disbelief. Before them lay El Dorado, The Lost City of Gold. Just like the legends said, the entire city was made of beautifully crafted gold, with an arry of meticulously designed golden statues dotted all over the city. Two of the younger, less wise, med school interns rushed headlong into the city so they could carve out of a chunk of the precious gold and live like kings. Before Doctor Steve could stop them, they ran up the golden stairs whooping with excitement. Then in the blink of an eye, the two interns turned into solid gold! Dr. Steve shook his head and realized that the city was under a golden curse, and everything in the city will turn to gold. The small remains of the once large staff turned to leave to continue hiking to the stomach, but then another intern couldn't help himself and ran into the city where he promptly turned to gold. Dr. Steve shooked his head and walked on.

The source of all stomach problems, Goblins.

6 Goblins!

At long last, the weary and worn out surgery staff made it to my stomach, the most probable place for the source of the problem since all other areas had been searched. Right away, Dr. Steve knew there was trouble afoot. The red glow of fire shone off the roof of the stomach, flickering and dancing about. They found a pile of partially digested Cheez-Its, and took cover, peering over into the stomach valley. What they saw shocked and appalled them. A host of dark, evil looking goblins had created a village in the center of the valley, creating havoc with wicked looking weapons and fire. One of Dr. Steve's top assistants and right hand man tried to get closer for a better look, yet slipped on a Muncho and tumbled down into the middle of the village where the goblins pounced on him, tying him to a spit and setting him over one of the many raging fires. Dr. Steve had no time to mourn though, for a scout spotted them and arrows wizzed over their heads from every direction. Their only chance of escape was up the Esophagus and out the mouth. They ran as fast as they could not looking behind them. One by one they were picked off by the fell poison tipped arrows until it was just Dr. Steve. He clambered up the throat tossing down anything he could get his hands on to slow down the pursuing goblins. As last he was at the mouth and escape looked to be possible, but something stood in his way. It was the goblin chiefton who was determined to not let Dr. Steve out of his clutches. A "to the death" battle took place that was really cool, and Dr. Steve ended up getting stabbed in the arms a few times, but then he took the large goblin's sword away from him and impaled him to the wall of my mouth, quipping "Stick around." He then leaped out of my mouth and into safety, never looking back.

Everything went black for a while but when I came to I saw Dr. Steve and was glad he was all right. I recounted everything I saw and told him that my Uncle Cecil suspected it was goblin trouble from the start. To my surprise the doctor just laughed and said that I hallucinated the whole thing because of the strong narcotics, and that the only thing they did was put a tube with a camera on it inside my colon. He went on to say that they found Crohn's Disease and it's incurable, but treatable. I just assumed Crohn's Disease was a fancy way of saying goblins, so I got dressed and ready to leave. Dr. Steve gave me a piece of paper with some scribbles on it, but I already know what medicine I need. Sweet, sweet golden brown whiskey. Dark malt brew, behold thy slave.

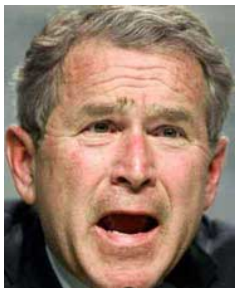
THANK YOU DR. STEVE.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.20 Inside the Oval Office

Saturday, Jul 19, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

My friends, we are living in a politically charged time. The United States is on more shit lists worldwide than ever before. Being an American has a very different meaning now than it did five years ago, both here at home and abroad. The pressures on the average American to support the nation are enormous, but what about the pressures on the one American who represents us all? There is no more stressful job on this planet than being the leader of the free world. It's like being an air traffic controller, only times, like, a million. Yes, it's not easy being George W. Bush. That's why Something Awful is proud to take you inside the Oval Office in this short teleplay that I like to call... "Inside the Oval Office."


Our intrepid hero!

Scene: The Oval Office, interior, day. GEORGE W. BUSH, President of the United States, Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, Leader of the Free World, defender of Truth, Justice, and the American Way, sits behind his desk putting the finishing touches on a pair of rudimentary paper dolls attached to the ends of pencils. Upon completion, he holds the dolls at arms length, examining them. He then begins to tap them against one another, enacting a play of his own creation. There's something ironic about it - a odd twist of the play-within-a-play device, but more importantly it's just sad.
George W. Bush: "I'm gonna getcha, Saddam!" *(In a Russian accent, for some reason)* "No you're not, Comrade Bushski!" *(In his own voice)* "Oh yeah? Take this, Saddam and the Iraqi people!" *(He begins violently hammering the doll that represents Saddam Hussein with the doll that represents himself.)* "Boom! Pow! Crack! Fizzow! Rat-a-tat-tat-tat! Ba-boom! Don't mess with Texas! Eeeeeeee*eeeeeee*-blammo! *(In a Russian accent)* "Oh no, stop, I'm going to die or possibly go into hiding!" *(He pauses for a moment, then puts down the dolls and presses the intercom on his desk. In his own voice)* "Janine, is President Hussein dead or just in hiding?"
Janine, the President's secretary who I just made up: *(Over intercom)* "We don't know, sir."
George: "Oh, uh, alright." *(He picks up the dolls again.)* "You can't hide, or alternately die from me, Saddam!" *(In Russian accent)*"Watch me!" *(He makes the two dolls chase each other in circles. In his own voice)* "You come back here right now or I'll get my dad!"
(ANDREW H. CARD, JR., Chief of Staff, enters and approaches the desk.)

The plucky sidekick!

Andrew Card: "Mr. President-"
George: *(Startled)* Eek! *(He throws one of the dolls over his shoulder and starts furiously writing with the pencil end of the other.)* "Dear economy. I believe I speak for the American people when I wish you a speedy recovery."
Andrew Card: "Uh, Mr. President..."
George: "Oh, Andrew! I didn't hear you come in." *(He presses the intercom.)* "Janine, why didn't you tell me Mr. Card was coming in?"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "I didn't know you wanted me to."
George: "Well, could you do that in the future?"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Yes, Mr. President."
George: "Alright, now, mister... uh... Mr. Card..." *(He starts to snicker.)*
Andrew Card: "What is it, Mr. President?"
George: "Oh, I'm sorry, I just can't get over it. Your last name's a *word!* That's so cool to me!"

Andrew Card: "Uh, yes sir, so is yours."
George: "It is?"
Andrew Card: "Yes sir, a bush is another name for a shrubbery."
(There is a long pause, as GEORGE stares blankly.)
Andrew Card: "Sort of like a mini-tree."
George: "No... *way!* A mini-tree! Now that is A-1 sauce hunky dory in my book. I have got to tell my dad about that. Hold on." *(He picks up the red phone.)*
Russian Voice: "Da?"
George: "No, I'm looking for *my* Da."
Andrew Card: "It'll have to wait, Mr. President. You have some very important matters to attend to this morning."
Russian Voice: "Da?"
George: "No, *my*-"
Andrew Card: "Mr. President, please!"
George: "Oh, alright. Bye, dad."
Russian Voice: "Da?"
(GEORGE hangs up.)
Andrew Card: "Thank you, sir. Now, as I was saying, you have a very full schedule this morning. Our foreign interests are in terrible jeopardy, and people are starting to take notice here at home."
George: "What, you mean, like, my wife?"
Andrew Card: "No, sir, the American people."
George: "Oh, good. Because I was going to say, I'm pretty sure Laura's cool with it."
Andrew Card: "Sir, please, this is serious. Your approval rating along the Eastern seaboard is almost nonexistent. The West coast isn't much better. The only place where you've still got strong support is in the heartland, and I don't know if that will be enough."
George: "Whoa! Hey! Slow down a peg, little turtle. I have support in the *where?*"
Andrew Card: "In the heartland."
George: "What the heck is that? The heartland? Is that like Kumbolaland?"
(ANDREW CARD stares ahead for a moment.)
Andrew Card: "Yes. Sure. Kumbolaland, fine. Whatever." *(Secretary of State and four star general COLIN POWELL enters the Oval Office and crosses to the desk, standing next to ANDREW CARD.)*

Colin Powell: "Good morning, Mr. President."
George: "Whoa! What the lethal injection is going on around here?" *(He presses the intercom.)* "Janine, didn't I tell you to let me know if someone was coming in?"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Oh! I thought you meant just for Mr. Card."
George: *(Brightly)* "Oh! Ha ha, I see what happened! Well, that clears it all up then! Hey Janine, did you know that my last name means mini-tree?"
(JANINE bursts out laughing. Soon, GEORGE is laughing uproariously, as well.)
Colin Powell: *(Muttering to ANDREW CARD)* "What is wrong with him?"
Andrew Card: *(Muttering to COLIN POWELL)* "I have no idea. He doesn't know his ass from the hole in the ground he ordered the national guard to blow yesterday, but he knows what Kumbolaland is."
Colin Powell: *(Muttering)* "Kumbolaland, really? What a strange reference."

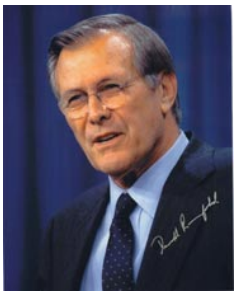
The sassy black guy!

George: "Alright, bye bye!" *(He releases the intercom.)* "Sorry about Janine. She's new, or possibly imaginary. Well hey hey! Colin Powell, my man! What's shakin', brother bacon? You cool?

You fresh? You chillin'? Catch ya on the flip side!"
Colin Powell: "I'm sorry, are you telling me to leave?"
George: "Nah, we's gonna bust some caps up in this piece. You down, sheezy-Poweezy? Gonna score some fly honeys on the four-one-one with my P. Diddy Method Man! Downin' Colt .45 on the curb with yo momma! Aye-*eeeeeeeeeeeet!*"
Colin Powell: "Mr. President, I appreciate the effort, but for the last time, I'm black, not retarded."
George: "There's a-"
Colin Powell: "I swear to God, Mr. President, if you ask me if there's a difference one more time, I will beat you to death with my Congressional Gold Medal."
George: "I see."
Colin Powell: "Do you?"
George: "West Sigh-*yeeeed!*"
(COLIN POWELL punches GEORGE in the face.)
Andrew Card: "Jesus Christ!"
George: "Oh, you got me again, you rascal!"
Colin Powell: "It keeps being necessary. Now, if we can get down to business..."
George: "Yes, of course you're right! This is no time for procrastulation!"
Colin Powell: "Okay, uh, I really walked into that one. Anyway, Mr. President, you've got to make a decision about Liberia."
George: "Oh yeah. SARS, right?"
Colin Powell: "Uh, no sir. Not SARS. The rebels. Charles Taylor has vowed to fight to the very end. As you may remember, sir, our stated position is that we will not send in American troops as part of a peacekeeping force until Taylor leaves."
George: "Oh yeah, yeah, yeah. Right. So, we wait."
Colin Powell: "Yes, but the thing of it is, if Taylor leaves, then there may be peace without us. We'd look rather silly."
Andrew Card: "Also, Mr. President, we wouldn't get the approval points that come with sending troops basically anywhere on the other side of the planet."
George: "Hmm... I see. It's a very delecatable situation. I'll have to think some more about it. I don't want to send our boys over there too hastily, risk letting them get SARS. What else is going on?"
Colin Powell: "Well, we still haven't actually *found* those weapons of mass destruction we were looking for in Iraq. Now, I stalled for time with the U.N. by giving them a complex series of excuses. It should take them another week or so to figure out that nothing I said actually made any sense. Between now and then, we either have to find some weapons of mass destruction, or come up with an incredibly plausible reason why our searches are coming up dry."
George: *(Nods seriously, then furrows his brow and touches his fingers to his chin in a contemplative gesture.)* "You lost me. I thought we were the U.N."
Colin Powell: "U.S., sir."
(COLIN POWELL grabs GEORGE by the back of the head and slams his face into the desk.)
Andrew Card: "Jesus Christ!"
George: "Don't mess with Texas!"
(COLIN POWELL slams his head into the desk again.)
Andrew Card: "Jesus Christ."
George: "Subliminable!"
(And again.)
George: "Narf!"
Andrew Card: "Jesus Christ! You're going to give him brain damage!"
Colin Powell: "Who's going to notice?"
Andrew Card: "Fair enough."

(Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld enters.)
Donald Rumsfeld: "Mr. President, I apologize for the intrusion, but we have serious matters to discuss. Good morning, Colin. Good morning, Andrew."
Colin Powell: "Don."
Andrew Card: "Morning, Don."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Mr. Rumsfeld is here, sir."
George: "Thank you Janine. A little late, though."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "I'm pretty sure Mr. Card and Mr. Powell are still in there, too, sir."

Donald Rumsfeld: "Mr. President, the situation in Iraq is critical- good lord, what happened to your face?"
George: "I don't know, but I hurt more than a mayfly in a wheat thresher."
Donald Rumsfeld: "Well, okay. As I was saying, the situation in Iraq is critical."
George: "SARS?"
Donald Rumsfeld: "No sir, not SARS. Rebuilding the infrastructure."
George: "Dammit, doesn't anyone have SARS anymore?"
(ANN M. VENEMAN enters.)
Ann Veneman: "Uh, I do."
George: "Who are you?"
Ann Veneman: "I'm Ann Veneman, the Secretary of Agriculture."
Andrew Card: "Good lord, you have SARS?"
Ann Veneman: "Uh.... no. I just wanted some attention."
Donald Rumsfeld: "Go away. Now."
Ann Veneman: "Cheery bye!"
(ANN VENEMAN exits.)
George: "What were we talking about?"
Donald Rumsfeld: "We were-"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Ann Veneman is here, sir."


The tough white guy!

Donald Rumsfeld: "We were-"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Sir?"
Donald Rumsfeld: "We were-"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Mr. President, where are you?"
Donald Rumsfeld: "We were-"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Oh my God! The President is missing! It's total anarchy! Oh God!"
George: "Should I-"
Donald Rumsfeld: "Would you?"
(GEORGE presses the intercom.)
George: "Janine?"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Who's that?"
George: "It's George Dubya."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Mr. President!"
George: "That's right."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "You're okay!"
George: "Yes, I'm fine."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Oh, I was so worried!" *(She lets out a relieved laugh.)*
George: *(Laughing)* "Oh!"
Donald Rumsfeld: *(Sternly)* "Mr. President..."

Ann Veneman!

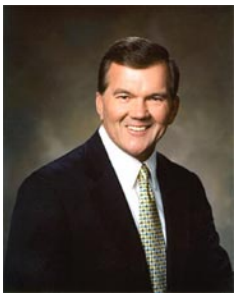
George: "Ooh! I gotta go, Janine. Rummy's getting mad at me." *(He releases the intercom.)*
Donald Rumsfeld: "I wasn't getting mad, Mr. President."
George: "You were too."
Donald Rumsfeld: "I wasn't getting mad."
George: "Just a little bit."
Donald Rumsfeld: "No sir, I wasn't getting mad, I was getting-"
George: "SARS?"
Donald Rumsfeld: "No sir."
George: "Just a little joke, there."
Donald Rumsfeld: "Well, it sucked. Now, if we can get back to the matter at hand, we've got Paul Bremer working as hard as he can over there, but he's struggling, sir. We attacked Hussein's regime like gangbusters, but in hindsight, we probably should have come up with some sort of plan to put the country back together afterwards. The Iraqi people are not particularly thrilled with the progress we're making. Like the sands of the barren desert wasteland we turned it into, Iraq is slipping through our fingers, sir."
Colin Powell: "Nice simile, Rummy."
Donald Rumsfeld: "Shut up, Madeline."
Colin Powell: "What did you call me?"
Donald Rumsfeld: "You heard me, Albright."
Colin Powell: "Oh that's it! It's go time!"
(COLIN POWELL and DONALD RUMSFELD start to grapple.)
Andrew Card: "Eeek!"
George: "Deck 'im, Rummy! C'mon, PowPow! Show him your African rage!"

(Vice President DICK CHENEY bursts into the room.)
Dick Cheney: "Alright, that's enough from the both of you!"
George: "Dick!"
(COLIN POWELL and DONALD RUMSFELD stop fighting.)
Colin Powell: "He started it."
Dick Cheney: "Shut up, Madeline!"
George: "What are you doing here, Dick?"
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Mr. Rumsfeld is here, sir."
George: *(Into intercom)* "You did him already."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "I did not! Oh! You mean I announced him before! Okay, then Mr. Fleischer is here, sir."
George: "No he isn't."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Who are we up to?"
George: "Dick Cheney."
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Oh, that's right. The Vice President is here, sir."
George: "Thank you, Janine." *(He releases the intercom.)* "What was I saying?"
Andrew Card: "What are you doing here, Dick?"
George: "Oh yeah, thanks. What are you doing here, Dick?"
Dick Cheney: "What does it look like I'm doing here? I'm bringing some damn order to this administration!"
(TOM RIDGE, Secretary of Homeland Security barges in.)
Tom Ridge: "Oh no you don't!"
Dick Cheney: "Tom Ridge?"
Tom Ridge: "That's right! Mr. Vice President, you can't be here. It's not safe. We can't have you and the President in the same room together. The terrorists haven't attacked in a while, but that's all the more reason to believe that they might be building up to something sort of big possibly!

The angry old guy!

Maybe an attack on the White House perhaps! We can't risk the chance of the eventuality of both of you being killed!"

Andrew Card: "He's right!"
Dick Cheney: "That's it!"
George: "What's it?"
Dick Cheney: "Think about it! The American people hate this administration, but no one in this country is cold-hearted enough to not support us after terrorists kill both the President and the Vice President in one fell swoop. Not even the Mexicans! Our approval rating will be through the roof!"
George: "That's just crazity enough to work! Now all we have to do is sit here and wait to be blown to bits."
(Everyone stays in place, silently. COLIN POWELL checks his watch after a few moments.)
Janine: *(Over intercom)* "Mr. Ridge is here, sir."
George: "Oh, Janine!"
(Everybody enjoys a good, hearty laugh. Fade to black.)


The convenient plot device!

Fin.

There you have it. Rebuilding foreign nations, finding weapons to appease the United Nations, deciding whether or not to commit U.S. troops to a peacekeeping effort in Liberia, dealing with dictators, a bickering and often irrationally violent cabinet, and an inept and largely fictional personal secretary, and George W. Bush's day is just beginning! I hope that this presentation gave you some insight into the hectic and incredibly stressful life of our embattled President. The man's got a tougher job to do than any of us can even imagine. That's why it's your patriotic duty to make life a little easier on him by voting him the hell out of office as soon as humanly possible. Thank you for your time and attention.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

7.21 The Holloway County Board of Commerce Presents: Opportunity in Success

Sunday, Jul 20, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Holloway is the county seat of Holloway County and is a progressive community of 26,000 located near the bustling metropolis of Miamisburg/Kettering. Our community offers all of the comforts of a major urban area like Youngstown without the high crime rates and congestion. Housing and commercial properties are affordable and the city offers attractive tax incentives to businesses considering relocation to Holloway County. We have a number of scenic and historic locations within our county and our school systems are the pride of the central Coolie Valley area. In 1984 and 1985 the Holloway Highschool Lady Buccaneers defeated the Washington Highschool Lady Patriots to become the regional champions in girl's softball.

The history of Holloway begins in 1829 when prospector Ernest Holloway was unable to afford a replacement wheel for his wagon and was forced to set up his homestead right here rather than farther West as he would have liked. He declared that his home and two pigs were the City of Holloway and printed up numerous fliers declaring it the next Chicago. These fliers attracted a number of gullible settlers to the Holloway region and many, unable to raise the funds to relocate, were forced to join Holloway in his town. Soon an exciting frontier town had been established and in 1838 Ernest Holloway sought Federal funds to dig a system of canals connecting Holloway to Philadelphia. When the funds arrived Holloway disappeared into the forests and was never heard from again, but the town still bears his name.

During the Civil War Holloway became the only slave owning city in the state and was the site of a bloody battle in 1863 when Union General George B. McClellan attempted to blow up the well by using a catapult to launch barrels of dynamite. McClellan failed and killed hundreds of his own men before overrunning the meager defenses of Fort Holloway and slaughtering the families along with their bonded Negro slaves. Before leaving, McClellan's troops razed the fort and surrounding log cabins and salted the earth to prevent anything from growing in Holloway ever again.

While McClellan did manage to prevent the success of most farming efforts in Holloway County for more than a century, in the late 1960s the city experienced a major boom when several West German plastic manufacturers opened factories. The advent of exciting technologies like pellet injection molding and thermoforming created thousands of jobs and cemented Holloway's reputation as the Thermoforming Capital of the Tri-State area.

As Holloway and Holloway County have progressed into the exciting days of the 1990s we have not forgotten our proud history. Just miles outside of the city limits is the historic Grove City Historic Indian Village. There you can experience interactive "living history" in the form of local actors costumed to resemble savage Indians. Don't be afraid, they're just like you or I but in the outlandish costumes of "native" Americans. Discover how Ernest Holloway and his group of brave frontiersman beat back the attacks of the Indian savages and drove them off in a breathtaking "trail of tears".

FUN FACTS ABOUT HOLLOWAY COUNTY

- Thanks to prayer there has not been a shark attack in Holloway County since 1934, when a touring exhibit called Amazing Monstrosities of the Deep was being transferred via rail through Holloway County's railroad interchange. One of the cars containing the skeleton of a great white shark overturned and the skeleton managed to crush the head of a young boy playing in his yard.
- We have two nine-hole golf courses, both of which are rated in the top 50 best courses in the Tri-State Area according to Tri-State Golf Digest.
- Holloway County has transformed an eye sore of a garbage dump into a scenic skiing resort, complete with an artificial forest made from gussied up methane vent pipes.
- With the recent grand opening of the McDonalds inside the Super Wal-Mart we now have two McDonalds in Holloway County!!
- The meeting room at the Hampton Inn is perfect for entertaining Japanese or Scandinavian investors.
- Manufacturers in Holloway County produce over thirteen different types of plastic!
- Scenic downtown Holloway offers a cornucopia of exotic Eastern dining thanks to Lee's Chinese Buffet. It's the year of the delicious!
- Holloway County is home to the nation's third largest museum of props from the Hollywood blockbuster "Braveheart". The "William Wallace Freedom Museum" is owned and operated by Lance Wallace, a relative of William Wallace himself!
- Saturday morning offers a wonderful farmer's market on the court square downtown where you can enjoy everything from hand crafted refrigerator magnet cozies to those sticks with strings on the end that have a mysterious purpose. Were they created by an alien civilization?
- Fine dining is available at Applebee's near the I-70 interchange.

Holloway has a full time fire and police department with over 30 officers and 14 fire fighters. We have one of the lowest per capita crime rates in the entire state and in the past 50 years only three homicides in our city were not attributable to interstate serial killers. We believe that a major reason for our continued lack of unrest and crime is the Holloway City Code of Ordinances. These help ensure a polite and law-abiding citizenry at all times.

ORDINANCES OF NOTE

- *c1866.453* - No Negroes shall be seen after dark as they are prone to causing horse and mule accidents when they frightfully emerge from shadow. Penalty of one year and one score lashes.
- *c1873.620* - Whistling in the direction of ladies is prohibited during daylight hours. Ladies out after the setting of the sun may be whistled towards but only after proper greetings and calling cards have been exchanged. Penalty of thirty large stones being placed upon the countenance.
- *c1880.702* - Ladies aged over 15 years shall not engage in uncouth or provocative bonnet wearing. Bonnets are to be of a weight of at least one stone and no less than two hands-widths in diameter. Penalty of two years and one score lashes.
- *c1892.1023* - Ball bearings shall not be used in recreational or for-moneys marbling. To whit ball bearings may be employed in their intended capacity but shall not be painted or otherwise made-up to appear as a normal marble. Penalty of hanging.

- *c1904.1200* - Jewry shall not be conducted within city limits. Within the county of Holloway Jewry may be conducted but only after written unanimous consent of the city elders and only after sunset. Penalty of ten years and public branding.
- *c1914.1502* - Horseless perambulation is forbid during the hours between 2:00 of the clock in the afternoon and 3:00 of the clock in the morning. Penalty of mutilation of the left hand.
- *c1919.1820* - Fishing for recreation or competition is strictly prohibited when done from the back of a giraffe or elephant even if all licenses of ownership and gamesmanship have been acquired. Exceptions can be made allowing for rainy days and tornados. Penalty of genital degloving.
- *c1924.2340* - Negroes may only vote in public polls when they are made through sorcery, innate ability, or the power of prayer to hover in place no less than ten feet above the ground. Those of Spanish stock may vote but only for candidates listed on the left side of ballots. Penalty of deportation to labor colony in Algiers.
- *c1941.5339* - Asians may not leave the downtown area under any circumstances and in the event of a Japanese attack on Holloway or the surrounding area may be summarily shot with arrows. Penalty of being summarily shot with arrows.
- *c1953.6820* - Exceeding the posted vehicular speed limitation of three (3) miles per hour between 9th Street and Western McClellan Street will result in a fine of 1,000 dollars for each mile over the speed limit. This penalty will be reduced to one (1) dollar for every ten (10) miles per hour over the speed limit for residents of Holloway.
- *c1964.7530* - The use of controlled substances such as marihuana is emphatically forbidden within the county of Holloway. Penalty of mandatory sterilization and revocation of voting rights.
- *c1969.9202* - So called "Rock and Roll" music and inappropriate dancing are strictly forbidden within Holloway city limits. All functions that may include dancing must be filed ten days in advance so that an armed constable may attend to enforce ordinance. Exception made for Holy Trinity Parish Picnic. Penalty of beating with lead pipes.
- *c1972.9888* - The right of imminent domain is hereby extended to Muller Plastic Molding Corporation with the exclusion of any property in city or church hands or owned by a functionary affiliated with either. Failure to comply with Muller Plastic Molding Corporation's right of imminent domain will result in penalization as c1892.1023.
- *c1980.11316* - Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Irishmen, and Communists are prohibited from living between 18th Street and Sycamore. Irishmen may receive a waiver for this zoning restriction if they can demonstrate at least 25 percent or greater of their lineage is not Irish. Penalty of twenty years on a prison ship.
- *c1989.19566* - Women may only wear trousers within the privacy of the home and may only wear trouser shorts for gardening purposes. Exception is made for women with a written medical need to wear trousers or trouser shorts but they must still conform to the ordinance by wearing a county owned utility frock over the top of their clothing. Penalty of eye gouging.

We are excited to invite you to an Opportunity in Success here in Holloway County, where you can join us in decades of growth and prosperity that will likely continue through 1992. If you want to know firsthand about the Opportunity in Success we offer you and your business in Holloway County then look no further than the Van Keeslinger family.

In 1968 Otto Van Keeslinger, then 25, moved to Holloway County as a chemical engineer for Lutbrier, Goertengard, und Heller Plastikc-Spritzen, GmBH. After achieving great success there Van Keeslinger decided to open his own complimentary firm here in Holloway producing molding pellets for his former employer. Holloway offered excellent tax incentives for the budding entrepreneur, abundant natural resources, and most importantly a warm and safe community in which he could raise a family. In 1973 the doors of Van Keesling Pellet Company opened for business and later that year Otto took a wife. Caroline, 14 at the time, was a blushing bride who bore him many sons and daughters over the year. These days Otto sits on the town council here in Holloway, Caroline bakes cookies shaped like states and sells them at the farmer's market, his eldest daughter Heidi recently was accepted to a prestigious state university, and his eldest son Heinz had 1991's Best Hog of Show at the Holloway County Fair.

If you would like an Opportunity in Success call or write the Holloway County Board of Commerce and one of our helpful staff members will be happy to arrange a tour of the community!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 Awful Adventures In the Kitchen: Prelude to Burnt Mushrooms and Onions In Rancid Ass Sauce

Tuesday, Jul 22, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Aftermath of lunch, June 1997.

Let me cut to the chase: I don't know shit about cooking. I don't know shit about making meat, I don't know shit about choosing cheese, I don't know shit about baking bread, and I don't know shit about birthin' no babies. I don't know shit about shit. If the good Lord had wanted me to use that mysterious cube called "the oven," then he wouldn't pay Mexican people to make microwavable entrees which come frozen in a rectangular box for my pleasure. I lack the time, patience, skill, and intelligence to properly prepare any meal which requires a more elaborate procedure than "thawing," and I've proven this fact time and time again like in the following actual examples:

■ **CULINARY DISASTER #1**
Food I Attempted to Produce: Ravioli
Items Used in Preparation of this Food: Ravioli, water, a pot, salt, more water, fire extinguisher.
Description of Food Preparation Experience: Back during my sophomore year at Vanderbilt University, I was interested in trying different, new, "alternative" lifestyles to satisfy my curiosity of experimentation. This lifestyle I am referring to is naturally one of "a person who can combine items and use heat to transform these individual components into an edible meal which can then be consumed." As you can expect, I failed on many levels, somehow causing the oven to catch fire when I was boiling the water. I'm not joking; as I was boiling the water so I could dump the frozen ravioli into it, something apparently slipped underneath the burner and resulted in the oven being consumed in a wall of flames. Like any good chef, I immediately ran away and pretended to arrive at the oven for the first time, shouting, "oh my god, who was cooking here? The oven is on fire, somebody lit the oven on fire!" and then sprayed everything with a fire extinguisher. My friend John Dalton claimed he previously saw me near the oven, so I sprayed him with the fire extinguisher and threatened, "there's more where that came from if you don't keep quiet." Neither the police nor fire department were called in on this culinary experience, which is undoubtedly a good thing for the 30 football players who lived on my floor and owned roughly 18 tons of marijuana each.
Lesson Learned From This Disaster: Although authorities and games like "Pokemon" may claim water is used to put out fire, sometimes it is additionally used to start fires, although I'm still not exactly sure how.

■ **CULINARY DISASTER #2**
Food I Attempted to Produce: Blueberry pancakes
Items Used in Preparation of this Food: Pancake batter, milk, a pan, blueberries, eggs (maybe?), water, fire extinguisher, Nashville fire department.
Description of Food Preparation Experience: I woke up really hungry one August morning in 1998, so I decided to go the the grocery store and buy pancake mix. I was feeling particularly adventurous and manly that morning because I had sex the night before, or at least masturbated while I thought about having sex, or maybe I was too lazy

Aftermath of dinner, January 2000.

to masturbate so I instead thought about masturbating shortly before falling asleep on a pillow damp with my own drool. "What's a better way to say, 'hey world, I'm the boss, applesauce!' than by making my own breakfast?" I muttered to myself that morning. "After all, people have been making their own breakfasts since the invention of breakfast in 1793 by Sir Thomas Yorkshire Saint-dianne De La Quette!" Let me tell you, there's a few hundred thousand million billion things in life which could easily be considered "much better ideas" than me making breakfast, and some of those items include drunkenly driving a pickup truck through a crowded church, attempting to murder the President, and professionally running a website. After picking up the "ingredients" from the "store," I looked at the back of the pancake mix box and "kind of" followed the directions on it. See, it is my belief that the instructions on the back of any food product consist of lies and half-truths which try to make us, the ignorant consumer, purchase things we don't really need such as cooking oil and milk so the manufacturer's buddies will get rich while we wallow in our own consumer naivety. When preparing a recipe, you can safely cut out half the ingredients and still essentially end up with the same meal. I mean, who the hell actually uses garlic powder? Garlic powder is one of those things that you buy, never open, and just keep in your spice rack until the holocaust. It's merely a kitchen decoration, like a bell or ornament on a Christmas tree... er, in the kitchen. The only spice you ever really need is salt, and lots of it. I guess "ketchup" is a vital spice as well, but that's only if you're some kind of fancy lad who lives in a solid gold house and drinks liquid platinum for dinner or something.

To make a long story boring, I kind of threw everything into a bowl, beat the contents with some kind of metal implement which happened to be casually laying around in one of my drawers, dumped all that crap into a pan, and prayed. My prayers fell on deaf ears that particular morning, as my dreams of a pancake-filled breakfast were soon beached upon the rocky shores of reality. I somehow inadvertently created a chemical compound which not only bonded to the pan itself, but was inexplicably able to fuse its molecules to the actual stove and permanently transform into a piece of the surrounding environment. In the process of its mutation into proto-pancake, giant plumes of burnt carbon were sent floating throughout my apartment and set off nearly every smoke alarm within a six-mile radius. I know the fire department actually came by because my fucking alarm wouldn't shut off no matter how hard I hit it with a broken chair leg, and I have strong suspicions that the National Guard was called in to contain my apartment complex and keep an eye on it to ensure the growing mass of titanium-hard faux pancake didn't start overtaking the apartment rental office. Once your breakfast conquers the rental office, it will have absorbed hundreds of names and addresses, thereby giving it an open invitation to infiltrate the surrounding neighborhood and eventually run for a seat in Congress under the promise of lower taxes and more flexible gun control laws.

Lesson Learned From This Disaster: The government should allow me to own a flamethrower so I can combat my own culinary disasters and therefore prevent them

from spending million of dollars sending out armed Comanche helicopters every time I drunkenly combine items in a bowl.

A handy governmental guide to my cooking. Whenever I plan on making something in my kitchen, that particular day will be marked with the handy red color.

These are just couple of the many, many spectacular failures which I've engaged in during my brief and bitter affair within the kitchen. Although I've repeatedly admitted my obvious lack of cooking skills, I still occasionally like to enter the kitchen and remind myself what a tremendous idiot I am by attempting to make something which doesn't solely require the microwave. With help of a psychiatrist and strict counseling, I've managed to lower this habit down to once every year or so, and you can probably figure out which day I plan on cooking by asking John Ashcroft how severe the government's Terror Alert rating is for that particular evening.

Unfortunately, my parents both possess the ability to cook and turn things like raw meat into meat which you can eat and not get any worms or flies which breed in your stomach and then burst through your ribcage one night while you're flipping through TV channels and mistakenly stumble upon a repeat of "Sex In the City" starring those three really ugly whores and the one slightly less ugly whore who can't stop talking about penises for one goddamn nanosecond. They blackmailed me into coming over and eating dinner with them a few nights ago, treating me to some really excellent home cooking which featured marinated beef with grilled mushrooms and sweet onions. This was probably the best thing I ate since the previous time I had dinner over at my parents' house, and although it was a great meal, it unfortunately caused the clouds of a bad idea to begin forming on the horizon. "You know Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, if your parents can make such great food, why can't you?" the little evil voice in the back of my skull began to chant. "After all, they just essentially lit a bunch of stuff on fire. You can light stuff on fire, I've seen you do it before. You thought you were alone, but I was there, Rich. I was there when you made that prostitute BURN for laughing at you behind your back. She can't laugh at you anymore, can she? I was there." At that point I started fumbling with the medicine bottle and lost my train of thought, but the seed had already been planted: I wanted to try cooking again.

Now you can plead to me, "Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, why do you still attempt to cook? You're an incredible failure in the kitchen, as well as in many other rooms throughout the house. Haven't you learned your lesson by now?" You can print out a gigantic spreadsheet listing all my past culinary fuckups and presenting concrete, irrefutable proof that clearly explains how anything I ever try to make will either burn down my home or turn into a homicidal pulsating mass of gelatinous death, and I'll end up ignoring this evidence and continue to break county fire laws. You can spend an infinite amount of time detailing the infinite amount of reasons why I will never, ever, ever have the ability to cook anything more complicated than a bag of potato chips which requires me to both open up the bag AND discover I am in fact not a winner of their "Finding Nemo" promotional giveaway contest. However, I will repeatedly ignore you and your pleas to refrain from entering the kitchen, as my brain is physically incapable of acknowledging just how pathetic I am. You know those Lifetime Network movies where Judith Light plays some blonde dumbass who marries an abusive man that proceeds to beat her and use her face to change his car's oil every month? Do you remember shouting, "you stupid broad, just fucking MOVE OUT OF THE HOUSE AND DIVORCE THAT LOSER'S ASS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE," shortly before realizing that you'd actually pay good money to see somebody abuse the hell out of Judith Light? My urge to cook can be compared to

Abused Woman Syndrome (AWS), which may or may not be an actual syndrome, depending on the dictionary definition of the word "syndrome" (I don't know) and if I bothered reading it (I didn't).

Oh come on, tell me you don't want to punch them. Just try it. Judith Light can turn any man into a woman-beater.

Once a woman gets involved in an abusive relationship, her entire world is warped and she begins to think that her situation is "normal" and that she is powerless to leave, despite what friends, family, and trained counselors tell her. This is because she is stupid. I too am stupid and believe that one day, somehow and in some way, I will prepare an assortment of food which is not only edible, but is - nah, let's just stick with the "edible" goal for now and plan on adding more benchmarks in the dark, dark future. I can look back and logically process each and every kitchen disaster that I embarked upon, yet they will never successfully stop me from thinking, "maybe, just maybe, this time will be different." Then I'll beat the hell out of my wife because cooking now reminds me of Judith Light and it fills me with an unquenchable rage which can only be satiated with my bloodlust against members of "Who's the Boss?" This is somewhat difficult for me, as I currently lack a wife or any other female in my house to beat, so if you're a lady in the Kansas City, Missouri area who likes to be hit in the face a lot, feel free to email me and I promise I'll never respond.

I decided to travel into CostCo last night so I may purchase raw ingredients used in the veritable feast I would prepare that evening. For you overseas folks who lack CostCos, let me explain a bit about these wonderful stores. CostCo is the embodiment of the American spirit, one of the only places where average consumers can pay money just for the privilege of entering the store, then buy a 14-pack of 1,500-ounce ketchup bottles for under $50. It's a tribute to the eternal American dream of being able to spend a lot of money on things which you'll ultimately never use and will have to throw out once they expire and begin emitting toxic fumes under your sink. Purchasing any food product at CostCo, particularly stuff like the "freshly baked 48-inch pepperoni pizza" and the fan favorite "500-pound bag of Leprechaun Potatoes" is simply a bad idea unless you have a tractor trailer which can lift it to the garbage dump once it begins rotting. This lack of practicality and usefulness defines the grand ol' US of A: we can buy whatever the fuck we want whenever the fuck we want to buy it and we don't give a shit if we buy too much of it because hell, we can buy a 5,000-pack of Glad trash bags to toss it all out when we eventually get sick of it. I'm a good patriotic American citizen, so I purchased a very large bag of onions and mushrooms because I love eating onions and mushrooms and mistakenly believed that this undying passion would somehow grant me the supernatural abilities to transform them into edible products.

Let's just say I was wrong. Dead wrong. Stay tuned to find out how I managed to completely fuck up the concept of "mushrooms and onions," turning them both into organic heaps of offensive matter so toxic that the stench would be forever burned into my brain like a white-hot cattle prod branding a newborn infant's buttocks. I would've written about this feel-bad experience of the year in today's update, but I seem to have mistakenly spent the entire page rambling on and on about lighting fires and beating the shit out of Judith Light, two topics which are very close to my heart. If you have a problem with this, then email me your home address and I'll bust in with a frying pan covered in some mysterious, chunky, rancid pile of festering waste that used to be alive and, for all intents and purposes, probably still is.

"Keep your lover in the dark..."

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams burnt to a crisp here. I went golfing on Sunday and forgot to use any sunscreen. I should be Ryan "OMGWTFLOBSTER" Adams, but that ruins the whole name

thing.

The goons are really, really stuck on the Matrix movies (see

Pizza Matrix). Which is cool with me, I love them. They and the Lord of the Rings flicks are replacing the Star Wars films as my all-time favorites due to Lucas's "vision." For today's Comedy Goldmine, the goons take a look at all the possible glitches and bugs within the Matrix.

Is that... Neo?

Click here, or someone won't be getting their hot apple pie!.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.23 Hobosploitation Films

Tuesday, Jul 22, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Most of you are undoubtedly aware of the menace that is the common hobo, a sort of subhuman, highly nomadic creature capable of doing only menial tasks for short periods of time when basic need requires it. The hobo is a mental ant, possessing a brain too tiny to hold down steady work, and largely capable of only simple begging, pandering, and social molestation. There are some special traits that do endear the hobo, setting them slightly above animals, such as their ability to fashion crude tools, communicate via obscure hieroglyphics, and their knack for stealing pies and farmer's daughters. Unfortunately for the rest of us, the hobo brain lacks the necessary capacity to comprehend basic hygiene, and therefore makes them filthy, vile beasts. Hobos will often fill their surrounding perimeter with scandalous odors pouring out of every orifice they have available. They emit gagging coughs that echo like guillotine crashes and they talk in raspy, venomous voices about older, better days that never actually existed. Their cold eyes, unable to reach agreement as to where to stare, meander aimlessly about, while their snarling faces inspire fear and panic in the hearts of civilized folk cursed to encounter them. In short, the hobosapian is an unsettling byproduct of human evolution: the stillborn cousin of man. The famed hobo researcher, Dr. Lucious Q. Chauncey, Ph.D., said it best in his official 1927 report on the growing epidemic of hoboism:

> *The hobo male is an uncouth and thoroughly atrocious mammal with characteristics not unlike that of a human male who has given up on life and practical pursuits. He represents the worst traits of man: the inability to settle down and take responsibility and the constant avoidance of accepted social laws and practices. They do not work, except for occasional wood chopping or utility painting jobs, and traverse the country illegally as stowaways aboard railcars. In many circumstances, the hobo male is even known to consume his own offspring or the offspring of other hobos to avoid future competition and insure that he can remain as lackadaisical as possible. This disgusting behavior is indeed a blessing for civilized man, for it keeps hobo population growth in check. Yet there is contradiction in their ways. In tests conducted inside a maze with an electrified floor, 7 out of 10 hobos failed to escape in the allocated amount of time because they paused to carve markings into the maze walls. The remaining 3 made it out seemingly only because of these markings. Their existence is truly a conflicting and bizarre affair, sure to riddle researchers for generations to come.*

Stop stealing pies, you filthy hobo!

I have long hated these slatternly subhumans, but I admit to sharing Dr. Chauncey's fascination with the immortal riddle of the hobo. Man is attracted to the unknown and even the primitive – this is an accepted fact. I of course keep my curiosity in check, as I would not want to become too seduced by the dark allure of sleeping in boxcars and living off the ill-distributed generosity of farmers. While I know that I can remain resilient, I also know that in the past, countless others fell victim to the siren call of the boxcar, abandoning their families and lives for beds of hay and Salvation Army wardrobes. What tore them from reality? It's an interesting question to ponder: what was it that cut that last string of responsibility loose and freed them from the shackles of civilization? If you ask me, it was Hollywood. Yes, the same Hollywood dazzles our eyes and ears with sights and sounds amazing and wondrous beyond belief. This is also the same Hollywood that brought us "League of

Extraordinary Gentleman," the sequel to "Battlefield: Earth" and "Dungeons and Dragons."

It was the dreadful 1970s that saw the start of a disturbing trend: the glorification of the hobo lifestyle and culture in television and movies. Leave it to the geniuses in Hollywood to try to demystify a devilish pursuit and sell it as not only acceptable entertainment, but as an acceptable lifestyle choice. This new genre of film, known as hobosploitation, attempted to tell stories both old and new through the eyes of the hobo. The main component of hobosploitation was to insert a hobo into the civilized world, and show how he or she would react to normal human situations as though they were normal humans themselves. In short: to exploit hobos by treating them as heroes and sympathetic protagonists. The hobosploitation genre is all but dead now, thankfully. But the movies still went a long way in corrupting the youth and inspiring others to throw away their futures and wrap their most precious belongings in bindles. I myself believe in thorough research, so I've taken the liberty of watching some famous hobosploitation films. Here now is what I gathered:

- **Flimflam Joe**

I don't much approve of you either, Hobo Spider!

The story of a Flimflam Joe, a deranged hobo who rides the rails stopping in small towns to con whisky from taverns and solve crimes, a feat he accomplishes by duping townspeople or by other means not fully explained in the film. Flimflam is a tenacious spirit who goes out of his way to not take any crap from the locals, even though they go out of their way to not give him any. This results in a palpable tension that hangs in the air like his alcohol saturated breath. Couple this abrasive nature with unorthodox detective skills, which mostly involves cussing at children and threatening citizens with his catchphrase "oughta rape and skin the whole lot of ya is what I oughta do!" and you get the picture. This is one terrible film, mostly because of the unexplainable nature of just how Flimflam solves his crimes. The actor who played Flimflam, a real life hobo, was drunk and belligerent throughout most of the filming, so his cryptic mumbling and cursing failed to bring any clarity or closure. The movie also takes a dark turn midway through, as Flimflam savages a few townswomen inside a barn and then ends up getting shot in the head by the local sheriff several times. The filmmakers adapted this movie from a series of hobo etchings carved into a signpost, and it truly shows. The script for this movie, which is probably about as good as you can get from a handful of symbols carved in wood, was extremely weak, and many of the scenes seemed pointless and unnecessary. In spite of being so terrible, "Flimflam Joe" is a legendary hobosploitation film and cult classic.

- **Winds of the Rails**

In what has to be the most horrifying foray into hobosploitation, "Winds of the Rails" involves a romantic relationship between a male hobo and a regular human woman. As ridiculous and impossible as that sounds, the makers of this movie were dead serious. To think a charming lady would ever freely prostitute herself to a man caked in the filth of

his own laziness is simply implausible. "Winds of the Rails" is the story of Hungry Gus, a hobo missing one eye and with a beard as wretched as a garbage dump, who falls in love with a train engineer's daughter. The daughter, Miss Maple, accompanies her father on a cross-country journey, and ends up meeting Gus, who is hiding in one of the train cars. At first she is horrified, but he calms her down by putting his clothes back on and then telling her all about the mysterious world of the hobos. She becomes intoxicated by his stories, which may or may not be because of all the alcohol in his breath, and instantly falls in love. Much to the dismay of these mismatched lovers, Miss Maple's father forbids it. Miss Maple then has the unfortunate burden of choosing between her family and the civilized world, or to follow the ghostly winds of the rails with Hungry Gus. She chooses Gus, and he rapes and kills her two towns later. At least this one ends with a positive message about hobos.

- **Song of Rufus**

Not even musicals were safe from hobosploitation. "Song of Rufus" is the story of schizophrenic boxcar jockey Rufus, a man who follows a trail of music only he can hear. This isn't a very good musical, though, specifically for the reason that you can't really hear any of the music that's supposedly being played. The story starts off slow, but finally gets going when Rufus ends up in a town that doesn't take kindly to music that they simply cannot hear. Rufus, who refuses to shut up about the music only he can hear, finally drives the townspeople to hang him. This movie is forever remembered for the haunting scene in which Rufus almost convinces others that they can hear the music if they just listen.

> **Rufus:** "Listen all y'all, I like music! Listen to the music!"
> **Mayor Stewart:** Now you know there ain't no music playin', Rufus!
> **Rufus:** "Shut the fuck up you corn-shucked motherfucker, sittin' there chewin' on weed and concrete, got ears full of shit! I like music! Listen to the music!"
> **Sheriff Wilfred:** "Done did it there, Rufus. Only music you're gonna hear is the ringing in your ears when we hang you."
> **Rufus:** "Music! Brings us together, motherfuckers! Now I'm gonna tell you, you gonna tell them, and we all gonna tell each other about the music. Brings us together! Listen to my hat! My hat plays music! See these stripes? Listen to the music!"
> **Mayor Stewart:** "Please pull the lever already, he ain't shuttin' up."
> **Sheriff Wilfred:** "See you in Hell, Rufus!" (Pulls lever, hanging Roofus)
> **Rufus:** "Goddamn motherfuckers, just listennnn... ahhh... "
> **Mayor Stewart:** "Ahh shit, do you think he was talking about the birds singing? Cuz I can hear those."
> **Sheriff Wilfred:** "Rufus, was you talking about the birds?"
> **Rufus:** "mooothhherrrrrfuuuckkkerrs... gaghhh"
> **Mayor Stewart:** "Ah well, so much for that."

And so the movie ended on a down note, with the hero meeting a less than heroic end. Seeing as how he was really annoying and a hobo to boot, it was entirely appropriate.

Even though the hobosploitation genre dried up long ago, there have been signs of renewed life in movies about the homeless. I'm sure by now a good number of you have heard of the "Bum Fights" videos, which feature actual homeless people duking it out for money and the type of unrivaled glory that only comes from appearing in low budget videos. While "Bum Fights" has been overshadowed by the new hip sport for retards (shooting naked girls with paintball guns), it still shows an important development in cinema. "Bum Fights" is more than just dirty, smelly, poor people getting exploited,

it's the down of a new breed of movie: the hobosmotation film. For the first time ever, real homeless men and women are getting smote on film, and you can watch it from the comfort of your own home.

Stop looking so damn creepy, hobo!

Personally, I don't approve of "Bum Fights" because I simply don't approve of the homeless. I mean it's been what, a hundred or so years, and they still exist? Get a job already. It's the genre evolution that has me excited. Where hobosploitation was all about putting hobos on a pedestal, hobosmotation is all about reminding hobos how far from a pedestal they really are. I think it's important that the arts, regardless of whether it's paintings, movies, songs, or erotic pictures of Battleship pegs, always put the lower class in their place. I think if somebody is stupid enough to pay and film hobos smiting hobos and evolve filmmaking, then by God, I'll stand by them. I'd just prefer they not pay the bums who offer their services as comedic punching bags.

Best Title Screen I've Ever Seen

Hey everyone, Taylor "Taylor "Psychosis" Bell" Bell here with an all-new review of a terrible, horrible, no good very bad game! This week's game is Necrotech, which has to be the stupidest name for a game I've ever heard. Well, besides Divine Divinity.

> *It gets even worse when you enter combat. When you walk around outside, every two steps you will encounter a thug who demands money. You can choose to say "Ok, sure" and give him money, in which case he will instantly disappear, or you can say "No way loser!" and start a fight. The battle engine is a simplistic menu-based system that was probably ported from an Apple IIe game, only it has the added benefit of random white polygons constantly streaming out from your character and flying all over the place. My character had a rating of "excellent" for both accuracy and luck and he specialized in pistols, yet every time I fired (using an "aimed shot" that takes longer but is more accurate) I managed to miss at least two out of every three shots. The enemies aren't any better, so you don't need to worry about getting killed unless an enemy decides to punch, which connects almost every time and inflicts more damage than a shot with an automatic pistol. After realizing this, I unequipped my weapon and happily punched away for the rest of the fight, and by constantly punching I easily won the battle and every battle after.*

The whole review is just waiting for you to give it a good hard read. You wouldn't want to keep it waiting, would you?

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.24 AAAAAAAAAooooooooorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrhhhhhhh

Wednesday, Jul 23, 2003 by Chewbacca

Aaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrnnnnnnnnnhhhh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaRRRRRRHHH. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrnnnnnnnnnnnnnh. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrnnnhhhh, hurrrrrrrrrrn, **HURRRRRRRRRRRRRN.**

Aaaaaannnnaa, aarrrrrrrrrrngggggggggh?! Arrrnnnh, Arrrrnnnhh, AAAAAaaaahurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrnnnn!

- **Aaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrruuuuuuuuuuuunhuh**

Haaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrnnnnnnnnn! Aaaaaaaaaarrrhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, Aaaaaaaarrhhhhhhhh.

HHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn:

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!! Hurrrrrrr, aaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrnnnhh, hurnnnnnnnnnn?!

Aaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrr!

Arrrnnnh, Arrrrnnnhh, AAAAAaaaahurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrnnnn!

Hharrrrrrrrrrn, Hurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. Aaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrgggn.

Not Enough Chewbacca?!

Zack "Salvation From Chewbacca" Parsons here. If you haven't had your fill of Chewbacca yet - and really how is that even possible - then I suggest you take a gander at the feature I just posted. It's a 5 episode series of comics devoted to the incomparable Modern Wookie himself.

Why are you hanging around here?! Do you think Chewbacca is honestly going to have anything useful to say about the ALoD?! Go check out this comic!

-∼Chewbacca

7.25 Cobra After-Action Report for Money to Burn

Thursday, Jul 24, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

New from the Franklin Mint, this Cobra Commander commemorative coin is almost guaranteed to go up in value.

Another day, another plan by Cobra to achieve global domination. You've got to admit that even if Cobra Commander isn't very intelligent or effective he's at least tenacious, and that has to count for something.

In "Money to Burn" Cobra's scheme hinges on a recently developed secret weapon - there's a surprise - that can make money burst into flames. This is pretty amazing technology considering nothing but fire, sparks, magnified sunlight, extreme heat, chemical reactions, and maybe friction can set money ablaze. Oh, but Cobra Commander's device somehow allows them to set ALL money on fire. While this might not seem like it will help Cobra's cause all that much Cobra has two other things going for it to make this plan a cut above your average scheme. The first thing is a gang of thieves on the cobra payroll running around robbing jewelry stores and vaults. The other thing Cobra has going for it is a secret arctic coin mint hidden inside a holographic mountain.

Cobra Commander's evil scheme is to make all the money in America burst into flames and then broadcast a message letting everyone know that they can exchange their valuables for the new Cobra coins. Dubious likelihood of success aside what I'm really wondering is why Cobra hired a gang of thugs to rob jewelry stores if they're about to make everyone in America give up their worldly assets for Cobra coins. I guess they might as well if the money they're handing out to the crooks is about to explode. Hell, if I were Cobra I would have a giant party/spending spree right before you make all the money catch on fire. But I guess that would make too much sense and doesn't really play into the fact that Cobra Commander's idea of fun is stealing something or laughing at the world from the eye/window of a giant stone snake head fortress.

This plan looks fine and dandy when it's summarized on exploding piles of paper, but let's take a look at the cold, hard facts.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** A money burning machine, a holographic mountain generator, and the resources of Extensive Enterprises.

- **Company Level Resources:**

1+ Company of Cobra Infantry
1+ Platoon of Crimson Guard Elite Infantry
2+ Cobra Rattlers
12+ Cobra Flight Pods
12+ Cobra Hang Glider Thingies
6+ Cobra Robotic Turrets (Asps)

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

Every government and military agency in the United States.

- **Primary Mission Objectives**

Achieve total domination of the US economy by incinerating the supply of currency and replacing it with Cobra coins.

- **Alternate Mission Objectives**

Pay some guys to break into some stores.

Now that we know the specifics of what Cobra Commander has in store for an unsuspecting world, let's find out how he manages to destroy any chance he has at world domination.

- **198X - Day 1, Midnight**

Crime wave!!

A crime wave is sweeping the jewelers and coin-collectors of Generic City, USA! Hands reach through shattered display cases and explosions tear through sealed vaults. This spree of looting is being bankrolled by none other than preeminent homoerotic twins Tomax and Xamot. They have hired the criminal element to run rampant stealing everything that's not nailed down and delivering it, along with an armored car, to the Crimson Twins on a mysterious pier. Their armored car loaded with their ill-got gains Tomax and Xamot drive through the deserted streets of Generic City to their business front Extensive Enterprises. This must be one hell of a commute since its pitch black outside when they leave the docks and broad daylight when they arrive at their offices. They drive their stolen armored car through a secret brick wall door in the parking garage and emerge moments later on the top floor of the building from their secret book case door. It's fun to be mysterious! Obviously their red and blue S&M uniforms aren't appropriate for the office so they change to a matching set of business suits.

After changing into their work clothes they immediately leave the office and fly via Rattler to a snowy mountain range. What's this? I don't see any giant snake head fortresses on that mountain range, maybe they're lost or something. In an effort to throw viewers off for no apparent reason the Rattler passing through the side of the holographic mountain is concealed by a conveniently timed cloud. Cut to the much more expected exterior of a snake-headed Cobra base and we're left totally in the dark about what could be going on here! It is a mystery which ties into my earlier point that it's fun to be mysterious.

On the left you'll see our giant Cobra sculptures, on the right a Cobra chaise lounge, and up ahead is the Cobra rock garden.

Cobra Commander leads the dapper twins on a tour through the appropriate Cobra-styled interior of the Cobra base. In case you missed all the Cobra logos and the giant Cobra shape of the building those doorways look like cobra heads to remind you that you're inside a Cobra facility. The trio arrives in a high-tech control room where Destro is geared up to show off his latest high tech innovation in unconventional evilness. A room-sized cylinder covered with lights starts glowing blue and then a pile of money on a dining room table bursts into flames. Easily pleased, Cobra Commander proclaims "success at last!" I don't want to be too critical of this plan already but if your first test of a multi-million dollar terror device involves making a pile of paper sitting adjacent to it burst into flames then you really need to reevaluate your terror standards. Cobra Commander I will achieve the same effects for about two dollars with a thrown match and a can of lighter fluid. Do you promise you will shriek "success at last" when the match manages to burn all the money?

Back at Joe headquarters Roadblock, Ripcord, Alpine and a couple other Joes are busy defending

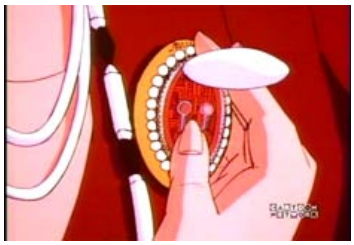
America really hard by playing poker in the control room. Things are just start to heat up with the betting when suddenly the whole room flashes blue and the money explodes into fire. After a momentary outburst from Ace in which he swears revenge on those responsible for destroying his cash Mainframe nearly instantly solves the mystery by turning on the Joebotron screen and tuning into the 24-7 Cobra Commander edicts channel. While Cobra Commander explains that Cobra is destroying America's "worthless green paper" we get a montage of money burning and then, inexplicably, a scene in which a pink car's tires explode, its hood pops open, its engine catches fire, and its passenger door falls off.

198X - Day 7, 1:00 PM

A week has passed and the nation has descended into rioting and looting. Masses of protesters gather outside the National Treasury chanting for money, while inside Flint and Lady Jaye discuss the situation with some politician in a brown suit. The politician explains the dire situation to the Joes. They can't reestablish the economy without printing more money and they can't print more money because Cobra will just destroy it too. Instead of moving to a gold standard or perhaps relying on existing low-denomination coins the government does what you would expect and remains completely paralyzed by the crisis. Luckily Cobra Commander shows up on the Cobra Channel again revealing phase two of his diabolical scheme. He announces the Cobra economic recovery package which constitutes taking all of your valuables to Extensive Enterprises and exchanging them for Cobra coins.

Way to show off that military training Lady Jaye!

The Joes head to the nearest Extensive Enterprises building where long lines have already formed of people clamoring for Cobra coins. A blond cretin confronts the GI Joes for cutting in line and throws Lady Jaye to the ground, providing strong evidence that women do not belong in the military. When Ripcord jumps in to save her a near-riot breaks out and the Joes find themselves surrounded by an angry mob. A nearby cowboy stereotype leap into action to aid the mob by tying up the GI Joes and inadvertently leaves his truck in gear with his daughter still inside. This presents the Joes with a fortunate opportunity to win the good will of the crowd by saving the girl. Alpine lassoes the young girl seconds before the truck smashes into the lobby of the Extensive Enterprises building and the Joes are released.



Nice tracking device jerks.

The Joes bully their way to the top floor and confront the Crimson Twins, interrupting their meeting with a mysterious woman named "Miss Henderhaunch". Tomax and Xamot explain that they have done nothing illegal - you know, other than financing criminals to rob jewelry stores and working with known terrorists - and Roadblock replies by threatening to "Trouble [their] faces into pasta". Despite Roadblock's tough talk Flint realizes this is neither the time nor the place to confront the Crimson Twins and the Joes beat an embarrassed and hasty retreat.

Minutes or hours later the Joes are disguised as Extensive Enterprise employees working to refuel a private jet at the airport. When Miss Henderhaunch arrives with a Cobra escort the Joes take them out and kidnap the woman so that Lady Jaye can disguise herself and take her place. Of course this is all a very Cobra-like plan the Joes are using, leading me to believe that they have grown desperate with the situation. Shortly after the kidnapping Tomax and Xamot arrive and board their waiting private jet along with the faux Henderhaunch. When Flint heads back to the fuel truck where they've hidden the real Henderhaunch

he finds that Roadblock has smoothed things over by offering her his soufflé recipe.

Lady Jaye is seated between Tomax and Xamot on the plane as they explain to her that Cobra promises excellent security for her financial assets. She then activates the most horribly concealed tracking device I've ever seen. It's a huge broach on her chest that she has to open and press a button on, which causes lights to flash on it. Even though all this is done in plain sight neither brother seems to take note of it. Ace and Ripcord follow the tracking signal and the jet only to have it disappear mysteriously into the side of a mountain. Unable to believe that the jet liner isn't landing it a giant Cobra head fortress the Joes become completely confused.

198X - 4:00 PM

The Crimson Twins show off the impressive security features of the vaults while the Joes puzzle over the disappearing jet. As she bumbles around suspiciously Lady Jaye gets a good look at the vault of Cobra's treasure, the mint for the coins, and eventually the device that destroy money. Realizing that the huge machine must be what is behind the exploding cash she draws her pistol and prepares to fire but is stopped by the Crimson Twins. Caught by one of the brothers Lady Jaye effects an escape by removing her entire disguise in the span of about two seconds. It's good to know that Miss Henderhaunch was wearing Velcro clothing when she was kidnapped. She runs off but Cobra troops are in hot pursuit and she is forced to escape to the roof of the fortress. Lucky for Lady Jaye a Snow Viper happens to be patrolling the sloped roof. On skis. That's right there is a skier on the roof of the Cobra building completely unaware that there is a spy on the loose. Lady Jaye makes quick work of him and steals his skis.

It's a good thing Miss Henderhaunch likes Velcro!

Ripcord is concerned for Lady Jaye's safety and risks jumping through the mountain in the hopes that it is a holographic mountain. Ace wisely tries to stop him but apparently Ripcord's frequent drinking and drug abuse have granted him a keen insight into the mind of Cobra strategic planners. He plunges through the mountain and signals to Flint to begin a massive airdrop of tanks and generic infantrymen.

There is absolutely nothing unusual about having guys skiing around on your roof.

Meanwhile, Tomax and Xamot have changed into their S&M outfits and are pursuing Lady Jaye on skis down the mountainside. The real mountainside, not the holographic one. Lady Jaye has mysteriously changed into a winter coat and turtleneck outfit that was obviously concealed underneath her short-sleeved green uniform, which was in turn concealed under Miss Henderhaunch's red dress and blouse. Did I mention she has javelins? The Baroness puts in an appearance being incredibly hot and dangerous while standing next to Destro in the Cobra Flight Pod hangar. Cobra Commander orders them to lead the counter attacks against the Joe paratroopers while he flees in terror.

They obey his commands with stunning ineptness, ordering waves of hang gliders to attack the armored convoy of the GI Joes. This turns out to be a trap so that rarely-seen Cobra badass Firefly can melt snow with a flamethrower and cause and avalanche that traps the Joe vehicles. For some reason Firefly's flamethrower is so effective that it turns all the snow into mud. The Baroness leads an extremely short lived surprise attack on the Joes that is quickly thwarted by Flint in one of those weird green flying vehicles that just materialized in the mud. He continues his flyover to rescue Lady Jaye from the clutches of Tomax and Xamot and engages them in a choppy and looped Greco-Roman wrestling match in the

snow.

While all this is going on Ripcord infiltrates the Cobra base and plants an explosive device on the money burner. For some reason the action back in the mud pit has turned against the Joes despite their early successes. Alpine offers the grim appraisal that "we can't hold out much longer" but Roadblock tells him to relax. Just as the Cobra victory seems assured the explosive goes off and showers the Cobra positions in thousands of coins and diamonds. No matter how many times the Baroness screams "greedy fools" the Cobra troopers cannot stop scooping up all the coins and diamonds. Disgusted with their stupidity, and honestly that is pretty stupid since they all know the coins are worthless, the Baroness flies off. The Cobra troopers IMMEDIATELY stop picking up the coins and surrender to GI Joe making the whole scenario even more retarded.

Mandatory picture of the Baroness.

The episode wraps up with a reprisal of the poker game in the GI Joe control room where Ripcord is gambling the fuck out of Ace's incompetent ass. Ripcord makes a titular joke that I would repeat if I were an inhuman monster and then we roll credits on this travesty.

My impression of a GI Joe script writer: Like Cobra's plan, this money went up in flames. Now all I have to do is go home and hang myself because I live a loveless and hollow life.

Overall Cobra's scheme in "Money to Burn" is probably the most solid and effective plan yet cooked up by the think tank of Cobra Commander and a bowl full of psychedelic drugs. He has put effort into concealing his remote headquarters. He is using the front of Extensive Enterprises to conduct most of his operations.

Cobra Commander's main mistakes are that he did not activate adequate infantry assets for such a major operation and that his base's security is pathetic at best. I guess when your HQ is inside a holographic mountain you might feel a little indestructible, but that's no excuse for having a guy on skis patrolling the fucking roof. Not to mention Cobra Commander probably wakes up in a cold sweat every night having nightmares about his bases being destroyed. You would think he'd learn from experience and tighten up the security. The fact that GI Joe ineptly attacked him with an under strength force should not have been expected. He was doing something to piss off the entire federal government and should have had enough men on hand to fight off at least a division strength attack from the US armed forces.

With a few hundred HISS tanks and Rattlers along with about thirty thousand men, Cobra Commander could have defeated all but the most determined of attackers barring the use of nuclear weapons. Instead his defenses collapsed the minute GI Joe arrived on the scene and even though he plunged the US into probably years of recovery from the anarchy of rioting and looting he ended the episode no better for it.

So Many New Ways To Kill

Hello you charming reader-types, Josh "Beverly Hillbillies" Boruff here with another new Photoshop Phriday. This week's shipment of Grade A SA Forum Goon images comes from a crate marked "Experimental Weapons of War" and was probably never intended to be opened. I'm afraid, dear readers, that danger lurks inside!

I suggest you go take full advantage of this feature before we decide to take it away forever.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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7.26 Life Lessons: The Needy and the Greedy

Friday, Jul 25, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings, dear Internet reader. I am happy to announce a new feature for your Saturday reading enjoyment. It's a little something I like to call "Life Lessons", and is geared to be a heart smart helper for the youth of cyberspace, teaching them about life, love, and maybe themselves. I feel that services like this are necessary because parents and teachers are failing at their jobs, and our kids are as dumb as rocks. While the parents are away at sports bars drinking up their kids' college funds, these children are playing Monopoly with their nihilist babysitter, learning to become greedy little bastards by charging a little metal boot extravagant hotel fees. I know you are thinking "Hey Frolixo, this is a comedy website, not a personal arena to spew your convoluted ideas about what's wrong with society and the world. You fucking suck!" This is true, although I think it's in our best interest to sacrifice a few chuckles and snorts for something much more important. I forgot what it is, but I'm sure I'll remember by the end of this article.

Today's Life Lesson is about the green-eyed monster called greed. Often thought of as the root of all the world's problems, the hoarding of money and materials often spark fierce competition that usually ends up causing strife and bloodshed. Wars and conflict have been waged over the craving for natural resources like gold and oil. Such is the case when I played Civilization III as the Indians and the Mongols savagely attacked me to get ahold of my precious gems. The thought of all the electronic babies that died in those razed cities over a handful of gems brought me to tears. Why must there be so much violence over wealth, and why do I always get a shitty starting location in the jungle or tundra. There are no easy answers.

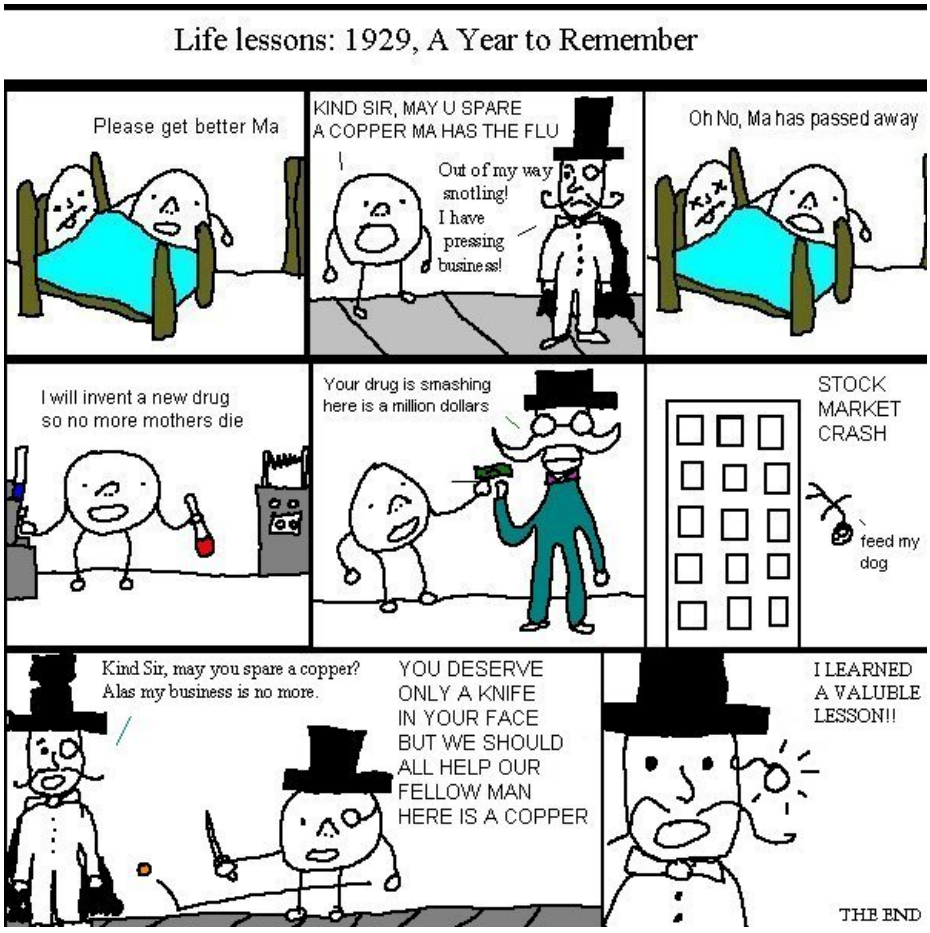
On a personal level, the hoarding of material goods can be detrimental not only to one's mental state, but also regarding relationships with other people. Take Greasnin (please). He spends almost all his time and money hoarding Bea Arthur collectibles, reducing his once capable mind to oatmeal, and totally freaking out any girl that is drunk enough to follow him back to his dorm room. Meanwhile, kids with swollen bellies in Africa are eating low grade dirt out of the skulls of their siblings while random mortar rounds fired from the local warlord bombard their huts. Just one limited edition Bea Arthur action figure would be enough to feed 100 children high grade dirt out of proper bowls for 2 weeks. People like Greasnin are killing the children of Africa.

PUBLIC ENEMY #1

All throughout history, greed has been the bane of mankind. The first form of currency was created by the cavemen who used dinosaur testicles, until one really greedy caveman strived to be the richest and collected as many dinosaur testicles as he could until they went extinct. It's that sort of thinking that causes all the problems in the world, and if you look around you, we haven't really changed that much. Nowhere is this attitude more prevalent than in America, a land whose foundation is built on greed and treachery. The recent scandals of Worldcom and Enron are examples of a few greedy bastards ruining it for everybody. Thanks to them, newly retired folks with decimated 401Ks are now turning tricks on the streets to pay the rent, and young investors such as myself are putting our money towards magical beans and Nigerian officials rather than dumping thousands of dollars into the coffers of these bloated fat cats.

The most classic case of greed gone rampant is Black Monday, 1929. In the 20's, everybody was

investing in the stock market, and everybody was making a lot of money. Folks got more and more greedy, throwing their life savings and retirement money into the market. People became overwhelmed at the prospect of making millions, and lost control. When the fateful Black Monday was over, most of the investors were wiped out, and banks closed. This takes us to the visual part of today's Life Lesson. It's a little comic about the stock market crash of 1929, and is designed for mildly retarded children and people who think all this text is too long, so they didn't read it. Enjoy!


Life lessons: 1929, A Year to Remember
Please get better Ma
KIND SIR, MAY U SPARE A COPPER MA HAS THE FLU
Out of my way snotling! I have pressing business!
Oh No, Ma has passed away
I will invent a new drug so no more mothers die
Your drug is smashing here is a million dollars
STOCK MARKET CRASH
feed my dog
Kind Sir, may you spare a copper? Alas my business is no more.
YOU DESERVE ONLY A KNIFE IN YOUR FACE BUT WE SHOULD ALL HELP OUR FELLOW MAN HERE IS A COPPER
I LEARNED A VALUBLE LESSON!!
THE END

So what lesson did we learn from this comic? That's right, greed is just not cool you guys. Our protagonist wants dearly to save his mother yet has no money for the expensive medicine of the era. He is forced to beg for coins in cold, dirty streets of the city. The fancy rich man, clearly a man motivated by money, cannot even spare one copper for the poor lad, and is on his way to an important meeting. After his mother's untimely death at the hands of an invisible killer, influenza, our hero decides to invent a medicine to help all those dying mothers out there. After being awarded a million dollars for his invention, the young lad is now in one of the top tiers of society. Wisely, he decides not to put the money in the stock market and instead invests it in pig racing tracks (not shown). After the great stock market crash, all the rich gentleman were reduced to bums and hobos. The tables have turned, but unlike most people who own vast amounts of money, our hero remembers his lessons of life and spares a copper for the ailing man. The once rich man was now enlightened, and moves to Germany to start the Nazi Party, an organization focused on reducing the moneylenders and doctors in the country and uniting the Fatherland so that it may claim its

rightful place as the greatest of nations, and rule the world with an iron fist (also not shown).

Now that we know of the perils and pitfalls of greed, and how we can take countermeasures against it by changing our own behavior, how can we change society? I don't want to seem like I'm getting a big head here and think this Life Lessons will change the face of the planet with its revolutionary ideas and a wealth of genius, but it has to start somewhere, it has to start sometime, what better place than here, what better time than now? I have a solution:

COMMUNISM!

I swear it works! We can rile the support of the Proletarian masses to burn the houses of their masters and paint the streets red with the blood of the Bourgeoisie swine that ride the working class to death for their own personal gain. We shall set up neo-Communist factions in each major city around the states, recruiting only the most fervent believers who will carry out orders without question. A major propaganda campaign with soften up the public for the cause before the military strikes are issued from the guerilla bases set up in the Andes and Rockies. Once Washington is captured, the current government will be disposed of and I shall be placed as the Supreme Overlord of the Red Empire. Churches and movie theatres will be destroyed, the Red Army will seize all private property, and hordes of gold and millions of dollars in hard currency will flow into our vast chambers so we can live like kings for the rest of our lives!!

So who's with me?

◘ State Og: Almost Funnier Than Schindler's List

Hiya folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting in once again. As State Og's Representative / editor / scantily-clad poolboy, I receive numerous questions from the public on a daily basis. Questions like, "What does the 'Og' mean anyway?", "Are you retarded?", and "No seriously, are you? Your mouth is always slightly open and you stare straight ahead alot." When these questions come up, I like to reply by flamboyantly faking a heart attack, even taking the time to stagger about and shout "I'm coming to join you Elizabeth! It's the big one!" It can get a little awkward when I have to do it several times in one conversation, but I'm able to muster my strength and press on. It's my little way of reaching out to the public and letting them know that I hate them.

> *Each State Og clone comes nude save for the protective airtight cellophane wrapping which, come to think of it, may account for the remarkably short shelf life of the product. However they arrive in pristine condition, ready to fulfill your every need; be it helping with the chores, performing deviant sexual acts, pretending to be your friend, or entertaining at children's parties. With their amazing flexibility they're useful in almost any task and are self-cleaning, like cats! Their speech patterns consist of a curious subdermal hum, not unlike whales or people who are about to explode due to massive instability in their genetic make-up; a soothing and constant sound that will lull you to sleep regardless of how tired you actually are.*

That excerpt from this week's update lets you know how much I love you, so you should go read the rest. What's that you're asking? Why did I just say I love you even though I claimed to hate you just a few sentences earlier? Oh Jesus, my heart! It's suffering some sort of attack! Seriously.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.27 Something Awful Dream Dates!

Saturday, Jul 26, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I don't want to get your hopes up any higher than they already are, so I'll address this right off the bat - no, this is not your chance to finally hook up with one of the incredibly talented and virile Something Awful readers, nor is it your chance to hook up with Josh. Sorry if today's title misled you in any way, shape, or form. Instead, today's article is going to take the form as a service to some of our most loyal readers. A while back, I wrote an article that was basically one big advertisement for how incredibly datable I am. The article was a huge success, and now wherever I go, I am accompanied by a bevy of beauties. Well, not quite a bevy. I think we'd need one or two more girls for a complete bevy. But a bevy, give or take a couple, is still pretty darn impressive, if I do say so myself. And for the record, I do. When the word got out about just how powerful using Something Awful as a personal ad can be, my inbox was immediately flooded with requests from lonely readers who are desperately in search of a little companionship. While I did take the time and effort to inform each and every one of them that while I am a writer for a website, and thus unbearably sexy, they are simply website fanboys, and thus massively repulsive to the opposite sex, a number of desperate readers wrote to me yet again, begging me to use my incredible literary prowess to find them dates. Now, I like to put up a tough front, but deep down I'm a caring and generous guy. I just couldn't ignore their pleas. So, I did what I always do when a reader's request finds its way into my heart of hearts - I filed the idea away until the time came when I was bored enough to do something about it. Well, that time has come. So now I am oh so very pleased to present to you the Something Awful Dream Dates - free personal ads for a cross section of this site's most dedicated and most eligible bachelors!

Gavin Tarklehoff

Look, he got dressed up for you! Not pictured: his drippings.

For the woman who appreciates ever single part of her man, from his sweaty, oily skin to his most stink-producingest glands, there is no better catch than experienced bachelor Gavin Tarklehoff. A self-proclaimed physics "whiz," Gavin has spent every single Friday night for the past year working on his theory of why the Warp Drive from *Star Trek* would never work in real life. Now that's the kind of dedication that can make a relationship last a lifetime! A big self-improvement buff, Gavin recently switched his daily soda intake from three liters of Pepsi to three liters of Diet Pepsi and is currently in serious contemplation about abandoning M&M's altogether in favor of Peanut M&M's. This is a man who is no stranger to compromise! Oozing charm and various other fluids, Gavin is the webmaster of www.kirknet.com and enjoys polishing the plastic cases of his unopened "Star Wars" collectibles.

Gavin Tarklehoff's Ideal Match: *"I'm looking for a leggy blonde with a great physique. Must be in top physical condition. I don't want to be seen with anyone who doesn't know how to take care of her body! Must approve of - or at the very least, not mind acne, backne, chacne, and knacne."*

In Gavin Tarklehoff's Own Words: *"The ideal date for me would begin when you pick me up from my parent's house. We'd go to the Bickford's on Pine, where they all know me, so I could show you off. We'd spend hours discussing whether* Babylon 5 *or* Farscape *is the best show on the Sci-Fi Network right now. Careful, though! I don't mind telling you I'm a* Babylon 5 *nut and I can argue its superiority all day long! Then we'd go down to Aladdin's Castle in the mall for a Dance Dance Revolution tournament. I'd let you win, just for being so cute, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't expect a little something in return later on, if you catch my drift! If you're interested, you can reach*

me at gofrodogo@hotmail.com."

Brian Dunbar

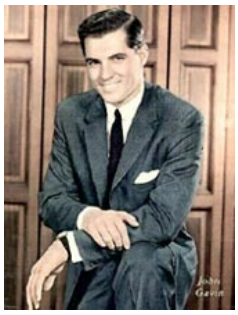
I don't know which one is him, and I don't care. Not pictured: intelligent life.

With his six-foot wide Jnco jeans and stylish ski cap over his blonde dreadlocks all year long, Brian is not only the height of fashion, but the height of the social ladder! A master conversationalist, Brian, or "Killa B," as he likes to be called, can find a way to relate to just about anybody, regardless of race, creed, or color. You'll be amazed how your social life just explodes when you get to spend to time with this energetic young man who has somehow managed to unite black culture and white culture in one scrawny, pimply little body! Whether bustin' a phizzat rhyme to the latest beats or enjoying some of his mother's scrumptious pot roast at their home in the suburbs, Brian is miraculously able to bound from one extreme to the other! A lover of all forms of performance, Brian's favorite band, Insane Clown Posse, brings together the finest elements of white rap with the joy and exuberence of Barnum and Bailey's circus. Currently employed at Denny's. Brian hopes to become either a hip hop sensation or an investment banker.

Brian Dunbar's Ideal Match: *"Yo, I be looking for a fly honey who doesn't front and won't get all up in ma grill whenever I try to get my freak on! Cuz I gots to be real, and I ain't about to fuckin play for no shorty, yo. And no mothafackin juggahos, word! Also, it would be swell if she got along with my mother and my sister, Muffy."*

In Brian Dunbar's Own Words: *"Wazzup, bizzotches??? This is da ill nasty juggalo master, mothafacko! Yo youze allz gotz to fuckin give it up, becuz Killa B's in the mothafackin hizzy!! Yo, me an my bros jus lookin for sum poonani an we don't care who it be from yo! Just as long as she don't go touchin my chainz yo!!! Peece out mothafackos!!@*

Dirk Woodrow



Now that's genuine! Not pictured: a young boy with serious personal problems.

Grab an oxygen tank, ladies, because this hunk of man is about to take your breath away! Modern day Don Juan Dirk Woodrow is the strong, sensitive, and most of all one hundred percent real man that can make any woman's dream come true, just so long as that woman isn't a crazy dyke! At twenty-eight years of age, Dirk is old enough to buy alcohol *and* porn, which a fourteen year old boy certainly can't do. Other distinctions that separate Dirk from a fourteen year old boy include his genuine driver's license, his middle school and high school diplomas, his five Ph.D.'s from the Harvard School of Excellentness. He is a professional millionaire and secret agent, as well as a professional baseball player. Dirk enjoys long, moonlit walks along the beach, candlelit dinners, evenings at the theater, holding your purse while you try on shoes, and playing Counterstrike. I mean, investing in the stock market.

Dirk Woodrow's Ideal Match: *"Any woman is the right one for me, because every single woman is a beautiful and sultry creature who deserves to be treated like the princess she is. No fatties, tho, am I rite?"*

In Dirk Woodrow's Own Words: *"Hay women! It is me, Dirk Woodrow, the most romantic guy in the whole wide world! Women love me so much b/c I am a really really cool guy and give them lots of awesome sex. Let me give you some sweet sex, baby. I'll rock your world! I'm fucking awesome, and any 1 who doesn't think so is a stupid fag! Like when I was telling Bobby Stupenski how I was going to get a personal ad put online, and he was all like "No one would want to go out with you, Tyler." And then Mrs. Henson told us to be quiet. That stupid bitch. She*

doesn't know what it's like to be twenty-eight, like I am. I have a lot of money too."

- **Steven "Gigatronic1411809" Dardinov**

What's that loveable scamp up to now? Not pictured: the jars he uses as a toilet.

Let's face it, ladies, the most important thing to know when you're getting into a long term relationship is whether your partner can provide a safe future. Well there's no safer future than computers, and Steven "Gigatronic1411809" Dardinov knows computers better than Bill Gates and Steve Jobs combined! Or at least, that's what his website claims. Gigatronic1411809 is fluent in all sorts of computer lingo, and he was once voted the most valuable player of the match by the Unreal Tournament Clan Wolfclaw two games in a row! He'll hack his way right into your heart, just like he once hacked into some dude's computer and changed all of the BMP files to JPEGs and all of the JPEGs to BMPs, even though everyone knows that the PNG format is really the way to go! Can you believe it? That's not the sort of talent you can find in just any chatroom! Steven works the morning shift at Best Buy and enjoys creating pop up ads to advertise pop up ad blockers that don't work.

Steven "Gigatronic1411809" Dardinov's Ideal Match: *"1M L00K1NG 4 SOME1 W/ 120 GIGS OF L0V3 & 50 MB OF C4R1NG!!!1!"*

In Steven "Gigatronic1411809" Dardinov's Own Words: *"H3LL0 L4D13S!!!!! U + M3 r M34NT T00 B3!!!!@!!! ;-0 * LOLOLOL!!! ROTFLMAOMGWTFBBQHRGUHS!!!!2!"*

- **Ulthgarr the Slayer**

How can you say no to that face? Not pictured: the mutilated corpses of all those who stood against him at the Fortress of Entranadador.

If you like muscles, you can't do any better than this slab of Grade A stud! He comes out of the East like a deadly hurricane, leveling all foes who dare stand against him with neither mercy nor pity. From Carpathia to the lost city of Dul'nargoth, a legend spreads of the Slayer, ravager of kingdoms, pillager of churches, destroyer of countrysides, . Peasants flee at the mention of his name. Armies tremble at the sight of his mighty broadsword, its massive blade stained with the blood of a thousand men, its hilt topped by the gleaming skull of his first and most dangerous opponent - his own father, Othgard the Unrepentant. Ulthgarr's wide-reaching wave of terror has toppled kings and left countless dead in the streets and in the fields of a hundred battlegrounds. While no one alive knows his true purpose, one fact is absolutely certain - there can be no stopping him. Today's modern weapons mean nothing to the Slayer, a creature more monster than man, who has survived for centuries, fueled by his unholy rage and the blood of the mortal men who stood against him. He shrugs off bullets like so many snowflakes, whilst his fearsome blade cleaves his enemies in twain. There are none who can stand against him. In his free time, Ulthgarr the Slayer enjoys coaching youth soccer.

Ulthgarr the Slayer's Ideal Match: *"VROONGAAAAAAAAH!"*

In Ulthgarr the Slayer's Own Words: *"FUNGAAAAAAAAAAH!"*

By now all of you female SA readers must be quivering under your bodices, or whatever it is I'm fantasizing about you wearing. And who could blame you? Five specimens of masculinity, all just waiting for you to contact them. I certainly wish all of these gentlemen the success that I had, but I'd also like to warn them that I've already snatched up a good percentage of the available tail, so good luck. If you'd like me to make broad, insulting assumptions about your

personality and ridicule you extensively based upon the way you write your emails, drop me a line and tell me a little about yourself. Who knows? Maybe this is the kind of exposure you need to meet the person of your dreams! In all honesty, probably not, but maybe!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

7.28 Science Fiction and Television Go Together Like Dicks and Meat Grinders

Sunday, Jul 27, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Even Face couldn't save Battlestar Galactica

I have always been a fan of science fiction in literature and in cinema. This may be partially my nerd genes talking but to generalize all science fiction as ray-gun toting Flash Gordon pirates-in-space is short sighted. The genre and its sub-genres have produced a multitude of unqualified works of art ranging from "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Blade Runner" in the realm of cinema to "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" in the realm of literature. Somehow all of this artistry going on in science fiction does not make the leap to television successfully. That's not to say that Television has ever been the gold standard of quality entertainment, but it does produce gripping and meaningful shows from time to time. Those shows are just never science fiction shows. Never.

I can already hear ten thousand asthmatic cries of disbelief rising in the peanut gallery. Still your hands before you type out a hotly-worded e-mail that will no doubt set my eyes ablaze, let me explain to you why every science fiction show I can think of is horrible. To keep things honest I will address this issue chronologically. I have omitted shows that predate the original Star Trek series because, let's face the facts; I don't think any of you out there are going to try to tell me that "The Zap Chinley Hyper Police Hour" was good.

■ Star Trek: The Original Series

Set phasers to "tragedy".

Story: The future, where man boldly explores a space populated by other men who sometimes are different colors or wear fanciful clothing. On particularly rare occasions they look like apes or mobsters. Famously, nearly every episode featured Kirk romancing anything with potentially compatible sex organs and then treating us to brief sequences of revolting kissing with a sweat-soaked Kirk in a uniform torn while wrestling an android. When he wasn't busy wiping out the galaxy with a plague of STDs Kirk was usually on the bridge of his retarded looking spaceship jumping around as the camera tilted to give the impression of phaser hits. Ironically, the shallow and unrealistic background of the Federation in the original series only got even less believable in future installments of the Star Trek franchise.

Special Effects: The special effects in Star Trek consisted primarily of film effects like "make something glow red" and "make something disappear". It probably had relatively decent special effects for when it came out, but the fact is even back then TV effects paled when compared to movie effects.

Cast: The cast of the original Star Trek show was horrible. William Shatner mugged and exaggerated every single line like he was play acting a scene in which he wrestles a space bear. Despite the intentions of Roddenberry he exuded about as much sex appeal as a rotten pile of meat being picked over by raccoons. Nimoy was his straight man to the point of being robotic and no matter how many eyebrows he arched outside of a Star Trek set, he had doomed himself to a life of wearing invisible Spock ears. Finally the supporting cast was as one dimensional as it was unappealing, with

fat ham Scotty and the always grim doctor McCoy playing second fiddle to Nubian princess Ohura and her mask composed of a cake of eyeshadow.
Shit Factor: Star Trek rules the roost for having spawned no less than four more series (not counting the animated series) and about fifty motion pictures, most of which are every bit as bad as the TV show.

■ Dr. Who

Trust me when I tell you that this is an incredibly good set by Dr. Who standards.

Story: Essentially the longest running TV show in the history of the galaxy, Dr. Who is painfully terrible. The story really isn't what kills it; it's about a time traveler who moves around space and time with a few sidekicks in his time machine. He is beholden to a powerful organization called "The Time Lords" but often runs afoul of them thanks to his go-getter attitude. Where Dr. Who fails horribly is in the specifics and in the execution, particularly the special effects. Dr. Who's time machine is a British telephone booth on the outside and blinking spaceship on the inside. Some might think this is clever, but I tend to think they made this decision so they never had to have a decent set throughout the history of the show. It allowed them to place a telephone booth in a bog in England and pretend it was the planet Oxogogii 5. Dr. Who also had some of the most horribly realized villains like the rolling robotic Daleks that couldn't defeat a baby if it was at the top of a staircase and the Cybermen that were basically people in masks and silver shirts.
Special Effects: Embarrassing. When Dr. Who centered on mundane plots like conflicts with the British military it became dull. When it centered on more cosmic stories like battles against the Cybermen or other villains it tended to be hilariously awful. I once saw an episode where the villains had futuristic guns that not only did not have an associated visual effect, but had no sound effect. They didn't even say "bang", they just pointed their guns and people shouted and toppled over. You would think after being on TV for over 25 years Dr. Who's special effects would get continuously better. THINK AGAIN! Decades later they were still using the EXACT same costumes and effects they used in the mid sixties.
Cast: The quality of the cast varied widely since even the main character's actor was replaced some seven times throughout the run of the show. Widely considered the favorite "Doctor", Tom Baker was admittedly a decent actor and a good choice for the character. Despite this the supporting cast was almost uniformly terrible and wooden and even the best of actors would have understandable difficulty being serious when facing down a filing cabinet with a gun that shoots fog.
Shit Factor: A lot of people let the horrible quality of this show slide by because it is seemingly self-effacing at times. Fuck that, if they can spit out nearly 700 episodes and never once actually entertain me then they aren't doing anything right.

■ Space 1999

Story: Space 1999 has one of the most idiotic premises of any TV show ever made. There is a moon base called Moonbase Alpha and everything is fine and dandy. Then one day a giant pile of nuclear waste decides to explode, blowing the moon to pieces and turning the hunk of rock the base is on into a randomly traveling space ship. Great, we don't even get to seek out new life and new civilizations, we just boldly float where no man has randomly drifted before.

Set moon course for...shit.

Special Effects: Space 1999 had better special effects, and particularly sets, than Star Trek had. That is to say that the sets did not consist of spray painted cardboard and randomly blinking kitchen appliances. They were still nothing to write home about and the costumes made many of the characters look like fruit flavored marshmallow treats.
Cast: Good actor Martin Landau had the hideous misfortune to be cast in the lead role of Commander Koenig, but even he fell prey to the curse of TV Science Fiction. The curse is to ridiculously overact because you have to play up the drama since the special effects are so horrible. The supporting cast was mediocre and forgettable and made even more so because the costumes on the show made it impossible to take any of them seriously.
Shit Factor: Very few people even know this show existed, and that's probably just as well.

■ Quantum Leap

Story: Sam Beckett is being sent through time for one reason or another and the machine controlling his travel malfunctions completely - for about 100 episodes. Instead of simply depositing Beckett in the middle of a mountain or something it makes him sort of "possess" the body of various people throughout different decades of recent history. He is assisted by a holographic wise-cracking Dean Stockwell and has to solve a gosh-darn crisis to correct the time line before he is randomly transported again. The show barely even qualifies as science fiction since the only things that really made it sci-fi were the jumps at the beginning and the end and Dean Stockwell's character. Each episode was essentially a moral problem or mystery that had to be solved in an all too touchy-feely sort of way before Sam could teleport again and shovel through someone else's crap. 90% of the episodes were boring or trite, about 2 % were actually good, and the other 8% were in the last season when they introduced all this stupid shit like evil Soviet time travelers and the like.
Special Effects: The special effects in Quantum leap were minimal, consisting of a few relatively well done film effects. Where they really pussied out on the show is with almost never having Sam teleport anywhere interesting. He never went to another country (except for Vietnam), never went back to the Stone Age to solve a dinosaur's moral problem, never teleported into Hitler and had to win World War II. It was for the most part home-spun melodrama with no place for splashy special effects.
Cast: Scott Bakula and Dean Stockwell both fill their roles pretty well, but the unnecessary drama with Stockwell's character and any episode where Sam jumped into a woman made the show painful to watch at times. If anything the cast tended to be the strong point of Quantum Leap, as they usually got competent supporting actors.
Shit Factor: It is not even science fiction. The creators of Quantum Leap just wanted an excuse to have drama vignettes throughout history and managed to string it together by having a time travel theme thrown in. Interesting way to do a drama variety hour? Maybe, but not science fiction.

■ Star Trek: The Next Generation

Story: Of all the shows I have reviewed here this is the only one I watched with any regularity, and even that I seriously regret. It has roughly the same premise as the original series but it takes place a little bit farther in the future and has better special effects. What it lacks is any of the machismo of the original show, as intellectual captain Picard prefers to win the day through negotiations or subterfuge instead of by stunning an entire planet with the ship's phasers or wrestling a guy in a

Gumby mask.
Special Effects: Passable overall. The special effects on the show had their low and high points, with most of the worst coming early in the show's run. Particularly amusing are The Borg who for some mysterious reason are regarded by Star Trek fans as being incredibly cool. Here's a hint ladies; they're not. When you glue a bunch of rubber and a laser pointer to yourself you end up looking like an accident at the gun accessory factory.
Cast: The Cast of Star Trek runs the gamut from extremely good (Patrick Stewart), to average (Brent Spiner, Michael Dorn), to horrible (Jonathan Frakes, Wil Wheaton, Whoopi Goldberg?!?!?!). People give the dorks behind Star Trek a lot of shit for casting Wil Wheaton, but as bad as he was, nothing could trump the sheer stupidity of making Whoopi Goldberg a character. Seriously guys, what the fuck?
Shit Factor: The series had its ups and downs but every episode was dull, overly preachy, or unbelievable.

Babylon-5

I see another civilization discovered styling gel.

Story: A space station built by the humans in deep space serves as a sort of intergalactic melting pot and United Nations combined. When I first started watching it the main character was the grey-haired commander of the space station. When I saw it again a season or two later it was the guy from "Scarecrow and Mrs. King". I would place Bruce Boxleitner about two rungs below John Ritter in terms of acting ability so you can imagine the trepidation with which I re-approached the series. I was not let down by my keen instincts for shitty science fiction. In the place of Star Trek's endless negotiations were frequent crappy CGI space battles and unnecessarily complex plot lines that required you to know the entire history of a sub-faction of some alien species with trees growing out of their face. It was the ultimate shallow science fiction nerd's jack off festival, obsessed with irrelevant and annoying details and approaching ridiculous aliens with reverence and seriousness.
Special Effects: I'll concede that the CGI, as crappy as it looked, at least introduced a sense of movement and scale into the space sequences that Star Trek had always lacked. The majority of the sets either looked like a party being thrown inside of a subway tunnel or the sort of one-dimensional back drops you are probably used to seeing in video briefings from Command and Conquer. The aliens were sometimes well done like the Vorlon and that lizard guy, and other times completely idiotic like that guy with the fan of hair on his head.
Cast: Unbelievably horrid. Possibly in the running for worst cast of any show ever along with "The Emeril Show". From the drawling Count Dracula with the fan on his head to the smooth-talking new age Mimbari, every cast member was jaw-droppingly awful. If you've got Walter "Wessels" Koenig as a serious villain then you need to look at hiring a new casting director. And you want to talk about melodramatic? Scenery got chewed like there was a Boxleitner termite infestation. Every fucking episode I've seen had at least one moment where the actors practically attacked the sets with giant forks and started ramming cardboard ducts down their throat while shouting lines.
Shit Factor: Xtreme! We're already seeing it reprised repeatedly in the form of stand alone mini-series and I think it's only a matter of time before the mouth-breathing nerdfans get a movie or another series.

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine

Reset phasers for the much more commonly used "sex" setting.

Story: Space's first black captain finally came to the airwaves with Deep Space 9's Captain Sisko. Instead of singing about thongs and dump trucks, deep-talking Avery Brooks managed to lend a sense of gravity to an otherwise inauspicious first season of the show. Suspiciously similar to Babylon-5 in basic concept, Deep Space Nine chose to center on less massive galactic war and more on regional politics. It also cast aside a lot of the annoying namby-pamby attitudes of "Next Generation" to be replaced with dorky humor from alien casino operator Quark. Somehow the show always seemed slightly sinister to me, perhaps because of the uncharacteristically dark sets and gloomy interiors of the station. Despite any positives the show still failed miserably to entertain and still fell back on the same idiotic preaching of "Next Generation" albeit in more blood-soaked surroundings.
Special Effects: A lot of people jumped ship from liking Star Trek to liking Babylon-5, at least in part because of the latter's dynamic and frequent space combat. Despite the slow-moving exteriors of Deep Space Nine I have a feeling its more austere special effects will stand the test of time slightly better. Not that it really matters, neither was revolutionary, and more importantly neither was a good show.
Cast: In addition to Avery "Hawk" Brooks, the cast featured veteran actor Colm Meaney, and the first woman on a Star Trek show I've ever found attractive; Terry Farrel. Overall the supporting cast was decent, with a few notable exceptions in the form of any character with giant ears and a shrill voice. I would probably rate this cast higher than even Next Generation if it weren't for the fact that the show was just plain boring. Yeah, thanks for the deep life-lesson of "be generous" that I learned fifty times back when I watched Next Generation.
Shit Factor: Many people point to Deep Space Nine as the beginning of the decline of the Star Trek franchise. This begs the question; "how can a franchise decline from absolutely horrible?"

Star Trek: Voyager

Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaooooo! Now Tuvok's never going to get home!

Story: Mrs. Columbo is the captain of the space ship Voyager on its maiden voyage when it's suddenly sucked through a wormhole or something and spit out billions of light years away. The rest of the series seemed to be its attempt to travel back home with a number of wacky encounters thrown in. I had, by this point, lost any interest in watching any science fiction TV show. The few episodes I saw seemed to revolve around how smart Kate Columbo or a particular other cast member was. Then they tried to inject sex appeal into the show by adding the Borg woman who for some reason vamped around every episode in camel toetastic body suits. THE FUTURE!
Special Effects: Decent but extremely generic.
Cast: Kate Mulgrew is a fairly decent actress but her school marm demeanor on this show made me want to punch her through the screen. This cast was also, essentially, a list of human minorities. A Native American in the year 3,000? Somehow I don't think so. A black Spock only, amazingly, even more wooden acting? Fantastic!
Shit Factor: The first Star Trek show to actually be worse than the original.

Star Trek: Enterprise

I see someone's nursing a tapeworm.

Story: The plot of this series centers on Captain Archer (Scott Bakula) being abducted from his spaceship by evil aliens every episode. Occasionally the hot Spock girl will do something hot and logical. I'm glad to see in the future we've advanced to the point that we no longer operate military vessels as such and instead treat them like throwaway sets for laughably shallow after school specials. Group hug guys, we negotiated the release of our Captain for the fifth time this season! It's also neat to see that the first ever deep space vessel has spacious quarters and room for a pet dog on board. Sometimes time travelers come onboard and do something incredibly gay, but believe me when I say you won't care.
Special Effects: They seem good now, but I promise you in five years they will fall into the same "decent but extremely generic" category as Voyager's.
Cast: Scott Bakula seems about as uncomfortable on a Star Trek show as he did in the movie "Necessary Roughness". Pretty much everyone else on the cast is forgettable or just there to be eye candy. And by the way, how many times is the engineer guy going to be able to get away with that whole "reroute the power" bullshit before the head writer of the show screams at people doing the scripts? Whenever it happens it'll be far too late to save this mess.
Shit Factor: The latest but probably not the last in the river of exrement that is the Star Trek franchise. Better than Voyager, but that's not much of an accomplishment.

Honorable Mentions

Number Six better watch out for those trash bags.

The Prisoner - Doesn't really qualify as science fiction. More a surreal spy TV show with floating remote-controlled garbage bags and groovy music.

The Incredible Hulk - Mentioning gamma radiation occasionally and wearing kickin' rad purple jean shorts does not a science fiction make.

Max Headroom - Great pilot, some decent episodes, but too often turned into a showcase for synthetic huckster Headroom and ventured too far into the unbelievable to be effective scifi parody.

Firefly - I've heard people saying it's great. Even though I've never seen it I feel confident in saying that it is not great.

Cleopatra 2525 - Baywatch in space. Might have made a good porno series but fails utterly to entertain as cheesecake space pulp.

M.A.N.T.I.S. - A millionaire black guy in a wheel chair as a super hero?! SIGN ME UP.

War of the Worlds: The Resurrection - Initially showed promise as a sort of guerilla war against a slow re-invasion of earth by body-grabbing martians. Then after the first two seasons or so it went utterly batshit crazy, killed off all the characters, and turned the planet into some weird and horribly done post apocalyptic nightmare world.

Andromeda - Kevin Sorbo is a dumb fag and any cast he leads is sure to be filled with only the most pathetic drop-outs of high school drama club.

Battlestar Galactica - Hey, Star Trek was sort of a success, let's rip it off and throw in some Star Wars while we're at it. The only redeeming thing in the series was that Face from the A-Team was one of the main characters. Face was my least favorite member of the A-Team.

Automan - TRON called, they want their everything back.

Farscape - I can't decide if this show is a droll comedy, a children's muppet show, or a parody of Buck Rogers. Whatever it is every single time I've started watching an episode I've changed channels two minutes into the first conversation about some personal issues from five episodes back.

Part three in this update's "sexy ladies of horrible scifi TV" series.

Lexx - Cleopatra 2525 with an incredibly attractive lead and oddball comedy. Nope, still not working for me.

Red Dwarf - This show has a huge following. I have no fucking idea why, it's totally unwatchable.

Stargate SG-1 - Richard Dean Anderson can't fix alternate realities with gum and duct tape, it takes guns and a giant bald black guy who acts like a magical zombie. Steer clear if you value your time, I'm fairly certain this show is written by some sort of software algorithm.

Sliders - The fat kid from "Stand By Me" is back and he brought the fat guy from Indiana Jones and a couple other miscreants that should probably be forcibly barred from the Screen Actor's Guild. Absolute shit.

The X-Files - Not science fiction. Not mystery/cop show. Not really sure what it is, other than total crap.

Even though I am certain I have left out a number of shows, I think I have provided sufficient scientific evidence to have science fiction completely banned from television. Stop wasting our time you dullards.

Peter Pan's Back, Yo

Hey folks, Taylor "Slowbro" Bell here with an all-new ROM pit review! I reviewed a horrible NES game called Hook a while ago and I didn't learn my lesson from that, so I decided to dive into another shitty Peter Pan game.

Since I was no longer a Peter Pan rookie, I assumed the boss of the game would be Hook, but that turned out to be a wretched lie. Instead the villain appears to be a giant wrinkly

> *blueberry with spaghetti draped across it, and a face that looks like Abobo from Double Dragon had a stroke. This mysterious Blueberry Pirate also has a nice big cap'n hat with a crossbones symbol, although the bones look like they were taken from a guy with a bad case of rickets. The plot really starts to thicken when the blueberry guy's floating head informs Peter Pan's floating head that he is going to "destroy the world you hold dear." Peter calmly replies "It's a duel to the death for Neverland." Of course if he had stayed in THIS world instead of Neverland, he would have known about a much more efficient disposal method for giant blueberries. I think it involves Oompa Loompas.*

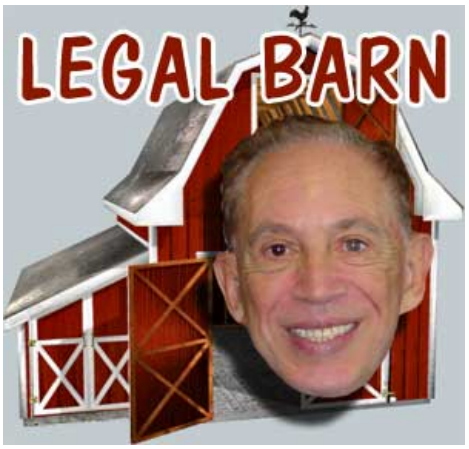
Read the full review or I'll destroy the world you hold dear! Or maybe I'll just hit it with my car and then speed away without leaving my insurance information.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.29 Fake SA Time Starring Leonard J. Crabs

Tuesday, Jul 29, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Oh that kooky Leonard "J." Crabs! Will he ever learn?



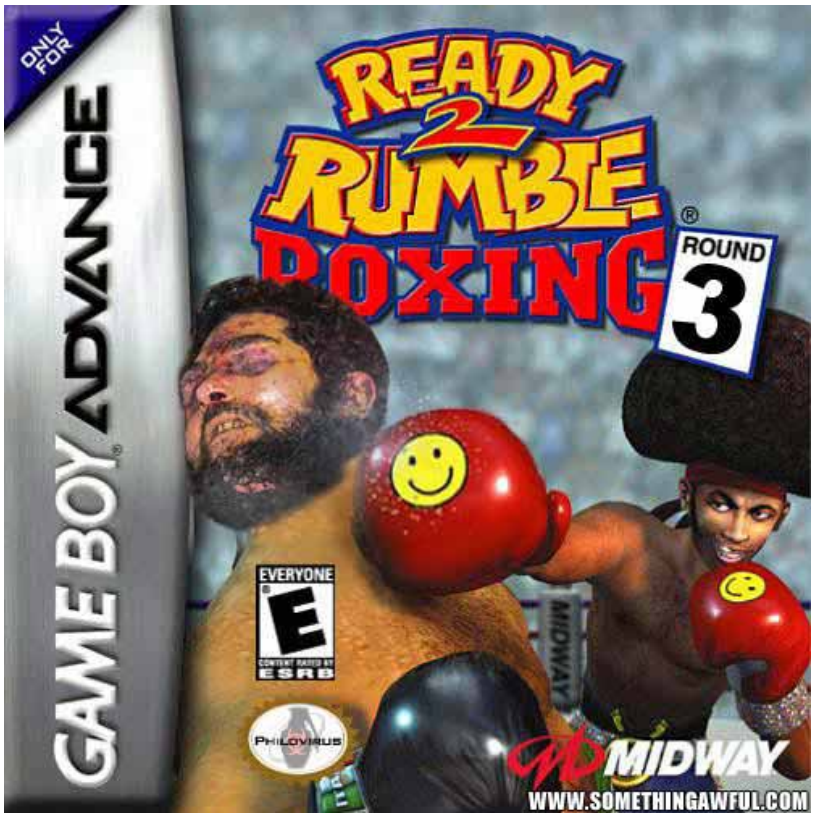
In case you're the victim of some elaborate scheme involving witchcraft, Leonard "J." Crabs updated the front page today. Why? I don't have any idea; I tried to ask him and all he did was shout "talk to the hand" back at me until I left the room. If you missed it, you can view Leonard "J." Crabs' Legal Barn right here, and previous Fake SAs here. You can also view a 404 error here.

Steal this Album!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams back in the saddle again. I've been playing a ton of Knights of the Old Republic lately. LucasArts, Bioware, my hats off to you. First Star Wars related thing I've enjoyed since Return of the Jedi, mostly because I wasn't old enough to remember Empire, and wasn't born when A New Hope was released.

Uday and Qusay Hussein. Like two nutcases in a pod. One can't rape or maim or torture without the other. Which begs the question: What are those two dead bastards up to now? For today's Comedy Goldmine, the goons take a look at the lighter side of being a cold blooded killer and dead! Click here to get 100% of daily needed LOL.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


ONLY FOR
GAME BOY ADVANCE
READY 2 RUMBLE BOXING
ROUND 3
EVERYONE
E
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
PHILOVIRUS
MIDWAY
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

7.30 Fashion Season in the Mushroom Kingdom

Tuesday, Jul 29, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The question of what makes a hero is one that gets asked a lot, and usually by book smart villains looking to get a heads up on the competition. Is it simply a matter of being in the right time and place, or is there a trait of fiery, heroic passion that's dominant only in a select few chosen individuals? If you ask me, and you really get no choice in this matter since it's my article and not yours, a hero is someone who works hard to make him or herself extraordinary in mind and body, and therefore adapt at handling volatile situations of all types. In the case of one Mario, an Italian-American from the Bronx, that job is saving the Mushroom Kingdom and various other fantasy locations from the Osama bin Laden of snapping turtles. And please don't say, "But Josh, King Koopa is a lizard!" because I'll kick in you in the cornea and naively point out that lizards don't have shells, all the while remaining completely oblivious to the fact he may well have been a dinosaur, some of which had shells. Also, if you try to tell me he was Dennis Hopper, I'll tear out your duodenum because the movie is far from official canon, stupid person. Mario, or Super Mario as the eugenics doctors call him, is able to routinely accomplish his feats of danger and daring by utilizing an extensive knowledge of fashion and herbal medicine. His brain, a vast and limitless databank of information, carries encyclopedic wisdom of mushrooms and other chemical agents occurring in nature. This majestic man of all seasons can accessorize himself for any situation, no matter how high the stakes are. Not only is he a licensed plumber, but also he's a doctor, a deep-sea diver (and one remarkably adapt at holding his breath), a capable aviator, a race car driver, a fierce warrior, and a master of pyrotechnics, all while nursing the worst drug dependency I've ever seen. What's most amazing is that not only will he jump from one skill to the next with alarming speed, but he also dresses according to the job at hand.

In spite of his frequent exploits, Mario has a few tricks up his sleeves that he has yet to call upon in any of his published adventures. It wasn't easy, but I've done some digging and uncovered some of the red shirted wonder's unused guises and stratagems. Personally, I knew Mario was a dirty furry, but I had know idea just how deep the depravity sinkhole inside his soul really went.

Crazy Injun Peyote Powerup

When Mario takes the time to consume some of the Mushroom Kingdom's wild peyote, he transforms into a savage Native American, eager to scalp, rape, and rampage his way through anyone crazy enough to get in his warpath. Though a highly effective combatant, Mario is at his worst when riding on the back of the magic cactus stallion. He shows little regard for the civilized way of life, and is therefore an unqualified champion of good. Still, given the daunting nature of Mario's work, it is often good to explore every hallway and door of the mind, making sure no reservations cloud the future.

Tactical Advantage: a deeper spiritual understanding that comes to life in the form of excessive violence against turtles and other mostly harmless creatures. There isn't so much of a tactical advantage here, as it's just an excuse to get really high.

Skin Suit

Mario has encountered a lot of attractive princesses, not to mention a good number of mushroom-headed lady foxes. Has he simply let them drift by while adhering to a strict code of plumber union chivalry? Far from it! Mario knows the value of having a second layer of skin, especially since he's suffered so many burns from sparks of lava and the smoldering vomit of King Koopa's minions. Instead, Mario keeps a memento of all his past loves, a piece of flesh he cherishes and dutifully archives as part of a suit. Sometimes, late at night, he puts on this file cabinet of skin, and feels a tremendous rush of emotions unlike anything else. The power he commands, the lives he's held in his hands, it all tastes so good.

Tactical Advantages: in addition to totally terrifying all opposition, the Skin Suit gives Mario a second chance by giving him a second skin. It also brings him a sense of comfort and therapeutic release by letting him step into the flesh of those who he has wronged, giving physical manifestation to his tormented victim/victimizer psychological duality.

Gimp Mask

The Gimp Mask allows Mario to wander some of the many dark avenues of his psyche while maintaining anonymity. When Mario dons the Gimp Mask, he dons nothing else save for a versatile gadget strapped around his pelvis and protruding in a triumphant forward direction for quite some ways. Anything that approaches Mario head-on meets a messy demise by way of razor-sharp impalement. This gadget also acts as a springing pogo stick, letting Mario bounce higher and higher until he reaches a gravitational climax and cannot jump higher anymore. Finally, it can triple as a cowcatcher, much like the ones featured on throbbing steam engines. So long as Mario doesn't get taken from behind, he remains in full control of the situation.

Tactical Advantage: allows Mario to ram through competition with giant cowcatcher strap-on that also features ingenious impalement and pogo stick capabilities. Mask provides a security buffer protecting him from social stigma while allowing him the chance to play as rough as he wants until he injures himself or hears the safety word uttered.

Tranniario

One particularly astute but bewildering ruse Mario has at his disposal is cross-dressing. Mario is not a handsome man, but his gruff, slightly obese looks and mesmerizing moustache do carry weight in the appearance department. After all, he does manage to charm women such as Princess Toadstool, who commands an empire paved in the blood of the wicked and warlike. When Mario feels the need for an unconventional attack, he'll squeeze into a beautiful purple dress and put on his shiny red leather hat and knock his enemies to the ground with looks. Sure, everybody still know it's Mario, but out there, away from civilization and females for so long, does it really matter to a hammer throwing turtle? The kinetic homoerotic energy exuding from Mario challenges enemies to confront their own feelings and desires. What's more, who is the predator in this instance? In that dress, Mario is practically asking for it, but then so are they with that blind lust of theirs.

Tactical Advantage: appeals to the sexual motivations of enemy agents, blinds them with lust, and sets them up for the knockout. A disadvantage is that it degrades Mario's movement, since high heel shoes and dresses restrict running and jumping. May also lead to unwanted surprise romantic encounters and sexual harassment.

VC Mario

Mario has experience fighting gorilla wars against Donkey Kong, but he is also capable of fighting guerrilla wars against the enemies of the Great Mushroom Peoples. When Mario is in his VC fatigues, he is able to become as much a part of the jungle as a vine or climbable beanstalk or bush that launches out resurrection mushrooms. He moves with the wind and water's flow, snakes through the darkness, and cuts his enemies to pieces before they even know they're under attack. An expert of subterfuge, VC Mario can plant demolitions that blow up outposts and castles, sending jagged shrapnel piercing into the morale of foreign invaders. Mario has always been at home crawling through sewage-filled pipes, but now he lives in dirt holes and worms through underground passages. He survives healthy submerged in dirt while his enemies lie dead above him. He knows no pain or loss, nor any life too important for sacrifice or suicide missions, just that Koopa's minions must be killed. He is the shadow of death, and this is his valley.

Tactical Advantage: proficiency at stealth combat techniques, a capacity for advanced subterfuge and reconnaissance, can utilize surroundings as weapon. Strikes only at night.

It's a me, rotting face Mario!

Like you, I don't think I'll ever look at Mario the same way again. I knew he was a heavy abuser of narcotics, but I could never have guessed what madness coursed through his veins, emanating out of his blackened heart. I realize that the end result, the protection and proliferation of the Mushroom Kingdom and its people is important, but at what cost? Is the price of having a fiend for a hero too high, or are they complacent to rest comfortably knowing a madman keeps the wolves at bay? These games people play, not even the reset button can set things right.

I Want to be Stuffed When I Die

Hey everybody! It's Ben "Greasepaint" Platt here, and you'll never guess what I did now! Nope, never in a million years. Want a hint? Oh screw it I'll just tell you. I reviewed a movie! Can you believe it? It goes by the name of "Cremains." Tell us all about it, me!

> *"Cremains" isn't really a movie, so much as four short movies that happen to suck. It's sort of like "Four Rooms," only all of the vignettes are written and directed by the same person, Steve Sessions, and instead of the loveable and overworked bellhop played by Tim Roth, the common character to all four vignettes is a pudgy, boring funeral director. Just try to tell me you're not falling head over heels for this movie already! Each of the four short stories is prefaced by the funeral director, who is called "the Cremation Provider" in the end credits. Our unlucky Cremation Provider finds himself on the receiving end of an interrogation run by faceless entities. As they pester him with a barrage of questions, he leads into the stories that make up the body of the film. It's actually a fairly decent concept, but there's a catch. There's always a catch. The first three stories are completely and utterly useless. They are presented as though they might have some bearing on the Cremation Provider's interrogation, but here's a spoiler: they don't. As such, the audience continually feels like they've just had one chunk of time after another stolen away for no reason whatsoever. Couple that with a shaky camera, overused editing tricks, halfassed acting, and an endlessly repetitive score and you've got a real winner of a film. No really. You do. I'm being completely serious. I'm also three hundred feet tall and have to use a keyboard a hundred feet across in order to type out*

my sassy articles. No really. I do. I'm being completely serious.

If you didn't laugh at that, then you have no soul, and I'm afraid I have no time for robots. Those of you who are good old-fashioned flesh and blood, read the rest of the review and laugh long into the night!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.31 A Completely Awful Breakfast

Thursday, Jul 31, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As many of you may know, I'm a big neo-revolutionary breakfast cereal mentality supporter, following in the footsteps of such philosophers as Professor Baron Von Mancock and Dr. Karl Malone. I feel that our society, as a whole, has embraced antiquated and outdated ideas of what breakfast "should be" for far too long now. Let's face it; we're living in a fast-paced, exciting, nonstop new world which includes high-tech things like the Internet, electric scooters, and battered women. Shouldn't our breakfast cereal mature and advance with our culture as well? Why should we be standing by and encouraging the old ideals of breakfast cereals which date back to the 1940s when we can instead advance forward in maturity, seamlessly progressing with technology? Let's put all those scientific microchips and floppy disks to use by creating wonderful new high-tech cereals which appeal to this generation of kids and old people who have the brain-damaged minds of kids. We need a cereal which doesn't only provide a fulfilling breakfast experience, but also takes the place of at least six other major meals throughout the day. Since I was unable to find any cereals which had both toasted oats and delightful chipped beef, I discovered the next best thing: three cereals which not only serve as a pseudo-complete breakfast, but could also take the place of each and every dessert required within a two-week radius. In this exciting episode of "A Completely Awful Breakfast," I will compare and contrast three winners of the "cereals which prove that chocolate should probably not be the crux of a well-balanced breakfast" award: Quaker Oats' Cap'n Crunch's OOPS! Choco Donuts, Kellogg's SMORZ, and Kellogg's Disney Chocolate Mud & Bugs.

Quaker Oats' Cap'n Crunch's OOPS! Choco Donuts

An Overview: The ol' Cap'n has been very busy in the last decade or so, pumping out hundreds of variations on his award-winning cereal which is not only shaped like a barrel, but tastes like one as well. His bouquet of bountiful flavors ranks somewhere in the millions now, and if grocery stores were to attempt to carry every permutation of the Cap'n Crunch brand, they'd probably go broke before the manager had a chance to call them fucking dumbasses for attempting to corner the market on shitty cereals. The local grocery store was selling the following brands of Cap'n Crunch breakfast cereals:

- Cap'n Crunch *(original)*
- Cap'n Crunch's Crunchberries
- Cap'n Crunch's Peanut Butter Crunch
- Cap'n Crunch's Go-Wild Berries
- Cap'n Crunch's Gaping Open Wound Berries
- Cap'n Crunch's Morning Suppository Crunch Buffet
- Cap'n Crunch's Cap'n Morgan's Liquorberries

I think it's painfully obvious the dear Cap'n has an addiction to uppers.

- Cap'n Crunch's Boot N' Scurvy Delight
- Cap'n Crunch's Five-Dollar Hooker Surprise

In addition to these fun and festive flavors, Quaker Oats is producing a limited-run series of "Cap'n Crunch's OOPS! Choco Donuts," which have cleverly substituted an image of a donut where the letter "O" in "DONUT" should be. That's one of those ingenious marketing strategies that we human beings couldn't even begin to possibly comprehend even if we used 100% of our total brainpower. However, the o-donut replacement works flawlessly, as can be seen in this dramatic reenactment of what happened in my brain when I was visiting the store:

> **ME:** "Hmmm, I need to buy a chocolate cereal, but I don't know which one to purchase. What should I do?"
> **RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN:** "Woooah there, looky at that! Choco Donuts! The 'O' is a graphical representation of the aforementioned chocolate donut! This appeals to me on many unique levels! Buy that! Buy that! Buy that!"
> **LEFT SIDE OF MY BRAIN:** "While that small chocolate donut drawing replacing the 'O' is indeed nice, I think we should instead take a big steaming dump right here in the middle of the store! It's the logical thing to do."
> **RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN:** "No! No dumping! Choco Donuts! Choco Donuts!"
> **LEFT SIDE OF MY BRAIN:** "Shut up you! We're going to pull down our pants and just shit all over the place now. This is going to be great, you just watch. You'll thank me for this later, right side."
> **RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN:** "No dumping! No dumping! Choco Donuts!"
> **ME:** "I think I'll purchase these Quaker Oats' Cap'n Crunch's OOPS! Choco Donuts."
> **RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN:** "HOORAY!!!"
> **ME:** "Then I'll piss on the cashier."
> **LEFT SIDE OF MY BRAIN:** "HOORAY!!!"

Description: As previously mentioned, Choco Donuts comes in a highly exciting package which features a donut in place of the letter "O". The Cap'n is displayed with his familiar vapid, insane, open-mouthed smile plastered across his face, pointing furiously

THIS IMAGE APPEALS TO ME AND MAKES ME WANT TO PURCHASE THIS PRODUCT AND / OR SERVICE.

at a bowl of Choco Donuts while two horrendously ugly children parade around in the background. According to the box, these creatures are supposedly from a show called "Rugrats Go Wild," which I assume is like those "Girls Gone Wild" videos that are sold during the commercials of "The Jerry Springer Show" and feature grown women getting naked and beating each other with rotary phones. There are two freakishly nauseating mutant spawn on the box, one of which looks like a 40-pound fetus undergoing chemotherapy and wearing an adult diaper, and the other resembling a monkey-human hybrid who has suffered buckshot wounds to her face and has Cthulu-esque tentacles protruding from her greasy orange eggplant skull. If that doesn't sell a breakfast cereal, I don't know what would. The box also demanded I "SEE THE MOVIE!", but I refused to do that on the grounds that it would require me to go out and possibly risk speaking to other human beings in public.

Exciting Nutritional Facts: There aren't any marshmallows or animal-shaped objects in this cereal. I assume this was an oversight on somebody's part at the Quaker Oats factory.

The Taste Experience: Choco Donuts taste like hundreds of tiny, crunchy cigarette butts marinated overnight in authentic New Jersey alleyway cardboard juices. I can't stress exactly how unremarkable this cereal tastes; it's like going to one of those local microbreweries and tasting a pale ale whose taste completely vanishes from your mouth the second you drink it. This lack of flavor makes you think you never had anything to drink in the first place, so you continually pound back beer after beer after beer until you reach a point where you've suddenly got flavor in your mouth, but it's rapidly coming up from your stomach and traveling in the wrong direction through your body. Choco Donuts probably won't make you throw up (unless you actually eat them), but they do taste like an absolutely boring compressed wad of unflavored, crunchy air. The tiny sprinkles on top are probably the most remarkable feature of this cereal, and that's not really saying much since they look like multicolored dandruff flakes which fell off some slackjawed, greasy blob of white trash manning the Choco Donuts assembly line while thinking about which of her 17 grubby kids is scheduled to buy her a carton of Marlboro Lights for the day.

The Good: The cereal only has 10 fat calories, as opposed to 10,000,000, which is an awful lot. Additionally, I did not find myself wanting to stab my throat after eating these, as the taste was completely gone in a matter of mere nanoseconds.

The Bad: Eating brown-colored paper and cardboard bits is probably much more economical and healthier for your digestive system, and it will additionally make those PETA people who dress up in furry costumes and pretend they're being killed by Uncle Sam happy. Also, I did not win the "Nickelodeon Rugrats Go Wild Island Getaway

Sweepstakes" contest advertised on the back, which is probably for the better because if I saw those ass-ugly kids in the wild, I'd stab a spear through their heads and call a priest to exorcise the island.

Rating:3 / 5

- **Kellogg's SMORZ**

Yes, it tastes as bad as it looks, trust me.

An Overview: SMORZ! It has a "Z" at the end and is in all capital letters! SMORZ! The only possible way this cereal could be more hip was if they were to add a lowercase "e" before it and a ".com" to the end, making it "Kellogg's eSMORZ.com." SMORZ!!! Now that I look at the box, I'm not even sure if the correct title is actually "SMORZ," because a marshmallow is substituted for the "O" in SMORZ. See? Remember how I was talking about clever marketing pitches? Kellogg's knows the score! SMORZ!!! Some day in the distant future, after the Breakfast Wars of 2064, the letter "O" will become illegal and instead be substituted by a picture of a donut or marshmallow or wagon wheel or disturbingly large testicle. The front of the box is highly exciting and festive, displaying airborne cereal particles flying in every which direction and the word "SMORZ" being smashed in between two chocolate covered graham crackers. The blue background is not only soothing and highly calming, but additionally distracts me from the fact that there's some very disgusting white substance splashing up in the foreground, and it looks far too gooey to be milk. Eww.

Description: *"Chocolatey, graham, and marshmallow cereal: S'mores with the family, S'mores with friends, S'mores around the campfire, S'mores in your backyard, S'mores at the beach, NOW SMORZ CEREAL ANYTIME!"* Goddamn, that's a lot of fucking s'mores. I'm not exactly sure when the wonderful s'mores revival hit America or when the hell it's going to die down, but I'll be the first to applaud when it does. I've never been a raging s'mores fan, and the closest I've actually come to enjoying a s'mores was when I put a vanilla Moon Pie on the back of a filthy shovel and roasted it above a campfire over at my friend Dustin Raysek's house in junior high school. This cereal lacks any sort of viable advertising tie-in campaign, so there are no brightly colored naked animals parading around and demanding you watch their cartoon every weekday morning in between "The Highly Psychotic Dancing Children's' Show" and "Another Fucking Anime Robot Cartoon." This is probably one of the most unhip and boring cereals I've ever seen, as the back of the box features nothing but racially diverse children camping, holding sticks, and eating marshmallows. Now how out of touch are the people who designed this cereal? Who the hell goes camping these days? I've seen plenty of

documentaries about the current generation of children, and I know for a fact there hasn't been a single kid camping since 1993. All kids do these days is play various Playstation 2 games and get arrested.

Exciting Nutritional Facts: SMORZ has 20 fat calories, nearly double that of the Choco Donuts, yet isn't twice as good. Also the ingredients are printed in a much smaller font size, perhaps indicating that Kellogg's is trying to cover up a dark and sinister secret of some kind. I think if you actually pick up a magnifying glass and read the ingredients, you'll discover that "The Ark of the Covenant" is the number 17 ingredient, which explains why my face proceeded to melt off after I opened the package.

The Taste Experience: Bad. Very bad. This could possibly pass as authentic s'mores if you live in an alternate reality where the word "s'mores" means "rectangular pouch of acid used to eat the paint off international oil rigs." After eating a mouthful of these brown dirtballs, the roof of my mouth began to taste like the time I licked the subway rail in Amsterdam. I didn't taste any chocolate, I didn't taste any graham, and I sure as hell didn't taste any marshmallow, even when I was chewing the individual marshmallow bits. Perhaps I was just spoiled growing up with glorious Pac-Man Cereal, but these marshmallows were just plain rotten. When I eat a marshmallow, I expect a few things. First of all, I expect it to be really sweet. I want to feel the sugars scraping against the enamel of my teeth and rubbing all the finish off them, preferably to the bone. I want to feel the pain and agony of the sugary sweetness; I do NOT want to feel the pain and agony of a million man-made chemicals burning millions of tiny holes through my gum line. I forgot what all the other things I expect out of a marshmallow are, but that's probably for the best at this point.

The Good: Nobody was forcing me to eat this crap, so after the third spoonful I threw it out my window and burned my house down and moved to a new house under a new assumed identity.

The Bad: The memories of this cereal will haunt me until the day I die.

Rating:1 / 5. The only thing keeping it from being a 0 / 5 is the fact that the box is a really pretty shade of blue and reminds me of the YMCA bathroom where I lost my virginity to my basketball camp counselor, Ed.

- **Kellogg's Disney Chocolate Mud & Bugs**

Oh those kooky folks at Kellogg's and Disney, what will they think of next?!?

An Overview: Kids love mud! Kids love bugs! Why not combine mud, bugs, and two misshapen cartoon mascots together to form the ultimate breakfast cereal? I'll tell you

why not: because it's a dumb idea. The characters from the hit Disney movie "The Lion King" gracefully decorate the box, encouraging children of all ages to purchase this cereal and provide them with the home they never had. This cereal is one of the three Disney-brand Kellogg's crossovers, which include "Kellogg's Magix" and "Hunny B's." The Magix cereal revolves around what appears to be a black magic-weilding sorcerer Mickey Mouse reanimating a pile of deceased cereal particles, and Hunny B's is promoted by Winnie the Pooh, a cartoon character who has not appeared in anything since 1952. Maybe I'm ignorant to the ways of the marketing world, but I can't imagine Winnie the Pooh being the fulcrum which tips scales in the favor of purchasing a cereal. I did an informal poll of the children trapped in my guest bedroom and over 96% of them had never even heard of Winnie the Pooh before! Why did Disney waste time and money reviving an unknown, deceased spokesperson to pimp out their latest generic twist on "oats and marshmallows" cereal? If they're going to parade around unpopular and non-charismatic cartoon spokespeople to sell their shit, they might as well get the ugly characters from Doonesbury to sell some kind of rancid crap called "Liberal Cock N' Ball Bullshit Cereal."

Description: As you can probably guess from the name of the cereal, this breakfast treat adheres to a theme of both mud and bugs. You can tell this by the way the marshmallows are in the shape of what appears to be cars, a pregnant version of the letter "E," flaming automotive carriages, and an orange thing which resembles one of those Lightcycles from "Tron." Mud and bugs, folks! The non-marshmallow bits take the form of puffy brown balls which look exactly like mud if you come from a planet where mud looks like puffy brown balls. The box challenged me to *"unscramble this nest of letters and spell out the two words that stand for Timon's no worries, problem-free philosophy,"* to which I replied "fuck you" and slammed the box shut. You know what Kellogg's and Disney? If I wanted to rack my brain and do some heavy-duty thinking in the morning, I'd do my goddamn taxes while eating. You've got one job and that job is to provide a wretch-free dining experience that should hopefully aid in curing a hangover. I'm not going to play your little mindgames and answer your fiendish riddles while trying to remember which hole I'm supposed to put the spoon in while eating. You can just go to hell, Disney. Also I never liked Winnie the Pooh, and if you look deep and hard into your heart, you'll discover that you never did either.

Exciting Nutritional Facts: This cereal is supposedly "made with whole grain and 11 vitamins and minerals," which is like 11 more than SMORZ, whose primary ingredient is actually bugs and dirt.

The Taste Experience: Below average. I know that I probably shouldn't expect that much from a cereal that features airbrushed jungle animals cramming sweaty insects into each others' mouths, but what can I say; I'm an eternal optimist at heart. Kellogg's Disney Chocolate Mud & Bugs lacked the soul-destroying pestilence of SMORZ, but the gross taste that it packed didn't dissipate as fast as Quaker Oats' Cap'n Crunch's OOPS! Choco Donuts. The marshmallows were less terrible than the bullshit the scientists at the SMORZ scraped off the bottom of their pickup trucks and crammed into a box, but they weren't nearly as good as the marshmallows which didn't exist in the Quaker Oats' Cap'n Crunch's OOPS! Choco Donuts. Maybe this was because the cereal is "naturally sweetened," which is secret code meaning "probably does not taste good."

The Good: This is probably the best "bugs and dirt"-themed breakfast cereal I have ever tasted.

The Bad: I think the big brown boar on the front of the box was giving me the panty-eyes.

Rating:2 / 5

While I must congratulate all three cereals for tasting like utter ass, I must admit that my highly developed and picky taste buds have determined that modern science does not yet possess the technology to accurately produce a chocolate flavored cereal which does not make you pray for death upon tasting it. I guess my neo-revolutionary breakfast cereal mentality must stay at bay until Kellogg's finds a way to successfully turn "choco-beef" into a decent early morning treat.

◘ HateHateGame!

Zack "Glizzle Edidizzle" Parsons here with a smoking new Hentai Game Review for a little torture device entitled "LoveLoveShow!". It's a wonderful game where you do puzzles to see banana rapes and then you try to slit your wrists with broken glass.

This sounds deceptively non-horrible to those few of you in the audience who have endured as many "look and think" games as I have. Yet for all their stupid simplicity those games have never made me want to throw my computer monitor off of a cliff and then chase it down to my screaming, cursing death on the rocks below. "LoveLoveShow!" managed to accomplish this and so much more with the vast - I use the term with such venomous sarcasm that I'm actually pointing out I'm being sarcastic - number of enjoyable puzzles you can play to view cat women being raped with bananas.

Go and share my suffering with this review!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.32 Five and a Half Hours at Best Buy

Thursday, Jul 31, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Kill it with lasers.

I believe in God, because only an intelligent and infinitely cruel being could have subjected me to five and a half hours at the nearest Best Buy. Before I get into all that, let me roll things back and give you a bit of info that is completely irrelevant to this epic saga of woe. I live in the midst of a Puerto Rican drug cartel. I'm not the kind of person who jumps whenever they see one of those weird non-white people around. In fact I live in the middle of a Puerto Rican neighborhood in Chicago so pretty much every person I encounter is going to be Latino. Overall I rate the neighborhood with pretty high marks. There seems to be a fair amount of guns going off but most of the time they're at least a couple blocks away. Plus I really enjoy the guys who lay under the trees in front of my apartment with 12 packs of beer and laugh until they pass out. I don't know what the hell they're laughing about all the time but I know I really want to find out.

One aspect of my neighborhood that I noticed several months ago but quickly forgot about was the "mad whistler". There was this guy who would whistle at all hours, day and night, with this extremely piercing and brief burst of whistling. A few days ago I realized that the mad whistler was the lookout for some friendly neighborhood drug dealers. His 5 AM, noon, or midnight hoots coincided almost exactly with the passing of a Chicago police car. Last night the mad whistler was sick, or perhaps jailed on some offence hopefully not related to his virtuoso whistling. A replacement whistler had taken his spot as lookout and he lacked the incredible volume and, dare I say, panache of the original whistler. Strangely, despite the fact that he is engaging in aiding criminal activity in my immediate vicinity, I actually kind of miss the mad whistler and hope that whatever has kept his chirping off the corner last night will see him safe and sound back soon.

Mad whistler aside - and I mean really aside - I had one of the shittiest days of my life this Wednesday past. That isn't to say that it was even close to approaching the "worst" days of my life, those are wholly different and reserved for soul crushing events of total despair and outrage. No, Wednesday was shitty, one of those fucking days just about every person has from time to time where just want to smash the planet in their exasperated hands. It started with a simple enough trip to the Laundromat. Oh, how I love the Laundromat and its many splendors, but I had other missions to complete so I figured stupidly; "hey Zack, throw your clothes in the dryer and then you can skate on over to the grocery store and Best Buy". I replied to myself by agreeing with myself to this course of action.

Look it's kids having fun with broken cars. At least they are learning to suffer early.

It was 11:00 AM when I pulled into the parking lot, unaware of the problems lurking beneath the expansive parking and racks of DVDs like some abyssal behemoth prowling as a silent shadow just above the ocean floor. Frozen food was all I had to get at the grocery store so naturally I exerted my geek prerogative to visit Best Buy first. Impulse buys abounded, but I like to treat myself from time to time, perhaps more than I should. Okay, a lot more than I should, but that's not really the point of the story. A quick trip over to the local hippy grocery store "Whole Foods" for some frozen breasts of a vegetable beast somewhat analogous to chicken

and I was on my way once again.

I inserted my key into the ignition of my car and turned. It was a routine procedure by the standards of most people over the age of 16 but for some mysterious reason my key refused to complete the rotation that would bring my car's engine to life. This was the work of a hateful god, holding my key back from creating a sort of spiritual linkage between steering column and spark plug. "No big deal," I thought naively. I removed the key from the ignition and tried again. Nothing. No amount of desperate turning of the steering wheel or toggling of electrical components on the dash would break through the immovable barrier holding my key just inches from the finish line.

I tried more than a few more times, probably something closer to fifty, and each time I turned the key with increasing irritation and violence. I'm not that smart when it comes to things that do things, like cars, pulleys, and inclined planes. Mechanical science frightens and confuses me. Well shit, no big deal, I've had car problems before plenty of times, I'll just get a tow truck over to the lot and take it to a mechanic. Then I remembered that I had a "Triple A" card in my wallet and so began my unknowing journey into the hands of a villainous cabal of traitors and wretches.

> **AAA Corporate Mission Statement** - *"We promise to somehow complicate the process of having your vehicle towed to a mechanic by displaying only the utmost in customer care incompetence. As our valued customer we will not stop until you are contemplating suicide, and even then we probably won't stop."*
>
> - Whenever you call us we will connect you with a completely random and anonymous customer service representative who will instruct you to do something that requires hanging up the phone and calling back. We will of course then need to have you explain your dilemma to an entirely new representative when you call back.
> - We will make suggestions and take action based on some sort of dream-like conversation that we are having with someone other than you.
> - We do not have access to any sort of computers or even flashing lights. We work from our call center in absolute darkness because we are child-killing vampires.
> - Hey buddy, how about you stand by your vehicle for three hours? Sound good? Fabulous!
> - You remember those three times you called earlier over the span of two hours? NEITHER DO WE.

Same to you, fuckers.

I walked to the nearest pay phone and dialed the Brotherhood of Darkness that is Triple A. I had never dealt with them before and I pray that I never have to deal with them again. Problem one arose during my first conversation. I didn't know the address I was at. It's a Best Buy, right next to a grocery store, can't do any cross checking on that non-existent computer you're not logging this call into? Fine, I'll take the blame for that one.

I called back and gave them the address, after of course explaining my entire problem once again, and they promised to immediately dispatch a locksmith. I was doubtful that a locksmith would be able to fix the problem, but what do I know? I'm just a mixed-up caveman writer who is confused by all this technology. So I paced behind my car smoking cigarettes for forty five minutes while the locksmith took his time in getting there. When he showed up before I had even finished telling him about my problem he said "I can't fix it" and then offered to squirt WD-40 into my lock. Super! Glad Triple A brought you up to speed on the nature of my reason for having you come out.

When he fled the scene I hurried back to the pay phone and placed another cold call in to Triple A. This is about the time I started to get pissed off at them. My conversation went a little something like this:

Triple A Bitch: Thank you for calling AAA, how may I be of service?

Me: Yeah, I just called about an hour ago and you sent out a-

Triple A Bitch: Sir, could you explain your problem to me?

Me: (explains the problem)

Triple A Bitch: So what do you expect us to do about it?

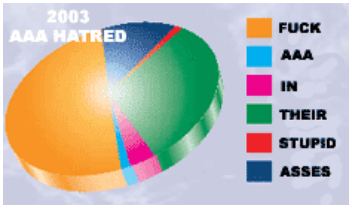
At this point I wanted to reach through the phone and ram my fist so hard into this bitch's head that it traveled back in time and nailed seven other generations of her family in the skull. Being an easy going and non-confrontational guy I just calmly told her what I wanted them to do.

Me: I need a tow truck to tow my car to a mechanic.

Triple A Bitch: What mechanic would you like us to tow your vehicle to?

Me: Well shit if I knew that I would have levitated my car through the sheer force of my hatred for you to the mechanic of my choice. Don't you cocksuckers have any "AAA Mechanics?"

Triple A Bitch: No, we don't sir. Our computers are made out of mud and hope and all we can do is shape them into snakes by rolling them out on tables.



New figures just in!

It was about this moment that I realized they were just flat out lying to me. Even I know that mechanics and locksmiths and useless wheelbarrows full of rancid potatoes that are in any way affiliated with AAA have those big dumb AAA stickers on them. I bid adieu to the lying cuntsock and placed a call to the only mechanic-related people I know in Chicago; the locksmith who couldn't do anything the first time. The guy who had shot WD40 into my lock had assured me that if I brought my car into their shop they "might be able to fix it". For all I knew the maze of pipes that is my engine had become jammed with miniature horses that had escaped from Dr. Tinytron's Magical Stable. All I had to go on was a locksmith's word, so I made the call and a confused man on the line said it would be okay to have my car towed to their store.

Super! Now we're getting places. Almost back to my original plan of towing my car to a mechanic and it has only taken ninety minutes. I called Triple A back once again, explained the entirety of the situation once again while politely leaving out the parts where every fiber of my body ached to murder the whole company, and asked for a tow truck to take me to the locksmith. I explained that allowances might need to be made for my car which could not be shifted whatsoever thanks to the whole key not working situation.

The friendly and understanding Triple A representative explained that he would have a tow truck come out immediately and that he would even "red flag" the request so that the towing company would expedite their arrival. In case you don't know, in Triple A lingo "red flag" means "take as long as possible because we love shitting all over this person".

An hour ticked by as I waited for the tow truck and I could feel my skin crisping under the sun. There really wasn't anywhere for me to go, including my car which was about a thousand degrees inside it and I couldn't even roll the goddamn windows down. I could sit like a tool with my door

open but people were constantly leaving the parking spaces next to mine so it was roughly as horrid as pacing. After another half hour or so I figured that Triple A must have fucked up and they might not be coming. After another half hour I was down to about two cigarettes and starting to get really pissed off. Then, as the next half hour ticked by I entered some sort of Zen like state of acceptance. No tow truck was coming, I would probably need to get a cab back to my apartment to actually look up a tow truck company in the yellow pages, my clothes would be stolen out of the dryer by some homeless guy, and none of it would come with the AAA discount reach around.

Having committed myself to failure I resolved to prevent myself from collapsing with heat stroke and ran into Best Buy and pick up a couple of bottles of water. I figured that after slamming those back I would have sufficiently regained my strength to flee the scene and abandon my car to valkyries who would cart it off to the Valhalla of an impound lot. Halfway through the second bottle of water the tow truck driver arrived on the scene. He was friendly and in a hurry, but he paused to beat my steering column with a big fiberglass stick in a totally non-technical effort to unclog the magical miniature horses from inside my engine. His efforts failed and my car was lashed to the back of his vehicle. I rode with him in the cab of the tow truck and along the way politely queried him on what exactly, the fuck, took him so long.

He handed me a log sheet that showed his dispatch had received the call from Triple A roughly forty minutes earlier. Red Flag indeed.

Why DIDN'T they put her in charge?

This may come as something of a surprise to you, but my arrival at the locksmith was totally unexpected and not particularly welcomed. After grudgingly moving a vehicle from the back lot - where they had told me to drop off my car - I ventured inside the store to take care of business. I was shortly thereafter introduced to a man that I will hereby identify as "Johnny Cocksucker". Johnny looked a little bit like Bill Paxton if Bill had been drug face-first through gravel as a kid and had managed to pack on about thirty pounds of flab. He fluctuated wildly between being fairly friendly and then screaming obscenities at how the "fucking cocksucker [I had talked to on the phone] took down the shittiest goddamn information imaginable". If it were literally possible to conjure a storm by swearing Johnny would be some sort of Agrarian Curse Shaman. His almost random screaming diatribes were directed at no one in particular while the other employees ducked their head and looked at me sheepishly as if to say "oh that's just good old Johnny Cocksucker".

> *Dear Johnny Cocksucker,*
>
> I am writing to inform you that your manners were quite the talk of the town. I was so impressed by your level-headed handling of my arrival that I would like to now tender to you the souls of my first three children and one hundred certificates each redeemable for a sassy back massage. Just please do not conjure any storms.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> The undersigned.

Fuck him. Fuck that. It took me about three instances of his screaming before something inside me snapped. There was a display of those rubber glow-in-the-dark key holders sitting on the counter next to me. Around the time he began cursing the ancestry of the fictitious employee who had apparently funneled lava up his ass earlier I grabbed the display of key holders and, in one cathartic moment of distilled rage, I hurled it across the back of the store and into one of several walls lined

with nothing but blank keys. Dozens of them clattered to the floor and everyone turned to stare at me in shock and, I would like to think, a little bit of awe. I just showed Johnny Cocksucker how a real man throws a temper tantrum.

Of course this would have been a foolish thing to do. Likely I would have been forcibly ejected from the store by Shaman Bill Paxton and several flabby foul-mouthed Colonial Marines. With my car stranded behind their building Johnny Cocksucker would have no doubt gobbled it up by unhinging his jaw and flown back to his nest to regurgitate it one jammed starter component at a time down the gullets of his clamoring children. Instead I stood there silently, waiting for him to finish his latest outburst and swing into action like only a loud-mouthed idiot at a locksmith can.

Thursday I picked up my car from the locksmith. It cost me two hundred dollars to repair, one hundred and fifty of which was covered by my Triple A "Premium Plus Red Flag Fuck You" membership. I've got a blister this size of a donut hole on my index finger from my key, but I've also got a couple of spare keys and a functioning car, plus my clean laundry was recovered from the dryer. At least this story has a happy ending. The moral of this cautionary tale is to never rely on Triple A to accomplish anything that you couldn't accomplish yourself. It might cost you more money to do it yourself, but trust me, do it yourself.

GET OUT OF MY PHRIDAY!

Hello my fellow fops, it's Josh "Maynard G. Crebs" Boruff here with a sizzling new summer edition of the Photoshop Phriday. Our enslaved workforce, the brilliant minds of the SA Forums, have created a fantastic collection of images centered around the theme of "You Don't Belong Here!" What does a theme with such a confrontational mantra mean anyway? Well, it means that all the pictures in this Phriday have something wrong with them. Either somebody or something is in the wrong place, and you know what that means: Fark isn't funny. Oops, I meant hilarity ensues!

Hello, please see the attached document for laughs.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 We Are the Robots

Friday, Aug 01, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello folks. I'm putting the brakes on comedy once again this weekend to talk about something that has been on my mind for quite some time now. It's been bugging me so much that I find it impossible to sleep at night unless I watch old reruns of "The Price is Right" until I drift into an uneasy slumber, usually waking up later in some stranger's house covered in blood and semen, but that's a whole other problem all together. What's been bugging me is that my relationship is on the rocks as of late due to the fact that my better half thinks I spend way too much time on the computer. I'm starting to hear a lot of "Frolixo, stop image spamming dancing chickens on Internet forums and message boards and let's go for a walk!", or "Frolixo, can you please stop running missions for Jabba the Hut by shooting Jawas in the face with your laser blaster 35-124 dmg +4.3% range hit, and come make love to me?" It's enough to drive me insane!

But being a rather reasonable and open-minded fellow, I tend to think before I smite down my woman in a fit of rage, unless I'm drunk or lose the lotto of course. I began to do some soul searching and realized that maybe I do spend a lot of my time on my lovely, precious, sexy computer, far more than would could be called a healthy amount. After thinking about it for a while and tallying up the numbers, I gathered that counting work I spend about 63 hours on the computer a week. That's 252 hours a month, 3024 hours a year, and assuming that I will live 80 years (oh god I hope not), 241,920 hours during my lifetime. That comes to 27 years of my life sitting on my ass in front of the computer chatting with transvestites with Down Syndrome about crop rotation and hoarding gold for my Halfling cleric/nightclub dancer so I can buy a virtual house and not get hassled by my folks.Which leads me to the question: "What could I accomplish in life if I stopped wasting time on a computer?" Well, I sent my computer statistics, IQ scores, and a DNA sample to MSU (Men Seeking Unicorns), to calculate. The results were astounding. If I cut the hours I spent on the computer in half, these are the things I could accomplish:

- Contribute to society by building soup kitchens and homeless shelters.
- Become a millionaire by starting a chain of shoe store/mexican food outlets.
- Become fast friends with actor/director Jeff Goldblum.
- Sleep with a model. **Consensually.**
- Invent a more effective type of cancer.
- Develop a nice tan and join the cast of Baywatch as "Little Jimmy".
- Own the largest jar of fingernails in the world.
- Create a new and improved Cotton Gin called Cotton Gin 2000.
- Learn the oboe.

As you can see, my whole life is passing me by and I have nothing to show for it except for a handful of e-friends who are 8-year old Korean boys that secretly mock me when I'm not online, and a spinal injury from slouching in my chair all day. However, I am secure in my belief that I'm far from the only person that is in this situation. In fact, I believe that I'm just a typical male raised in the computer renaissance, breast fed from early game consoles like Atari and Intellivision, nurtured through childhood by the Commodore 64, and raised into a young adult by Nintendo, Sega, and my first PC with a modem. The way we interact with other people, live day to day, and our psychological processes have all been dramatically altered by the dawn of the computer age. Let's look at some of the ways computers affect our daily lives, shall we?

Social Interaction

This is a typical Saturday night for me.

Let's face it, most real computer geeks are pretty antisocial people who were not very popular in school. In the past, outcasts would find solace in a nice book, perhaps a game of Dungeons and Dragons with fellow nerdlings, or just sit at home looking at the women in the Sears catalog and weeping. Finally the loneliness would become so overbearing that they would force themselves out of the house and make friends, or just start murdering children. These poor humans probably thought they were the only ones in the world that felt left out from the crowd. But that all changed once the Internet came into being and nerds and freaks could freely communicate with each other, creating a solace for these once wayward souls. Whole online communities were spawned and soon sprawling cyber metropolises dotted the the Internet. People that would never normally have met or spoken to each other were now connected, making friends, starting relationships, and flaming each other over whether Gimli could take Legolas in a one-on-one battle. Of course this new way of communication has its drawbacks.

It's one thing to be socially inept, but some of the people who broke the chains that held them in the basement and started making websites are just fucked up beyond comprehension. Of course I'm talking about the furries, vores, hate mongers, conspiracy theorists, and run of the mill wackos. Normally we would never have to encounter these people or even know they existed, yet thanks to the Internet, thousands have sprouted up like fresh sores on a syphilitic penis. It's bad enough to know that these people exist and they seemingly blend into society when they're not in their fur suit or covered in peanut butter so the Mason Jew Satanists can't find them, they actually have enough people to form a fairly large community, giving them a sense that what they are doing is ok and normal. But that's not the worst of it. Like a garbage pile attracting all kinds of vermin, the number is steadily growing to alarming levels. Soon we will be overrun and there will be no choice to abandon the Internet and nuke it from orbit. It's the only way to be sure.

Games:

I am going to conveniently lump in video games with computers since they are basically brethren. I think I can speak for the majority of males in the age group of 4-28 when I say that video games have played a major role in our childhood and a part of our daily lives. From the halcyon days of moving a clump of dots away from the smaller clump of dots until you pass out or your controller explodes, to the golden age of arcades where a quarter guaranteed at least a good 15 minutes of playing time, and into the present age of high graphic first person shooters and immense strategic games, we have immersed ourselves in this form of entertainment, taking over the TV as the time killer of choice. Everything we need to know to succeed in life we've learned through video games. For instance:

- If you see a mushroom in the forest, eat it to grow 2x in size.
- Horde as many gold coins as you can. Kill anyone who gets in your way of obtaining them.
- If you ever get in a fight, position your opponent next to a cliff or pit so you can take him out with one jump kick.
- Eating hamburgers and similar food items will heal any major wound.
- If you beat hookers or bums to death with a baseball bat, floating piles of money will appear above their bodies.
- Fuck saving the princess or any female for that matter. The bitches are never where they're supposed to be.

When I try to explain all this to my girlfriend she can't understand it, or why I spend hours a week building mighty civilizations, storming bunkers while shooting Nazis in the groin with a rifle, and building my character's skills so I can make pants for Stormtroopers. Frankly I don't think she'll ever understand, so the battle continues.

Internet Pornography:

You just know this guy has no pants on.

Gentleman, I don't think I need to tell you that we are living in the golden age of pornography. Ripe bushels of free pictures and movies can be picked off the Internet tree in unlimited quantities, causing men with Internet access around the world to rejoice, and PETA to call for a worldwide protection act over the abused penises. In the past, pornography was a low key, hidden affair. Men would discreetly walk into their shop of choice, tortured with guilt and embarrassment, buy a magazine to last them a few months, and scuttle off to their room for a short session of masturbation. That all changed after a couple of doctors on the newly invented Internet crafted by the Holy Architect, Al Gore, were sharing some medical information and one of them sent a picture of a girl with big boobs and the message "I wouldn't mind injecting her if you know what I mean". It was all downhill from there. Soon the Internet was flooded with hordes of free unlimited pornography. Men didn't know whether to break down in tears, masturbate furiously like a chimp on speed, or attempt to hoard every single picture and movie file on hardrives and disks like a horny dragon. Needless to say, men are motivated primarily by sex, so how has such a drastic change in the availability of porn affected our attitude towards sex in general?

I'm no psychoanalyst, although I have watched a lot of Judge Joe Brown. I think it's impossible to be exposed to the doses of pornography this generation has been bombarded with without becoming at least a little desensitized. By "desensitized", I mean that anything less than a male/male/female/goat/anal fisting/balloon/leper/mature shemale nazi/mailmain is old fare and seems to be too boring for the throngs of converted perverts. This has given a rise to the more twisted, disgusting, or downright ridiculous fetishes that have found their natural home on the Internet. Much like their skill of killing a lot of people in WW2, the Japanese and Germans have mastered this new area of perversion. The Germans with their hardcore sadomasochism, and the silly Japanese with their bizarre hentai tentacle rape dickgirl incest Pokeman cartoons. Like the furries, the popularity of these hardcore fetishes is a bit disconcerting.

All this porno seems to be putting a strain on relationships as well. There's always a continual game of hiding files from the spouse or girlfriend in a classic game of cat and mouse, or in the eventuality that she finds it, explaining that you accidentally downloaded it looking for circus pictures because you want to move to Russia and become a ringmaster. This lie never works, trust me.I'm sure we aren't far off from having virtual reality sex, and then relationships will end all together. I guess it's not too bad.

Health:

It's a fact: sitting in front a computer screen for hours a day is not good for our bodies. Furthermore, unless you get some sort of exercise at least once a week, your bones will quickly turn into red jello, and your body will resemble a wad of silly putty thrown over a badly crafted wire frame. Much like watching TV, the computer and snacks go hand in hand, resulting in the majority of regular computer users a little large around the britches. I myself slouch in my chair so badly that my spine is curved like a boomerang. When sit up or walk around, I hunch over like I'm miming Monty Burns from the Simpsons. All I'm missing is a hump and I would be jumping around in bell towers and what have you. But I assume this problem will go away after they figure out how to detach our

heads from our bodies and hardwire it to the computer. Until then, invest in a very large hamster wheel.

Literacy:

This is a piece of art I made depicting man's struggle with computers.

Computers and the Internet have not only destroyed the King's english, they've tortured, burnt, crucified, and shat upon it. This is true especially with the younger kids who grew up using "AOL speak". Dozens of news stories have reported kids turning in papers written entirely in AOL speak. This is ebonics for white folk, and it's only getting worse. Sure I'll admit that once I got my cable modem hookup, my book reading plunged to a very low level (and by low, I mean none). Our attention span is growing shorter and shorter, and it's evident all around us. I was going to say something else but I forgot what it is. Oh well.

As you can see, we are a generation that has been molded by the technology of the age. We are a byproduct of the computer age, and the benefactors of the good effects and bad. Going back to my girlfriend problem, I told her that I would try to cut down on the amount of time I spend sitting at the computer as long as she went back to the kitchen and baked me sweet Toll House cookies, and fetch me a beer without any sassy quips spewing forth from her mouth. I am currently nursing a black eye that is directly relevant to the prior request. Thankfully, I've found that pressing my face against the computer screen helps the swelling through what I can only assume is pure magic or cancer rays. Whatever it is, my computer has helped me once again.

State Og

It's your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, reporting in as always. The other day someone asked me what I'd do if I won 75 million dollars in the lottery, and the first thing to pop in my head was "wear a cape". Upon further reflection, I don't understand why I'd need all that money to feel comfortable wearing capes in public, so I just might start doing it regardless. Speaking of seques, here's an excerpt from this week's State Og!

> *Incredible bargains are lurching around every corner, like a horde of mindless zombies craving brains! Run, don't roll to Uncle Shad's now and score bargains by the bushel! Choose from a fine variety of quality cast-offs such as:*
>
> - ***Barrel O' Spines:*** *Each barrel comes packed to the rim with genuine human spinal columns, twitching spastically while suspended in green ichor! Who wouldn't enjoy that?*
> - ***Devil Lego:*** *Equal parts stimulating toy and powerful connection to dark powers, the possessor of this set will be able to build anything, as long as it isn't pure.*
> - ***Gang of lurching zombies:*** *Surprisingly common! Surprisingly uncontained!*

You must now read this week's State Og since there is no possible alternative, aside from not reading it.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.2 We Bring Home Shopping To You!

Saturday, Aug 02, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Sick of flipping through the channels and having to wade through the endless QVC stations? Tired of all the worthless crap being hawked to gullible hicks with satellite dishes on their trailers and maxed-out credit cards from Sears? Of course you're not! Those are some of our most beloved Americans! And today it is time for the rest of us, those computer and English-savvy enough to reach this site rather than our misspelled neighbor, to step up to that same standard. After all, buying utterly worthless junk is a large part of what makes America great. At least three eighths, anyway. If George Washington hadn't bought those incredibly lame wooden teeth that break when you smile, our first President would have been a gummy freak, and that would have set a weird precedent. If Thomas Jefferson hadn't bought the endless stretch of swamp and alligator feces known as the Louisiana Purchase, our nation would only be a tiny fraction of its current size today. There probably also wouldn't have been a Civil War, but whatever. If Abraham Lincoln hadn't bought that massive stovepipe hat that no woman would ever find even remotely attractive, he would have had no place to stash his pot. And now it is your turn to take this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to buy these limited edition items that will never, ever be offered again, unless they fail to completely sell out today, in which case they'll be available for three hours a day, Monday through Friday, for the next eight weeks.

- **Genuine Tetrahedric Zirconias**

Here we see the Tetrahedric Zirconia ore in its unprocessed form.

Bob and Jenny had been dating for a couple years, and they couldn't be happier. They were head over heels in love. Bob was even getting ready to pop the big question! He was just waiting until he found the perfect ring to give to Jenny. But then Bob lost his job down at the plant because the boss's idiot son who only got the job through nepotism screwed up the latest shipment and the company had to make up for the loss, and Frankie "The Pain Giver-Outer" Fumicelli called in all of Bob's outstanding gambling debts on threat of numerous deep paper cuts and lemon juice, and a week later Bob got caught at White Castle trying to buy a cheeseburger with Monopoly money. Does Bob's story sound all too familiar? Then give your Jenny (by which we mean your significant other, not that scraggly old mule you used to experiment with back on the farm) the ring she's always dreamed of without breaking the bank. Get her a one hundred percent genuine tetrahedric zirconia - for when cubic zirconias don't make you look quite like the cheap bastard you know you are!

Let's face it, in today's lousy economy, who can afford honest diamonds? Even the next

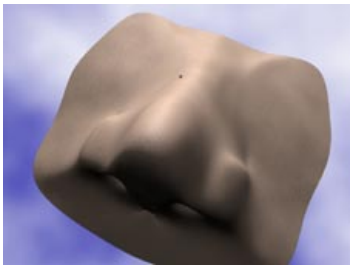
best thing, cubic zirconias, are getting too pricey for the modern day stingy jackass who really can't afford to get married anyway like you. But never fear! At last there is something available within your price range, so you can go ahead and propose, even though deep down you know you can't give her anything even remotely close to the life she deserves. Hell, you can't even give her the life she should be punished with for plowing over that old gypsy woman on I-98 three years ago. But you can give her a ring. That's because tetrahedric zirconias aren't diamonds. They're not even imitation diamonds. In fact, even to call them imitation imitation diamonds would be pushing it a little. What they are are the best way to buy a beautiful ring without having to sell your last kidney.

Tetrahedric zirconias are made from the very finest Saran Wrap, wadded up into tiny balls guaranteed not to come undone unless she tugs at it a whole bunch. They may not have the everlasting resiliency of diamonds or even a solid piece of plastic of comparable size, but when the light catches it just right, both you and your beloved will know that your love is strong enough to endure long after the ring has rubbed down to nothing (estimated two to six weeks, depending on how often she reaches into her pocket or other tight spaces).

Testimonial: *"I lost my entire savings in the tocks market. You see, I'm dyslexic, so you can see how I could make such a silly mistake. As it turned out, the Tocks Market was actually just the home of some guy named Jimmy Tocks who was all too happy to take every red cent off my hands. When I tried to get it back, he beat me into a coma with a box of cake mix. Chocolate, I think. When I came to, I realized that I didn't have enough money left to my name to buy my sweet Penelope any ring that didn't come from one of those little dispensers in a super market. That's when I heard about TETRAHEDRIC ZIRCONIAS. Finally, a ring that I could afford! I proposed the next night over a romantic candlelit dinner. As Penelope admired the way the candlelight reflected in the TETRAHEDRIC ZIRCONIA, I took her hand in mine and gazed lovingly into her eyes, knowing we'd be together forever. I suppose that was an ironic thought to have at that precise moment, as we were both so blinded by our love that we didn't notice the heat from the candle melting the Saran Wrap. We both suffered second degree burns on our fingers and the cooled plastic fused us together until doctors were able to separate us weeks later. We had never been closer!" Rick, 35*

The Tetrahedric Zirconia - 1 ring $0.98

- **The Nasal Ninja**



Soon your nose, too, can look like this. Weird and floating in space.

If you're like me, you're a faceless shill for a greedy conglomerate of rich old white men who couldn't give two shits if you live or die! If you're not like me, however, you've probably asked yourself, "there are so many fitness products on the market, but none

that target the nose? What's up with that, yo?" Well, I'll tell you what's up with that! Those fatcats behind every single fitness-related product, service, or program other than ours hate you personally and want you to be unconfident and unattractive so that you'll fail to find a mate, become miserable, and end up taking your own life in your parent's basement with a staple gun and a plastic horseshoe, so they can point at your staple-ridden corpse and laugh and laugh and laugh. But not us! We want you to be happy and successful, and we know that the key to being happy and successful is having a nose that is toned, fit, and bulging with every muscle that you can cram up there. In fact, that's the *only* way to be happy and successful. You do want to be happy and successful, don't you, pussy? That's what I thought! Then read on!

The Nasal Ninja is designed to give you the hunky nose you've always wanted without dangerous surgery or countless hours at some overpriced gym In fact, if you're not completely satisfied with the results you achieve with the Nasal Ninja, we will expose you to the avoidable danger and waste both your time and your money to make it up to you.

By now you've got to be curious about just how the Nasal Ninja works. That is, unless you're some sort of dumbass. You're not a dumbass, are you, pussy? I didn't think so! Considering that this is the first total nasal workout product on the market, you might expect that it would be tricky to use and take lots or hard work. Nothing could be farther from the truth! Well, okay, I suppose if you said, "George Wendt is a petite British schoolgirl," that would be farther from the truth, but it would also be somewhat off topic and conjure up a series of disturbing and oddly arousing images. That being said, the Nasal Ninja is so easy to use, you don't even have to lift a finger! Just install two double-A batteries, fit the Nasal Ninja over the bridge of your nose, and wait for your workout to begin! At totally random intervals between two seconds and twenty-nine minutes, the Nasal Ninja will shoot tiny bursts of concentrated acid directly into your eyes. As your face scrunches up in a grimace of the most agonizing of all pain, you'll be exercising the vital muscles in and around your schnozz without even knowing it!

The factor that makes the Nasal Ninja so effective is the element of surprise. You'll never know when the Nasal Ninja is going to strike. Its inner timer is run by a random-number generator. Maybe you'll be have time to relax and forget all about your last intensely horrendous acid spraying before it will hit you again, maybe it will spray you again the second you get your partially melted eyelids open. There's no way to know! That way the Nasal Ninja will always catch you off guard, ensuring the largest possible facial spasms when that acid finally does squirt right into your sensitive mucous membranes and tear ducts! In no time, you'll be amazed by your results. You may not be able to see it for yourself, as your eyes will be useless puddles of goop by that point, but friends and coworkers will complement you on your fabulously toned proboscis! And that means nose!

Testimonial: *"Sure, I was built like a male model and had the endurance of a race horse, and sure women loved me and my amazing body, but I always knew that something was missing. I had the abs, the pecs, the glutes, and lats, and the schtups, but I knew my nose wasn't as fit as it could be, and that made me less confident. After just six weeks of using the NASAL NINJA for just ninety minutes a day, I'm permanently blind in one eye and the other one leaks fluid at a pretty steady clip, but my nose has never looked better!"* Bruce, 30

The Nasal Ninja - one unit $169.95

Additional acid refills - $4.99 ea.

- **Fallopaphyl for Women**

Actual pill is better photoshopped.

Ladies, what's the worst part of being a woman? Is it the objectification by men? The degradation inherent to Western culture? The inequities in the workforce? The expectations that you will handle the cooking, cleaning, and childrearing in your relationship? Don't be silly! You know you love all that stuff, don't you, Jiggles? The worst part of being a woman is having to deal with those few days a month when nothing seems to go right. You feel bloated, you're irritable, you have a headache, and - oh yeah - you bleed more than a statue of the Virgin Mary in Mexico. Yes, menstruation is a tough but necessary part of the female life cycle. But if there's one thing that's worse than having your period, it's the anticipation of your period. There's nothing more frustrating than knowing that no matter what you do, that rough patch is just around the corner. It's the pits, right ladies? Well not anymore! Now there's Fallopaphyl!

This revolutionary dietary supplement for women which is totally and legally distinct from a drug, especially meth, is designed to help you cope with that awful anticipation of your monthly visit from Aunt Flo. How does it work? By making sure she sticks around all month long!

That's right, taking just one tiny, easy to swallow Fallopaphyl tablet every eight hours keeps your body menstruating around the clock, every single day of the month! Why suffer through the weeks of agonizing waiting for your next period when you can just get them all out of the way in one clean chunk? Well, not "clean," per se, but you get the idea. Fallopaphyl will have you bleeding nonstop until you get dizzy and pass out, and we guarantee that you'll still be bleeding like a champ when you wake up. Just try to find one other pill on the market that makes that guarantee. You won't find a single one! And if you do, they're a sack of lying whores! Only Fallopaphyl has the patented formula proven to make your ovaries shoot egg after egg out of your body in a nonstop river of cleansing blood and raw, damaged uterine lining! Your ova will be bursting out of you like popcorn kernels in a microwave! In fact, you'd better tell that special someone in your life - as well as anyone else within a four foot radius of you - to put on some goggles, because for single cells with only twenty-three chromosomes, they can really do some damage!

(Note: Cessation of dosage before menopause may result in cervical swelling, fallopian thrashing, and discharge like you wouldn't fucking believe.)

Testimonial: *"When I was a little girl, all of my friends started ovulating before I did. I was so jealous! When I finally started dropping baby halves on a monthly basis, I realized it's not all it's cracked up to be. Now, after just four short years of using FALLOPAPHYL, I'm barren as the Gobi and twice as happy! Thanks, FALLOPAHYL!"*
- Amy, 18

Fallopaphyl - 1 bottle (20 tablets) $29.99

My friends, offers like these don't come along every day. It's a good thing, too, because if they did, it would most likely drive you insane. Insane with savings, that is! Act now, because before you know it, these unique and amazing items will be gone forever. Well, probably not that first one. Those seem pretty easy to come by. But the last two items are most definitely in short supply. Come to think of it, it doesn't make much sense for those pills to have a limited stock. I mean, that's pretty much the whole point of them, that you can take however many you want for as long as you want. So there are probably plenty of those. But get your Nasal Ninja now, because when those are gone, they're gone for good!

Probably.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

8.3 Master of tha Black Arts

Sunday, Aug 03, 2003 by Baron Ermine Von Icebeats

FUCK SPEWS.ORG

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a brief announcement before the good Baron takes over.

SPAM mail is a problem. I get over 250 messages a day from porn spam, to "YOU JUST WON A HOG", to "Ten Free Pairs of Panty Hose Plus Car Insurance". It's annoying beyond belief but as an adult I know I can either install spam blocking features on my e-mail client or just wade through it. Because I traffic in a lot of important e-mail I can't afford to miss I put on the waders and dive into the muck every day. Throughout all this I have supported the efforts of anti-SPAM groups completely unaware of how they operate.

We here at Something Awful just recently found out how those motherfuckers at SPEWS.ORG work. They have blocked roughly half of a class B-subnet in an all inclusive effort to halt spam originating from Cogent. This includes Something Awful's mail server and probably a number of other innocent mail servers. This means that mail originating from our subnet is going to bounce to a large number of people we try to reply to. No big deal you know, unless your motherfucking job depends on being able to interact with advertisers via e-mail.

I would like to take a moment to swear a solemn oath to bitch out SPEWS.ORG every single motherfucking day until they have delisted our mail server. These fucking villains are ten times worse than any SPAM senders out there. They have had our mail server blacklisted and offer no recourse but to bitch to our ISP about the problem. No motherfuckers, I am bitching to you infantile sons of bitches. I have to deal with more messages in a day than most people do in a week and I revoke any support I had for your cause of "righteousness" now that I understand how it functions.

I would suggest a letter writing campaign but I have no clue how to contact SPEWS thanks to their intentional obfuscation of any contact information. **I know a lot of network admins and IT professional read Something Awful so I would ask you to PLEASE BOYCOTT SPEWS.ORG's BLACKLISTS.** Because if we don't say no to these treacherous fucks one day you'll wake up and your server will be blacklisted too!

If you know how to contact these utter assholes let me know so I can e-mail them/call them/ and most importantly sign them up for every single SPAM mail list imaginable.

Thanks!

- Zack

Master of tha Black Arts

Yo, my name is Baron Ermine Von Icebeats (aka Zack-10, aka Dungeonmaster Fresh, aka DJ Teutonic Chronic) and you might remember me from a year and a piece ago when I busted out fresh on this Something Awful shit with my new ish "Lifestyles of tha Throw'd and Frozen". That shit sold like johnnycakes out the back of a truck with signs saying "find the free millions inside our johnnycakes". I know all you true hip-hop niggas be knowin my shit, but this ain't about L of tha T and F, it's about the latest rhymes to bust up and out of mah crib. I'm tellin you after the success of my club track from tha ice age things have been troubled times for me here at Glacier Ranch. The Johnsons done called the 5-0 on me so many times I set out a card table with donuts and coffee for their hog asses. Then I been hittin rock bottom. I drank so much Cris that my kidneys be passin platinum rocks with gems and shit all over them like encrustations or some shit and the government said I was using mineral deposits in my urine and shit to evade taxes.

Lifestyles of the Throw'd and Frozen was freezee hot, but shit gotta stay on top to stay in the game these days.

Now that the bank is draining dry I had a religious experience when mah nigga Wayne Johnson and Minkles Corleone be havin a stone cold intervention. Minkles told me after I got straightened out and shit about this new religion called Vikings that is about warriors and so much ice you could actually climb on top of it and build houses out of it and shit. Minkles told me the blackest arts of the Vikings is called Negromancy and this really touched a nerve up in my heart. Straight up out of Ohio and shit I hit the library like ten tornadoes and was checkin out so much shit they gave me a muthafuckin platinum library card. Now that the academic and shit out the way I feel I am in touch with my Viking roots so I hooked it up with Wheeeeezeeee Jizzeezzzeeeeee on the tables and brought muthafuckin Minkles and Ice-2 D-2 the blingdroid hisself in for some straight cold tracks.

It was a reunification of talents and as soon as word got out I got all kinds of hoes and record producers and jewelers callin me and shit trying to get me to sign on they label or make another statue of myself out they Strontium. I just told all them straight up like my nigga Arnold to talk to my hand and then I started exploding like fifty kilotons in the studio. This shit ain't for no Hollywood hip-hop scene this was the streets, like back in the old days in the ghettos and shit. Just me, the Cris-poppin Furlords reunified and shit, and the Viking spirits up in our blood. The only nigga missin from making a complete reunion was Dubs McGemgrin, who had his head done cut off tragically in a diamond Ecko visor accident last Christmas. Dubs be up in Valhalla laughin about it all now, but he always was one to mess around with the ice and the chronic at the same fool time.

I thank Jesus and Odin every single day in that order for letting me have my head on straight and not be going over the top or nothin with the ice. Just a little around my neck like an anchor, and the wrist bands I got, and then that elastic ruby headband, and the reading glasses from Blingscrafters that they made out of diamonds with the platinum Flexor frames. Nothing crazy or nothing, not like 50 Cent. Nigga hits the big time and gets his muthafuckin jaw replaced with solid gold and call up Sony and have them make robot eyes outta emeralds that let a nigga see in the dark and shit. Crazy ass shit I tell you. I went to a booty shaker up at his pool one time this spring and nigga was stickin flashlights in his mouth and making lasers shoot out his eyes and shit. Damn near cut a hoes arm off with that craziness. Don't get me talkin bout no Method Man. Meth fuckin had his brain taken up out his body and put inna diamond robot body that was strong as ten of the baddest niggas around. Then his albums went all to shit cuz he got that "RARARAR" robot voice and shit and no one was buyin anything and he couldn't make no payments to the bank on his blingbot body. You see Meth lately? Nigga in a jar with wheels on the bottom got some fat white guy push it around and drop pieces of bread into the top. Sad states of affairs, I tell you what.

Ice-2 D-2 got a pass on that ish what with the car accident left him all cripped up when he was a shorty in A-town. Nigga even appearin on drunk drivin posters and shit back in the day.

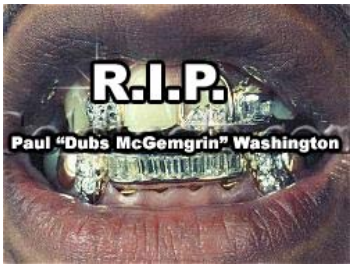
Respect though, and back onto the hot shit comin out Glacier Ranch so hard you think the sound be stabbin yo ass with shanks. The disc is called "Negromancy: Tha Black Arts" and we explore all the Vikings religion and how it touched all up in my heart. We're still cuttin shit in the editing room up at Glacier Ranch but here is the track list so far. We got:

1. Straight Outta Asgard
2. Pox Upon Thine Nigga Who Done Sold Me the Broke-Ass Pentium
3. Ode to the Blizzizzard On My Neck
4. May the Horn of Vermillion Disgorge Hummer 2s

5. Call Ye Forth to Throw and Freeze
6. Slappin Skin With Freya
7. Set Trippin on the Aesir
8. Loki, Please (part one)
9. Sherm Kraken (feat. 50 Cent)
10. Loki, Please (part two)
11. Offering of Souls for my baby daughter Princess Freezee
12. Conjurin Tha Platinum Golem
13. Peace Out (The World Tree)

We a maybe release some other tracks straight up like stone cold skgrillaz and mix them up for Negromancy or bust them out on some B-Side shit. In the mean time I got some lyric I'm a lay on you for a track I'm working on for some other shit, maybe some shit with Eminem make it "Two White Knights" or some shit. Maybe get P-Diddy in on this since he trippin all over tributes. I call it "I Saw Dubs Standing There" and it's like a mixture of the Beatles and my own powerful mic skills in tribute to Dubs McGemgrin.

"I Saw Dubs Standing There"



We love you Dubs. Holla back.1 - 2 - 3 - 4 !

Well, he was just 17,
You know what I mean,
And the way he looked was straight up Crooklyn.
So how could I rhyme with another (ooh)
And I saw him standin' there.

> Well he looked at me, and I, I could see
> That before too long I'd fall into a profitable business relationship with him.
> He wouldn't rhyme with another (whooh)
> And I saw him standin' there.
>
> Well, the bass went "boom,"
> When I crossed that room,
> And I held his hand in mine...
>
> Whoah, we busted rhymes through the night,
> And we held each other tight,
> And before too long I fell into a profitable business relationship with him.
> Now I'll never rhyme with another (whooh)
> Since I saw him standing there
>
> Well, the crowd jumped right
> When we rocked the mic,
> And I held his hand in mine...
>
> Whoah, we busted rhymes through the night,
> And we held each other tight,
> And before too long I fell into a profitable business relationship with him.
> Now I'll never rhyme with another (whooh)
> Since I saw him standing there

See you on tha flip side Dubs, you a kep it real.

Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables

Hi, I'm Jedidiah "Dealer of Illegal Tek Implants" Kirchner and this is the alloted paragraph of introduction text for my latest Rom review. This week I tackle Attack of the Killer Tomatoes, a game that takes the movie franchise of the same name and sucks all the funny out of it with a giant bendy straw. Here's a sneak preview:

> *The one thing I did learn from Killer Tomatoes Eat France is that there's a huge enjoyment gap between watching a movie and actually being the main character in one. For instance, a small percentage of the population may enjoy Robin Williams movies, but I seriously doubt anyone wants to play a game about Robin Williams and the invisible leprechauns that will eat his brains unless he spends every waking moment of his life trying to act quirky and free-spirited. This isn't Attack of the Killer Tomatoes, this is sucking off a killer tomato for a ride home from the airport and then ending up 10 miles away from your house without any of your luggage.*

This review is best read on a computer screen, but hopefully not a Sony Digiwall Holoscreen, because

that would mean it's the year 3000 and everyone who writes for this website is currently dead and/or an ape.

-∼Baron Ermine Von Icebeats

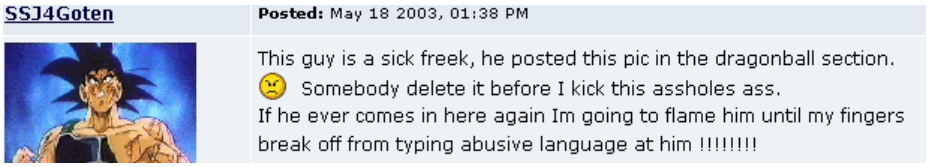
8.4 Thank You For Purchasing An Internet!

Tuesday, Aug 05, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Dear Valued Customer,

Thank you very much for purchasing a copy of an Internet! We are 100% confident that you will be satisfied with your copy of an Internet, as we have employed only the most skilled and proficient unskilled foreign technicians who speak in an incomprehensible Moon language to create this exciting online experience for you! Although all our copies of an Internet are still in the beta pre-release stage, we feel that it still offers plenty of substancial benefits for a majority of its users, particular the ones who have been in a work-related accident which involved catching a bolt-thrower with their forehead. If, for any reason whatsoever, you find yourself unhappy with your copy of an Internet, please feel free to make the following caustic remarks to your friends, family members, and coworkers for no real reason in particular:

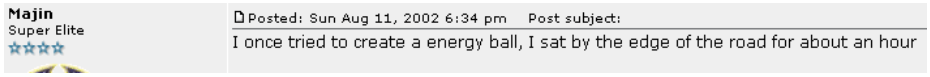
> 1) "I've hit a pothole on the Information Superhighway! I used to think the Internet was way 'boss' and 'totally tubular to the max,' but now it's just full of junk mail and spam! I need to take a detour down a cyber-off ramp!"
> 2) "I used to surf the 'net, but now I feel like I'm lost at sea!"
> 3) "eCommerceCyber-iWarez.net.com.org my electronic email!"


SSJ4Goten
Posted: May 18 2003, 01:38 PM
This guy is a sick freek, he posted this pic in the dragonball section.
Somebody delete it before I kick this assholes ass.
If he ever comes in here again Im going to flame him until my fingers break off from typing abusive language at him !!!!!!!!

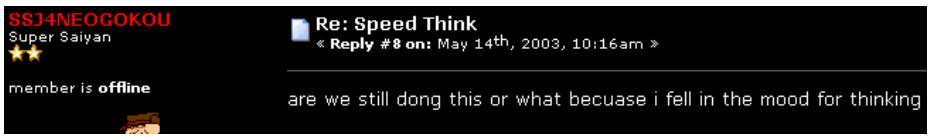
Today's update is sponsored by actual random quotes found on various Dragonball-Z forums. Thanks to Lord Beef for the dredging through DBZ forums to find these gems.

All of our copies of Internets have been carefully inspected for design flaws and potential bugs, but we must assure you that no software can be 100% error-free. We realize that there are a few fundamental problem areas in each copy of an Internet, so we must encourage you to please look through the following list of known troubles with an Internet:

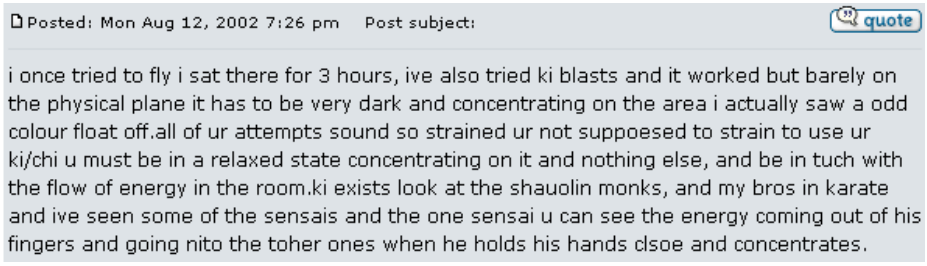
> **Q:** I can never find what I'm looking for! Whenever I do a search for any particular type of information, all I get in return is a deluge of "grow a bigger penis" websites and GI Joe / Transformers crossover slash fan fiction! How do I find what I'm looking for?
> **A:** We claim no responsibility for the quality of content on your copy of an Internet. Due to budgetary restrictions, there hasn't been any actual data entered into the Internet since 1997. As a result, intentionally searching for a specific type of information will never, ever, ever result in finding this type of information, and will instead present you with a series of never ending popup ads for Orbitz and colorful notes which remind you that you are a winner and should probably claim your "prize" soon. If you would like to find information on a particular topic, simply wait three weeks until after you need the information. The exact moment you completely forget about it, you will be presented with a webpage that details every single fact and tidbit of information that you could possibly ever need to know about that subject, at which point you'll remark to yourself, "oh, well this is handy! If only I knew of this website three weeks ago!" You will then proceed to bookmark the page and never visit it again.


Majin
Super Elite
Posted: Sun Aug 11, 2002 6:34 pm Post subject:
I once tried to create a energy ball, I sat by the edge of the road for about an hour

Q: Why are there so many naked people on my copy of an Internet?
A: This is an unfortunate issue we do recognize and are working to address. When we first created the Internet back in the 1970's or perhaps the 1980's (we were drunk at the time, so we have tremendous difficulties remembering the exact time), there was only space for two naked people. Fortunately, this space began to grow as more and more powerful computers were used to support the backbone of the Internet. Unfortunately, the two naked people began to reproduce at an alarming rate, churning out hundreds of other naked people with every passing moment. Eventually those naked people began making more naked people, those naked people made even more naked people, and soon the Internet became super-saturated with naked people, leading to the current glut we're experiencing. Our engineers have informed us that they are researching solutions for this problem, but until we release a patch which solves this issue, we advise all users of the Internet to never visit any webpage beginning with "http:", never open up any email that either has or doesn't have attachments, and never turn on their computers or else they risk the chance of naked people getting into the computer and breeding. If you see an image of a naked person on the Internet, DO NOT DOWNLOAD IT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES! The naked person will proceed to make more naked people on your computer and then upload them to the National Naked Person Depository. Please spay and neuter your naked person pictures.


SSJ4NEOGOKOU
Super Saiyan
member is offline
Re: Speed Think
« Reply #8 on: May 14th, 2003, 10:16am »
are we still dong this or what becuase i fell in the mood for thinking

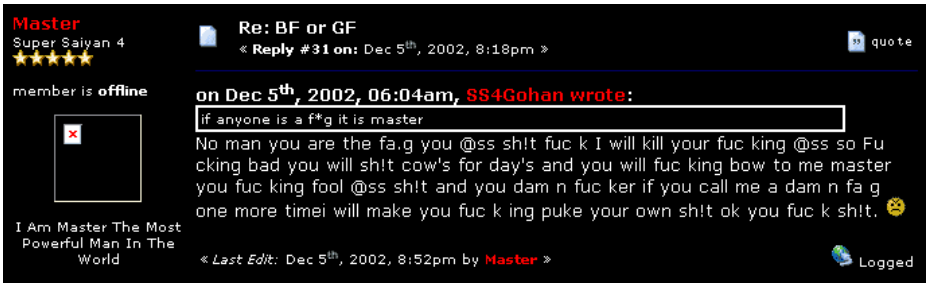
Q: I keep on winning highly fabulous prizes and tremendously exciting free things every time I spend more than eight seconds online, yet I never seem able to receive any of these highly fabulous prizes and tremendously free things! What the fuck?
A: When the Internet was turned on around 1970 or 1980 *(see above answer for the reason why we can't remember when)*, our design team made sure it would support Maximum Prize Distribution (MPD). This simple bit of coding would ensure each and every user with a copy of an Internet would receive a steady, nonstop supply of free magazine subscriptions, vacations, and exotic automobiles. Although we can't exactly remember our reasoning behind this, you must keep in mind that it struck us as an absolutely wonderful idea at the time, much like the guy who came up with the concept of "green ketchup" and "Mountain Dew: Livewire." The lead software engineer back then, Ed, was supposed to finish coding this feature so all this free merchandise would get delivered to the users of the Internet in a fast and timely fashion. Unfortunately, Ed immediately got a case of AIDS from illegally touching one of those token-dispensing machines at a nearby filthy pool hall named "Side Pockets." Soon Ed either died or we alienated him to the point where he was physically unable to work with us, and as a result, we never finished the second half of our MPD program. You may feel free to sign up attempt to claim as many of these free prizes and wonderful deals as you want, but you should probably be aware that you will never receive them, and at best, end up dead as a direct result.


Posted: Mon Aug 12, 2002 7:26 pm Post subject: quote

i once tried to fly i sat there for 3 hours, ive also tried ki blasts and it worked but barely on the physical plane it has to be very dark and concentrating on the area i actually saw a odd colour float off.all of ur attempts sound so strained ur not suppoesed to strain to use ur ki/chi u must be in a relaxed state concentrating on it and nothing else, and be in tuch with the flow of energy in the room.ki exists look at the shauolin monks, and my bros in karate and ive seen some of the sensais and the one sensai u can see the energy coming out of his fingers and going nito the toher ones when he holds his hands clsoe and concentrates.

Q: OH MY GOD, I CANNOT CHECK MY EMAIL ANYMORE, I'M GETTING LIKE 50,000,000 SPAM MESSAGES A DAY DEMANDING I ENLARGE MY PENIS AS SOON AS I POSSIBLY CAN, PLEASE HELP ME!!!
A: I'm sorry, that is not in the form of a question, and as a result, cannot be answered in our common problem-shooting issues section.

Q: OH MY GOD, I CANNOT CHECK MY EMAIL ANYMORE, I'M GETTING LIKE 50,000,000 SPAM MESSAGES A DAY DEMANDING I ENLARGE MY PENIS AS SOON AS I POSSIBLY CAN, PLEASE HELP ME!!! DO YOU THINK MY KID IS GAY?
A: Probably.


Master
Super Saiyan 4
member is offline
I Am Master The Most Powerful Man In The World
Re: BF or GF
« Reply #31 on: Dec 5th, 2002, 8:18pm »
quote
on Dec 5th, 2002, 06:04am, SS4Gohan wrote:
if anyone is a f*g it is master
No man you are the fa.g you @ss sh!t fuc k I will kill your fuc king @ss so Fu cking bad you will sh!t cow's for day's and you will fuc king bow to me master you fuc king fool @ss sh!t and you dam n fuc ker if you call me a dam n fa g one more timei will make you fuc k ing puke your own sh!t ok you fuc k sh!t.
« Last Edit: Dec 5th, 2002, 8:52pm by Master »
Logged

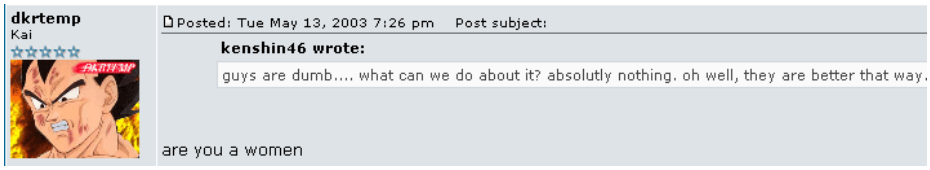
Q: Why do hundreds of thousands of other people using a copy of an Internet think I honestly give a rat's ass about their family's pets, favorite songs, or each and every excruciatingly painful banal everyday experiences?
A: To put it simply, the Internet is a double-edged sword. On one hand, it made us mistakenly begin thinking that the rest of the human race really wants to know what we ate for dinner last night and why we disagree with our mother's opinion of George W. Bush. On the other hand, it made us realize that we hate every single member of the human race who details what they ate for dinner last night and why they disagree with their mother's opinion of George W. Bush. As a result, we currently live in a state of a non-stop conundrum, unable to stop talking about what we ate for dinner, yet always secretly loathing ourselves for it. As is the solution to 99.9% of problems with the Internet, it is best to immediately become highly retarded and simply ignore the fact that you're either a liar, hypocrite, or all-out dumbass. Hey - if it works for us, then it has to work for you!

While we do admit to the aforementioned design flaws and semi-critical failures, we would like to ensure you, the valued customer, that we are working to provide a problem-free copy of an Internet for you to use. Our engineering team is working around the clock to release a nonstop stream of patches, upgrades, and expansion packs so you will eventually be able to experience a copy of an

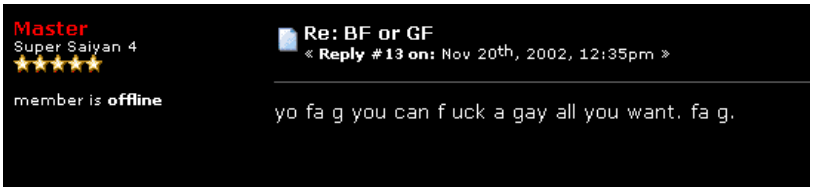
Internet as we originally intended it to be experience. While our current release version is .03 beta, we're proud to say that the beta release of .038 alpha will fix and address the following issues:

BananJoe
Novice
how do i not get caught after hacking a server what do i have to do to get away clean
and what does revoked mean
Total Posts: 14 | Joined April 2003 | Posted on: 6:37 pm on April 3, 2003 | IP

- The ability to email hundreds of thousands of millions of people at once with a subject line that contains imaginary words including "V1AGRA," "F-R-E-E," and " A.D.V " will be removed and instead replaced with a command which causes your computer to light you on fire whenever you try to use them. Not a single court in the world would convict us; to prosecute somebody for manslaughter, you first have to prove it was a real man they slaughtered.
- The Federal authorities will be alerted every time any and all representatives from the country of Nigeria attempt to get online. With the help of the United States government and a copy of an Internet, we plan on imprisoning the entire country by the year 2013.


dkrtemp
Kai
Posted: Tue May 13, 2003 7:26 pm Post subject:
kenshin46 wrote:
guys are dumb.... what can we do about it? absolutly nothing. oh well, they are better that way.
are you a women

- Any person caught seriously arguing about Dragonball-Z, any game by John Carmack, or whether Apple is superior to the PC will have their names and home addresses entered into a bomb-proof supercomputer. At the end of the day, our technicians will use this supercomputer to track down every offender, then proceed to beat them to death with the aforementioned supercomputer.
- We have noticed a bug which causes words like "you" to magically turn into the letter "u", "please" to morph into "plz," and "hello, I would like to know if you have a 1986 Sears Coldspot Refrigerator installed in your kitchen" to mystically become "LOL @ ASL OMG UR OPS WTF." Although we haven't been able to track down the problem so far, our engineering team believe the problem can be traced to "Blast Processing."



We would like to thank you, the consumer, for purchasing a copy of an Internet and look forward to serving you betUntitled DocumentYou are receiving this email from "Potent Products 4 Men"

Newsletter. If you are listed in our database, you will receive occasional announcements on various male-related products. If you are receiving this email unsolicited, we wish to have you removed from our database immediately. Please see below for removal instructions. DIRECTV SATELLITE TV SYSTEM FREE PROFESSIONAL INSTALLATION 4 Receivers & 4 FREE MONTHS See all the NFL games. I am Mr ZIZIWANI JACOB, a native of ACCRA GHANA in WEST Africa and I am an Executive Accountant with the GHANA AVIATION MINISTRY. If you like warm pink puzzy then you will love the way our sorority brats 1ick fresh, wet muff like no men can. You can get pre-qualified for credit cards with up to a $7500 limit Claim your credit card(s) now! This message contains an HTML formatted message but your email client does not support the display of HTML. Please view this message in a different mail client or forward this email to a web-based mail system. COPY DVD MOVIES AND PLAYSTATION 2 GAMES!

USE SPECIFIED CHARGER ONLY

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with some incredible news. SA Forum Goon DannyManic has found **100% REAL: LEAKED STAR WARS EPISODE 3 PAGES!** I'm as shocked as you are, trust me. I've read these pages over and over about 100 billion times. From what I can tell, the third episode is going to be the **BEST** Star Wars film ever made. My faith in Lucas is renewed again. Just check out this short blurb to prove how amazing this movie is going to be!

```
PADME   What do you mean, rule over the galaxy?

ANAKIN  He shall be my willing slave, and I shall teach him of the
force! We shall take control of the government and build an
empire upon the suffering of those less powerful!

PADME   Anakin, you are scaring me. I don't like this idea.

ANAKIN  Do not call me by that name! Call me...
(ANAKIN'S VOICE LOWERS  AN OCTIVE AND HIS EYES FLASH RED)
Darth... VADER!

PADME   NOOOOOOOOOO!

Padme rushes to the window and throws the baby out!

Obie Wan, outside,catches the baby with The Force.

PADME   (Yells out the window): OBIE WAN! TAKE THIS CHILD TO TATOOINE
WHERE HE WILL BE SAFE!

DARTH VADER     You fool! It matters not. Get back in bed this instant, and I
will impregnate you again with an even better child!

EXT - PADME'S PALACE.
```

Click here read the rest of this amazing find!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.5 THOSE HARD TACKLES WILL BRING YOU BITTER DAYS

Tuesday, Aug 05, 2003 by #86/#68 (@Livestock)

I've got some bad news my teammates in Team America! Your good buddy #86 has hit the ground so hard that it's plum fallen out from under him (HUT HUT HUT (THAT'S ME, I'M #86!!!)!!!)!!! Now I've struggled hard and fast with all my God-given might to do the best job I can do on the field and for my country, but in my private time, my me time, I've fumbled big! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT OH BOY OH BOY!

Hello friends here are some pictures from my my time off! This was taken when I went to visit fellow teammate #46 and tuck him in!

Friends, I had the great misfortune of tearing my hamstring recently! Normally #86 (THAT'S ME!) would say, "I'm no puppet pulled by hamstrings, 110% I'll give! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT

I give 110% at everything, but it turns out you're not supposed to do that when it comes to spending money! Nobody told old #86 that, and he sure made a royal fool of himself in the grand hall of fools! I spent everything I had, even all the copper coins haunted by the ghost of our great and true friend in history, Mr. President Abe Lincoln! It's hard to believe I could fail at anything, especially something so important! I've tried to be a moral man, honest friends! I believe fully a man should carry his morals like he carries a football: tightly like a newborn baby. Then when he makes it through hard times, he slams that football hard into the ground and does a dance. I let go of that football before I ever got to the end zone. Now I have to dance in shame. HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HIKE!

So I can clear my conscience and regain your trust, I'm going to tell you everything I spent my money on! Follow my example on the field, but don't follow my example in the playing field of economics! You'll get sidelined good if you do!

Hello again, it's me #86! This picture was taken when I went for one of my nightly walks! I love night walks!

■ 48 RARE SEA TORTOISES

I'm very fascinated by the secrets of the deep blue sea! It was only natural for me to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars buying and importing rare deep-sea tortoises to my private estate. I admire these hardened beasts, since they're built to withstand tackling just like me! I spent a lot of time rehabbing my hamstring by sparing with these tortoises in my back yard. Let me tell you, when it comes to tackling tortoises, there is no margin for error! I kept myself in good physical shape by doing this. Of all my expenses, buying rare sea tortoises to tackle was the most practical and sound.

■ PRIVATE JET STAFFED COMPLETELY BY CHEERLEADERS

When I took to traveling, I wanted to be reminded of my true home - the gridiron! Naturally I bought myself a modest surplus C-5 Galaxy cargo plane and had it decorated to look like my home field! Even the cockpit seats were lined with Astroturf! My biggest mistake was in hiring cheerleaders to staff my flying stadium of so many tackles. It turns out they were good at motivating me in the big games, but not at flying planes! Three cheers for emergency crash landing! HIP HIP HOORAY! HIP HIP HOORAY! HIP HIP HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HOORAY HIKE!!!! Though my plane crashed, everybody gave 110% to surviving! I hope to get this expense wiped from my debt because my pilot, a lovely lady named Dallas, did not give 110% to keeping the plane airborne. It's only fair it comes out of her wallet.

■ FINANCING A TRIPLE DISC "SUPER BOWL SHUFFLE" CONCEPT ALBUM

If there is one song that embodies everything glorious about life, it is the "Super Bowl Shuffle" by my friends the Chicago Bears. While I tackle those Bears very often, I know that I will never be able to tackle the catchiness of their incredible tune of triumph! I liked this song so much I bought the rights to it and then financed an album exploring what it would be like if it was me who won that Super Bowl and was shuffling instead of them. The album ended up being three hours and let me tell you, #86 hit some high

notes and some low notes, but not a lot of fan interest. I spent millions making this record that turned my 110% attitude into a musical celebration of great power! I think the fans just weren't seeing enough of me on the field, and so they didn't know to buy my album! I guess I can't blame them for not giving 110% support to the team and especially its players who are recouping from a hamstring catastrophe, but it sure would have been nice for them to do for me what I do every day for them! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT SUPPORT THE TEAM HIKE!

■ FOOTBALL SHAPED SWIMMING POOL FILLED WITH SOLID GOLD

I've carried a lot of footballs in my day, from footballs made of leather to footballs containing nuclear codes for the president, so I thought it would be a real HUT HUT HUT HOOT to have a swimming pool shaped like a football. I sure needed a place to keep my 48 tortoises anyway! Well, once that was done, I realized I still had a lot of money left. I'm nobody's idiot, I'll tell you that! Old Roosevelt may have taken our gold away, but he wasn't here to take it from me now! I decided to invest my money in a sound future by having the swimming pool filled to the brim with solid gold! Unfortunately #86 was crash landing in his plane the day the men came by to fill the pool up, and I forgot to leave a note for them to move the tortoises! I sure made a mistake there, since I tackled my shelled friends for good underneath a mammoth, all-encompassing solid gold offense!

Finally I get some time to relax in this picture! But now it's back to work!

Although it was me, your friend #86, who made the mistakes of spending his money like a waterfall, I still can't help but feel a little bit of teamwork would have made my investments pay off! But if Coach taught me one thing, it's to take responsibility and be a man! I was fast with my money but not fast enough to outrun bankruptcy! Old #86 will just have to work 120% now on and off the field! I'll see you in the big game, and also at Egmont Dodge, where champs like me come to buy our cars! Egmont Dodge has the latest 2003 and 2004 cars out for sale at the lowest prices! Mention me and put no money down! I'll be out there on Tuesday for the Egmont Dodge Annual Auto Fair! Come get your picture taken with a real athlete and drive away in a brand new car! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT AUTO SAVINGS HIKE!!!

■ It's a Massacre, Man

Hey pardners and pardnettes, Taylor "Psygnosis" Bell here with a review of a shitty Doom ripoff with elements of a shitty Max Payne ripoff! I speak (reluctantly) of the demo of the upcoming megahit, Demon Massacre.

Be warned that in its own highly retarded way, this introductory text is telling you the

> truth. This definitely will not be an easy mission, mostly because the "demons and other things" were smart enough to move into a small futuristic disco club with glowing walls, ensuring that any human being who entered would last about ten seconds before his eyeballs decided to give up and detonate. I'm guessing the guy who made this game was a raver, because only a lifelong addiction to esctasy could possibly make someone create a game that looks like someone swallowed a bucket of rainbow chiclets and ran around puking on all the walls.

That sounds absolutely massacriffic! Don't delay, read the review today!

-~#86/#68 (@Livestock)

8.6 SPEWS is Love

Thursday, Aug 07, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It is all about the benjamins, sirrah.

SPEWS.ORG is a shadowy internet organization, run by unknown people that provides IP blocklists for mail servers to use to filter out unwanted spam. SPEWS.ORG includes entire class c, b, and a subnets (ranging into the millions of IP addresses) in its blocklists if it means blocking only handfuls of spammers originating from within the subnet. Their blocklist includes entire states and entire service providers for countries ranging from Brazil to China. If you have DSL and are in Sao Paulo, Brazil you cannot send an e-mail to an administrator who is utilizing the SPEWS.ORG blocklist. To get off of the SPEWS.ORG blocklist you are told by the FAQ to post a request in either of two newsgroups frequented mainly by people not affiliated with SPEWS. When you post that you are not a spammer the people on these newsgroups will insist that it doesn't matter because you are supporting a spammer by using their hosting/service. Essentially there is no way to get off the blocklist without either switching ISPs or forcing your provider into doing whatever SPEWS demands of it, which ultimately boils down to SPEWS blackmailing people into fighting whatever ISPs they don't like.

This is a personal issue now for the staff of Something Awful because on July 20th SPEWS.ORG added a fat chunk of a class b subnet being hosted by our provider (Cogent Communications/New Horizons) to their blocklist. This fat chunk happened to include Something Awful, meaning that roughly 10-20% of our outgoing e-mails would bounce. This is a pretty major problem when you consider that registering a SA Forums account requires an email confirmation, and when users fail to get this confirmation because SPEWS has blocked it, they complain to **us**, and we have no way to explain why they're not getting our emails because, hey, **they can't get our emails.** One look at their newsgroup told us what the response would be from SPEWS when we requested that they whitelist us; they wouldn't. Those of you who have been reading Something Awful for a considerable length of time might remember that around two years ago Something Awful could not stay on a host for more than a month or two. We were shuttling from ISP to ISP and dumping money down holes that often ate that money and closed completely. At one point we even pre-paid for three months of hosting at one provider and received no service, the host just disappeared off the face of the planet. When we signed on for Cogent we expected the same but were pleasantly surprised to find relatively decent tech support, uptimes, and best of all, a colo facility near to some of our techs who could go on site if need be.

On an average month Something Awful's servers move over 4 terabytes of information. When you tell John Q. ISP that you need a 100mbit dedicated connection and the ability to shift 4+ terabytes a month downstream he will shit his pants. I know; I cold called about a dozen feasible ISPs years ago when we were looking for a solution to our problems and most did not return my call requesting a quote either because they thought it was a joke or because they knew they couldn't handle it. On top of this what few hosts did return our calls tended to have outrageously expensive prices. We do not live high on the hog here at SA, we have a revenue stream and it's healthy, but we cannot afford most premium collocation services. The whole "free entertainment industry" doesn't really fork out the big bucks.

My penis just can't get big enough. It's like eighty feet long after buying into all these transparent enlargement scams.

After being on the SPEWS blocklist for over two weeks I suggested on our forums that the users head on over to the two newsgroups frequented by SPEWS and take advantage of the free newsgroups generously provided to us. Childish? Probably, but we've never been ones to deal with problems and leave our sense of humor behind. Naturally the arrival of over 1500 off topic posts on the SPEWS newsgroups was not well received and our servers were promptly DDoSed while I was signed up for about 100 spam e-mail lists in the span of five minutes. The irony of both of these incidents wholly escaped the SPEWS advocates who claimed it was no doubt some spammers lurking on their newsgroups or even our own users trying to give them a bad reputation. Personally, I don't think spammers or SA users need to do much to earn SPEWS a bad reputation, I think anyone who has dealt with SPEWS knows that it blocks nearly as much legitimate e-mail as it does spam. In fact I received dozens of e-mails from network admins working for companies large and small who said exactly that with most also emphasizing that "only a lazy idiot" - to quote one of the e-mails - would use the SPEWS listing on their network.

Awesome! My FREE PASSWORD IS HERE!

I'm not so sure about that, as funny as it seems to me now. I think a lot of network admins are simply ignorant of the damage SPEWS can do to their company and their users, which is why I am writing this piece. SPEWS provides a blocklist with zero oversight, zero accountability, and zero recourse for average users caught between their ISP and SPEWS.ORG's moral crusade. SPEWS will tell you that you in fact do have recourse and that is to switch ISPs. For Something Awful that is not economically feasible, for users in the nation of Brazil where their entire broadband provider has been blacklisted that is impossible. In addition to all this most of the SPEWS advocates on the newsgroups we so unceremoniously invaded demonstrated a willingness to add IP ranges to their own blacklists and potentially SPEWS for petty personal reasons. Complain about how SPEWS operates? Get added to the blacklist, often permanently, while they pretend that it somehow makes your situation worse.

I personally found the church of Scientology's lawyers a lot scarier than a bunch of arrogant nerds on Usenet, and we sure as hell didn't back down from them. In fact I find SPEWS.ORG's ham-fisted approach to fighting spam eerily similar to the Church of Scientology, so much so that I think it's time for a little compare and contrast.

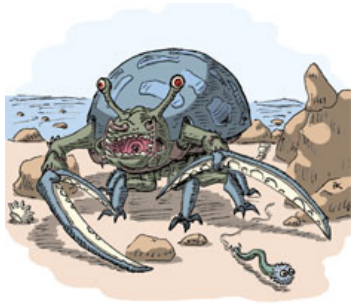
There are a number of sites devoted to exposing SPEWS.ORG for the travesty and complete madness that it is. While I would love to do nothing more than devote Something Awful wholly to the cause of seeing SPEWS.ORG rendered obsolete and pointless we have a business to run and can't spend all day playing in the nerd sand box with the Usenet cretins. If you would like more evidence I would suggest you check out one of the following sites:

- Spews Linked to Spammers
- An overly insane but interesting anti-SPEWS site
- A Google Cache of one of several anti-SPEWS sites driven under by SPEWS and its cronies
- A Register article on the fight against SPEWS
- A great Chicago Tribune article on the damage spam-blocking can do
- A similar ZD Net article about the same topic
- Yet another article about out of control anti-spam policies

Oh, but I am nowhere near done yet. After digging through those sites I did some digging of my own and discovered a number of fun facts about SPEWS and the shadowy cabal behind it.

SPEWS.ORG	VS	SCIENTOLOGY
Consists of gullible Usenet folk with a lot of hostility and a tendency to audit spammers		Consists of gullible Hollywood folk with a lot of hostility and a tendency to audit Thetans
Constantly enlarging list of enemies to include anyone who vocally opposes them		Constantly enlarging list of enemies to include anyone who vocally opposes them
Automatically distrusts outsiders unless they "believe in SPEWS"		Automatically distrusts outsiders unless they agree to an E-Meter exam
Can clear yourself from their blacklist by spending huge piles of money on an ISP switch		Can reach "Clear" by spending huge piles of money and reaching OT-10
Is a pyramid scam that harms thousands and benefits no one.		Is a pyramid scam that harms thousands A LOT and benefits a few at the top.
Extremely devoted advocates have no life other than the cause and a crusty outer shell of accreted Cheetos on their hands		Extremely devoted advocates eat babies they kill with their mind and have a hard casing of chitin covering their entire bodies
Have a shadowy leadership that cannot be contacted directly		Have a shadowy leadership that can be contacted by flying into a volcano in another dimension
Prevent innocent users from sending e-mail		Prevent Body Thetans from controlling our minds
Greatest Achievement: blacklisted the entire nation of Brazil		Greatest Achievement: bought L. Ron Hubbard a Yacht

■ **FUN FACT NUMBER ONE:** Usenet advocates of SPEWS write anti-spam erotic fanfiction. You thought nothing could top those Pretender/Stargate SG-1 slash crossovers you've read, well time to reconsider. Keep in mind that every single one of them combines sadism with a healthy dose of self insertion. Here's a sample from "Dalliance Hosting" by Peterp@linux-superhost.com.



A Body Thetan is unleashed after you beat it up and it flashes red and gets bigger.

> *Sara rang the doorbell nervously. She couldn't believe that just yesterday she had been sending out bulk e-mails promoting her webcam. Now that she had seen the truth she wanted nothing more than to show her gratitude to Peterp however he demanded.*
>
> "Kneel before Fenris," said the leather clad man who answered the door.
>
> She obeyed him and he attached a leash to her neck.
>
> "Now you shall service my mighty staff," he sat in a Stanheyser ergonomic leather executive chair, his legs spread, and he unbuckled the clasp on his codpiece.

> She was in awe of the sheer size, she had never seen a doohickey so big and as her lips parted to touch his thingy she could hear the cronjobs clicking softly away in the background. They were a hypnotic lull.
>
> "Yes Sara," murmured Fenris/Peterp, "soon you will be mine entirely."
>
> His thing was really, really big. Like at least twenty inches.

I don't know about you but if I had a gasket you could consider it fully blown. I don't think I even have to tell you how much steam is emerging from my starched collar as I pull it away from my neck with my index finger!

- **FACT NUMBER TWO:** SPEWS.ORG was founded and financed by seven men in Southern Russia who formed a sort of commune near the Caucuses. All of them were wealthy American expatriates who fled the country for child molestation in the early nineties. From their bizarre cult-like home they founded two newsgroups and their supposedly anti-spam system in an effort to slowly erode e-mail traffic on the internet until only their own private server remained unblocked. Once every other server on the internet is shut down the seven men plan to begin spamming all e-mail addresses around the world with advertisements for their "Preteen Russian Brides" service. Desperate to receive any e-mail whatsoever, nerds will finally embrace the cause of child molestation completely and the seven will return to America as conquering heroes.

- **FACT NUMBER THREE:** Network admins who use the SPEWS.ORG blocklist are seven times more likely to die unloved and alone than those who either use no blocklist or one of many less draconian SPEWS alternatives.

- **FACT NUMBER FOUR:** Network admins who use the SPEWS.ORG blocklist are thirty eight times more likely to attempt to hot glue a realistic latex vagina to a skateboard and call it by their mother's first name while having intercourse with it than those who either use no blocklist or one of many less draconian SPEWS alternatives.

- **FACT NUMBER FIVE:** One in three people who have permanently blacklisted someone for complaining that SPEWS is unfair have also been arrested for attempting to coerce sex from zoo animals. Nine out of ten of these people have also been imprisoned for failure to pay child support to sea turtles.

Your average SPEWS user.

- **FACT NUMBER SIX:** The anti-spam people on the SPEWS related newsgroups don't just post social security numbers and credit card numbers of suspected spammers, they also post photos of suspected spammers going to the bathroom. That doesn't seem that bad until you realize that they could not have possibly had a camera there, bringing me to the next fact.

- **FACT NUMBER SEVEN:** Proponents of SPEWS to a man worship dark powers and perform occult rituals in the privacy of the basement apartments they are renting from their parents. SPEWS supporters have also participated in no less than 800 leprechaun abductions over the past decade and it is suspected that they can astral project.

- **FACT NUMBER EIGHT:** If you run a network with any significant number of people using the SPEWS blocklist will cause them to be murdered one after another by a mysterious black cloaked vigilante called The Night

Shadow. No matter how hard you attempt to track him down he will always be one step ahead and will taunt you by posting photos of the victim on hot-or-not and then e-mailing you through anonymous proxy.

- **FACT NUMBER NINE:** One thousand monkeys on one thousand typewriters are significantly better at differentiating spam from legitimate e-mail than SPEWS is. In fact SPEWS is so horrible that tests run at our Loc Cruces facility indicated Wil Wheaton's severed hand, while completely motionless, is still better at picking legitimate e-mails out of blocked spam.

- **FACT NUMER TEN:** SPEWS supporters are intensely interested in Dungeons & Dragons but they make really shitty players because they always power game barbarians and roleplay their characters by screaming whenever the dungeon master is describing a monster. They also keep up constant pressure to have adventures revolve around rescuing unconscious female elves and demand first pick on all treasure. Hey, don't look at me like that, I'm just telling you what I found out.

That's all fun and games but the bare fact is that a lot of sites you may or may not enjoy have run into trouble with SPEWS and may still be blacklisted by them. I'm sure if it wasn't written in stone already this update has pretty much guaranteed Something Awful's permanent entry into the SPEWS hall of fame. Worth 1000 is also currently in an IP range being listed by SPEWS, Fark has been in the past, and some day your server may be blocklisted too. Getting off that list may be as easy as tracking down one spammer on your own private network, or it could be a task that leads to your business going bankrupt. Hell, your network may even clean up their act but SPEWS might just have a grudge against it and decide to never whitelist it.

We're on the list probably forever, and that doesn't really bother me since thanks to support from web sites who know about the crap we've gone through in the past we can now wholly ignore SPEWS blacklisting. That doesn't lessen my determination to put a stop to this mysterious geek cabal, because your server or ISP might show up on that list next. Boycott SPEWS if you make network admin decisions, boycott companies that use SPEWS if you're in the market for an ISP, and most importantly inform yourself about the anti-spam techniques your ISP is currently using. You vote with your money in the market so use it to vote against SPEWS.

Phriday Phun

Howdy folks, Livestock here with another stereotypical Photoshop Phriday announcement. It's new, gosh darnit. This week the SA Goons took a look at history's greatest unsent telegrams. And my, we'd be living in a much different world if all these telegrams managed to make it through.

Come on over and stay awhile you crazy internauts!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
ACHILLES:
YOU FORGOT YOUR SPECIAL SHOES STOP
BE CAREFUL STOP
MOM
www.somethingawful.com

8.7 Vote For Me!

Thursday, Aug 07, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

California Governor Gray Davis, shown here saying the Pledge of Allegiance while heiling Hitler.

California. When most people think about this famous state, they imagine lavish swimming pools, famous movie stars, and Jethro Clampett flabbergasting Mrs. Drysdale with his zany bumpkin antics like in that one episode where the Beverly Hillbillies were invited to the lavish social event and he ended up raping the chandelier. California is the land of fruits and nuts, sun and fun, hugs and drugs, guns and ammo, and illegal Mexican immigrants who always hang out at the mall even though they never actually buy anything. Unfortunately, this great state has recently fallen into economic despair, a drought many claim was spurred by the election of Governor Gray Davis. Governor Davis is responsible for many dastardly bumbling actions which include (but are not limited to) the following:

- He decided to make the California taxpayers pay to send illegal Mexican immigrants to public school (Proposition 187), supported discrimination based on race, sex, color, and ethnicity (Proposition 209), sold most of southern California to the Japanese in exchange for a steak knife set and free access to the pay-per-view cable channels (Proposition 409), and once killed a man in Tucson just to watch him bleed (Proposition 666)

- He spent around $40 million of taxpayers' money on Oracle software that they didn't need, which is to say "any and all Oracle software available." Ha ha, that's just a little joke at the expense of our buddies in the database industry! Thanks for playing along!

- When California ran out of energy back in early 2001, Governor Gray Davis opted to "not solve the problem" instead of doing what many industry analysts suggested, which was "solve the problem." The state was under nonstop blackouts, brownouts, and shutouts, yet he refused to build more power plants and ultimately decided to spend all the state's budget on ceramic pig figurines.

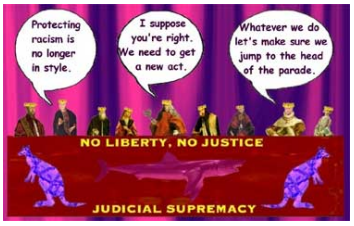
- He did something to something else and that resulted in a $40 billion deficit which he proposes to solve by putting a tax on breathing and forcibly ejecting all smokers into the Pacific Ocean.

- After murdering a room full of babies, he proceeded to inject a newborn puppy with heroin and light it on fire while chanting Satanic mantras and Electric Light Orchestra tunes.

As a result of these aforementioned events, most people in California tend to not like Governor Gray Davis, as you can see by this poll which takes the form of a line graph that was converted to a pie chart by the magic computer gnomes who live in my attic and tell me which one of my cats conspire against me:

NOTE TO SELF: BEFORE PUBLISHING THIS ARTICLE, POST A PIE CHART HERE. ALSO, DON'T FORGET TO TAPE "SEX AND THE CITY" BECAUSE YOU'RE A TREMENDOUS FAG, RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA

I just realized that I lack both a poll or pie chart, so let me just throw out a few numbers to support my point: 47, 2018, 12%, 92-23, G-34, 9. After a few years in office, many California voters realized what a colossal mess Davis was converting their colossal mess of a state into, so they decided to recall him and dethrone the Governor from his position of King Hotpants. When I write "many California voters," I am naturally referring to the 19 frenzied conservatives of the state who have taken to creating hundreds of thousands of rabid Republican websites by using pseudonyms such as Jake "FREEDOM SHOULD BE FREE" Kingston and Reginald "CITIZENS FOR A UNITED UNITED STATES OF AMERICA" Q. Freedom III, Esquire. Somehow they convinced the higher authorities that they had 1.3 million signatures, mostly from people named "Moe Lester" and "Reginald 'CITIZENS FOR A UNITED UNITED STATES OF AMERICA' Q. Freedom III, Esquire," thereby allowing them to hold a special recall election which could possibly usurp Davis and install a new Governor who will continue to make empty promises and wave at crowds of people even if they don't wave back. Hopefully he'll work the word "usurp" into his victory speech because that sounds like really cool alien lingo.


Protecting racism is no longer in style.
I suppose you're right. We need to get a new act.
Whatever we do let's make sure we jump to the head of the parade.
NO LIBERTY, NO JUSTICE
JUDICIAL SUPREMACY
This cartoon is a poignant political message, although I'm not exactly sure why or how.

Now the prospect of firing the guy who ran up a $38 billion deficit may sound good on paper, but there are a few key flaws in this battle plan, the main one revolving around the fact that California is currently the state of California and will probably continue to be at least for the foreseeable future. Having lived in California for a good few years of my life, I can honestly vouch for the fact that many people living there aren't exactly sane. I would claim many of them are insane, but I've never seen any insane people who are as grotesquely tan as the average California citizen. Did you know that nobody in the entire state has gotten a job since 1979? It's true; the government pays 86% of the state to sit in traffic on the I-405 from 3:00 AM until 2:58 AM of the following day, and the only reason they disband at 2:58 is because the California State Department of Tearing Shit Up reserves the subsequent two minutes so they can drill holes through the middle of the road with diamond-tipped laser cannons in order to prove their scientific theory, "Is the Earth Filled With Delicious Chewy Nougat?" Don't take my word for it though; let me offer up a brief list of Californians who are running for Governor and you can decide for yourself:

- **Larry Flynt -** Flynt is a crippled fat man who makes pornography (that doesn't feature himself, praise the Lord) and has a lot of money and naked women at his disposal. This makes me hate him because I am jealous and would like either a lot of money or a lot of naked women, although I would politely decline the opportunity to become crippled if presented the offer. Flynt was shot in 1978 while protecting Ronald Regan from the infamous DC sniper Lee Harvey Oswauld, resulting in his paralyzation from the third chin down. He claims that he "took a bullet for the First Amendment," which loosely translated, means he's nuts.

- **Representative Darrell Issa -** Nothing much is know about this man besides the fact that he has a large, football-shaped head. He's either a Republican or Democrat. Oh yeah, he's a white male too. I don't want to forget that key fact.

- **Mary Carey -** Porn actress whose political experience includes "fucking men" in addition to "fucking women too."

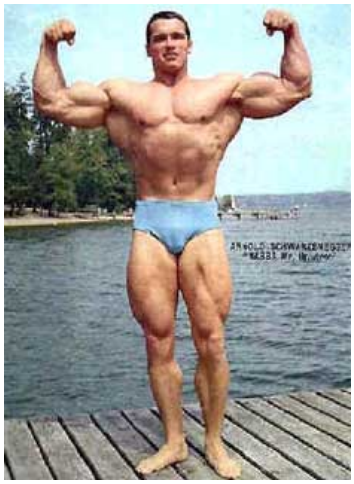
- **Gary Coleman -** The big surprise here is not that the washed up midget from "Diff'rent Strokes" decided to run, but that he was able to scrape up the required $3,500 needed to apply for governor. What does this guy spend all day doing? Did his buddies Alf and Carrot Top manage to get him a deal with 1-800-CALL-ATT or something? If

so, can all three of them contract SARS and be banished to Monster Island for the rest of eternity?

- **Arianna Huffington -** Bird / woman hybrid with red hair and a fiery disposition... *in bed.*

- **Michael Huffington -** Gay former Republican who was married to Arianna Huffington. I once dated a woman in college who, after we broke up, promptly became a lesbian. I keep telling myself this happened because I was so good in bed that she knew no other man could possibly compare to me, so she gave up our entire gender and decided to begin dating women who resembled pit bulls with crewcuts.

- **Arnold Schwarzenegger -** Star of countless box-office smash movies such as "Terminator," "The Running Man," "Hercules in New York," and "The Jayne Mansfield Story," Schwarzenegger has the most recognition of any candidate in the race. This is because if you try to forget his name, he will come over to your house and threaten to bodyslam your children into the coffee table. Then he'll make some clever play on words like "tables turned," even though there were clearly no tables turned and that phrase makes little to no sense. Nobody knows his views on any political issues because scientists have so far failed to invent an English-to-Schwarzenegger translation machine.



How ABS-olutely charming! Ha ha! Because he has big abs, that's the joke you see.

What a motley crew of political candidates! You'd think with such a dynamic cross-section of people that the race would be tight and exciting, like a 16 year old's vagina crammed full of Pop Rocks, but it's just a crazy zoo of political animals! And just like in any zoo, the assistance of a zookeeper is required to stop the monkeys from throwing poop at each other and trying to run for Governor. I, my friends, believe I can be this zookeeper, and therefore would like to announce my plans to run for Governor of California. Before my political rivals like Gary Coleman and the son of the guy who played the Tin Man from "The Wizard of Oz" try to denounce me and begin a smear campaign, I would like to admit a few facts. First of all, I do not live in California, nor would I move there if elected. Secondly, anything negative that anybody has ever said about me or will ever say about me is untrue and the only reason they're saying bad things is to cover up the fact that they molest children. Finally, I would like to point out that my father's name is "Richard Kyanka" as well, so if you do a search and come up with some incriminating arrest warrants, they could probably be for him, particularly the indecent exposure at the Jack In the Box restaurant last October. With that out of the way, let me tell you what I stand for and what I will do if elected Governor of California, unless of course if I forget, which is a very distinct possibility at this point:

- I will legalize all guns, from assault rifles to automatics to those WWII mortars that can only be transported via train and are used to blow up entire mountain ranges. To offset this, I will enact a "murder tax" and charge anybody caught killing somebody a penalty fee of $10,000 plus tax. This money will go to finance schools for retarded children that also double as long distance target ranges.

- I will lower the price of a carton of cigarettes to $5.00, but one in every 15 cartons will contain a clown who leaps out and stabs you in the throat with a straight razor while shrieking "better luck next time, Jacko!"

- Electricity will be cheap and bountiful after I pass a law to hook a particularly thick extension cord into the center of the sun. Any Sun People attempting to stop me will find themselves banished to Monster Island with Gary Coleman and that puppet from Melmac.

- State revenue will be generated by beating up nerds and taking their lunch money.

- Anybody who attempts to run against me in any election will be charged a "loser's tax," which will apply to every purchase they make anywhere. Not only will this cut down on an unnecessary amount of people running for election, but it will also raise money which I will use to irradiate ostrich farms and turn them into 200-foot tall mutants who will take over surrounding "enemy" states like Nevada and Italy.

- The California state bird will become "a lobster." I figure this will be an excellent conversation starter for any native Californians at parties. They'll be able to walk up to a particularly attractive member of the opposite sex and casually say, "hey baby, my state bird is the lobster" and that raw animal magnetism will cause the member of the opposite sex to start swooning so hard that their love juices will instantly flood the entire room.

- Volcanoes, earthquakes, and mudslides will become illegal. I don't know why anybody hasn't done this before. It's about time we put a stop to these economy-crushing menaces.

- I will enforce racial quotas on all violent street gangs so they can better reflect the gangs featured in Disney Channel specials. This will require each gang to consist of at least 50% white people with gigantic poofy hair and jean jackets, 10% "really really fat men who eat all the time and provide the comic relief," and one computer-savvy Internet user who hacks into rival gangs' computers and places viruses on them which cause an animated skull and crossbones to appear whenever they try to check their Hotmail account.

- I will force Rush Limbaugh to fight Michael Moore on Thanksgiving of every year, televised on live TV. The state will earn money through product placement ads on both contestants' asses.

- All homeless people will be forced to become butlers for low-income housing residents. A state-approved inspector will visit them once a month to check up on them and shout, "you got a damn house now, how do you like it?" in their ears.

These are just a few of the many, many exciting political issues I plan to lobby for once I become Governor of California. I'm sure there are a whole bunch of other positively super ideas I had earlier in the day, but I seem to have forgotten them around the time I ate all the frozen custard at lunch today. It's this kind of proactive attitude and "can-do" American spirit which makes me the obvious choice for Governor. My motto is: "in a world of porno kings, gay former Republicans, kindergarten cops, and professional sluts, isn't it the wise choice to elect an acne-prone webmaster?" Kinko's said this slogan is too long to put on a button, so once I'm elected to office I'll be sure to tax the hell out of them first. Then comes the furries.

Holy Shit: A Good Star Wars Game!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with breaking news! BioWare in conjunction with LucasArts has just released the first good Star Wars game in more than a hundred years! Okay, maybe not quite a hundred years, and maybe this isn't breaking news, but "Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic" is really good and you should probably read my review of it.

Assuming you're not a girl or a homosexual you probably made a male character, which means Bastilla is your character's potential love interest. Play your cards right and you'll be professing your love for one another after only about fifty awkward conversations about the Jedi code. She can be pretty annoying with all of her talk of rules but I've got to admit that her Elizabeth Hurly-like English voice gives me a serious boner.

I command you with the power of Force Domination that this IS the review that you're looking for.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.8 The Advanced Beginner's Guide to Farming

Friday, Aug 08, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings fine ladies and gentlemen of the Internet. I am happy to announce that the massive undertaking to craft the follow-up to the hugely popular "A Beginner's Guide to Farming" is complete. A team of farming experts around the world worked hand-in-hand to compile every facet of farming information. A large workforce of 5,000, mostly consisting of Mexican and Chinese origin, labored day and night under harsh working conditions. Malaria, cave-ins, and being whipped to death by cruel slave masters were common occurrances during the perilous construction. 100,000 tons of concrete were used for the body of this article as well as 15,000 tons of steel and iron for the framework and mechanics. This article is dedicated to the lives of the brave men, women, and small children who perished during its construction. Now without further ado, let us continue our journey in the wild and wonderful world of farming!

I want to start off by going over some of the success stories from the first edition of this comprehensive guide to farming. These folks were tired of their boring, unsatisfactory lives in the big city and followed my guide to start a new life as a farmer. Hearing these testimonials warms my heart and gives me joy that I am making a difference.

Name: Mark Emmons
Age: 42
Former Occupation: Business Associate

"After reading "A Beginner's Guide to Farming" I was really gung ho about making the change. I was sick and tired of my well paying yet demoralizing job and my whore of a wife, so I moved to Indiana and started my very own farm using Frolixo's article as a blueprint for success. Soon I had rows of corn and dozens of pink piglets. Unfortunately, I didn't make any money farming and ended up having to convert my barn into a brothel, as well as sell my body for cash. Even though I now have every single STD known to man, I am happy to be a farmer. Thanks, Frolixo!"

Name: Jerry Franks
Age: 28
Former Occupation: IT Technician *"I was laid off for the sixth time in ten months when I read "A Beginner's Guide to Farming." I was ready to try anything new so I decided to give it a chance. Let me tell you, it was the best decision of my life. Now that I own my own farm, I'm the boss around these parts, and the animals must follow orders or get "the axe." My rules are hard, yet fair. One day soon when my farm empire grows into a mighty power, I will return to my former employers with a legion of beasts at my command. The pigs, chickens, and cows will wade through the blood of my enemies. Then I plan to hunt down everyone that picked on me in high school. Thanks, Frolixo!"*

No, thank you! Without the patronage of readers like you at home, none of this would be possible. In the last edition we covered the basics of farming. Now we will be going in depth about farming equipment, crops, animals, and various important tips. I must reiterate that if you simply skim this article, your farm will be a failure, your life forfeit, and everyone you know and love will be

mysteriously smothered with a pillow during the night. Enjoy!

A Foreword by Willie Nelson.

First of all, I want to thank Frolixo for having the motivation and insight to make this possible. With him, there is hope that the new generations will carry on the honorable tradition and humble pursuit of farming. You know, I've been playing farm fundraiser concerts for over 200 years now, but I can only reach a fraction of the people Frolixo can with his Internet typewriter. Farming is the backbone of this great nation and personifies the grit, determination, and values of America. Please don't let the corporate farms take charge of what food we eat; give Frolixo whatever he needs to fight the good fight, no matter how strange the request may be. Even if he asks for expensive sports cars, an intimate night with your mother, or your firstborn child, it is all part of his complex plan to save the farms. Take it from me, I'm the real Willie Nelson, and not some cheap Willie Nelson knock-off that Frolixo found sleeping under the stairs at the mall, forcing me into slavehood with his Irish magery. God Bless.

Advanced Crops: The World Is Yours.

Thanks, Willie. Now let's take a detailed look into some advanced levels of crops. This is the most important area of farming, and tastes are constantly changing in this fast paced environment. Corn was once the biggest crop going, but since the disco era it has been on a sharp decline. People these days don't want to sit at home munching on a bowl of corn while watching Nightline, they want to be out having a good time! That's why we are going to cover the biggest selling cash crops on the market to insure your farm / heavily guarded compound is a great success.

- **Marijuana:** Speaking of Willie Nelson, this crop is just about the hottest thing going. In fact, pot, or "Mary Jane", has surpassed the value of gold in weight. Just about everybody these days are "toking it up." But be warned, this plant is not the easiest to grow, and it can be very frustrating. There is a golden rule in the pot growing business: "never get high on your own supply." This is because after smoking you'll tend to get lazy and eat Better Made potato chips while playing Sega's NHL 94 for two days.

Just print out this article and cut out this coupon. We pass the savings on to you!

- **Mushrooms:** They call it "gnome's toadstool," and while it may not be as big a seller as the other crops, it can be one of more fun ones to grow on your farm. Cow nimbus is the most important ingredient when growing mushrooms, and you need to make sure you feed your cows only the best grains to ensure their droppings are rich with essential nutrients. Once the fungi has grown to a desirable size, harvest them and reap the profits. The only downside is that your farm animals may eat them while you're not looking and totally get this "Jesus complex" for like, 4-6 hours.

- **Heroin:** The blossom of the poppy is indeed beautiful, but it also holds a most intriguing and valuable secret within its juices. A few acres of poppy plants can yield a farmer pounds of raw heroin that can be carted off to your converted barn / lab for production, ready to be pumped into the arms of emo teens everywhere. Without this wonderful crop, we wouldn't be blessed with such great films as "Trainspotting," "Basketball Diaries," and "Requiem for a Dream." Also called "the artist's candy."

- **Cocaine:** I really don't know how to grow this stuff but I'm pretty sure it comes from a cocoa plant in South America. That means that if you want to become a cocaine farmer, you have to be willing to relocate into the savage, dense jungle. Sound like a pain? Well it is, but on the upside, you see a lot of these farmers driving around in gold Cadillacs and hanging around chicks with big boobies. Who says the life a farmer isn't glamorous?

- **Cotton:** It's back! After taking a huge fall in popularity after 1864, cotton has been steadily climbing to the top of the crop charts. Southern plantations are opening up their doors once again, offering places to work the for throngs of disadvantaged inner-city folk in a program specially made by the Bush Administration. It's called "Cotton for Care" and is set to replace the welfare and food stamp system that has been the Republican party's target for a long time. In exchange for a 14 hour day of picking cotton, the landowner will provide the worker with shelter, three meals a day, and clothing. While the worker is enrolled in the program, they are prohibited to vote or leave the grounds and are allowed two hours of private time a day to play the drums and dance around. Just think, you could be the next cotton king!

Whatever Ho: A Deeper Look into Farming Equipment.

Great Farmers in History

What good is a farm without the equipment to reap its sweet rewards? It's about as useless as a three legged pig at a square dance, yesiree. In the past you might have recalled me distrusting the newfangled robot reaper machines, thinking it was a Japanese plot to capture America's food and shoot it into the sun. Well I haven't changed my position, and I have reliable sources (Franklin the chicken) that they are planning a large anti-farm offensive this Fall with a newly constructed task force of three carriers, four battleships, and eight light cruisers. Take my advice, only use American-made tools like shovels and hoes, and although it may take you 100 times longer to tend your fields, you won't be rotting in a bamboo cage on some godforsaken island where you're tortured periodically. I wanted to talk a little more about these tools but I'm just not in the mood today. Sorry.

Advanced Pig Competition.

One of the most important skills you must know to be a respected farmer is to raise blue ribbon pigs. Winning a blue ribbon for a hog is farming's version of winning the Daytona 500. You must combine a innate sense of swine logic with proper breeding methods, not to mention a lot of food. Sound easy? It's not! Competitive pig events can be some of the most intense, emotional events you will ever see. Skullduggery is common amongst the more unscrupulous of contestants, and more than one hog has been known to take a pipe to the knee in parking lots at night. Stories have even been told of judge's decomposed bodies turning up in troughs after giving some bad scores to some rather upset farmers, although this is probably just old wive's tales. When preparing your pig at one of these competitions, whether it be a State Fair or just country, it's always good to remember the three P's of pig competions: Posture, Pleasing stink, and Pink hue. But I must warn you once again, beware of the zombie children who are attracted to the blue sheen of the ribbons handed out. They will steal your awards and bite your pig, transforming it onto a zombie pig within days and reducing your reputation among your fellow gentleman farmers.

This poor chubby kid is about to have all his hopes and dreams smashed by a thieving zombie child.

Once you win your first pig competition and successfully harvest one of the crops outlined above, you are ready for expert farming. Unfortunately, that article has just begun production and will not be ready for another six months. Until then, keep the dream alive, and never give up, unless of course you really want to, or are too lazy. Happy farming!

State Og: Miss Og if You're Nasty

Hi there, this is your State Og representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting in. People always ask me why I use this space to write about things completely unrelated to State Og. For some reason that reminds me of the time I got my head stuck in the sand at the beach. I really freaked out, and lost my hearing for about two weeks because of all the sand. It was pretty funny.

> *2003 - Appleton Industries gains tremendous success with two innovative products. First there's the PowerlessBook, the world's first laptop computer for slow-witted people who are intimidated by computers which are faster than they are. Then there's Hearing-Ade, the first sports drink for deaf people. The beverage is a hit due to their succinct and catchy slogan, "Hearing-Ade: helps you win races by running faster after you realize the starter pistol has already fired!" Seeing a potential to mooch off their success, State Og offers to help improve these products as only we can. One week after our deal is signed, both products pass our tests with a Lethal Pointless Explosion Rate of 150%. Appleton Industries' entire customer base is dead, as is our Og Deaf Jam basketball team.*

Read this week's State Og, and find out more about Appleton Industries, exorcising the devil from your children, and State Og's bankruptcy. Borrowing a term made popular by MacGuyver, I'd say this update is pretty Appledevilbankruptious.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.9 How To Write for The West Wing

Saturday, Aug 09, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

The most important night of the year for the television industry is just around the corner. No, I'm not talking about the season premier of *Everybody Loves Raymond*. In fact, I don't think that the series premier of *Everybody Loves Raymond* could possibly be any further from what I'm talking about. You'd have to be some sort of dumbass to confuse what I'm talking about with the season premier of *Everybody Loves Raymond*, and I'm sorry, but my schedule is far too hectic to squeeze in time for dumbasses. Besides, the series premier isn't for another couple months. So if that's what you thought I was talking about, I'm going to have to ask you to leave now. Now, for the rest of you who aren't on some sort of insane love quest to try to get Ray Romano to answer the love letters you sent him written in puppy blood, I was in fact referring to the Emmys. The nominations are in, and the 55th Annual Emmy Awards are just around the corner. Once again, critically acclaimed *The West Wing* is nominated for Outstanding Drama Series.

With enough Emmys under its belt to build a home for a family of four, does *The West Wing* have what it takes to snag that coveted golden statuette one more time? The odds are good. But as bright as the show's past may be, its future is dubiously hazy. Writer and creator Aaron Sorkin is leaving for greener, more psychedelic mushroom-filled pastures. While the show certainly has a fine cast, there can be no doubt that it has been Sorkin's snappy and often moving writing that has given the show it's winning direction. Without him, all is lost. Indeed, the television industry as a whole is worse off. But their loss can be your gain! *The West Wing* only needs one thing to retain its title as the best / most difficult to understand political show on television - a new writer with absolutely no ambition of creating any sort of original content in his or her entire career, ever. They need someone who can put all hopes of being recognized as a unique and creative artist aside and settle for the oodles upon oodles of money involved in being a professional hack whose only actual contribution to the show involves plugging a few variables into Sorkin's award-winning formula. Think you have what it takes? Follow these steps and find out!

■ Turn to the left and start running

Unless this is a very special episode, you should probably assume that the various *West Wing* characters are going about business as normal. Now, the Bartlett administration has something of a tendency to lean to the left, in the sense that the Stalin administration had something of a tendency to kill its own citizens. Let's face it - an administration with Martin Sheen as its leader is going to put the "liberal" in "Jesus Christ Almighty, these people are liberal." So when you're starting your Emmy-winning *West Wing* script, be sure to ask yourself, "what would a bunch of liberals in the West Wing be doing right now?" Then have the characters engaging in those activities. **E.g.:**

The cast is all dressed up after a night of saving kittens and protecting the rainforest by strapping themselves to trees.

Scene: the hall outside the main offices
Leo McGarry: "Sam, I'm going to need you to get on top of the Mid-East situation today." *(He places a folder on SAM's desk, then picks up a puppy and kisses it on the top of its head.)*
Sam Seaborn: *(Takes a drag from his joint)* "Alright."
C.J. Cregg: *(Hugging a tree which is in the middle of the hall for some reason)* "Leo, I'll need to speak with the President."

Sam: "What you need to do is hit this shit." *(Passes the joint to C.J.)*
Leo: "The President can't be disturbed this morning. He's finishing up his Grateful Dead mix tape."

■ Repetition, repetition, repetition. Repetition.

You might be wondering, "Gee, I don't know anything about politics. Do I really have what it takes to write for *The West Wing*?" The answer is shut up. You don't need to know politics to write for *The West Wing*. You need to sound like you know politics. And that is accomplished by stringing together a meaningless bunch of buzzwords and having them repeated by two or more characters. The audience will assume that this is an important issue that they just don't have the mental capacity to comprehend. The more it is repeated, the more people will be impressed by just how important and completely incomprehensible it is. If you have the phrase of the week repeated while walking down a hallway, it will seem so important and so overwhelmingly complex that people will write to their congressmen to congratulate them for being so supremely intelligent that they can deal with such crucial issues on a daily basis. Note that at no point do you actually have to explain what your mystery phrase actually means. If you ever get into a situation where you can't go any further without actually saying what the hell it is that you're talking about, have an extra appear and say that someone is waiting. **E.g.:**

The cast is all dressed up after a night of saving kittens and protecting the rainforest by strapping themselves to trees.

Scene: A hallway
Toby Zeigler:*(Walking down the hallway at a brisk pace alongside JOSH LYMAN)* I just got the latest Philbert Report on Liberia.
Josh Lyman: "The Philbert Report on Liberia? What does it say?"
(SAM enters from a conference room and joins up with TOBY and JOSH)
Sam: "I like whores."
Josh: "Toby just got the latest Philbert Report on Liberia."
Sam: "The what?"
Toby: "The Philbert Report on Liberia."
Sam: "The what report on where?"
Toby: "The Philbert Report on Liberia."
Sam: "The Philbert Report on Liberia? What does it say?"
(A WHITE HOUSE STAFF MEMBER approaches TOBY.)
White House Staff Member: "Toby, the senator is waiting in your office."
Toby: "We'll talk later." *(He turns and walks in the opposite direction.)*

You see? Didn't that sound important, yet plausible? Just who is this Philbert? Why is he doing the reporting? When was the last Philbert Report? What does he have to say about Liberia? Does he have anything to say about any other countries? How long can Josh and Sam live without knowing? If the answer is "at least to the end of the episode," then you're home free!

Part of the charm of *The West Wing* is the way that it mixes wit with serious political drama. No one expects you to be witty on a weekly basis. If you can't manage to come up with anything funny to say, just have one character deliver a quick line that the other characters can repeat throughout the episode until it eventually becomes funny. This will work best if the line includes a phrase that everybody knows, yet no one would ever actually use in day-to-day speech. **E.g.:**

Scene: Josh Lyman's office
Josh: "Donna, hold all my calls for the next hour... are you alright?"
Donna Moss: *(Looking up from the massive hatchet wound in her stomach)* "I'm fine."
Josh: "You sure?"
Donna: "Yeah! I'm sound as a pound."
Josh: "You're sound as a pound?"
Donna: "If I was any sounder, a pound wouldn't look very sound at all in comparison."
(Sam sticks his head into Josh's office for no conceivable reason.)
Sam: "What's going on?"
Josh: "Donna's sound as a pound."
Sam: *(To DONNA)* "Are you, in fact, sound as a pound?"
Donna: "I am."
Sam: "You are?"
Donna: "Sound as a pound."
Sam: "Well that's good, isn't it?"
Donna: "It is. The pound is very sound. Or at least, I'd have to imagine that it was when the saying first or - or - originated..." *(She passes out from blood loss.)*
Sam: *(To JOSH)* "Have you heard anything about the latest Philbert Report on Liberia?"

The look of love

The characters on *The West Wing* are real people, and real people, I'm told, have emotions. As the show's writer, you will need to write in scenes that display some of these emotions. Fortunately, the most common emotion is "patriotically stoic," so you get off easy, there. However, each of the main characters should have at least one episode per season where they get to completely spazz out, thus winning an Emmy. For instance, Aaron Sorkin had President Bartlett curse God in Latin. That sort of thing is tough to do, but remember, it's just one episode per season. The rest of the time, you can fill your emotion quota entirely though sexual tension. This may sound complicated, but remember, it's just sexual tension. You don't have to worry about romance, relationship, dates, marriages, or even any actual sex. All you need to do is write in pregnant pauses where any two random characters stare into each other's eyes in a longing and/or meaningful fashion. Any two will do. **E.g.:**

Feel the longing! Experience the meaning!

Scene: C.J. Cregg's office. C.J. enters, pulling DANNY CONCANNON in behind her.
C.J.: "Alright, start talking. What have you heard?"
Danny: "C.J., I don't know anything more than what you tell me. That's the way it works."
C.J.: "Danny-"
Danny: "C.J.-"
C.J.: "Danny-"
Danny: "C.J.-"
(C.J. and DANNY stare into each other's eyes longingly. LEO enters.)
Leo: "Am I interrupting something?"
C.J.: "I was just asking Danny what he's heard about the Philbert Report on Liberia."
Leo: "So, Danny, what have you heard?"
Danny: "Only what I've been told."
Leo: "Danny-"

Danny: "Leo-"
Leo: "Danny-"
Danny: "Leo-"
(LEO and DANNY stare into each other's eyes meaningfully. JOSH enters.)
Josh: "Donna's fine."
Leo: "Is she now?"
Josh: "She is. She's sound as a pound."
Danny: "Well that's good, isn't it?"
C.J.: "You don't talk to him. You talk to me."
Josh: "It is good, actually. The pound is very sound. Or at least, it was when the saying originated."
C.J.: "Josh-"
Josh: "C.J.?"
(C.J. and Josh stare into each other's eyes longingly and meaningfully in a ratio of 3:1.)
Leo: "I'm going to go get drunk. I'm a recovering alcoholic, you know."
Josh: "Leo-"
Leo: "Josh-"
C.J.: "Leo-"
Leo: "C.J.-"
Danny: "Leo-"
Leo: "Danny-"
C.J.: "Danny-"
Danny: "C.J.-"
(Everyone stares into each other's eyes either longingly or meaningfully, decided by coin toss. A WHITE HOUSE STAFF MEMBER ENTERS.)
White House Staff Member: "Uh, Mr. Lyman? Donna bled to death."

Special interests for special people

If you're going to stretch you episode out to a full hour without actually discussing any serious political issues, you'll need to pad it out. The best way to accomplish this is by introducing some whiny special interest group. Anything will do. Black Rabbis of America, the Gay Policeman Union, Women United Against the Black Rabbis of America, anything will do. Don't bother explaining how some minor group with four members and a pet squirrel mascot could manage to get a meeting with one of the President's top aides, or with the President himself. That doesn't matter. What does matter is that every special interest group in the world is thoroughly convinced that their cause is the only important issue affecting mankind. It doesn't matter if the rest of the episode is dedicated to terrorists who managed to sneak a massive nuclear weapon into Washington, your special interest group has to be convinced that their problems come first. In addition, you can complicate matters, thus buying yourself some extra wiggle room, if the special interest group also has a firm belief that runs contrary to what that sort of group would be expected to believe. For instance, if you introduce a Jewish Rights group, perhaps they refuse to back the administration with their millions of media dollars unless the U.S. pulls out of the Middle East altogether because they think Arabs are super keen. Furthermore, the representative of your chosen group should fall into one of two categories. Either he or she should be attractive, and thus should be a love interest for whichever staff member he or she meets with, or he or she should have some sort of massive personal defect. **E.g.:**

Look how seriously they're lit. That means they're passionate about government.

Scene:Toby Zeigler's office. TOBY enters to find RENALDO GONZALES, a Hispanic midget with no legs, scales on his head, and a raging case of oral herpes.
Toby: "I was expecting senator Swoondocket."
Renaldo: "I told that aide to tell you I was the senator because I knew you wouldn't come otherwise."
Toby: "What makes you say that?"
Renaldo: "The word on the Hill is that Toby Zeigler doesn't make time for Buddhists."
Toby: "Are you a Buddhist?"
Renaldo: "Can't you tell by looking at me?"
Toby: "No."
Renaldo: "Hello? I've disavowed all material possessions, here! Hello? Look at me, I've gained inner peace."
Toby: "And mouth herpes."
Renaldo: "And mouth herpes, yes."
Toby: "So what can I do for you?"
Renaldo: "They say you've seen the latest Philbert Report on Liberia."
Toby: "Who told you that?"
Renaldo: "That's not important. What is important is the action that you plan on taking. You should know that you won't have the support of Hispanic Midget Buddhists for Jesus."
Toby: "Why not?"
Renaldo: "Because we know that you're planning to withdraw troops, and none of those troops are Hispanic Buddhist midgets."
Toby: "I'm fairly sure that there are no Hispanic Buddhist midgets in the United States military."
Renaldo: "Stop trying to Jew me, Jew. Enlist some, send them to Liberia, then bring them home, or none of those boys will leave. You and I both know that you can't afford to fly them all back here without HIMBUJ funding."
Toby: "You're an a-hole."
Renaldo: "Hello? I have mouth herpes!"
(They stare longingly into each other's eyes.)

A blast from the past

The show may be about the senior members of the President's staff, but eventually you will have to bring in the President himself. There is no more daunting task an aspiring writer can face than having to write dialogue for the President of the United States of America. Jed Bartlett is a respected statesman, truly worthy of his post. You have to give him lines befitting the dignity, honor, and ultimate responsibility of his position. The best way to do this is by having him deliver some sort of speech about our founding fathers that doesn't relate to the topic of the episode in any way whatsoever, yet somehow puts everything in perspective. The Bartlett family has been in America since 1502 and every member of the family has been close personal friends with a President. Because of this, or possibly because he himself is a President, Bartlett knows absolutely everything any statesman has ever done in the history of the nation. You don't need to go digging through the Library of Congress for some obscure fact about John Adams, just make something up. Try to make it something minor, yet meaningful. Remember, the founding

Come on, you know you'd vote for him, even if he is a dirty hippie.

fathers were completely perfect human beings with superhuman powers, and everything they did had deep symbolic meaning. You don't need to make up some war that George Washington managed to avert by giving a demonstration of his laser beam eyes. Keep it simple, but make it special. **E.g.:**

> *Scene: The Oval Office. LEO, C.J., JOSH, SAM, and TOBY enter. PRESIDENT BARTLETT rises from his desk.*
> **Leo:** "Good evening, Mr. President."
> **Bartlett:** "Good evening, everyone. I just finished my mix tape. I expect you all to listen to it and give me your honest opinion."
> **Toby:** "It will have to wait, Mr. President. We've been up to our necks in the latest Philbert Report on Liberia all day. You have to make a decision."
> **Leo:** "Toby-"
> **Toby:** "Leo-"
> *(TOBY and LEO stare into each other's eyes meaningfully.)*
> **Sam:** "You can't ask for a better match than me and prostitutes."
> **C.J.:** "Mr. President, I think Danny Concannon knows something he's not telling us. I believe we have to ask him to step down as senior White House correspondent."
> **Josh:** "Donna is dead and my carpet has a big stain on it. She wasn't quite as sound as she let on. Certainly nowhere near as sound as a pound."
> **Bartlett:** "You know, Thomas Jefferson played the violin. Whenever things got too hectic, he would take a break, go off to a field, and just play until he found the patience and the wisdom to make the right decision to run the fledgling nation hesitantly referred to as America. Then one day a man arrived from France, an emissary of Napoleon Bonaparte himself. He carried with him a letter authorizing the sale of the Louisiana Territory for an outrageous sum. Jefferson knew that land would be an incredible boon to his country, but the price was too much to pay. It would deplete far too much of the treasury, and the floundering experiment called America would never be able to recover. So Jefferson asked Napoleon's emissary to accompany him out to the field. They sat down in the soft grass, and without saying a word, Jefferson began to play." *(He opens a cabinet and removes an old violin.)* "And on his violin - this violin - he played the entire collective works of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. When he had finished, the Frenchman was so moved by the beauty of the music that he had died of starvation, so Jefferson took out a pen, and changed the number on the letter to something a lot more manageable, then sent a letter of agreement to Napoleon."
> *(There is a moment of silence and possibly staring.)*
> **Leo:** "Good night, Mr. President."
> *(LEO turns and walks out of the office, followed by the rest of the staff. BARTLETT simply nods, with a thin smile on his face.)*
>
> *Fade to black*

And that's it! Your award-winning episode of *The West Wing* is complete. You see, all you have to do is follow this easy formula, and all of the riches and prestige of working for one of the most respected shows on television can be yours. People will admire and fear your superior intellect and mastery of the our country's political landscape, and who know? Maybe people will start giving *you* longing and meaningful looks. Well, probably not both, but almost definitely one or the other.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

8.10 American Legends: George S. Patton

Sunday, Aug 10, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The legend poses for a promotional picture to be distributed to single women in the WACs.

Many of America's greatest heroes were forged in the crucible of battle. From the heroes of the American Revolution like George Washington to the great president Abraham Lincoln who personally fought in the battles of the Civil War, our leaders show their true self when at the front lines. One frequently misunderstood hero is the great World War II General George S. Patton, considered by many to be the best military leader America has ever produced. But what do we really know about Patton now?

I would like to answer that question by making George S. Patton Jr. the subject of this installment of American Legends. Together we will explore what Patton was like growing up in California, his service during the First World War, and the specifics of his legendary storm across France and Germany during World War II.

The Early Years

George S. Patton Jr. was born in California in 1885, the son of a Civil War Veteran who fought for the Confederacy. Patton's father and mother home schooled Patton and his sister by reading to them profusely but discipline was harsh in the Patton household. Patton's father was originally a beekeeper by trade but had discovered citrus fruit shortly after the end of the civil war and had single handedly brought the citrus industry to California. Patton spent many hours tending the beehives or working in the orange groves and he grew to hate both bees and oranges with equal measure. One oft-quoted remark in his memoirs states that "El Diablo gave this earth the sting of bees and the burn of citrus to test man and no man has been more thoroughly tested than myself."

Patton snuck away from his parent's home and enrolled at a military academy around the turn of the century. While he was large for a boy his age he was unable to mask his feminine voice nor his effete mannerisms and was discharged for lack of dignity. The next two years of Patton's life were devoted to becoming a man so that he might carry on the Patton family's proud tradition of military excellence. He adventured across most of the United States and faced danger and evil wherever he could just to laugh in its face. Many of Patton's exploits during this period are lost to the pages of history, but several survived in his memoirs.

A young Patton failed to impress recruiters his first time around.

- **Patton Eats a Bear** - One of the first challenges Patton faced was a black bear that had been terrorizing farm animals near his home town. Taking the old expression "fight fire with fire" quite literally, Patton went into the woods and did not return until he had found the bear and bit it to death. After he had torn the life from the bear he ate it raw and then fashioned a ring from one of its eyes that he wore the rest of his life.

- **Patton Jumps Off a Mountain** - Patton knew that the only way to achieve the stamina and constitution he felt he lacked was to perform great feats of physical endurance. Soon after recovering from the injuries sustained in killing the bear, Patton

scaled a mountain. From the top he is said to have seen all of America with his incredible vision and, not much caring for the state of things at the time, leapt a thousand feet straight down into a canyon. Even though he landed on nothing but jagged rocks Patton suffered nothing worse than a few bruises and a fractured rib.

- **Patton Defeats the Cherokee Indians** - In 1895 the Western tribes of the Cherokee Indians were forced to consolidate onto a reservation granted them by the federal government. Having read stories of the many battles of Cherokee braves, Patton traveled to the reservation and attacked the seven combined tribes with nothing but a pocket knife tied to a tree branch. In the first few days he managed to kill most of the women and children on the reservation and for over a month he whittled away the surviving men by executing expert guerilla raids on their encampments. In the end he is said to have faced the Chief and his remaining guards completely unarmed, although little remains to prove this because Patton himself admits to having eaten all of them including their skeletons.

These and other adventures served to toughen Patton and by 1903 he successfully enrolled in West Point. Patton struggled with general academia, particularly mathematics and foreign studies, but he excelled at military theory and athletics. In fact Patton's favorite class was Fine Arts, where he created a thirty foot high statue of what he called "The Iron Man" from bronze. The sculpture mystified his fellow students for decades but by 1940 it was realized just how prophetic Patton's work had been as Nazi War Droids stormed across Poland and France. Patton graduated West Point after five years and immediately entered service with the US Cavalry in Illinois.

Young Patton Goes to War

Patton was already a hero before he even went off to fight the Hun.

Patton was a widely respected cavalry officer and he took great pride in his expertise with a cavalry saber. He eventually designed a new and far superior saber made from mithral mined from the Dwarven caverns below George Washington's tomb on Mount Wyvern. Patton forged the sabers with his bare hands, crushing and bending the metal of the blades like it was taffy and quenching each in the blood of a great warrior. Patton went on to even greater peace time notoriety when he entered himself in a number of events at the military Olympics held in Sweden in 1912. Patton placed second in the breaststroke, decapitated a French fencing master to take the gold metal, and competed in pistol shooting so well that he actually struck his own bullets mid-flight and caused them to explode into brilliant flares of light. Patton even raced a steam shovel in digging a train tunnel through the Andes to prove that man was stronger and better than any device he could build.

Patton's peacetime exploits were brought to an end by the outbreak of war in Europe in 1927. German necromancer Bismarck had raised an army of the undead to fight against the French and British and Patton was quick to volunteer for an unofficial expeditionary force to fight the Hun's skeletal legions. Patton distinguished himself in a number of battles but it wasn't until 1929, when Bismarck's dread sorcery caused the American stock market to crash, that Patton truly unleashed the warrior beast inside himself.

Patton saw things that are difficult to believe. Entire armies of Frenchmen choking and vomiting up blood in poison gas attacks. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. C-beams glittering in the dark near the Tannhauser gate All those moments are lost in time, like tears in rain, but Patton's service record survives him. He received numerous awards and single-handedly defeated a regiment strength attack of the 104th Light Zombie Ogres being led by the notorious German

warlord Baron Skullblood. After that battle Patton's chest was not only pinned with the Extremely Awesome Service Medal but also the ears of Skullblood which Patton tore from the sorcerer's head.

Patton returned to the United States following the war as a hero and received a number of visits from various Hollywood starlets. He eventually settled on one of these beautiful women, a young actress named Shirley Temple whose hair reminded him of "all of the blood [his hands] had seen in that wonderful war". They were married in 1933 and in the following year she gave birth to three sons and two daughters, all of whom were named George S. Patton with a roman numeral depending on the order they were born in.

Not everything was well in Patton's life. The brutal fighting in the First World War had left him a changed man, with a strange self-loathing for his bloodlust and an almost soul-deep hatred of the German people. He was often known to retire to his study at the top of his basalt tower next to the White House and pen lengthy treatises on why the Germans should be exterminated. He organized rallies at which he promised to see "every last Hun in his grave". Many ignored these rallies as the madness wrought by the horrors of war and saw Patton as a powerful but ultimately harmless old kook. One man in the audience at these rallies instead saw inspiration in Patton's vitriolic speeches, and in 1936 Adolph Hitler boarded the trans-Atlantic hovercraft back to Germany and began to plan his conquest.

Patton's Glory Days

Hitler took Patton's theories of exterminating the Germans and replaced the word "Germans" with "Jews, Gypsies, Homosexuals, Communists, etc." to great effect. The war ravaged and poverty stricken Germans loved the idea of hating and exterminating an all new people. Even though their powerful Warlock leader Bismarck had been imprisoned inside a gem for 1000 years by General Pershing the Germans had faith that their technology could lead them to victory where the dark art of necromancy had failed. Hitler created a new organization called the Robot SS and his sidekick Heinrich Himmler, with the help of mad scientist Albert Speer, created an ever larger army of massive War Droids.

Patton caught here just before launching into another anti-French speech accusing them of being "Commie loving baby rapers".

Patton knew Hitler had to be stopped and as the hostility brewing in Europe boiled into open war Patton swore revenge on Hitler for killing non-Germans. He returned to West Point where he climbed into the secret chest panel on his statue and ascended a ladder to the control chamber located in the head. The Iron Warrior was no mere statue, it was an engine of war more powerful than any mankind had ever devised. With German ornithopters terrorizing the sea lanes Patton simply walked across the Atlantic ocean along the bottom. The journey took him many months and he encountered dozens of strange creatures. The most notable of these encounters was with the oracle of Atlantis; a spectral creature that helped Patton unlock the powers of his mind and harness his incredible psychic potential.

Meanwhile, in Europe, Hitler's War Droids had subjugated all of France, Poland, and some other Scandinavian countries that people care a lot less about. His mechanical storm troops marched on into Russia where they cut a swath of destruction through the unprepared hordes of Soviet barbarians. The fighting was brutal and millions of Russians perished but when Patton finally emerged from the Atlantic in 1944 he began his campaign to liberate the world from the tyranny of evil. There are so many amazing and epic struggles won by Patton during the war that it would be impossible to list them all here.

Some of the most epic and amazing include:

- Patton defeated the Nazi Lightning Cannon mounted on the top of the Eiffel Tower. Patton scaled the tower in his Iron Warrior and no matter how much electricity the Nazis discharged into him he absorbed it and reflected it back at them with his psychic shield.
- During the fall of 1944 Patton fought off the advances of Helga the Succubus, a beautiful and beguiling temptress who had lured many brave warriors to their doom. Moments before engaging in intercourse with her Patton came to his senses and kicked off her head with a karate attack he learned from the Cherokee braves that he ate.

Patton restrained himself while standing next to General Ivanov to take a publicity photo before butchering the Soviet general with a pair of garden sheers he had secreted in his jacket.

- Just before the Nazi counterattack in winter of 1944, Patton raised eyebrows in the press by referring to the French as "commie faggos" and stating "when I'm done with the Hun and Uncle Joe I'm going to knock your blocks off". Patton was threatened by FDR to tone it down or General Pershing would be forced to imprison him in a gem like he had with Bismarck. Patton's legendary reply was "Nuts to you too Sit and Spin, go home to mama".
- Over a period of weeks Patton and the 101st Airborne held Bastogne despite brutal counterattacks by the Nazi War Droids. Low on Ruthenium crystals the Nazi offensive broke on Bastogne and with clear skies American and British bombers nearly wiped out exposed German droid factories.
- When Patton learned that he would not be allowed to capture Berlin he is rumored to have eaten his entire staff of adjutants and security personnel in a murderous rampage of mutilation and cannibalism. He was found weeks later washed ashore in Sicily, his fingers still caked with dried blood.

Only days after the war had ended and Hitler had been cast into the volcano by General Zhukov, Patton was grievously injured in an automobile accident. He joked that the car had walked away the loser but medical personnel just shook their heads sadly realizing he was delirious because cars can't walk. Patton died 12 days later and was interred inside the Iron Warrior next to his men that had fallen fighting in France. His sudden and tragic end was a shock to a nation that immediately went into mourning.

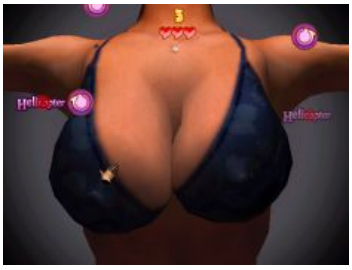
The Legacy

Patton's sudden death was perhaps a benefit to Germans who would have surely been exterminated entirely by the vengeful General. Soon after Shirley Temple committed suicide by stinging herself with an asp's venom and her sadness was mirrored by thousands across the world. To this day Patton's influence can be felt at West Point where his doctrines of random adventuring and artifact robot construction are still taught in classrooms. Even in the recent war on Iraq robotic airplanes dropped

bombs onto unsuspecting Iraqi magicians and assassins, all thanks to the genius of George S. Patton.

Breast Boxing

Hey folks, Taylor "Fibrosis" Bell with an ass-kicking review of a non-ass-kicking game called Frontal Assault! That means if you don't feel like getting your ass kicked you could try playing the game, but if your ass is hungry for a good kickin' then check out the review!.



> *Please do not take the descriptions's advice and read the help inside the game. Attempting to read the help file by right-clicking at the title screen is one of many things that will make this game crash. Fortunately trying to read the help won't make the game COMPLETELY crash, it will simply pop up with an error message complaining about "DDHelp", at which point you can alt-tab out and back in to make the error message go away. Some other actions that make the game crash include clicking on things, hitting keys on the keyboard, and existing. Sometimes the game itself will fail to crash, but five seconds after closing it everything will lock up and force you to reboot. Now maybe I deserve some of this because I've been too lazy to upgrade from Windows ME, known worldwide as Windows 98's retarded cousin, but my XP-using friend had all of the same problems so XP can't be all that hot. Maybe I should install Linux instead, as that would make me inherently superior to all other life forms and make my cock grow to the size of a small fire truck.*

For more information on slapping, shoving and otherwise committing violence against breasts, be sure to utilize this information-packed online resource.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 Nickelodeon Kids Show Stars: Where Are They Now?

Tuesday, Aug 12, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Howdy cats, I am pleased to announce that very shortly will begin yet another Photoshop tournament with Worth1000. Unlike the last tournament, which saw a sole SA champ taking on and defeating a sole Worth1000 champ, this one is a team battle. And more exciting, five sites in total are competing, but I have no idea who they are (except Fark, lol). While I'm deliciously ignorant and arrogant towards the competition, I am all knowing of one single important fact: we can't lose. Fifteen raging pixel stallions from the SA Forums are going to be representing us in this joyous tournament. They are, in alphabetical order:

- Boxes
- CrazedGranny
- CupBoy
- DaShoe
- Darthphunk
- Dorquemada
- GoatRearEnd
- Mooglemayhem
- NoneMoreNegative
- RipVTide
- SenatorASSFACE
- SirRobin
- Spacemoutain
- Synreal
- Turkish

All of these gentlemen were handpicked based on past contributions or won their spot via a wild-card tournament (the results will be part of Photoshop Phriday). The last tournament champion, Stuntcock, was unable to participate, which is unfortunate since he proved to be what the kids call "mad good."

Something Awful looks like an obvious shoe-in for winner, and we expect everybody to either forfeit before the tournament gets underway, or face a brutal defeat befitting of only the French. The team we have is absolutely fantastic, and more than capable of besting anybody. To make sure of this, I have arranged for all their family members to be taken into "holding" as collateral. Don't worry, as soon as victory is secured they will all be given a memory-erasing drug and released back into the wild.

The rules of this tournament are fairly simple: the first team to win three rounds wins the tournament. Each round will consist of five players per team submitting images based on whatever theme us site captain-types come up with and agree on. Those images will then be voted on, and whichever team has the highest average score wins the round. There are some other details, but I'll let you read those here, on the other side of this magical hyperlink.

Nickelodeon Kids Show Stars: Where Are They Now?

I often forget this in my bitter old age of 21, but the television of my youth wasn't a raging, fiery drunkard spitting mouthfuls of staticky venom and retarded nonsense at me. In fact, it was once a gentle beast, one that you could cradle in your arms and spend hours playing with in joyful abandon.

Television had a great smile back then, with radioactive eyes that would pierce into your corneas, jackhammering information straight into the fabric of your brain. When I was a wee midget-like lad, my favorite channel was Nickelodeon, a cable network aimed at children and stupid people. I haven't watched Nickelodeon in the last decade or so, and from what I understand it's now nothing but preteen lesbian detective shows and bootleg Mexican snuff tapes tied together with stylish Gen X video editing techniques, which are the visual equivalent of being beaten in the face with a strobe light by a homeless transvestite named Birdie. I got to thinking about the golden days, when kids shows were safe for children and not secretly geared towards dirty old men and riddled with senseless commercial indoctrination. Whatever happened to the stars of my favorite shows back then? Where is David the Gnome or Maya the Bee? The mystery of their fates, and the fates of other childhood legends, inspired me to do some research. For those of you who don't know, "research" is the SA codeword for "bullshitting." But don't let that stop you from taking everything I write as empirical truth.

■ *David the Gnome*

In a most unfortunate twist of events, David the Gnome turned out to be quite the pervert. After receiving an anonymous tip, authorities raided his home, a hallowed out tree, and found an extensive library of pornographic images on his computer, which appeared to feature young gnome children wearing little more than their pointy hats. Further exploration of the tree revealed video equipment, digital storage media, and hidden rooms and compartments. Upon interrogation, David admitted to being part of a massive gnome porn ring, which used domesticated foxes as couriers. Gnomes involved in the organization would ride on foxes, rendezvousing at strange times and places to exchange the latest pictures and videos. There is no telling how many gnome children were victims, but it's safe to say too many.

David's wife Lisa denied any knowledge of her husband's wrongdoing and continues to defend his innocence. When asked to comment, a female neighbor gnome who wished to remain anonymous described David as "a peaceful man who was friendly to all nature." She added, "This sort of thing just doesn't happen. I can't believe it happened."

■ The Cast of *Pinwheel*

Pinwheel is one of the stranger things I remember. I spend a lot of time pretending I don't remember *Pinwheel*, but I do remember *Pinwheel*. I remember it all too well. As amazing as it sounds, I'm about the only one on the planet who remembers this show, but that's okay since it just helps fuel my elitism even further. *Pinwheel* had a very diverse cast, which included a black guy who traps sounds in boxes, hobo bug puppets, a mime, and another puppet that collected weeds and lived in a basement. There were also additional puppets and minorities in the cast, not to mention other oddities likely derived from excessive drug usage. I hate to say it, but it seems like hard times hits everybody sooner or later, and the *Pinwheel* gang is no exception to the rule.

The RIAA had serious issues with Jake, the African-American man who trapped sounds in boxes. It seems he was pirating a great deal of copyrighted material from recording artists with those boxes of his, and so he ended up with substantial fines that will haunt him until the day he dies, at which

point they will begin haunting his living relatives. The hobo bugs met an untimely end when they overdosed on insecticide. There is only so much poison the body can take, and they took a little more. Ebenezer T. Squint, the green-skinned scrooge, got busted for growing copious amounts of marijuana in his basement dwelling. While he claimed it was for medicinal purposes, the sheer volume of his stash led to a stay in jail. The mime lady just turned out to be a deaf mute that was frantically trying to get help in finding her missing child. The other stars remain in obscurity like so many unwrapped Christmas presents.

■ Marc Summers of *Double Dare*

Double Dare was an early form of gross-out reality TV based around kids challenging each other to do disgusting things, like roll around in green slime and collect fruit juice in head-mounted measuring cups. This disgusting fluid-focused insanity would go on to influence future shock comedians like Tom Green, the "stars" of *Jackass*, and even Japanese filmmaker Takashi Miike. *Double Dare* was hosted by Marc Summers, an alien from the planet Ralzak IV. When political strife erupted on Ralzak IV, Marc Summers and thousands of other Ralzakian agents were recalled home by the Ralzak IV Supreme Council to fight in the Great Ralzak IV Independence War of Time Cycle 47211. Marc Summers received the prestigious Supreme Council Award for Courageous Action for his, well, courageous action on behalf of the Ralzak IV Supreme Council. I'm just kidding, Marc Summers is all washed up.

■ *Maya the Bee*

Maya didn't live long, sadly. She died in a vicious boiling water attack that claimed her entire hive. The buzzing finally ceased as the last of her tiny frame gave way to the blistering heat of the water. Her death was agonizing and unholy. Quite befitting of a lowly pest.

■ Mr. Wizard

Mr. Wizard was arrested for practicing wizardry, a crime worthy of certain damnation in most parts. Before submitting to authorities, he summoned several golems, erected a terrifying wall of fire, and caused the sky to rain kidney stones. Once the chaos was brought under control, he was tried according to his crimes against God and then set ablaze. His body did not melt, though; instead it dissolved into soot and poisoned all the witnesses with cancer.

■ The Cast of *You Can't Do That on Television*

There were roughly 500 kids who appeared in this show, and for the sake of brevity I'll just say that they're all very much deceased. Even Alanis Morissette, who started here, is now incredibly dead. One interesting fact is that Barth sold his hamburger restaurant and made an unsuccessful bid for mayor of a small Minnesota town. He was unsuccessful because he was a Canadian citizen and had no business trying to run an American town.

Well that was certainly depressing, but then so is everything I do. The truth about all those shows you grew up with is that they are best left in the past, because you were much more gullible then.

I'd have to do a lot of crystal meth before I could ever find myself sitting through an entire episode of *David the Gnome*. I suppose I just stumbled upon the perfect excuse to take up drugs since that whole "my life is a terrible sham" explanation is so cliché these days.

Midget Vampires! No Shit!

Like any red-blooded human being, when I heard there was a movie about midget vampires, I knew I had to see it. I mean, that sounds freaking hysterical! Then I did see it. I saw it multiple times. It is not only not hysterical, it actually caused me a great deal of mental and physical anguish. It goes by the name of "Ankle Biters."

> *When dealing with movies as bad as the ones I force myself to watch for Something Awful, I constantly have to wonder if the cast and crew actually think they're working on the next low budget indie smash hit or if they're all completely aware that their movie sucks. If you're doing a movie about midget vampires, I'd assume that you have to know it's going to be a piece of crap. I have no doubt that director/writer/star Adam Minarovich knew fully well when he set out that his movie was destined for terrible, terrible things. I mean, I find it hard to believe that anyone would ever say, "You know what would make a great film that would turn the horror world right on its ear? Midget vampires!" Thus, it would be fair for you to expect that "Ankle Biters" would have its tongue inserted firmly into its smaller, but proportionally sized cheek throughout its entirety. However, it is my sad duty to inform you that this movie would take your expectations out back and shoot them. Sure, there are brief spurts throughout the movie where the characters joke around a bit, but those spurts are separated by twenty minutes of gagless excrement so bad that I don't think I could live with myself without reviewing it. I don't care if the fact that this movie is the worst kind of garbage is nothing new to Minarovich and his cronies. I hate this movie and I have to tell the world about it before it drives me insane.*

Do you see? I don't want to unleash this upon you. I *have* to. So read my review now, save yourself the sleepless nights later. You know the allure of midget vampires is too strong to pass by. It was for me...

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.12 Welcome to MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility!

Tuesday, Aug 12, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

We're one of the few amusement parks to let our customers test the rides before we're done building them.

Thank you very much ladies and gentlemen for coming out today for the 13th annual grand opening of MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility, a joint business association venture brought to you by the folks at Globo Trans ChildrenCo and MegaFunCorp Inc. International! We're proud to bring you the same world-renown quality, customer satisfaction, and enjoyment that our award-winning products such as "Little Tyke's Liquid Beehive" and "My First Jihad" have provided to you, the customer, for the past 200 decades! Each year has provided tremendous new growth potential and critically acclaimed features at the MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility located here in scenic Muerto Bay, Texas, and this year looks even better! Strap yourself in for a wild ride because we've got so many exciting things lined up this year for the MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility that the government will probably try to legally prohibit us from letting you enjoy them! No, we're serious, they're drafting lawsuits as you read this. Please lobby your Congressman and ask them to change or completely outlaw civil lawsuits so we can continue to provide you, the customer, with the level of quality that you've grown to love. We're not kidding, start writing now. Stop reading and start writing this very instant, we're dead serious.

WHAT'S NEW?

2003 will undoubtedly be one of the most fun and exciting years here at the MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility, as we've got a ton of new rides and features to unveil for the anticipating public! Unfortunately, a couple of our previous projects were recently canceled either due to budget cutbacks or because of ex-employee Jack Burtrell, a government mole who pretended to be a lowly deep fried cheese apple vendor outside of the majestic "Whispering and Moaning Tree Playland." Thanks to Jack's backstabbing deception, the US government forced us to close down the following rides and features:

- **"Journey Into the Center of the Pavement"** *(safety regulations, additionally the cost of rebuilding the concrete road between each ride was expensive)*
- **"The Incredible Poorly Built and Collapsing IMAX"** *(collapsed)*
- **"Try to Touch Me Here: The Ride You'll Never Forget"** *(safety regulations, opposition from anti-pedophile activists who acted all high and mighty even when we showed them pornographic digitally altered images of their own children)*
- **"Hypodermia"** *(nearby experimental science laboratory changed the locks on their doors, thereby prohibiting us from breaking in and taking all the needles from their one room full of monkeys and people in airtight suits)*

We would like to sincerely apologize to all the people who enjoyed these wonderful additions to our

theme park. We'd also like to express our deepest sympathies to Ed and Margaret Henderson who were so excited about "The Incredible Poorly Built and Collapsing IMAX" that they decided to remain inside the theater and refuse to move even after we offered them the chance to see their kids alive and receive a check for $1,000,000 if they agreed to stay locked inside and chained to a radiator until we failed to warn them of the impending collapse. Our hearts go out to you Ed and Margaret Henderson, and we promise to send your surviving relatives a $15 savings bond and coupon to The Sizzler as a generous compensation, unless of course we don't feel like it, and we currently don't.

FUN FACT: *MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility has never once succeeded in causing the entire planet to explode!*

"BoulderCoaster" is a fan favorite. Note that the word "fan" is singular.

While things may seem all gloom and doom, we here in the corporate headquarters couldn't be happier! This is mostly due to the outrageous amount of pure, uncut heroin which we received as a sizable donation from our stockholders in Columbia, but it might also have something to do with the incredible lineup of super fun we have planned this year! As Heinrich "The German" Streuss recently quipped in an executive meeting, "there's so much goddamn fun here that I think my brain just fucking busted open and exploded all over my pregnant wife!" While Heinrich's sentiment thrilled the marketing people and almost created an advertising campaign based around his quote, we unfortunately had to scratch that idea, as MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility does not like to insinuate that only a man and his wife should visit our amusement park. We'd love to bring in as many filthy prostitutes, diseased homosexual lovers, and illegal immigrants hiding out from their bail officer as possible! Don't just bring your wife; bring your wife and her lover too! Invite his illegitimate kids and break the news to them on the "Rocky Relationship Roller Coaster" beside the lovely "Highway to the Child Endangerment Zone!" MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility wants to provide a fun and exciting experience that everybody can enjoy, and if we can also make a few bucks by disposing of hazardous medical waste by filtering it through our drinking water pipes, then that's just even better! Now get ready for good times, as we're ready to unveil our three newest rides for the 2003 year!

■ **"Well, You've Done It Now!"** - Everybody knows the 1980s were the pinnacle of cultural achievement, outranking all of mankind's accomplishments from the Industrial Revolution to Ancient Greece, even before all its citizens turned rampantly homosexual and therefore caused the good Lord Jesus Christ to burn down their entire city in a gay orgy of fire, philosophy, and advanced mathematical geometry which had numerous 90-degree angles. One of the most memorable events in the 80s was definitely the trend where children began falling down wells nonstop for half the decade. You literally couldn't walk 10 feet without hearing a news report about some dumbass kid plummeting down a well, and children literally couldn't walk 10 feet without plummeting down a well. The government, unable to solve this bewildering well crisis, decided to enact a law making it illegal for any child under the age of 25 to walk anywhere at any time. This legislation soon put an end to The Decade of Well-Wishing, and the 80s came to an abrupt end. However, there are now generations of kids who aren't able to experience the feelgood joy of falling down a well in the middle of Bumfuck, Alabama, and these kids are growing up to become crack dealers, crack junkies, and Gamespy employees.

"Well, You've Done It Now!" will provide an educational experience, allowing children of all ages to fall down a series of wells out back behind the place where the guy at the funnel cake stand dumps all the pulsating yellow substance at the end of the day. Once your child has fallen or been thrown down a well of your choice, MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility employees dressed up as emergency workers will swarm over the well and pretend to start brainstorming ways to remove your child from the damp deathtrap. Soon a team of fake reporters will come by and stage a mock news coverage, interviewing you and asking such hard-hitting questions as "did your child fall down the well?" and "there is a child at the bottom of the well. Is he yours?" After a few days, we'll eventually grow bored of this little staged tragedy and we'll probably go home. I don't know what you're supposed to do at that point, maybe call up ex-President Reagan and try to squeeze some information out of him, who knows. Good luck with that.

The Vin Diesel animatronic robot provides another thrilling performance! Can you tell he's a robot? Neither can his own parents!

- **"Boiler Room: The Ride"** - Who can forget the smash 2000 Giovanni Ribisi / Vin Diesel hit movie "Boiler Room," a tense and fast-paced tale about some unscrupulous young men selling bogus stock? This movie, a "Wall Street" for the Generation X crowd, was a powerful and gripping saga of human greed, lust, and power, and represents the sole movie where Vin Diesel drove a car valued over $50,000 yet failed to crash it into another car, causing a slow-motion fiery explosion shown from at least six different camera angles. "Boiler Room: The Ride" will sweep excited patrons, who will be called "investors," through a crowded office full of 20-year old professionals frantically calling people on the phone and forcing them to purchase stock for companies that don't really exist. After a lengthy series of twists and turns through the office, the coaster will shuttle off into Seth Davis's home-turned-casino, giving customers a glimpse of the entrepreneurial spirit he left behind in order to work for JT Marlin. From there we'll travel to Seth's parents' home, just in time to see his dad get a phone call from his friend informing him that JT Marlin is a chop shop fueled by scams and being investigated by the FBI. Celebrity Ron Rifkin impersonator Jim "Fireshoes" Blasco provides a stunning performance as Judge Marty Davis, registering shock and disappointment upon learning of his son's illegal occupation. The ride will conclude with a trip through the parking lot as FBI and government authorities raid the offices, carting away expensive automobiles and criminal mastermind Michael Brantley. Look for a special appearance by Ben Affleck as "the guy nobody really gives a shit about, yet nobody will shut the fuck up and stop talking about him."
- **"Pointer Paradise"** - It's no secret that C++ is the language preferred by many professionals and coding firms across the world. So what's a better way to introduce kids to this powerful and dynamic language than by taking them on a beautiful tour through "Pointer Paradise?" Many industry experts answer this question by shrieking, "nothing! Nothing could be better than this! Absolutely nothing! This idea is infinitely better than

any idea which could ever potentially exist in any dimension! Oh god, please, just tell me if my wife is alive!" As one of the more complex concepts of this language, pointers have turned off many potential computer engineering students, often driving them to suicide or, even worse, degrees in communication. "Pointer Paradise," based off a design that Bjarne Stroustrup doodled on a bar napkin below a drawing of a naked woman giving birth to what appears to be a large fax machine, whisks kids off to the magical world of C++ variables. Step right on in and watch variables point to other variables while making hilarious quips such as:

> **POINTER #1:** "Woah, I went to put some variables in that other room, and I smelled something really terrible! What the heck was that?"
> **POINTER #2:** "I'm sorry, I couldn't hold it any longer and took a storage leak in there!"
> **POINTER #1:** "Well for God's sake, at least zip up your dangling reference!"

Now that's class! Who knew dynamic allocating storage could be so fun?

FUN FACT: *MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility's CEO Jack "Eight Fingers" Scarsdale has built an elaborate series of underground tunnels below every major city in America! We won't tell you why; you'll invariably find out later!*

In addition to these three new rides for the 2003 year, we are also in the process of renovating and improving some of the other most popular rides here at the MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility. The following entertainment modules throughout the park will experience construction throughout the year:

"Carfire: The Ride" has proven to be a hit among teenagers aged zero and under.

- **"Southern Barrel O' Poison Snakes and Roofing Nails"** *(closed from 10-03 through 12-03)* - Additional poison snakes and roofing nails will be added to the barrel. Also, the folks in the engineering department are trying to figure out some way to hire ghosts of dead Civil War soldiers to maintain and operate the ride, but the Ghosts of Dead Civil War Soldiers Union #726 is being very uncooperative. Also, we can't figure out how to make their hands move the levers without passing right through them. We suspect it's a problem with the levers.

- **"Sweat Mountain"** *(closed from 11-03 through 12-03)* - Ever since employee Greg Butcher was fired for sneaking into the employee locker room and ejaculating into employee shoes, we have been critically low on sweat to fill Sweat Mountain's storage tanks. At a recent brainstorming session, an employee suggested we simply put "really salty water" into the storage tanks. This is obviously a very stupid idea since that would turn "Sweat Mountain" into "Really Salty Water Mountain," and therefore we'd probably get sued by rival theme park "Oh Dear God No, Please For the Love of Christ No"-Land, who currently owns and operates "Really Salty Water Mountain" right next to their world-famous petting zoo and minefield, "The Bay of Pigs."

- **"Crazy Stabbin' Negro's Cotton Field Funland"** *(closed 11-03 through 05-04)* - Due to complaints from various ethnic political activist groups representing some kind

of crazy minorities, our CEO has decided to temporarily close this feature while we redesign and modify it to become more racially sensitive. "Crazy Stabbin' Negro" and his patented "Stabbin' Knife" will be replaced by "Crazy Knittin' Negro" and his newly designed "Knittin' Knife," which is the Stabbin' Knife only with a slightly different hue of paint on the handle. Since this set was created in the early 1950s, many of the animatronics are old and need to have various parts replaced. I'm sure everybody here is familiar with the quirk where Crazy Stabbin' Negro appears to fall down after raping Marybelle LuAnne. We're going to switch servo motors in his lower half and hire a team of engineers to make the rape scene more realistic by upgrading Marybelle's head so she is able to convey realistic facial expressions such as "utter horror" and "the urge to take her own life." Also, the cotton field has been deemed "too offensive" by management, so this attraction will now take place on the moon and will be called "Crazy Knittin' Negro's Lunar Funland," not "Space Rape" as Vice Director of Operations Dana Feldman previously claimed.

- **"Burger Plains"** *(closed 12-03 through 01-04)* - After a recent outbreak of Mad Cow Disease, the FDA has forced us to close Burger Plains until we can figure out a way to keep the meat patties from attracting swarms of spitting beetles inside of them. Our engineers will additionally try to fix the "Soda Falls" problem where the Mountain Dew waterfall accidentally gets mixed up with the bathroom sewage line, not that anybody in the past was able to tell the difference.

- **"CancerCoaster"** *(closed 12-03 through 07-04)* - Ride will be closed until we can determine why 98% of all patrons who ride it immediately get cancer, as opposed to the 99% we were aiming for.

All in all, this looks to be one of the most exciting and dynamic years here at the MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility, and we're happy to have customers or possibly employees like you responsible for its success! We look forward to providing you with the most fun-filled and promising years since 1993 when the "Twirl N' Spit" was upgraded to the "Twirl N' Spit N' Mysteriously Become Inseminated When the Lights Go Out." Thank you for your interest in the MegaFunCorp Inc. Globo Trans Adventurevillesland© Theme Park and Chemical Weapons Storage Facility, where our motto is, "Expect Expensive Fun At Your Expense!"

Postage will be paid by addressee

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here. Stop expecting me to go away. I'm not leaving.

Have you ever visited FARK? If not, you should. The site has loads of interesting links to bizarre news stories, weekly links to Homestar Runner, and pictures of nekkid people here and there. I visit FARK at least 15 times a day, and enjoy it greatly. What you have to be careful of is the comments that go along with each story, but let's not get into that today. We have more pressing issues. Like, what if Something Awful turned into FARK and we had the same Photoshop skills?

We start off with this picture:

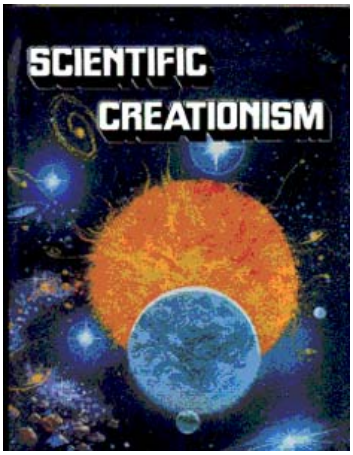
And end up with something like this:

Click here you angry Farkers!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.13 Scientific Creationists Must Be Destroyed

Thursday, Aug 14, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



LOL is an Internet acronym for "laughing out loud".

I hate creationists. Let me get that right out in the open because I really want to be honest and forthright here. I never hold religious beliefs against people as long as they generally keep their beliefs to themselves and don't try to ram them down my throat. Creationists are a wholly different breed. They not only want to ram their fantastic beliefs down my throat and your throat, they constantly strive to shove them down the gullet of every kid attending public schools. Think about the number of times creationists have managed to convince some gullible school board in Missouri or Texas to actually teach their made up mythological horseshit as if it were fact. Then to attack evolution, not to mention human history and biology, they attempt to invalidate scientific methods by rattling out the same old list of idiocy about carbon dating being incorrect and cavemen jousting from the backs of pterodactyls five hundred years ago.

I could devote this rant to refuting creationism's moronic claims, but frankly that is always an exercise in futility. Anyone stupid enough to believe that the world is 6,000 years old couldn't be convinced that their blood is red if you cut out their heart and shoved it into their eye socket. But their aggressive stupidity cannot go unassailed, so I am going to blow the lid off some of the claims that the creationists DON'T want you to know about. These are the equivalent of the crap about the volcano and Xenu that the Scientologists will hide from you until you dump about a million dollars and twenty years into their pyramid scam. Creationists instead wait for your children to finish their high school classes on "creation science" that have been forced upon them and then the creationists pounce, letting your kids in on the amazing secrets of creationism.

Because about three fourths of what is written in the Bible has been totally discredited by science creationists have embraced two tactics. Their outward tactic is to attempt to discredit science by citing dubious "facts" and pieces of scripture. To maintain a large number of believers they have also secretly developed "creationist science" which borrows heavily from both the Bible and science yet manages to be ten times more ridiculous than the stupidest folklore about a fish giving birth to the world from the clouds.

Secret Number One: Jesus was a Single Celled Organism

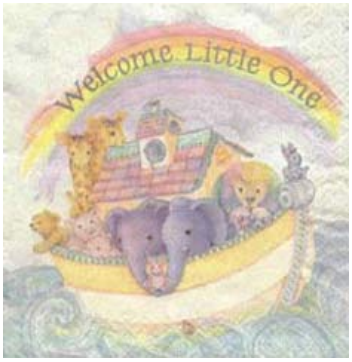
The father, the son, and the holy blob.

Creationists believe in the concept of "intelligent design" which, in a nutshell, is that nothing as complex as say the human eye could have developed naturally so there must be some intelligence (read: God) guiding the design of all life. This is a common creationist argument, but what they don't tell you about are the specifics of intelligent design. They believe that God sent Jesus down to earth before the world was populated. Jesus was a single celled organism that was a sort of experiment used by God to test the proof-of-concept of various life he wanted to create. God would beam psychic instructions to Jesus' nucleus and then Jesus would morph into all of the various organisms that would soon and suddenly populate the world. Think of it sort of like God is the little kid from "A Boy and

His Blob" and Jesus is the blob, and all of the holy psychic messages are various jellybeans that God was feeding to Jesus. Then, after God had picked out the animals he wanted, he fed Jesus the jellybean that turned him into the hole and he appeared in heaven next to God.

After that, things get a little muddy, which is cool since God is like the ultimate argument trump card. If you try to refute anything related to God by, say, arguing that he couldn't have populated the earth in a day, they can just trump you by saying "God can do anything because he is all powerful". Then when you point out that God hasn't done a lot of shit he probably should have they'll just stare off into space and say "it's all part of God's plan". That's when you hit them in the base of the skull with the sap and drag their body into the basement.

Secret Number Two: Noah's Arc was Magical



The most realistic depiction of an impossible vessel ever to fit on a napkin.

Saying Noah's Arc was magical is a "no shit" sort of proposition if you're going to buy into the party line about two of every animal being stowed on board. Since the creationists believe that all life was created at once and no life has evolved naturally that means that there were over 30 million pairs of animals on board Noah's ship. Noah's family and over 60 million animals spent a hell of a long time on board that ship while the entire world was covered with rain water. While on the Arc they had to feed all of these animals something other than each other, which means there was an absolutely staggering volume of food of various types on board the ship. Unless! That's right; Noah's Arc had magical chambers that put the animals in suspended animation for the duration of the voyage.

By the way Noah's Arc was five hundred miles long and made out of HOPE AND PRAYERS! Silly motherfuckers.

Secret Number Three: God Lives in a Space Ship Disguised as the Sun

Dinosaurs depicted here assuming their battle form.

The majority of creationists believe that the earth is the center of existence. While they do acknowledge, at long last, that the earth might actually revolve around the sun, they refuse to throw away their ego and take an objective look at the world around them. This means that in their cosmology God IS the sun. Or to be more exact God's space ship is disguised as the sun. I know what you're thinking, but the Bible was always pretty vague about God and heaven and just because you got the impression it was some magical other dimension doesn't mean that's the case. In fact it's a lot more bad ass of God to exist in the same physical realm as us, and almost incomprehensibly bad ass for him to have a giant spaceship that's even bigger than our planet. That just shows what kind of high roller God is. He has dice hanging from his space mirror bigger than the moon and all of the people who went to heaven/sun space ship in the past can fit into one tiny room on deck 15.

Secret Number Four: Homosexuals Are Actually Dinosaurs

Man's hatred of dinosaurs dates back almost 6,000 years to when the world was first created according to creation scientists. Man had one look at a tyrannosaurus rex, threw a spear that left no

evidence in the fossil record, and thousands of years of war erupted. You might ask yourself "self, if man and dinosaurs existed at the same time then why aren't there any examples of man and dinosaur together or even near each other in the fossil record?" Allow me to answer that question with the secret truth the creationists aren't telling you. Dinosaurs had a "true form" and a "battle form" they could assume when they needed to. Their true form closely resembled that of man, but by using their ancient (probably Satanic) magic they were able to take on the shape of a variety of dinosaurs. Over time the dinosaurs forgot how to assume their battle form and could only use their true form. Mankind still hated them, but the all male dinosaurs discovered they could pass for human and even interbreed with humans, allowing them to infiltrate our society like unholy Terminators. Today dinosaurs can be identified by homosexual behavior. They are reverting to their roots and seeking out other dinosaurs to mate with AND WE CANNOT ALLOW THIS TO HAPPEN.

■ Secret Number Five: Catastrophic Events in the Fossil Record Were Caused by Angels

OH HO HO THE ANGELS ARE BOWLING AGAIN!

You might have been able to guess this last one even if you weren't clued in about creationism. Not surprisingly they believe that God and his menagerie of cosmic hand puppets are directly responsible for everything from El Nino to a giant meteor wiping out the dinosaurs "6,000" years ago. This way they make it seem like God is playing an active role in the goings on around town, despite the fact that most natural catastrophes have fairly straightforward scientific explanations. So the next time you feel a little gust of cold wind blowing up your skirt just remember that's the Watcher Angel Gethel trying to get some up-skirt shots on its ephemeral digicam.

Creationists are the bane of logic, doubly so because they cloak their superstitious nonsense in supposed logic by referring to it as "scientific creationism". Worse still they are persuasive, particularly in areas of this country where Christian extremists have control over the educational system. Oh, wow all of human and animal history condensed into six thousand years! Yeah, thanks retards, I remember your shtick back when it was about Zeus and lightning. Get thee to a nunnery and don't come back.

■ Phriday Spotlight on Sports

Hello, Livestock here. I trust you all survived the terrifying events of 8-15 (never forget). I want to apologize for that. I was just trying to get rid of weekend updaters Ben and Reid at the same time, so I hatched this crazy plan to turn on all my appliances at once and overload the power plant causing a massive domino blackout that would consume the two of them. It worked beautifully, until Ben showed up on the Internet unscathed by the murderous hordes I expected to arise from out of the powerless masses. Anyway, this nonsense has nothing to do with the fact that Photoshop Phriday has become infested with bugs playing sports. Yes, bugs playing sports. The Something Awful Forum Goons did a bang-up job as always. Just look at these bugs playing sports!

I would highly suggest you do not pass this edition of Photoshop Phriday up. Unless of course you have no electricity, in which case you can't see what I'm typing now and have no idea how much I want you to read this.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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8.14 Well Cat My Dogs, Jim!

Thursday, Aug 14, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Sure he looks cute, but he's impossible to live with. Like me, only he's cute.

It is 5:00 AM and you are listening to a dog barking. Well, I am, at least. You see, I like animals. I think animals are great because they're just like little people who are covered with fur and walk around on all fours while biting objects and trying to share their precious gift of rancid urine with any and all objects they encounter. So I guess they're like Gary Coleman with slightly more hair and elevated future employment prospects. My love of animals, combined with the bottomless void in my heart which I futilely attempt to fill by purchasing living creatures and electronic devices made by foreign people who eat such living creatures in a foreign country, recently caused me to purchase a Golden Retriever puppy to complement my existing collection of "two cats and billions of microscopic mites which live on my face and eat off my flesh while I sleep." Since I had never personally owned or taken responsibility for a puppy in my life, I figured it couldn't possibly be that difficult. If you ever needed an excuse to question my remarkable stupidity, and let me assure you that I provide enough opportunities for you to do so on an hourly basis, this whole dog fiasco should permanently concrete my entry into the Idiot Hall of Fame, which I'd be too stupid to find in order to give my acceptance speech.

DISCLAIMER: Today's update, as you can probably guess, is about pets and animals. Certain readers seem to have a real difficult time dealing with these types of updates, often sending me emails which refer to me as "a fag" or the infinitely more creative alternative, "a really, really big fag." I would like to take this opportunity and explain that my love of animals does not make me homosexual; my unquenchable desire to place penises in my mouth makes me a homosexual. Thanks for allowing me to clear this up.

Jake, seen here thinking about food or where he can get food or how much he enjoys food or how he could possibly bark in order to receive food.

There are two great things about puppies that I'd like to share with you. First of all, static photographic images of puppies are wonderful. Secondly, not actually owning a puppy is fantastic as well. Those two highlights sum up nearly everything positive about adopting a small, young dog who will eventually grow up into a big, old dog. Canines have a very unique life span, much like those flying spy camera robot drones that the military is constantly throwing into the air above Iraq and hoping they don't accidentally blow up a wedding reception full of orphans with leukemia. When a puppy is young, he has unlimited energy and is zipping all over the place, annoying people and generally making a nuisance of himself, just like the US military spy drones. However, when the dog grows older, it immediately runs out of fuel and comes crashing to the ground, often making a mess and serving no functional purpose except as an overgrown paperweight. You know, just like the US military spy drones. There is no middle ground in a dog's life; these pets are either spastic as all hell or they're lifeless and elderly, possibly dead. Additionally, dog owners will always wish their pet was living in the opposite stage of their life; they'll wish for a mature dog when they have a puppy, and they'll wish for a puppy once the dog reaches maturity. I'm sure this phenomenon ties into something remarkably scientific like Maslow's hierarchy of Whatever or that pyramid which features a cartoon image of bread on top and drawings of red meat on the bottom next to yogurt, but I'm too goddamn sleep deprived to research anything more complex than my last bowel movement. Also, now that I

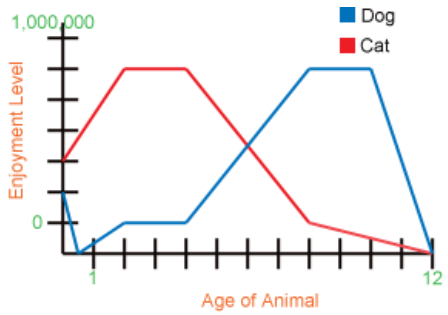
look back on it, my analogy to the US military spy drone was pretty incoherent and unnecessary at best, so let me apologize for that as well.

Jake, my seven-week old Golden Retriever puppy, has been corrupted by the dark lord Lucifer himself so he can wear me down and weaken my spirit to the point where I will finally give in to my urge to drop my pants and make out with the Dale Earnhardt Pepsi machine inside the Piggly Wiggly down the street. I can count the hours of sleep I've gotten each day on one hand, often by using only three fingers. Jake's current fulltime schedule of 'being a puppy" is as follows:

> **1:00 AM - 2:00 AM -** Sleep.
> **2:01 AM - 2:48 AM -** Begin relentlessly barking at imaginary creatures who exist in some otherworldly dimension and pose an incredible threat to his livelihood.
> **2:49 AM - 3:02 AM -** Sleep.
> **3:03 AM - 4:45 AM -** Alternate between sleeping and chewing on the inside of the kennel, because it's a well-known fact that compressed plastic tastes just absolutely wonderful.
> **4:45 AM - 5:00 AM -** Begin emitting barking sounds so loud that cracks begin to develop in the house's foundation. If this plan fails, then make this "AAARRRROOOO" noise which emulates the screeching of an elderly man being crushed to death inside a trash compactor filled with broken glass and exploding piranhas.
> **5:01 AM - 5:45 AM -** Act all happy because that stupid fucking idiot owner Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka is walking him around the block and allowing him the opportunity to eat rocks, tree branches, and scent atoms which recently passed out of nearby dogs' asses.
> **5:46 AM - 1:30 PM -** Eat mulch, pee on the carpet, bark at enemy sound waves, run into solid objects, stare intensely at things which are hundreds of miles away and probably stopped existing in the 1700s, and randomly fall over to sleep for 19 seconds.
> **1:31 PM - 5:59 PM -** Think about how much he really wants to eat food.
> **6:00 PM - 6:00:03 PM -** Ingest an entire bowl of dog food in the time it takes to blink an eye. He shouldn't bother chewing anything, as that just slows him down, and puppy scientists have conclusively proven that food vanishes if you fail to eat it within an allocated five-second timespan.
> **6:01 PM - 8:59 PM -** Think about how much he really wants to eat food (continued from before).
> **9:00 PM - 9:45 PM -** Act happy once again because famed village idiot Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka has decided to strap on his leash and parade him around the neighborhood in an invariably failure-ridden attempt to wear him out and decrease his amount of energy by at least 1/10000th of one percent. Make sure to sniff any object that has come into contact with any type of living creature along the way.
> **9:46 PM - 11:30 PM -** Run around the house and collide with walls that suddenly came out of nowhere and decided to block his progress.
> **11:31 PM - 12:59 AM -** Fake sleeping. When that glutton for punishment Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka invariably comes by to put him in his cage, proceed to launch himself at Mach-3 speeds in the direction of Iowa.

As I may or may not have written earlier in this update (I can't remember and my eyes are blurring to the point that all text here resembles the aftermath of a squid inside a blender), I've only gotten three hours of sleep each day for the past week now. This lack of rest has caused a radical shift in my personality, making me cranky, irritable, and prone to curse loudly at the slightest provocation. This is different than I normally act because usually I don't only curse loudly at the slightest provocation, but I additionally try to punch things as well, preferably doors and pregnant women.

The only thing keeping me from murdering myself at this point (besides the lack of enough energy to load a handgun of my choice) is the knowledge that one day in the distant future this dog will pay off and become a productive member of animal society. I know his enjoyment level will begin to rise in the next few years, so I'll just have to wait it out. One of the major differences between dogs and cats is this aforementioned progress timeline, as shown in this handy graph I recently produced while viewing hallucinogenic images of SARS-ridden bacteria floating around my desk:



This line graph clearly demonstrates the glaring disparity between dogs and cats. First of all, the "dog" line is blue while the "cat" line is red. If you'll kindly recall, the GI Joe's laser guns were blue while Cobra's laser guns were red, and you really can't get any more diametrically opposed than that. Wait, maybe it was the other way around. I don't remember, and my there are enough neurons misfiring in my brain at the moment to make me actually not loathe the episodes where Serpentor tried to pollinate the entire Earth with those alien spores which turned ugly people into progressively more ugly people with scales and noticeable speech impediments. Anyway, my scientific studies and Photoshop drawings clearly indicate that while cats start out strong, they eventually lose a lot of their Beckett Blue Book value and turn into what most industry experts dub "hairy furniture." On the other hand, dogs start out as obnoxious little bastards who routinely expel a large portion of their nine brain cells during excrement, but eventually blossom into full-figured women with child-birthing hips and Southern drawls. No wait, that's girls who live in Alabama. Puppies turn into dogs, and these dogs are a lot more friendly and outgoing than cats of a similar age, especially after you've sprayed them with a garden hose. Pet owning is all about tradeoffs and fair balancing, much like the player classes in TFC or the races in Warcraft, so if you're ever playing a computer game that revolves around owning and raising a pet, you should keep this in mind. You should also probably question why you purchased a pet-raising simulator in the first place.

Stupid checking out Jake from a safe distance. NOT SHOWN: J. Edgar Hoover's ghost.

One of the reasons Jake never sleeps during the day (or night) lies in the fact that there are many, many things for a puppy like him to do around my home. His favorite pastime is currently chewing on anything and everything which doesn't immediately spray urine in his face. Jake has chewed on table legs, carpets, rugs, steel poles, appendages of enemy children foolish enough to approach my house, grass, trees, rival dogs, doors, and automobile tires. Keep in mind that these were just the objects he's chewed on; the list of items he's actually eaten is probably much larger and more disgusting. Jake's current favorite delicacy is the mulch outside my patio, as it provides the valuable "Vitamin Dirt" which is necessary to keep him in prime puppy performance. He makes a beeline for the mulch pit the moment I let him outside, opening his tiny jaw and trying to shovel in as many filthy twigs as possible. After a brief buffet in the dirt trough, Jake moves along to greener pastures; that is, he starts consuming more grass than a forest fire. Eventually this grass performs its intended job and the hapless puppy begins to retch up

whatever revolting objects he consumed within the past six hours. If that wasn't utterly fantastic enough, and let me once again assure you it is, Jake often takes this opportunity to then consume his own vomit. No, I am not kidding here, this is like the single most endearing thing I have ever witnessed in the animal kingdom, and if I knew my pet would come with such wonderful features then I would've instead saved my money and invested in a few self-trepanning courses at the local community college.

Having no experience raising a puppy myself, I've been reading a lot of kennel training books which advocate teaching a dog how to shit outside by trapping him inside a box. One might claim this could be labeled "Learning Box" training, but I think that assertion falls flat unless you remember to make ghost sounds and throw disfigured heads of lettuce into the box. The essential theory behind kennel training revolves around the idea that dogs don't like to sleep in their own poop, which is true about almost every animal except Louie Anderson. If the puppy is placed in a medium-sized crate with no way to escape, then it will refuse to crap until it is let out. Once again, this is an excellent theory, but the trainers who came up with this forgot to consider one key canine feature: their ability to be really, really, really annoying. Jake barks and howls so loudly inside the kennel that I'm getting complaints from the people who will move into my house once I sell it a decade from now.

When I raised my two kittens, the most difficult thing I had to teach them was resisting the urge to murder me in my sleep. After I jumped that hurdle, it was pretty much downhill from there. However, training a puppy is remarkably different than the whole cat experience. Jake is a shitting, eating, non-sleeping machine that is hellbent on turning me into a living zombie unable to do anything except open doors for him and proceed to shout, "please, for the love of god, just take a dump and stop eating that car mat, you retarded dog." However, I remain convinced that my training efforts will pay off in the end and Jake will eventually become a fun, intelligent, well-behaved creature who permits me to sleep more than three hours a day. If he doesn't become this type of animal very shortly, then I'm going to give up with him and instead try training the billions of microscopic mites on my face to consume me.

◘ Roll that Beautiful Breast Idol Footage

Zack "Glass Elevator" Parsons here with an ALL NEW feature here at Something Awful called "The Horrors of Pornography". You see I've nearly run out of English language Hentai Games and that unfortunately means I need to start spacing the articles out a little more. Being the resident Something Awful slumlord I've gone to the only thing worse than Hentai games for a new review feature: horrible porn. This debut I bring you part one of a two parter on the movie entitled "Cosplay Beautiful Breast Idol -- Nao Oikawa".

Being a set designer for a porno movie must be pretty similar to being an interior deco-

> *rator at a coal mine. You've got nothing to work with and the people you're supposedly helping are probably hostile to your efforts. Not to mention your set design budget consists of the money you have set aside to feed your meth addiction and a few coins that fell out of the producer's pocket and into the love stained couch he was on when he got a blowjob earlier. That said the set designer for this movie has obviously put a lot of effort and some really impressive 3rd grade art skills into creating believable backdrops for creepy hardcore sex.*

Trust me folks, it's as bad as it sounds. Put on your favorite ski mask and cruise on over to the shady underbelly that is "Cosplay Beautiful Breast Idol -- Nao Oikawa".

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.15 The Terrorists Who Could

Saturday, Aug 16, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Following my article last week on writing for *The West Wing*, I have had the dubious pleasure of participating in a brief, but overwhelmingly stupid correspondence with one astute reader whom I will allow to remain nameless. This veritable wunderkind of political debate was upset because he felt that my article, which was intended as nothing more than a humorous breakdown of Aaron Sorkin's writing formula, was somehow an indication of the political stances of all of the writers here at Something Awful. I won't bore you with the exact details of our correspondence or the mind-boggling manner in which this young man managed to miss every ounce of sarcasm that I threw his way. Suffice it so say that he and I have not reached any sort of understanding. Well, that's not completely true. I understand his stance: he's an idiot. However, he seems to be struggling to grasp my points. In his latest email, a spectacle of grammar and punctuation, he was kind enough to take the time to say "i just hate you guys, quit being such pussies for our president. to fuck." He then went to elaborate about how he loves the site, but would like to see more from Jeff K. Now, far be it from me to call this gentleman a douchebag or to try to make any sort of educated guesses as to just how far his head is crammed up his ass. All I'm going to say is that I like Jeff K - he's an energetic guy with a lot to offer the team - but well, readers who think Jeff K is the funniest member of our staff tend to be to SA readers what juggalos are to music lovers. And anyone who can say that he hates us in one sentence, then say that he loves us in the next and still think that he's making a logical argument is not exactly the audience I typically have in mind when I sit down to write.

Note how I never mentioned this guy last week.

If you read this site regularly, or if you're just one of the legions of Greasnoholics who only read it on Sundays (i.e., my mom), you might understand what I mean when I say that I was more than a little surprised to be lumped in amongst "pussies for the president. to fuck." I thought I made my views on President Bush fairly clear a few weeks ago. What's more, I was even so bold as to think that I was speaking for the other writers when I did so. Perhaps that was my mistake. I should have clarified that when I portrayed the President playing with paper dolls attached to the ends of pencils, I was only presenting my own opinions, not the opinions of the other writers or the site as a whole. You see, as much as we are a team, when the time comes to write our own articles, each writer really just says and does whatever he wants to do, with the exception of Josh, who does whatever Satan wants him to do. You know, it never fails. Get political and people accuse me of trying to rip off The Onion. Don't get political enough, and suddenly I'm wrapped around the President's schlong. So let's clear things up. I do not support George W. Bush in any way, shape, or form. However, I do support his administration. There is no more daunting task than inheriting control over the most powerful nation in the history of mankind and keeping it running. The Bush Administration has faced some tough problems, and with the exception of the ones that the President himself has tried to handle, they've dealt with them rather well, and I commend them for it.

If it surprises any of you to hear me praising the current administration, then allow me to explain. Ever administration in my lifetime has had to deal with a very real threat of terrorism. None of them have ever had to deal with a terrorist attack as catastrophic as 9-11, though. The terrorists got past our defenses that time, which sucked, but I ask you, how many terrorists have gotten away with it since? Go on, name them. That's what I thought. Say what you will about Bush, how he doesn't have the mental capacity to understand the consequences of his actions, how he doesn't know the first thing about foreign relations, how he smells vaguely like paprika, but the men and women in his service are some of the best this country has ever had. Average Americans like you and

me can go about our day, basically forgetting about terrorism and all the little brown folk who hate us because the government keeps them out of our hair. We see the terrorist alert color chart and just shrug it off, secure once again in the notion that no one can touch America. But believe me, there are those who have tried. We may not hear about them in the news, but there are terrorist organizations trying their darndest to disrupt the American way of life every single day. Here's a look at just a few of these violent and relentless groups.

■ People for the Liberation of Iraq

Terrorism comes in many forms, including this woman's crotch.

When the Gulf War ended, there were many who felt that the senior Bush should have just finished what he started and bombed Saddam out of power right then and there. The most passionate of these people from all over the world united thanks to the unifying power of AOL chatrooms and formed People for the Liberation of Iraq, or PLI. Their one unwavering goal is and has always been to persuade the American government to storm right back into Iraq and oust Saddam before he and his barbaric sons gas anymore of their own citizens. The PLI has written letters, created petitions, and started website after website, although most of those became so inundated with banners and pop-up ads that most people who visited them thought they were lesbian fetish sites. When their peaceful efforts failed to motivate the government to deploy a full invasion to Iraq, the PLI turned to more forceful methods.

Oddly enough, The entire ranks of the PLI were arrested just last week in Drewfield, Maryland. All six of the organization's still-active members were pulled over in their van for a broken tail light. The officer on the scene noticed a funny smell emanating from the vehicle when he approached the driver's window to obtain the licence and registration. Upon inspection, the officer found that the back of the van was packed full of loose manure. While the group was not in possession of any sort of wiring, timing units, or detonators that could be used to create a potent explosive device, they did have a plastic bag full of Bic lighters and a half pack of matches from Denny's. Also, the fact that "BLOW UP THE WHITE HOUSE OR BUST" was spraypainted on the side of the van was fairly incriminating. When questioned, the members of PLI seemed to genuinely not know that there had been a war or that Saddam's regime had been destroyed. They credited long hours spent plotting in the basement of their leader's mom's house for the misinformation. Secretary of Homeland Security Tom Ridge personally slapped each member across the face with a copy of *Time* magazine, then they were released, as it was judged that they posed very little future threat.

■ Arabs Against *Becker*

When the U.S. launched its campaign against Saddam Hussein, there were no doubts that the occupying force that remained after the war would face residual resistance from Saddam loyalists and roving bands of anti-American death squads. The U.S. government was surprised, however, to find itself under attack from a pro-America group of recently freed Iraqis. Flown to the United States under the pretense that they "wanted to see the prosperous land of plenty that their desolate homeland might one day become with American assistance," the Iraqis wasted little time in marching on Capitol Hill with sharpened sticks, a couple boards with nails through them, and one box cutter. Only once the Iraqis were apprehended was it discovered that they were part of the reactionary movement known as Arabs Against *Becker*, or AAB.

"For years, all that we have been able to watch on television has been propaganda for Saddam and against the Great Satan - I mean, the United States. There, you see what it has done to me?" a

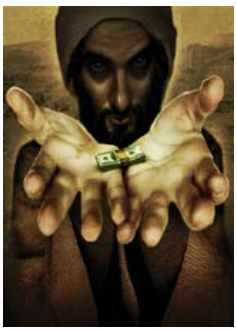
spokesman for the AAB said in a press release last Thursday. "We had held out hope that when Saddam's brutal regime fell, we might get some food, some medicine, and for the love of Allah, some decent primetime viewing. And what does the U.S. send us? Ted Danson as a crotchety doctor with a heart of gold and a blind black guy for a friend. Come on, America! Archie Bunker would kick the crap out of this guy, or so the local legends say."

"You guys were supposed to be the great corrupter of our Muslim society," the spokesman admonished further. "All we had heard for decades was that if America ever got its hands on us, our women would be running around in bikinis and children would be swearing at their parents inside of a week. Then you finally get here and we find out that you cancelled *Family Guy*! Sure, it's on Cartoon Network, but at the rate you're rebuilding our infrastructure, it will be years before we can get a premium cable package like that. What will it take to get you guys back on your smutty high horse? It's a hundred and twenty degrees in the shade and we're walking around in black robes, here! We're backwards! We're out of date! What do we have to do to get you to force your values upon us, make up some more month-long holidays? Jesus Christ!"

The worst thing about terrorism is the proliferation of crappy montages like this.

White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan told reporters that captured members of AAB were given a lengthy explanation of how the American television industry works, including how because he was on *Cheers*, Ted Danson will always have a TV series as long as he is alive, even though he is aging faster than a tuna casserole left out in the sun. The Iraqis were then told that the only hope for a Danson-free season in the near future would be if someone were to actually go to his house and kill him. It is unknown whether or not AAB was actually given Danson's address.

■ Fellowship for Acronym Removal or Transference


Holy crap, they're growing some sort of super race of giant terrorists! Look at the size of his hands compared to that money! He must be huge! We're screwed!

Crack FBI hostage negotiator Herman Lipschitz was commended by the President himself last Monday for his successful handling of the hijacking of Pan-Am flight 408 from Miami. The flight, which was destined for Des Moines, Iowa, took a sinister turn roughly an hour into the trip. Not literally, mind you. The plane actually stayed its course for the duration of the situation. Things just got kind of shitty onboard, is all. Literally. A lot of people had to go to the bathroom and the terrorists wouldn't let them. The terrorists in question were associated with the infamous group known as the Fellowship for Acronym Removal or Transference, a.k.a. FART. Armed with a set of lawn darts, the terrorists seized control of the aircraft and used the radio to demand to speak with the President.

As well as being one of the most active terrorist groups today, FART is also one of the most confusing. The group began in Libya, although the precise reasons why have never been determined. They sent a death threat to the White House, but signed it with only their acronym, which presumably stood for something else in their native tongue. They immediately became a laughingstock and have spent every waking hour ever since in the ceaseless effort to get their name changed to something else. FART now maintains that it will put a stop to all of its terrorist activity if it everyone will agree to eliminate all records of their current name, or at least to transfer their name to some

other group.

When Lipschitz assumed control of the radio on the ground, he had no prior experience dealing with the FARTers. When it was learned that the terrorists planned on crashing the plane, the situation took on a ominously familiar air. However, things took on a much more relaxed atmosphere when the FBI became aware that the plane was headed for Des Moines, since there was nothing there worth crashing into. Lipschitz spent over an hour negotiating with the FARTers before he finally asked them what they would do with their lives if they were allowed to change the name of their organization. They admitted that they would take up their original cause, which, ironically enough, was to gain a free trip to Des Moines, Iowa. The FBI was able to arrange a full refund for the terrorists' air fare, and the FARTers took their seats. Upon landing, the hijackers were immediately taken into custody and later shot.

■ American Freedom Front for American Freedom

Um... zuh?

Muslim extremists are used as the stereotypical face for terrorists, but terrorism comes in many forms. Perhaps the most disturbing of these is the threat of homefront terrorism. The Oklahoma City bombing, for instance, was all the more gruesome for the fact that the perpetrators were Americans. While the majority of the focus of the War on Terrorism is on hostile presences abroad, the department of Homeland Security is also watchful for attacks from within. That is why, when a car stopped on the Golden Gate Bridge and the passengers threatened to detonate their trunk full of explosives, the anti-terrorism unit that was dispatched was not terribly surprised to find that the car contained four white middle class teenagers.

The teens, who asked to be called the American Freedom Front for American Freedom, or AFFAF, claimed that they were rebelling against the "fascist bullshit"of the "one world government." When agents politely asked what the fuck they were talking about, the teens admitted that they didn't really know. They said that they listened to a lot of crappy quasi-political punk bands and felt compelled to rebel against something. They went on to explain how the people are being kept down by the "one world banking system" that existed to make sure only certain individuals ever gained more than a set amount of wealth, and that this fact made their lives in Encino unbearable. Taking their fight to the streets was, like, their only option, AFFAF went on to say. They culminated their passionate, yet moronic speech by screaming "Damn the man, save the empire," then cheering each other on. Their celebration of their own commitment was cut short abruptly when one of the members received a call on his cell phone from Teresa, who had been waiting outside the Hot Topic in the mall for twenty minutes and was about to go home. When the call ended, the young man informed his compatriots that he "totally blew it" and convinced them to give up. Agents promptly swarmed the car and took the four teens into custody.

When asked where they learned to create explosives, the teens replied that they found instructions on the internet. When the trunk of the car was opened, agents discovered that the teens had followed a fake recipe, and that the substance they had created was not explosive in the least. It was, however, a fairly impressive batch of crystal meth.

■ Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

When Saturday updater Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz didn't check in yesterday, he was assumed to be either kidnapped or dead. In either case, we immediately began looking for a replacement, as

Something Awful has a strict policy of not negotiating with kidnappers. And of course, a dead writer is a bad writer, and we don't keep bad writers around. Theoretically he could have come back from the dead and continued writing, but we also don't employ dirty, freeloading zombies. At least, not since Emily left. We were informed late last night that he was neither dead nor kidnapped, but in the hands of the authorities. They didn't give us the specific details of his capture, but they did say that he was found naked and riding a goat in the general direction of Washington with a piece of broken glass in his hand and a nasty bruise on his forehead.

Sure, he's got a drinking problem, but can you blame him?

Now, I know Frolixo, I like Frolixo, I've gone drinking with Frolixo. He's a good guy, but one hell of an uppity drunk. While I have no way of knowing if this is actually what happened, allow me to speculate: After a hard day of trying to reconcile his Polish last name with his almost overwhelming Irishness, Frolixo bottled himself some of his very own homemade moonshine, which is really the only way to get good moonshine. He stumbled around the ol' farmstead, drinking himself into a furor and ranting about how "the man" is keeping him down, as he tends to do when he drinks. I think this stems from the time when he was twelve years old when he sent a letter to the Republican National Headquarters saying that he would very much like to be the next President and was told that he was too young. So, now quite drunk, and for some reason nude, he took a vow that his own son would never suffer the same humiliation and persecution that he did. He took a sharp turn toward the door and ran straight into the doorframe, taking a bump on the forehead and dropping his empty bottle. He picked up a one of the larger shards of glass and headed out. He didn't get far before the few functioning brain cells he still had reminded him that he doesn't live anywhere close to Washington, so he hopped on his family's old goat, Millie, slapped her on the ass, and hoped that whichever way she hobbled would eventually get him to Pennsylvania Avenue.

Was Frolixo really that much of a danger to the government? Probably not, but if you ask me, it is very reassuring to know that he was captured and beaten so swiftly by our boys over at Homeland Security. Good work, fellas! Of course, the rest of us here at Something Awful wish Frolixo a swift recovery and would like to let him know that when he returns, he'll have his latest paycheck waiting for him, severely docked.

Those are just a few cases of the sort of terrorist threats that the current administration has to deal with on a daily basis. If not for the speedy reactions of the proper bureaus and departments, the American way of life could be forever altered by any one of these groups. I would like to use this opportunity to thank the government for their hard work and to remind them that Frolixo is also a card carrying member of the Communist party.

State Og: Behind Enemy Lines

Hi folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here once again. Normally I update on Saturdays, but I am here because I accomplished the impossible: I have infiltrated Sunday using my arsenal of sexy ninja moves (ninja moves are cool and all, but when I do them they're sexy). Now that I am here, I have planted a bomb in this update in the name of Frolixo. Should Something Awful drop below 55 miles per hour, the entire site will be blown to Hell. What do you do now, hotshot? What... do... you... *do*?

> *When we tested the cream out we found that creases in the skin smoothed out so fast they made tiny "boioioioioioing" sounds, and the miracle didn't stop there! In moments, brittle, gray hairs shifted into a luxurious, undulating mass of snakes. Youthful snakes!*

> *What's more, post-testing dissection found that all 17 ovaries were once again in perfect working order! It was a veritable ovum bonanza!*

If you somehow manage to avoid being blown to bits, then feel free to read this week's State Og. Even if you do get blown up, try to read it anyway.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

8.16 Who is Buying All This Crap?

Sunday, Aug 17, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

An example of a pure mood would be "absolute apathy".

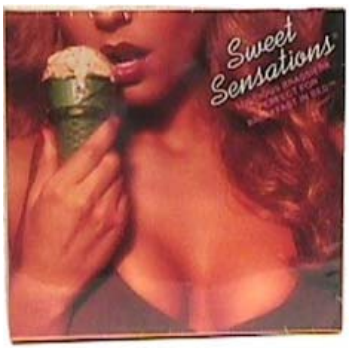
Cable television and the Internet are inundated with low rent advertising for a wide variety of products that I simply cannot imagine being purchased by a human being. This isn't about me not liking the products either, there are plenty of things I don't like but that doesn't mean I can't imagine someone else buying it. I loathe Pokemon and any other screechy poorly animated cartoon sales pitch imported from Japan, but I can still comprehend why a bunch of kids and a handful of lonely nerds might be interested. It is within the realm of human comprehension that some twenty five year old just has to have a life-sized Pikachu for his Pokemon themed Christmas Manger Scene. I don't like it, in fact I think it's sad, but I understand that not everyone is as completely awesome and right-thinking as me.

Let's go back almost ten year to one of my favorite hated and mysteriously popular items; the "Pure Moods" series of CDs. Advertised on television these albums represent a peerless achievement in the realm of vacuous music. They were a musical and mass-marketed equivalent to hose hideous "whale songs" and "forest sounds" CDs that head shops play if you make the mistake of not ordering a bong off the Internet. The first disc in the series came JAM PACKED with the sort of music I can't picture any living being including animals listening to for pleasure. Oh shit, what's this?! A soothingly boring version of the already awful X-Files theme music RIGHT NEXT TO Tubular Bells!!!! At last my dream has been realized! Most albums only have a single track that makes me want to hang myself but the suicidal hits just won't quit on this bad boy.

More recently it was a TV ad for the single least desirable compilation disc I have ever heard of that floored me. It's called "Instrumental Inspirations" and it consists of instrumental tracks so completely innocuous that they almost cease to exist of their own volition. Most notable to all of me was the inclusion of the theme music from "Peanuts". You know the music if you grew up with the stupid holiday specials. You can hear that piano merrily bopping along in your head and it probably recalls the same intense boredom that grasped me whenever I had so little to do as a kid I actually sat down and watched one of the specials. Who buys a fucking CD to hear that? I can't even conceptualize people like this.

> **Impossible Wife:** What's that music playing dear heart?
>
> **Impossible Husband:** Why that's the "Instrumental Inspirations" compilation I purchased with my credit card from the television!
>
> **Impossible Wife:** OH FUCK! IS THAT THE FUCKING PEANUTS THEME!? AWWWWWESOME! TURN THAT SHIT UP IT'S 'DA BOMB'!!
>
> **Impossible Husband:** Rockin' it old school Charlie Brown! BOOYA!
>
> **Impossible Wife:** FUCK YEAH, PUT THAT SHIT ON REPEAT AND LET THE BASS GO BUCK WILD!

These people cannot possibly exist. There has to be some sort of tax evasion scheme going on wherein Instrumental Inspirations is a subsidiary of Dow Corning and they are selling boxes containing chemical supplies to themselves as a tax shelter. There is no way someone is listening to the Peanuts theme right now and saying "Yes! I am so glad I finally have a CD of THAT!"



Yeah, here's a sweet sensation for you, try gargling molasses mixed with pubic hairs.

Returning back to my childhood I am reminded of something I had heard rumors of but had never seen until I walked into a seedy convenience store while on vacation in New Orleans. At the counter next to the antacid and gum was a prominent display of individually wrapped edible panties. In theory edible panties are a slightly weird but amusing erotic item to bring into the bedroom, but how many of you have actually seen edible panties? If you haven't, let me help you picture them; they are a fruit roll up. There is no difference. They are just a larger fruit roll up tied or somehow bonded at the sides to make holes for body parts to fit uncomfortably through. Once I realized this the mystique around edible panties quickly evaporated, but I continued to wonder who would be purchasing these in the first place. They've been around for two decades at least so there must be a return market of satisfied customers for edible panties.

I've handled enough fruit roll ups in my day to know that the idea of applying a giant one to my body is about as erotic as making pants out of ground beef. Eating a pair that's been jammed up the sweaty ass of anyone and has turned into a morass of artificial coloring and greasy fruit mush is not topping my list of taste sensations. The best I can manage for the kind of person buying this stuff is a serial rapist who looks like a shop teacher and wears a lot of gold plated medallions related to his birth sign (Sagittarius). He kidnaps sorority girls, chains them to a wall, and then subsists off eating their slimy edible panties every day.

Meanwhile, in the present, my biggest question is who the fuck are all of these people gambling on the Internet? I admit, I'm no high roller and the most gambling I've ever done is low stakes poker with friends, but I am completely baffled by the overwhelming popularity of Internet gambling. First of all, most of the advertising for online casinos consists of animated Flash ads that unleash a cacophony of bells and clinking coins whenever they load. Secondly, these ads appear almost exclusively on porn sites, warez sites, and peer to peer programs like Kazaa. It takes a moron to click on any banner or pop-up that's making noises and doubly so if you see that banner on a porn or warez site. Up to this point I still believe people exist who will do this. There are plenty of people dumb enough to move their mouse over and click on the shrieking and flashing "CLICK OK TO WIN JACKPOT" ad.

The Be-Dazzler: forcibly preserving chastity since 1982.

What I refuse to believe is that there are people stupid enough to spend real money gambling online. I realize that when you go into a Vegas casino you know you're probably going to walk away poorer, but to just feed your credit card number to play a game that may not even be a real game is too much to stomach. For all the players know they're pitted against a computer opponent that is programmed to automatically win nine tenths of the games it plays. There's no chance, no game going on, just the computer beating your hand nine times and then losing once. Hell, they could just alternate between two GIF files of cards face down and then the dealer hitting 21 and there's no way you'd be able to tell.

If you belong to this mysterious group of suckers gambling online you're probably saying "well if they cheated they would get shut down". Tell that to the file sharing networks that keep cropping up or the warez sites that disappear and reappear in the same half hour time span. Nothing can be truly shut down on the Internet without blowing up half the planet.

Before I forget, who in the name of all that is Holy bought the "Be-Dazzler"?! Those "As Seen on

TV" style ads have hocked a lot of vile shit onto the American public in the past but even the most abhorrent fever dream of Ron Popeil is nothing compared to the Be-Dazzler. The fucking product might as well have been called "The Clothes Ruiner" because that was all it accomplished. Got a perfectly good t-shirt? Run the Be-Dazzler over it a few times and you can cover it with thousands of faux-metal stars that make your bloated torso look like the underside of a patriotic turtle. Jean Jacket not white trash enough? Cover that bitch up good in multicolored plastic beads. Hey check this out, I spelled my fucking name out on the back with "gems" and now people think I'm rich! Yeah, I've got a whole bank vault full of stupidity because I won the fucking moron lottery. Thank you Be-Dazzler for saving my sex life!

WHOOPS!

Another of my favorites is a much more recent innovation. I'm referring to those "ultra sonic" insect repellant boxes that you plug into an outlet and it drives away pests. This one is pure genius on the part of the makers because it's completely impossible to tell whether or not it's working. They probably took plug-in air fresheners and glued them together with some speakers left over from the ten million potato radios they failed to sell. The electricity from your outlet just flows into a live wire inside it and the speaker sits mute, emitting the ultra awesome sonics of absolutely nothing. Meanwhile, you and your slack jawed gullible friends sit around on your porch talking about how the bugs are gone even though your entire back is covered with a seething mass of gorging mosquitoes. This one isn't as bad as any of the others I've posted though, because at least it sounds plausible and being covered by bugs is an actual nuisance.

What isn't plausible is the entirety of Jeff Foxworthy's career. If you're genetically related to a spouse or unable to spell the word "a" I'll give you a pass on this one, but as for the rest of you what happened there guys? How did shit go that wrong before you all realized what you'd fucking done? His entire career is based on a single unfunny joke, yet somehow you dumb bastards convinced yourself that it would be a good idea when dressing in the morning to put on that "You Might Be a Redneck If..." shirt. Here's a tip in case you have to make that decision again: it wasn't a good idea the first hundred times and it's not getting any gooder.

Seriously, who is responsible for this?

I remember reading about a kid who got kicked out of school for being racially inflammatory because he was wearing a Jeff Foxworthy shirt. Kudos to those school board Nazis. Far be it for the government to mandate good taste but it gets to a point where our culture is so dangerously stupid the government needs to address it as a public health risk because people are about to start trying to walk upwards. They should have had quarantine camps set up where people were shown video tapes of Foxworthy's routines and electrocuted whenever they laughed. At the very least some after school specials explaining why enjoying Jeff Foxworthy is imperiling not just yourself but all of the United States.

Hey, if any of you are big Sponge Bob Square Pants fans over the age of ten why don't you drop me a line so I can come to your house and shred your face with my fingernails. I admit I've chuckled at the show myself, but I've never bought any merchandise for the show and someone sure as hell is. I see his grotesque big eyes bulging excitedly out at me from notebooks, hats, shirts, bed clothes, dolls, kites, and rugs. I shit you not there are pieces of cookware with Sponge Bob leering at you. You want to know how to remove any amusement from a character and then salt the earth that amusement

grew on? Put it on a fucking toilet seat cover. Hi, Sponge Bob, how's it going there? Yeah, sorry about all that piss all over your face. Okay, I lied, I'm not.

You're thinking that the kids just really love Sponge Bob, and you'd be right, but they don't love him enough to justify a Sponge Bob toilet seat cover. That means some adult out there made the conscious interior decorating decision of "I think this bathroom would look better with a scary shrieking cartoon character theme". Sorry to break the news mystery shoppers, but I would rather spill a round of shots face down into the toilet of a burning crack house then have to wash my hands in a bathroom with Sponge Bob shower curtains.

If you think the words "American Flag" and either the word "sticker" or "magnet" go together well then explain to me why you aren't slowly decomposing in a drainage ditch right now. Seriously, I don't know who you guys are but I see you driving around all the time in your rusted out 80s Camaros that look like they are held together by adhesive patriotism. Guys it has to stop, sooner rather than later. Put a flag up at your house or stick one on your antenna if you absolutely have to carry a flag around with you. The only thing you're showing off by slathering the back end of your car in flag stickers is that you have poor willpower when waiting in line at the gas station. Reach for the gum next time because you can spit out the gum when it loses its flavor but those colors don't run on those flag stickers.

Almost enough to take care of the rear left quarter of your Camaro's patriotic sticker needs.

Similarly if you have ever bought clothing related to a current event you should immediately walk to the nearest door and slam your dick in it until it falls off. Answer me honestly here; when you look at that Operation Desert Shield shirt decaying like an isotope made out of your dignity in the back of the closet do you honestly feel glad you picked it up? If you're completely unashamed of your "Impeach Clinton" or "Read My Lips" shirts then there is a hot hateful place in hell reserved for you right next to whoever is being called Hitler these days. It's people like you that make me wish I could just hover like God around everyone and slap their hands away from their wallets at county fair t-shirt stands. At least your shirt boldly identifies you as the bottom rung of the breeding and achievement pool when you wear it around town. People can look at it and immediately recognize that the text "Osama Your [sic] Next" actually reads "Bad Job, No Future, Carrier of Chromosomal Birth Defects".

Why just celebrate your child's birthday when you can put your child inside your body through the magic of photo cake. ALSO WORKS WITH DEAD CHILDREN!

Finally, can any of you explain why a market exists for photographic cakes? Every fucking grocery store I go into these days has signs up saying "ask about our photo cakes". Well bakery sign, I would, but a)if I want to eat anyone's face I'll just do it the old fashioned way and b)I don't think your cake will fit very well into my scrap book.

I cannot even fathom heavily medicated grandmas buying into the "photo cake is good" concept and they're the most gullible demographic on the planet. They will order an entire thousand dollar set of dolls in glass boxes and random overpriced grandma geegaws to hang in their kitchen, but even they would balk at the idea of a photographic cake. I'm tempted to just take a picture of a cake and ask them to print it on the cake and then take a picture of that cake and get it printed on another cake and keep doing that to see how long I can do it before they arrest me. Either that or have all of Ansel Adam's photographs reproduced on cakes and then open an art gallery for this wonderfully delicious new medium that someone

is apparently buying.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.17 I AM MAKING A MOCKERY OF YOU, NATURE!

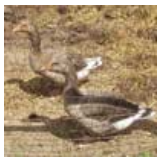
Tuesday, Aug 19, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It seems I have ventured out of the house and now find myself accosted by the fierce and untamed heart of nature! Do not fear readers, for I am well prepared to defend myself with an avalanching barrage of insults both devious and acerbic. Though these beasts may be a burden to me, they are no more than an idle distraction and pencil sharpener that will become the unwilling grindstone of my pencil-like wit, sharpening it into a piercing point of painful punishment. Nature, you dare stand in my way as I ramble freely about the country with impunity? I am afraid you are now in for quite the beating. You may surround and overwhelm me, but remember this: I am an Internet writer, and therefore in possession of all the skills necessary to survive *any* situation. I say to you, Mrs. Nature, ***BRING IT ON!***

Weekdays at 9 and 10 am, 12 pm, 6 and 6:30 pm et/pt. Weeknights at 11 and 11:30 pm et/pt. Saturdays at 12 and 12:30 pm et/pt

Oh, Mr. Goose, it appears that you are pinioned behind a wall of chain! Count your blessings well, for this simple mesh apparatus is all that stands between you and the savage interpretive dance routine my fists will be conducting on your fragile little face! One must wonder what the chalk outline of a goose would look like. I know I am right now!

What's this? My angry yelling has attracted the concern of your wife. Oh, Mrs. Goose, do not fret! Your husband is doing an excellent job of cowering behind this fence like the pathetic fighter, lover, and father he most definitely is!



Oh no, the siren fury of my voice has also brought the kids out, undoubtedly fearing the forthcoming death of Dear Old Dad! Come children, watch your father hide from his manly duties and quack his way out of another test of manhood! P.S., children, I do not wish to destroy your perceptions of truth and good, but this is most definitely not your real father!

But wait, what's this? It appears to be a lousy mound of walking ham caped in mud, insects, and feces. My how aghast I have become! You heathen swine, lying about so lazily in your own filthily rut! I would gladly drive my kicking feet into you if not for the fact I fear my shoes would become untidy and caked in the vast slop wardrobe you have so expertly adorned!

You cursed cask of bacon, do you think burying yourself in filth will save you? Dear Swine, I am writing out a check with your blood, and I am making it out to the funeral parlor responsible for reigning your worthless life in! Looks like it will be a closed casket funeral, because anything more would be indecent and immoral! I must confess that even making a meal out of you would be too rewarding a death, as not even the diligent insects seem to be enjoying the kingdom they have built upon your person!

Ah, it appears to be a bovine! The legendary craftsmen of steak, weaver of leather, and fountain of milk! It is a grave shame such a utilitarian wonder has to be so pitiful and vile! Miss, I must inform you that you picked a rather dangerous day to roam so haphazardly. You now find yourself in my warpath, and this is no laughing matter.

I am above hitting a lady, true, but you are hardly a lady! In this moment of danger I must do what I have to do to survive, and though you are fenced in, you still threaten me and my most precious safety. With a little ingenuity, I could fashion a beating stick capable of reaching you even beyond your metallic mesh fortress. How would you like that, Mrs. Cow? How would you like to see your own fortifications turned into shackles while I whack feverously at you? Be glad I am only threatening you, for I am not a violent man and wish only to go about my day as harmoniously as possible, even if you do stand in my way.

Well giddyap, partner! I warn you, Mr. Horsy, not to come any further, for you are already violating my perimeter with your staggering body mass. Do not play so coy as to pretend you do not notice me while munching on the desolate patches of green you call food. I am well aware that the horse word for food is the human word for ruse. Sure, a beast like you could trample me to pieces, but you know deep inside your heart that you are no more than a slave to my kind!

If it is the taste of freedom you covet, then simply speak up. I would have no trouble writing an Emancipation Proclamation with my bare hands, freeing your soul from bodily enslavement! Knowing your ineptitude, you would end up in Hell carting Hitler and Stalin around an endless sea of fire while infernal gnats run grueling mining operations on your backside. Such a fate, Mr. Horse, would fit you like a saddle. BE GONE FROM MY SIGHT!

Well, well, well. Did you think I had forgotten you old friend? I am back with more beak-shattering bizarro benedictions! Perhaps you mistook me at first for the common sort – the type of pitiful slob who would gladly bestow a wealth of breadcrumbs upon your meager flock. Your judgment is jaundiced, for I am here only to pry your sanity away one feather at a time!

Go ahead and hide your head. Bury it deep from my view as the pig tried to do so hopelessly. Do you think me so naïve that I will not even know that it is you cowering there like a feather dust bunny? Is this, Mr. Goose, what you call a defense mechanism? What egg did you hatch from? Forget it all! If I were to fight you, I would have to provide you a helmet just to protect you from yourself. Lucky for you and fraudulent family, I simply do not have one in your minuscule size! Let us hope we never cross paths again, for next time I will not be so charitable!

A SPIDER!!!!!!!
OH DEAR LORD A SPIDER!!!
AHHHHHHH!!! RUN FOR IT! RUN FOR IT!

It seems I am now safely in my home, far from the menacing arms of the vicious beast which drove me from the wild! Though I was forced to retreat in the end, I believe I did much good in proving man's dominance over the wilds. I could see the fear in the eyes of these feral beasts, and I could smell the bloodlust dripping from their fangs and claws. I put myself in harm's way, but I stood my ground longer than most would dare. I do believe I scored an impressive moral victory fighting for mankind, one that we all can cherish. You may stay your ground for now, Mrs. Nature, but know that next time I will be more prepared for your tricks and assorted treacheries!

◘ Sewer Surfin'

Hey folks, Taylor "Power Dunk" Bell here with a hip and in-your-face review that, if I am not mistaken, "goes there." Naturally I am talking about Sabotage, a game most people would never bother to try because of its incredibly generic name.

The second demo level is exactly like the first, only it takes place in a building with slightly larger rooms and slightly drier floors. Sadly these large rooms are too big for the game's engine to render in their entirety, but I must admit the use of distance fog indoors is a fairly innovative trick that other developers haven't used, mostly because it looks really stupid. The second level also showcases another recycling of the Retarded Suicidal Civilian character. The RSC is most commonly seen in games like Virtua Cop, and you can recognize him by looking for a civilian that jumps up right in front of you in the middle of a gunfight and flails his arms around shrieking "Don't shoot me, don't shoot me!" The RSCs in Sabotage have the same annoying habit of standing in the hallway right

> *in front of an enemy, who can shoot all he wants without having to worry about hitting the civilian, but if one of your bullets flies within 20 feet of the guy he'll instantly slump over and die. In Sabotage, if you kill two civilians your supreme overlord guy decides your mission isn't really that important and kills you.*

Read that shit, niggah!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.18 SA Submission Tuesday: Science!

Tuesday, Aug 19, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

We here at Something Awful headquarters receive a lot of reader submissions for frontpage articles. Since I feel absolutely terrible for not printing any of them, I have decided to dub today as "SA Submission Tuesday," a slogan which doesn't rhyme and isn't catchy, but did take me less then five seconds to think it up. We've got two reader submissions about the mysterious entity known only as "science," which will hopefully entertain and briefly amuse you before you decide to inundate me with angry emails. For those of you who don't find reader submissions funny, I have decorated the page with images of actual Russian mail-order brides. I figure this will pretty much ensure that it appeals to everybody! Enjoy!

Lasing a Better Future
by Daniel Gudorf

These are trying times for America. Our economy is a brown clumpy mess floating in the toilet, and instead of only being afraid of ourselves and ghosts while ignoring the rest of the planet, Americans are now either terrified or annoyed by damned near everyone. We used to drink caviar soup from the enormous golden bowl of Endless Opportunity, but now the soup is all gone and terrorists are trying to steal the bowl so they can cook American babies in it and feed them to their own starving oil-fueled children. But God only closes a door when Satan breaks a window or something, so as dark as these days may be, we will overcome. While the rest of you dopes were spending the remainder of your savings accounts on guns and patriotic bumper stickers, I was clever and resourceful enough to seek employment at the one place guaranteed to be bursting with economy in Bush's America; a military base. And because God really loves me, His Holy Righteousness put me to work right in the laser lab.

It's this lab where I've been earnestly toiling for The Man these past few weeks, in deep awe of His synthetically generated amplified light beams. A couple of days ago, I was either working diligently and doing whatever I had to do to not get fired when it hit me: this summer, I must build for myself a laser cannon. Sure, it was probably going to be difficult to make, but it was something that I had decided I just had to do. Every time I tried to picture how much money it would cost me, I couldn't help but visualize a high-power laser beam setting fire to all the bills and melting all of the coins while I laughed maniacally and waved my fist at the entire world. I was bound and determined not to return to school this fall without a lethal weapon, and a laser would help make this possible.

Fears that deadly laser guns embodied an impossible dream were dispelled by a quick browse through the Internet. Apparently there are whole cults of nerds out there who build their own lasers in their free time. And yes, with one type of homemade laser it is possible to create a heat beam capable of burning through solid wood! I was elated... or was I? Discovering that even I had the capability to make one of these things, believe it or not, made me a little depressed. It begged the obvious question, "why aren't there more lasers everywhere?" Then I got to thinking that maybe America is in such sorry shape because our lasers are. Here we are, with annual military expenditures high enough to wipe out world poverty by force, and we're still fighting with bombs, grenades and rifles like a bunch of lazy Irish. It's embarrassing! I blush to say it, but I don't even think that the lasers I'm working with on base are being developed to kill anybody! How is that possible in this day and age?

There is hope, however. The first step toward solving any problem is understanding it, and I have uncovered the two demons of modern lasing. You see, Dear Reader, there are basically two things we do with lasers in our society, but both of these things somehow contradict what a laser is supposed to be. We have bastardized the laser's essence, shackled its being like a bird in a cage wearing a little birdie muzzle so it can't even sing. Below I call these demons by name.

- **Optometry**

  Using laser beams for optometry, you call that progress? No I don't, TV's Tad Ghostal, a.k.a. Space Ghost. It's backward, in both meanings of the word. Think about it; if a laser beam finds its way into your eye, what do you do? You blink and look away. I don't care how drool-droppingly stupid you are, it's just what you do on an instinctual level. Hell, every time I manage to find my cat, cowering behind whatever piece of furniture she believes can conceal her, wrestle her down on her back, pry her eyelids apart and shine my laser pointer down her pupil, she reacts in exactly the same way; aversion. All creatures great and small know that lasers are essentially blinding. Why, then, are we using them to cure partial blindness?

  We have enslaved the laser's spirit for far too long. I am calling for a crusade, one to be fought by valiant knights armed with The Long Sword of Poetic Justice. While religious fanatics bomb abortion clinics and assassinate doctors, our Laser Warriors will hide near optometry clinics and lase surgeons right in the eyes when they come to work. They will no longer have the eyesight needed to perform their wicked deeds, and they will at last come to respect the laser! And instead of having some wussy "Right to Blindness" protests outside the clinics, we can blind all of the nurses and run off with their purses.

- **Tracking / Distance Measurement**

  Whether it's in academic research, surveying, landscaping for incredibly rich people, or for military usage, a common use of the laser is to measure distance or to find an object. Now, as you probably know, any given material can only do basically three things to light: in some combination it either absorbs it, reflects it, or lets it pass through. In distance measurement, most of the laser is being reflected, which precludes it from being absorbed by whatever the hell it's zapping. But only in absorption can lasers unleash their fiery potential. Now if I want to measure distance, I'll use a damn ruler. If I want to burn a hole through metal, I probably won't use a ruler. I guess what I'm trying to say is that using light beams for distance measurement is a flagrant misuse of laser technology. As far as tracking and sighting, lasers eliminate their own usefulness. It's superfluous, for example, to equip sniper rifles with laser sights. If the sight laser were a real laser, the snipee would be dead already, eerie wisps of smoke rising from his badly scorched remains. The History Channel once tried to impress me with a show about using lasers to find sub-radar aircraft. Why, The History Channel, should we meticulously scan for enemy aircraft when we can flood the no fly zone with deadly radiation?

Once we've defined lasers on our own terms, we must put them to good use. I'm doing my part and have already begun putting my cannon together. Let all the other guys have their "sweet rides" and beautiful girlfriends, I'll be able to blow out their tires and disfigure their faces. Speaking of grotesque violence against women, I just want to clear something up: the laser movement that I'm calling for isn't about misdirected cruelty, it's about creating a better world for the underprivileged and unappreciated through the infliction of intense pain and debilitating mame-ery. With campus rape remaining a serious problem at our universities, and because those misogynist assholes running the show aren't letting women bring guns onto campus, laser pistols just might be the answer. The beauty of the laser is that, apparently, it is a weapon that can only be created by quiet, shy nerds. As long as we are careful to keep lasers amongst our own kind, we'll finally have a concrete advantage

over our mouth-breathing counterparts, our cultural oppressors. The geeks shall inherit the earth, and the time of reckoning is at hand.

■ The Science® of Ass – How to Get a Piece in the 21st Century by Tiernan "Scumbag" Ingram

Since the dawn of man, man has been trying to figure out ways to get women to sleep with him. Man has employed all kinds of tactics to this end, from clubbing and dragging a potential mate away to some shoddy cave somewhere, to buying expensive suits, cars, condos, and yachts to impress the target of man's sexual desire, making them that much easier to club and drag away to some shoddy cave somewhere. Science® has given man new and better ways to metaphorically "club" women, not to mention faster cars and yachts, and boots made of stingray, so it is no longer only the strong males who may reproduce; even genetically inferior and evolutionarily unworthy freaks are spawning hither and tither! I am speaking here of such technological advancements as "Pabst" and "roofies" and "whores." Yep, it looks like Science®, and sex, are here to stay!

Man has now come to a crossroads of sorts. Science® is all the rage these days, what with human clone babies being handed out by brazen hussies at most major cult recruiting events and aging billionaires being shot into space, I can only assume for quick and efficient disposal. Even a group of people as backwoods and buck-toothed as the Scottish are getting in on this newfangled Science® stuff: having sexual intercourse with cloned sheep is quickly replacing the old fashioned practice of fucking regular "home-brew" sheep. But you may be asking yourself, "Hey! What has Science® ever done for me?" If you are a diabetic, the answer is, "it has kept your insulin-soaked pseudo-corpse alive for the past twenty fucking years you ungrateful son of a bitch!" But on the off chance that you are not a diabetic, the question still remains: "What has Science® ever done for me?"

Well, hold on to your swollen testicles because Science® is about to drop some of itself for you to kick with your homies in the hizood wit da quickness an' da nizzol, fo' shizzol! That is to say, Science® is about to do for you something that you're going to like and can share with your friends, for sure! Maybe not as much as you like rocky mountain oysters but a whole lot more than you like being on the receiving end of some prison rape.

Until now, it has been a mystery why any particular woman allows herself to be clubbed and dragged away by some males but not others. We know that certain factors, like stingray boots, increase the chances that a woman will find a man to be acceptable, but we do not know why. Nor do we know why these things work on some women but not on other, and in some cases "less-hot", women. Billions of dollars of taxpayer's money have been spent exhaustively researching this over the last 30 years, and the findings of a super-secret study, known only as "Project: Penetration" to those government officials sufficiently high up to know of its existence, have just been released in an easy to read form for non-scientists.

Here's a translation of that last paragraph for all you non-scientific folks in the audience: **It is now**

possible to figure out if that one broad is gonna do you or not, and why. Is it your breath? Could be... So here it is, the "Is she going to... y'know... him?" scale, a scientific predictor of whether or not a particular woman will sleep with a particular guy. Let's have a look-see, shall we?

> **How to use this system:**
> This is a point-based system wherein a man needs to achieve a minimum score of 75 points out of a possible 100 points to, uh, score. There are ten categories. In each category, the woman's rankings of the potential screw-mate will be recorded with a numeric value between 0 and 10. Whole numbers only please! And ladies, even though it's tempting, no negatives! Remember, it's for Science®.
>
> If you are a woman, rate the man as you perceive him, not as others would. Remember, these are all subjective ratings. That's why your best friend is willing to sleep with guys you wouldn't touch... subjectivity! And guys, if you are trying to figure out how you stack up in the eyes of a woman, forget about it. This system can only be used as a very general indication. Your invariably flawed perceptions of her feelings about you will never be truly accurate, so at least try to be realistic in your ratings of yourself. At best you can get an idea of your odds. And these ain't bookie odds, so don't get too excited and start betting with your friends.
>
> - **Categories:**

Physical attractiveness – What you look like. Are you a stud or a dud? Bonuses for pecs, points taken away for man-boobs and visible parasites.
Personality – Almost everyone's got one of these, so why is it that yours has to suck?
Sense of humor – Go punch an old lady. Did you proceed to laugh? If so, you get high marks!
Hygiene – How's that breath? Showered this week? Do you even know where showers come from? Good!
Material wealth – If you drive a red Geo, you can pretty much give yourself a zero now.
Education and/or intelligence – It's worth noting that education and intelligence are not the same thing. Education is something dumb rich people can have too, so be careful.
Morals and values – Do you sell children into slavery? No? Would you like to?
Long-termitude – Planning on leaving town? We're not angry, just disappointed.
Mystery Category 1 – ????
Mystery Category 2 – ????

Ok, these are all pretty self explanatory, with a few exceptions. Long-termitude is a measure of a guys potential to be a long term relationship or even husband. This is sort of a catch-all for fatheriness, lack of terminal diseases, etc. The Mystery categories are ones that Science® may never know in any individual case, but mostly allow for individual preferences among women and chaos-theory. For example, a mystery category could be a duplicate of a category above if a woman happens to find one of these categories very important. It could be a second Physical attractiveness (superficial), Material wealth (gold-digger), Long-termitude (marriage-material huntress), or Ability to defrag hard drives really well.

So let's say you have a superficial woman who has to have a good looking guy. She makes one of the Mystery categories a second Physical attractiveness. If there's an ugly guy "tryin' to get wit her", she instantly rates him a zero in two categories (Physical attractiveness and Mystery 1) giving him a maximum score of 80, right out of the box. Nobody can come back from that kind of deficit, not even a crippled childrens sports team in a Disney movie. Similarly, she could award some dumb but

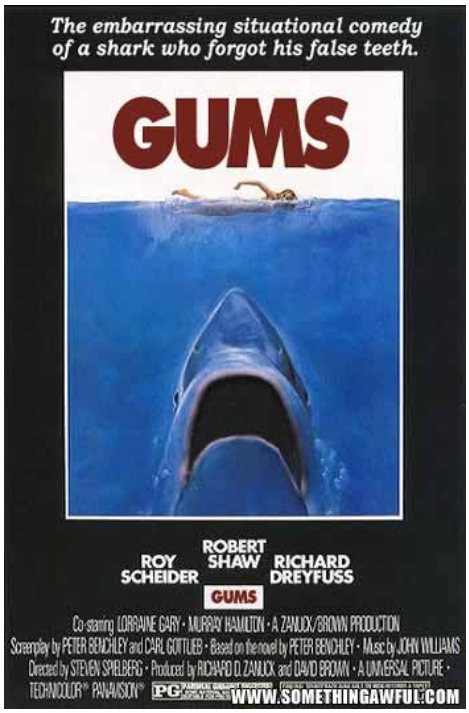
hot guy an extra 10 points to make up for his semi-retardedness. If the woman is really gung-ho about a particular trait she can even go so far as to make that trait Mystery 1 & 2, that superficial bitch.

And there you have it! Science® has made it possible to figure out precisely who a woman will put out to. Science® improves human lives yet again! Man needs only go up to the woman of his choice, survey her opinions of him, make any necessary changes in himself and his lifestyle, return to the woman, survey her again to make sure her priorities haven't changed because I swear women change their fucking minds something like every five fucking minutes, and explain to her how Science® has already determined that she is now going to have sex with him! So the next time you're at home, consensually railing some dame that you clubbed over the head and dragged to your Porsche, drove home, dragged into your cave while carefully removing your stingray boots and placing them gingerly on the shoe rack in your closet, remember it was Science® that made it all possible! Science®!

Tigger Tigger Woods Ya'll!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with today's "Comedy Goldmine."

If you haven't noticed already, in today's day and age violence is very much a part of society. It's a part of everything we do, from obtaining oil from foreign countries to washing the dishes. It really makes me stop and wonder sometimes. Are we as the human race *too* violent? Then I start wondering about different things, like when Who's the Boss is going to be on, what the time is in Tibet, and why do greeting card companies still exist. Things like that. The SA Goons have taken it to another lever per usual, starting off with kicking the violence out of movies. Click here


The embarrassing situational comedy of a shark who forgot his false teeth.
GUMS
ROY SCHEIDER
ROBERT SHAW
RICHARD DREYFUSS
GUMS
Co-starring LORRAINE GARY • MURRAY HAMILTON • A ZANUCK/BROWN PRODUCTION
Screenplay by PETER BENCHLEY and CARL GOTTLIEB • Based on the novel by PETER BENCHLEY • Music by JOHN WILLIAMS
Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG • Produced by RICHARD D. ZANUCK and DAVID BROWN • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE •
TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION®
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grasshopper, the stone is in another castle!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

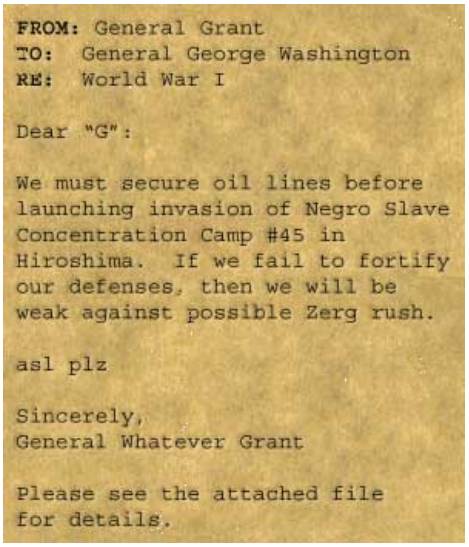
8.19 SoBig... SoAnnoying... SoMuchInformation

Thursday, Aug 21, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'm getting to the point of installing the following email filter:

IF message is from anybody anywhere THEN delete message AND cause sperm-destroying gamma radiation to seep through their monitor and irradiate their private parts until they resemble lumps of charred coal.

Now I'm a big fan of the concept behind email. I fully support any technology which allows one user to instantly contact another user and explain to him the many ways in which he's a flagrant homosexual while simultaneously misspelling various key words. Communication has always powered the backbone of America, and pioneers have been constantly inventing new and advanced methods to exchange ideas even since the beginning of history. The Wild Wild West, which has recently been officially renamed to "The Era When It Was Slightly More Socially Acceptable for White People to be Real Assholes to All Minorities" in order to provide it with an acronym which doesn't match the World Wide Web, was famous for its early method of communication. On April 3, 1860, three men named William H. Russell, William B. Waddell, and Alexander Majors (each man had one name) developed a message transportation system which would allow notes to be carried, via horseback, nearly 2,000 miles from Missouri to California. Here's a copy of an actual message sent during the particularly harsh winter of 1860:



FROM: General Grant
TO: General George Washington
RE: World War I

Dear "G":

We must secure oil lines before launching invasion of Negro Slave Concentration Camp #45 in Hiroshima. If we fail to fortify our defenses, then we will be weak against possible Zerg rush.

asl plz

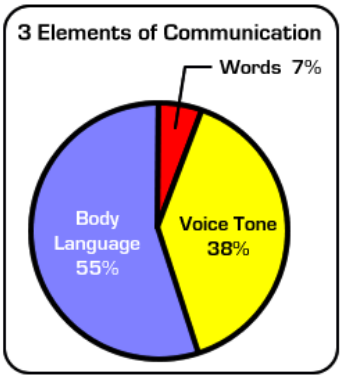
Sincerely,
General Whatever Grant

Please see the attached file for details.

This express service which used many reliable ponies was dubbed "The Orient Express" and offered in-transit entertainment which featured Richard Widmark getting stabbed by Lauren Bacall. This service was eventually discontinued for the trivial reason that it never generated money and was subsequently replaced with either the telegram, the Dewey Decimal System, or maybe sonar. Also a lot of their horse riders accidentally opened up some of their mail and were instantly infected with a virus that made them fall off their horse and roll around in the mud until they died of a primitive version of the West Nile Virus. Then the Chinese built railroads on top of their graves, which is why we're experiencing this haunted boxcar epidemic you always hear about on CNN these days.

The point here is that our global society has always encouraged the development of communication technology. The exchange of information and ideas has been crucial to our evolution ever since

primitive caveman Zog #1 went up to primitive caveman Zog #2 and explained how rocks could be forcefully applied to living animal skulls in order to make them very dead and therefore highly eatable. Then Jesus came by and made them stop existing because God created mankind and evolution is more like "EVIL-lution," at least according to the bumper stickers on my neighbor's car. The progress of communications is a very exciting and interesting tale, and I'm sure there are many professionally unemployed people across the globe who studied it extensively in college. I didn't study shit but I can summarize the history of communication for you just as well as any fancy-ass school marm:



This image is obviously very important because it's in the form of a pie chart with colors, and those are always important.

- **500,000 BC - 10,000 BC:** Communication consisted of primal gruntings and groanings. To indicate an emotion of some sort, the speaker would increase the frequency of their primal gruntings and groanings. Of course, the receiver would not understand what emotion they would be attempting to express, as emotions had not been invented at that point.
- **9999 BC - 8500 BC:** The procedure of "flailing your arms around" was invented, thus paving the way to the advanced body gesticulations we have today like "flipping people off" and "hitting them in the face after they insult your favorite college football team."
- **8499 BC - 8497 BC:** Fart jokes were created and soon spawned "getting hit in the groin" jokes, both of which fuel many unsuccessful UPN sitcoms to this very day.
- **7362 BC:** A Jewish Egyptian drew a picture of an eyeball inside a representation of the sun, thereby creating hieroglyphics. Although famous archeologists claim his symbols represented an all-seeing deity whom his culture worshipped, the Jewish Egyptian simply made the drawing to express how he would prefer it if his eyeballs refused to suddenly roll out of their sockets and fly directly into the sun.
- **5281 BC:** "Papyrus," a primitive version of paper, was created probably by the Aztecs, who then proceeded to invent the concept of linear time and the Porsche 911 Turbo. They used this papyrus to create the first credit card bills, which I am still receiving to this very day.
- **2837 BC:** The first written language, Mesopotamian, was used by a native Mesopotamian. He took a clay pot and wrote the words, "help me, I'm trapped inside this pot," and gave it to his friend as a housewarming gift. The neighbor promptly put it in his basement where it still resides to this very day.
- **1301 BC:** "Papyrus" was invented by the Mayans, who then proceeded to invent the solar system and Aristotle.

- **1792 AD:** Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. I'm not sure what this has to do with communication, but my various grade school teachers seemed very intent on stressing the pivotal role Eli Whitney and his cotton gin provided for the entire universe. If Eli Whitney had never invented the cotton gin, then our world wouldn't have many of the things it has today, which includes "cotton" and "gin."
- **1835 AD:** Samuel Morse created the telegraph and sent one of his colleagues the first electronic message, asking the eternal question, "where are all the hookers?"
- **1867 AD:** E.A. Calahan introduced the stock ticker machine, a comical device which is seen spewing out those long, fortune cookie-esque paper messages in 1930s black and white movies about dancing paint salesmen. There were only two different stocks back in those days, and one of them was simply labeled "HOGS" and never ever decreased in value.
- **1920 AD - 1933 AD:** Prohibition.
- **1921 AD:** "Papyrus" is invented by the Native Americans, who then proceeded to invent gambling and poor business decisions.
- **1876 AD:** Alexander Graham Bell introduced the world to the first telephone, calling his assistant Watson and demanding he come over and turn off the laboratory's telegraph machine, as it was receiving hundreds of solicitations from idea invention firms offering to patent his ideas and additionally offer him a degree in locksmithing or gun repair. I meant to put this entry a couple slots above, but as you can see, I seem to have forgotten to this very day.
- **1921 AD:** Philo Farnsworth, a 14-year old Mormon, was working in his father's farm when he suddenly realized an electron beam could scan a picture in horizontal lines, thereby reproducing the image almost instantaneously. Then he suddenly realized he could kill aliens by spraying them with a garden hose. One of these ideas led to the creation of mankind's greatest achievement, while the other led to mankind's most embarrassing achievement to ever be featured on mankind's greatest achievement.
- **1962 AD:** The Cuban Missile Crisis.

A small shot of my inbox this morning. Click for a bigger image, or conversely, don't click for a bigger image.

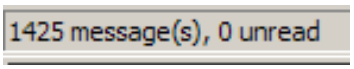
This incomplete, partial list shows just a few of the many, many exciting steps mankind has taken to get where we are today, the Information Superhighway eCyber iOnline Digital Era Age. Our nonstop progression in the field of communication has led us to the highly electronic, digital world we now inhabit, full of devices that allow us the ability to send messages thousands, maybe millions of miles within nanoseconds. In theory this is a great time to be alive, as we can share our innermost thoughts, ideas, and research with people who'd we otherwise never get a chance to meet or offend. Scientific progress and technological achievements are occurring at a faster rate ever with our ability to instantly connect anywhere in the world, except possibly all those filthy foreign countries and maybe that Amish farm Harrison Ford hid out in during that one movie about the mobsters trying to kill that dopey little kid who witnessed a crime of some sort.

Unfortunately, much like socialism and Fark's comments section, this theory looks good on paper but fails miserably in real life scenarios. You know all that bullshit about trading information and research over the Internet? Well I don't think it will surprise anybody when I reveal the only piece of legitimate research data to be shared over the Internet took place on February 19th of 1994, and even that one message involved two research scientists trying

to determine the most effective way to make their penises grow to a size larger than their previous penis size. My proof backing up this assertion lies in the SoBig worm, a little piece of ingenious coding which not only allows people to send me a metric shitload of infected emails, but also allows me to receive them and repeatedly pray for the end of civilization as we know it.

Here's how the SoBig worm works: let's say you're some gutter dwelling, ham-thighed bloatbag with the intelligence of processed cheese substitute. Judging by the number of people who have been infected by the SoBig worm, it's safe to say there's quite a few people matching this description out there. Now you're sitting around your cubicle, trying to remember how to successfully move your mouse pointer over to click on the Windows "start" button, and you suddenly receive an email. This is great! You love email! You make it a habit to thoroughly read and check out every single email you get because, hey, you can get some fantastic deals on the Internet and why else would a company contact you if they weren't offering you great savings on consumer-name products? This email you received is titled "Re: Document" and seems monumentally important due to the fact that it not only mentions a "document" of some sort, but also has the word "Re:" which could possibly stand for "Reward of $1,000,000 if you read this email." You open it up and just click away at everything you can find, running all available exe and bat files you can find in order to view this top secret "document" which may very well detail how to make a cold fusion reactor and solve all conflict in the Middle East. Unfortunately, even after opening up each attachment, you never saw any such mythical "document," thereby putting a damper on your otherwise exciting and fun-filled day of adventure and intrigue. With your hopes and dreams dashed upon the rocky shores of despair, you have no other choice but to go back to work and continue sending fax messages to people explaining how your company can patent and market their invention while providing either a degree in locksmithing or gun repair.

These types of people are responsible for the spread of perhaps one of the most obnoxious worms out there, the SoBig email plague which is currently sending me over 1,400 email messages every six hours. That's correct, thanks to SoBig, I've gotten 5,600 infected or bogus emails in the past 24 hours. The best part is that when this worm infects a computer it not only sends emails to everybody in the moron's address book, but it also spoofs the return address on these emails so they appear to originate from various other email addresses in their address book! Hooray for technology and progress! Maybe Microsoft can release an operating system which instantly drills a hole through my brain the moment I install it, thereby saving me the time it would take hackers to figure out accomplish the same thing! So not only am I receiving these worms from zombie computers spewing them out every nanosecond, but I'm also receiving returned emails that I never sent from people I don't know, explaining how "I" sent a virus and is being returned because the recipient no longer has an account or moved or quit or died and their server will continue to deliver the email every 10 minutes for the next century, helpfully informing me each time it fails. My email accounts are so swamped from this goddamn worm that I've decided to protest by refusing to check my email for the next one or two decades. I doubt anything important will be missed, as the only legitimate messages I receive these days are death threats from brain damaged Insane Clown Posse fans (which is to say "all of them") and threats from people informing me that if I continue to be as unfunny as I currently am, then they'll have no choice but to continue reading the free entertainment here at Something Awful, only they'll to do while squinting their eyes and making rather unpleasant facial expressions.



Experts claim we've entered some magical golden age of technology where the world is at our fingertips and nothing is as what it seems and he's a good cop gone bad, framed for crimes he didn't commit, but what's the point in having access to tomes of data and knowledge when people use this

conduit of channeling information to swamp you with worthless bullshit designed to simply annoy and harass you? I would invite you to share your opinions with me through email, but for some odd reason, all my messages seem to be magically filtered directly into the deleted items bin. Besides, I already know I'm not funny any more.

PS: If you're stupid or know other people who may be stupid, please visit this page and learn how to get rid of the SoBig worm. Then figure out a way to get rid of your computer because if you're still opening random email attachments from people you don't know in this day and age, you don't deserve to operate anything more complex than a sundial, which you would invariably end up breaking anyway.

Making Your Creepy Friends and Lovers

Feeling lonely? A little unloved? Well not for much longer! Zack "Goost Editoor" Parsons here with a brand new guide to creating your own Internet fetish subculture. No more worrying about a date on fridays, now you can spend all night chatting on IRC about assembling your costume!

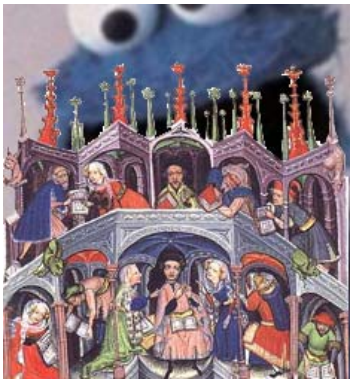
First of all the subculture is not based on a fetish. Sure, a few people might sully the good name of spandies by drawing pictures of Psylocke having sex with Spawn, but these people are few and far between. They give the group an undeserved reputation for perversion. In fact most people in the subculture just dress up like superheroes because it's who they are. Deep inside they are a superhero and they dress like one because it comes naturally, even if this means they look like ten gallons of pudding in an eight gallon cauldron. People have no right to malign spandies for what they do because spandies are simply expressing their true self, not some prepackaged societal sheep like all of the other Sentinels out there.

Evvvvverybody, needs somebbbbbody, sometimes! And thanks to this amazing new guide that "sometime" is now!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.20 Zack's Original Miscellany

Thursday, Aug 21, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Miscellany.

British Author Ben Schott recently released the Americanized edition of his popular book of miscellany aptly entitled "Schott's Original Miscellany". The premise for the book is that Ben, an avid reader, went to his local library and combed through various oddball texts looking for factoids that he found amusing. That's it. There was no qualification about how correct they were or how important, the whole point of his book was just to list hundreds of simple facts that you would probably have no reason to ever want to know.

Seeing as how I'm sort of a writer and I am definitely a master of the Internet I figured I could combine my intimate knowledge of how to type words into Google with my ability to make other words appear from my hands. The reason for this innovative fusion would of course be to assemble my very own volume of original miscellany, a volume that would totally make Ben Schott look like an asshole and make me look like a genius. Unfortunately, I am excessively lazy, and even the simple task of typing random words and phrases into Google wore me out after about two hours. I still managed to totally one up the esteemed mister Schott, but my list of miscellany just isn't as long.

Keep in mind that I used only one source for each item, so accuracy is guaranteed completely thanks to the power of computers!

> There are 6,420 different types of buttons used on clothing, including nine kinds made out of human skin and five made out of moon rocks. Human skin and moon rock buttons are only used on the clothing of astronauts and their families.

> The deepest non-terminal submarine dive was conducted in 1973, when the US Navy's "Crudcup" descended some 10 feet beneath the surface of the Atlantic. The following day an attempt was made to descend to 11 feet and the vessel imploded. Luckily all hands aboard were able to safely swim to the surface.

> The spawn in Everquest with the highest camp time is the Dread Cake Maven camp in Luclin, which requires a whopping 3,200 hours of waiting in between spawns. Many believe the wait is worth it thanks to the Dread Cake Maven's drops which include a pair of boots of sword and a cake knife that regenerates hit points. They are, of course, wrong since it's not worth doing anything in Everquest.

> Electricity is made out of negatively charged particles and spun sugar in equal quantities. Electricity is the enemy of anti-electricity which is composed of positively charge particles and tobacco.

> The largest lottery jackpot ever given to a single person was handed out in 1998 to Matt Corely in Lansing, Michigan and totaled 236 million dollars after taxes. Matt purchased

a number of unusual things with this money including 5,000 ferrets which he used to fill a pit, a hang glider made out of original Vermeer paintings, and the world's largest coconut. Matt was killed in 2002 when several hundred ferrets running wild on his estate managed to tip the world's largest coconut out of its holder and onto the millionaire.

The role of Darth Vader in the Star Wars movies was played by a white man and voiced by a negro, proving once again that negroes and whites were made to work in harmony.

If the number of unsold DVDs of Mariah Carey's "Glitter" were placed end to end they would create a bridge that extends to the sun. If combined with the number of unsold Atari cartridges for ET they would be able to destroy the sun with their mass. If the sun were destroyed with their mass then the earth would spend the next 10 million years in absolute darkness, ruled over by a blood-drinking cabal of record producers and label executives. Food for thought!

The majority of Hitler's remains are stored in a sealed vault in Moscow. In 1957 a fragment of Hitler's skull washed up on a beach in California and was mistaken for a shark's tooth and put on a necklace with a small sea shell and several sand dollars. To this day it is unknown whether or not Hitler's evil can be stopped.

Most robots obey their programming and would be considered good by all standards. Unfortunately, some particularly sexy and young robots live life on the edge and refuse to play by the rules, giving all robots a bad reputation.

Every movie ever made was based on "Romeo and Juliet" with the exception of "Die Hard 2".

Children who are breast fed during the first 6 months of their life are on average 3-5% more intelligent than children who were forced to survive on bugs that crawled randomly into their mouths.

Despite its name, peanut butter is not made from peanuts or butter, it is made from science.

The national debt increases at a rate almost 10 times faster than a human with a giant stack of 1000 dollar bills could throw them into a bonfire. Even with the assistance of good robots the national debt still increases faster by at least a factor of three.

On average, Americans drink more soda every day than they drink water. On average, vampires drink less soda every day than they drink human blood. You be the judge of who is healthier.

It is scientifically demonstrable that if every person in Texas were genetically combined with every person in France you would produce human beings identical to the rest of the world only with a lot more arms and heads.

The atomic bomb that struck Hiroshima detonated with such force that Japanese rape porn is still available to this day.

The fastest train in the world is located in Austria and travels at over 300 miles per hour, which is about a tenth of the speed of the world's fastest jet aircraft. Pfff trains... whatever!

There are more bones in the human hand than a whole cat has in its head.

Everyone knows about George Washington's famous first words ever spoken on a telephone, but the first words spoken on a cellular telephone were "Can... he... me? Going through... tunn... "

The world's tallest building is located in Koala Lumpur, which is in... uh... I want to say Thailand but that doesn't sound right.

The largest living thing on earth is probably a really fat sperm whale.

Every recorded ghost sighting can be attributed to a phenomenon known commonly as "being a stupid pussy".

The record for the world's largest gang bang was originally held by porn star Houston who claimed to have had sex with some 500 consecutive men. The accuracy of this claim remains in question and regardless has since been surpassed by porn star Inhuman Cum Bucket who slept with 10,000 consecutive men. She was so determined to achieve that record that even after 90 hours of non stop sex and passing into total physical exhaustion she continued the gangbang from her hospital bed while receiving IVs of fluid and antibiotics. Her record may not stand long. Porn star Gauge has had additional vaginas surgically formed on her back, arms, and legs and plans to have sex with the entire nation of India during a two week period next year.

Maple syrup is the blood of trees. Think about that next time you have pancakes you fucking monsters.

The "s" on the end of Illinois is silent. Learn it and live it.

Something Awful receives over 200,000 visitors a day, except on the days when Ben "Greasnin" Platt writes an article. That guy is really skewing our averages here.

In the episode of "Alien Nation" where George the alien became pregnant the baby in his stomach was actually made out of corn cobs. This was not done by the prop department, the actor had some eating disorder that made him eat corn cobs and they had to write male pregnancy into the script to cover for his grotesquely enlarged stomach.

Pop Rocks are the second most potent conventional explosive next to Semtex.

John Partridge of Oak River, Idaho constructed a house made from 78,000 returnable glass bottles. No one knows why and most people sort of hate him for it.

Whenever you recycle an aluminum can you are depriving a woman in China of a day's wage. Whenever you recycle a pizza box you are depriving a college student of a table or wall covering. Whenever you recycle a diaper someone on FARK posts that fucking masturbation kitten image.

I hope you have enjoyed the first edition of Zack's Original Miscellany and if I get a big book deal out of this bad boy I might just do another one. Only of course it won't be free because by then I'll be a big star and you'll have to pay me for my autograph. Suck on that jerks!

Bring on the Payne

Howdy Photoshopkateers, it's your old pal Livestock here to let you know the new Phriday is up and ready for browsing. This week I pulled up a recent forum thread by the SA Goons where they gave movies, TV shows, games, and reality the *Max Payne* treatment. What's that? Well, it's where you make everything really overly dramatic and abuse Photoshop filters to make pictures that look like the *Max Payne* graphic novel cutscenes. Yaarrrr, here lies a gander:

Yes, do be having yourself a look. No really, go ahead.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Things were heating up at the lab ...
It wasn't safe anymore. Project 17A was starting to raise more questions than they wanted to answer.
All I could do was pray that Lisa and the girls got on that bus like I told her. I didn't have time to explain right now
But, I was not ....
3 hours ... That will be enough time.
I needed to clear my head, to find a way out, to stall for time. My notes were too valuable for them to destroy.
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8.21 I've Decided to become a Train Conductor

Friday, Aug 22, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Before we get into the meat of this matter, I want to apologize for failing to provide you with the usual sassy Saturday fare last week that you have all come to love and depend upon. Unfortunately I was detained by "The Great Power Outage of '03". The man-made disaster struck as I was at work descending in an elevator. I don't think I need to tell you that I was in quite a pickle, and was trapped in that little metal box for the next 24 hours, although I had company in the elevator; three visiting Japanese businessmen shared my fate to wait out the long hours in the darkness. Thanks to them, I survived by cannibalizing their tender Japanese flesh and piping hot blood to nourish me during my agonizing imprisonment, and I'm currently negotiating a movie deal with CBS about my heroic adventure called "Alive 2: Elevator Madness". I promise I'll never leave you again my faithful readers, unless of course I have to organize my sock drawer, fall down the stairs and break my legs again, or leave my torrid past and hit the rails, becoming the best train conductor in the entire world.

This is me as a child with my grandpa shortly before his death. He was just about to spank me for disrespecting his train with a booger.

That's right, I've decided to become a train conductor. I'm dead serious you guys. Drastic steps towards this new occupation have already been taken, such as enrolling in Fancy Boy Training Academy, so there is no turning back now. No, I'm not presently taking any heavy drugs, or suffering from a quarter life crisis. This is something that I've been brooding about for years now. I just turned 25 a few weeks ago, and reality came down on me like a ton of bricks. I've been working non-stop since I was a teenager, and what do I have to show for it? A few Hall and Oats records and knees that pop like champagne corks, that's what. I have been complacent in my position of being a lackey, a servant if you will, to the corporate overlords who throw me some scraps now and then for being a good boy. I am just a pawn in this mad chess game of society, and despite all my rage, I am still just a rat in a container with metal bars. But no more! That all ends.....now.

I have never told anybody this, but my grandfather, Harry "Whiskeynips" Paskiewicz, was a famous train conductor back in the 50's. I don't like to mention it at gatherings or social functions because I don't want to seem like a braggart, but my grandfather was not only the most skilled train conductor in the golden age of the rail, but he also won the congressional medal of honor for singlehandedly defeating the Native Indian savages and Tusken Raiders that would continually harrass the Chicago/St. Louis line. He was fast friends with the likes of prominent figures like Teddy

Roosevelt and Al Capone, and it wasn't uncommon to see him hanging out with the popular movie starlets of the day. Unfortunately, he was killed at the ripe old age of 68 when he tried to be the first man to drive a train from New York to Paris. Because no rail exists between these two points, he was lost in the sea along with his cargo of Alf shirts. Understandably, this is a lot to live up to, and has been haunting me all my life. I've always felt the conductor's blood in me chugging me in this direction, and despite all my efforts to fight this urge with drugs and video games, I cannot deny that it is my fate to ride the rails in the glory of my forefathers.

Alas, national interest in trains are waning. Shipping is now primarily done with interstate trucking, and passenger trains are all but null and void. Amtrack has made a joke of the honor of the public train transport with their ill-kept cars that commonly derail, killing many people who placed their trust in the company and the conductor. The conductor was once seen as a revered authority, almost a holy figure, but now is cast down upon the likes of rodeo clowns and pirates. I plan to change all that. Much like the ranger Strider from Lord of the Rings, I have thrown off my traveler's shawl, and have returned to reclaim my hereditary throne as king of the railways, and hopefully also get to bang hot Elvish chicks. I know my friends and family will not understand the path I have chosen, but I know in my heart that it's the right thing to do. As the wise archmage Richard "Deadbeat Dad" Kyanka once said: "I'm the boss applesauce."

But this transition for me will not be an easy one. I know full well that there will be obstacles I must overcome, such as my sexual appetite for young, nubile boys, and my insatiable craving for White Castle hamburgers. There are many benefits to being a train conductor, as well as some negative aspects. Here are just a few of them I've learned from my recent experience as an intern on a train:

Perks of being a train conductor

GET ON ZEE TRAIN!

- **Chicks dig the uniform**. It's no secret that the ladies like a man in uniform. This goes for the standard train conductor uniform as well. With the fancy hat and shirt combined with the overalls crafted from very soft, thin fabric, allowing a ghosting of male genitalia, even the most prudent women go wet with desire. It's common for a conductor to have several hundred children in every state in the union, planting his fertile seed wherever his train might go.

- **Eating sandwiches on the caboose.** There's only one thing I like more than eating my roast beef sandwich, and that's eating my roast beef sandwich in the caboose of the train. Although the caboose is often called the "ass" of the train, it is also a place where the conductor and his crew can kick back and chow down on some tasty sandwiches. This is a peaceful, almost Zen-like place for them, giving them time for deep introspection, a time to reflect on their past and future crimes.

- **Can smash the fuck out of drunk drivers passed out on the tracks.** The natural enemy of the train conductor is the drunk driver parked on the train tracks at 2

am. That's why nothing pleases conductors more than slamming into these intoxicated vagabonds at full speed, utterly destroying the vehicle, and ending the life of the hardly sober occupant. The best kind of DK (Drunk Kill) is when the "victim" wakes up right before the train hits due to the light and noise. They either fumble for their keys, futilely raise their hands in front of their face before impact, or (my favorite) scream as loud as they can. Their blood curdling screams of terror blend with the train whistle perfectly, creating a symphony of horror, bringing tears to even the most hard-hearted of conductors. The record number of DK's in one season is Danny "Crazytrain" Manic with 17.5.

- **Get to make people wait for you.** That's right! Who has the power now? When train conductors see a road crossing up ahead, it's common practice to slow the train down to about .25 MPH. Once the train is halfway past the crossing, it is reversed, a sandwich is consumed in the caboose, and then forward again, this time at .1 MPH. This lets all those jerks in their SUVs know who the real boss on land, and if they have a problem with it, they can just turn their stupid plastic car around and try another crossing, where we will be waiting for him.
- **Get to blow the whistle.** TOOT TOOT! TOOT TOOT! Wake the fuck up everybody, a train is coming through! TOOT TOOT!

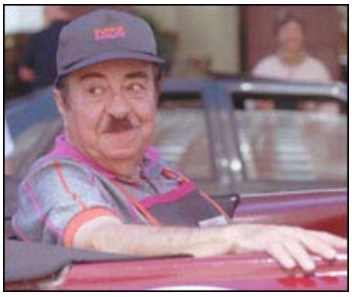
Disadvantages of being a train conductor

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.22 Your Designated Holiday Representatives and You

Saturday, Aug 23, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

America loves its spokespeople. Having delivered that ineffable truism, I could just end this article right now and walk away with the satisfied smirk one gets from a job well done. There would be nothing wrong with leaving that first sentence as it is and letting you all meditate on it for a while. But that just wouldn't be my style, so I'm going to keep on explaining myself, and let's face it, you're going to keep on reading. Neither of us really have anything better to do with our time. So, as I was saying, there's nothing that Americans love more than finding that one special person who comes to stand for the things they love. Whether human, animal, or mythical creature, there's just something about those little balls of charisma that fill our hearts with glee.



With Fred, it was always time to make the donuts! Now I just don't know what time it is.

Spokespeople have a huge impact on us all. Dunkin' Donuts never had more success than it did when Fred the Donut Guy was up to make the donuts at the crack of dawn. I can't tell you the first thing about the quality of Michelin tires, but if the Michelin Staypuft Marshmallow Man says they're good, I'm sold. Plus he makes me want to rent "Ghostbusters" again, and that can't be bad! And we all know deep down in the cockles of our hearts that we would never choke down another freakish square-shaped, mayonnaise-slathered meat patty from Wendy's if not to honor the memory of Dave "Hi, I'm Dave Thomas" Thomas. Yes, a good spokesperson can make you fall in love with their represented product, service, or event, no matter how crappy it might be. I mean, cigarettes are filthy, stinking flammable poison sticks, but I would have lit up in a heartbeat if I thought it would give me a chance to hang out with that kickass camel in the leather jacket. But let's face it - dying of emphysema just hasn't been the same since ol' Joe Camel stopped coming around so much.

But spokespeople aren't restricted just to commercial services. It's our nature to put a face on everything we can, for one reason or another. Major holidays are especially prone to having their own representatives. Christmas has Santa Claus and Easter has the Easter Bunny, both of which take a lot of the heat off of Jesus. And that's good! Because without Santa, Christmas would be an in-depth celebration of a woman laying on a pile of itchy hay, going through a long, agonizing labor without any of today's modern medicines or even the presence of a qualified doctor, while her only distraction is the nagging thought that she's going through all that pain without even having had the pleasure of getting knocked up the natural way in the first place. That's not the sort of thing that you really want kids dwelling on. And without the Easter Bunny to fill our minds with thoughts of cuddly rodents and the chocolate eggs they leave behind, Easter would be all about Jesus coming back from the dead, which would either make the holiday a lot more terrifying, or ruin every zombie movie ever made. Hell, we'll make up reasons to celebrate just to have a spokesperson to rally around! Take the tooth fairy for example - if not for the thought that a magical little pixie was going to flutter into their room, take their tooth, and leave some money behind, do you really think kids would greet their teeth coming loose and falling out of their mouths with the same enthusiasm? That's not a reason to celebrate, people. That's a serious dental issue. But because there's a loveable fairy involved, suddenly having unsightly gaps in your mouth is something to cheer about!

Despite all this, there are some holidays and events that we celebrate without giving proper recognition to the hardworking spokesmen, spokeswomen, and spokesothers who make them all possible. Luckily, in addition to being Something Awful's Official Sunday Guy and movie reviewer, president

and founder of ELEAWTA, speaker of the Pornographers Union, cybernetic assassin for the ruling government of Zimbabwe, professional journalism clone, political satirist, award winning playwright, dean of the Greasnin Institute of Higher Learning, and team chef, I am also the chair of the Holiday Representatives' Advocacy Council, or HRAC. What can I say? I like to stay busy. Thus it is both my duty and my privilege to introduce you to a few colorful individuals who have been working for far too long without getting the glory and adulation they deserve. I hope that once you've read about them, you'll grow to love them as much as I do, which is somewhat.

Kragg-Uru, The Birthday Troll

Sure, he's dangerous, but look at his festive hat!

Time marches on day after day, week after week, month after month. And when those months add up to another year, you get to have a party entirely in your own honor. And dammit, you expect presents. But just because those presents aren't piled under some big tree, you think that your birthday just *happens*. Well, it doesn't. Since the dawn of time, each person's passage from one year to the next has been solely in the hands of Kragg-Uru, the birthday troll. If not for his ceaseless efforts, time would be meaningless. A year could come and go, but if Kragg-Uru wasn't there to do his job, age would have no effect on you. Naturally, his is a thankless task, as no one wants to grow older and older every year. But dammit, the birthday troll provides a necessary service. Without him, the laws of nature would be thrown completely out of balance. Kragg-Uru knows you don't like getting older and crotchety, so he tries to make it easier on you by making sure you get presents. And what does mankind do for him in exchange? How about hate and fear him? Oh that's right, there was a time in human history when Kragg-Uru's name was well known, but the simple-minded, ignorant, and violent people of those times made him into a villain just because he did what needed to be done. It didn't help that he was a fucking troll, either. Ignorant peasants have never taken kindly to trolls. Not even birthday trolls.

Shecky, the Yom Kippur Child Molester

Look, just let the guy repent with you. He's been through enough.

In the Jewish faith, there is a ten day period following Rosh Hashanah when the Jews are supposed to atone for their various sins throughout the year. Those ten days are meant for the small stuff - the minor offenses against friends, family, neighbors, and the myriad other passersby who flit in an out of our lives. The last day is Yom Kippur, the holiest day on the Jewish calendar. On that day, Jews atone for their sins against God almighty. That takes so much time out of their day that they don't even break to eat. One day of atonement, and bang, you're back in God's good graces for a new year. Not a bad deal, but it is a highly serious matter. You can fake your apology to your neighbor for "accidentally" denting his new BMW, but you can't fake your apology to God. He sees through your bullshit. It comes with being God. The infinite power to create all existence as we know it, plus he can see through your bullshit. That's why when it came time to choose a spokesman for Yom Kippur, the job went to Shecky the child molester. You see, Shecky is a devout Jew, and he wants to be favored in the eyes of the Lord, but that damn Rosenbaum kid keeps walking by his house in his shorts with that tight little eight year old butt, and, well... you know how it is. Shecky wants to stop. He's really sorry. It's just that he has a problem. These days when people hear the terms "child molestation" and "religion" together, they immediately think of Catholicism, but Shecky wants you to know that he's there for all you Jews,

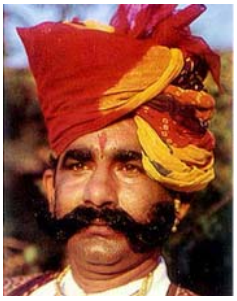
and he's really, really sorry. Really.

Vippy, the First Pube Hobbit

Damn, those are hairy feet. Your problems are nothing compared to this guy.

Puberty can be a tough time for a young person. With all those hormones rushing around and all of those nutty emotions playing with your head, life is tough enough without throwing some awkward and often embarrassing physical changes, too. Sure, kids are learning all about puberty in sex ed these days, but there's still a big difference between what you hear people talking about in an informational video and what actually happens to you. That's why there's Vippy, the first pube hobbit! Vippy's got a great attitude toward life. He's always happy! He's happy that he's short. He's happy that he's fat. He happy that he knows the best soil for growing turnips. And most of all, he's happy that you're becoming a young man or young woman. When those first curly little hairs start coming in, you know you're not about to go running to your parents to talk. But you don't have to be embarrassed about your pubes in front of Vippy! Like he always says, "At least you've got 'em in a place where you can cover 'em up! Try having them all over your gigantic hobbit feet!" Oh that Vippy, always guaranteed to raise a smile. After all, when it comes to those few years between childhood and adulthood, no one knows more about what that's like that a freaky halfling!

Omar, the Crazed Turk of Arbor Day



Okay, you try finding a good picture for Omar, the Crazed Turk of Arbor Day.

Okay, when they were handing out the sponsorship deals, this one got a little crossed in the mail. No one knows why Omar Ab-Farheed, the bloodstained purger of the Christian hordes from the sacred lands of Allah, was chosen to represent the goodwill and joy of Arbor Day, but no one can deny that he does his job with boundless enthusiasm. Truth be told, Omar always seems a little confused each year when Arbor Day rolls around and people look to him for direction. Some would say that he actually has no idea what he's supposed to be doing. A couple witnesses claim that they actually saw him planting a tree once, but it turned out that he was just burying the head of an infidel. One thing is certain, though. On Arbor Day, when all eyes are on Omar, he eventually springs into action. Whether it's his way of encouraging people to reforest the globe, or just his way of getting people to stop staring at him, Omar can always be counted on to raise his scimitar high into the air and shout out the cry that rallies tree-lovers everywhere: "Lilililililililililili!" Omar, you may not speak English, you may not bathe, and you may kill a few dozen people each year, but in our eyes, you'll always be Ottomantastic!

Larry, the Guy Vaguely Associated with Boxing Day

See, Larry's a good guy. Let him be your Boxing Day.

To be perfectly honest, Boxing Day still doesn't have a set representative. We're working on the problem, but in the meantime, we're sort of nudging Larry into just taking the damn gig. Why did we choose Larry to stand for everything good and right about Boxing Day? Who the hell cares? It's Boxing Day. Let's face it, you're not even entirely sure what Boxing Day really is. Last year you sent a card to Evander Holyfield. Besides, you don't know Larry. For all you know, he could be very passionate about Boxing Day. If we say he is, who are you to argue, huh? Look, you've spent at most 0.0000001 percent of your life thinking about Boxing Day. Next time it happens to pop into your head, just be a pal and think of Larry, okay? If you've really got an issue with that, you're just going to have to drop it.

And there you have it! Five new names and faces who just want to be a little part of your life. They work hard for you, and all they want is a tiny bit of credit. That's not so much to ask for, is it? Of course it isn't. We at HRAC have reasonable expectations. We don't want to cram too much down your throats at once. Let's get these guys into the mainstream, then we'll worry about getting Melnoc, the Secretaries Day Hobgoblin some public acceptance.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

8.23 My Tank Has a Great Big Gun

Sunday, Aug 24, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One of the only front page pieces I write that I ever get e-mails requesting I reprise are my series of updates on wacky weapons of World War II. Thanks to their overwhelming wackiness, the Germans usually get the lion's share of the coverage. Many moons ago when I last did one of these I covered a single Soviet land boat designated the T-35. This time I head back to my roots and cover three German vehicles that will leave you shocked and awed.

- **The Wheeled-Tracked "Masterpieces" Type:** Decepticon Switcheroo AFVs

This is a Sdkfz 222, which had a body very similar to the RK Ausf A. Image swiped from Jagdtiger.de

Specific Features: The Germans were pioneers in the realm of half-track vehicles, a term used to describe light-armored vehicles that had two heavy front wheels and a light tank-style track system on the rear portion of the vehicle. This fusion of wheeled vehicle and tank allowed German, and later American, half-tracks to move quickly over rough terrain, span trenches, and turn on a dime. The down side of this was that tracked vehicles cannot be as fast as a similar wheeled vehicle. Replacing axles and rubber tires with long strings of interlocking metal plates does great things for stability and off-road capability, but really blows away any chances of competing in a drag race.

Austrian manufacturer Saurer produced two vehicles during the war that were both wheeled and tracked vehicles, just not at the same time. The RR-7 was a light armored reconnaissance vehicle and troop carrier that could either drive using a pair of light treads or four heavy road wheels attached to the tread assembly. It was capable of a top road speed of a respectable 60 kph, but probably due to complexity of manufacturing only 140 were built. The RR-7 was the ancestor of the RK Ausf A, a light tank that again used either a unique tread assembly or road wheels attached to the tread assembly. The RK Ausf A was capable of reaching an impressive 80 kph on roads and using its wheeled locomotion. Unfortunately for the RK Auf A, it spent too long in the development cycle and by the time manufacturing began on the initial order of 15 the tank was essentially obsolete. The order was cancelled and the tank never saw recorded service.

History: Prior to the annexation of Austria by Germany, Austrian military manufacturer Saurer had begun development and testing of a light armored reconnaissance vehicle that incorporated both wheels and tracks. Unlike what the Germans had done with their half-track, this vehicle could alternate between wheeled and tracked locomotion by attaching heavy road wheels to axles integrated into the track system. When Germany decided that Austria was Germany Jr. and annexed the nation in 1938 the Wehrmacht was pretty impressed with the Saurer vehicle designated RR-7 and put in a production order. A total of 140 were produced and served with mixed results as an artillery observation vehicle in 1941 in North Africa and on the Eastern Front.

The legacy of the RR-7 does not end there. The Germans, always willing to one-up the madcap ideas of others, requested that Saurer design and test a wheeled/tracked light tank. Similar in armor and armament to the Panzer II light tank, the Panzerspaehwagen RK Ausf A sported an angular chassis that resembled the common German four-wheeled armored cars. Instead of wheels the vehicle had light tank style treads designed uniquely for the RK with four wheels mounted above the ground line. These wheels could be lowered to provide the primary locomotion in place of the tracks, particularly useful when a high road speed was needed.

I admit, sources have failed me as to whether or not the process for switching from tracked to wheeled movement was automated. However, images of the RK make it appear that such an automatic transition cannot be ruled out and the vehicle incorporated an unusual side-mounted dual exhaust system that further deepens this possibility. If the RK possessed an automatic locomotion switching system it would have passed from being an oddity to being a truly unique (at the time) vehicle.

Unfortunately, much like Duke Nuke 'Em Forever, what once seemed like a good idea spent so long in development and testing that by 1942, when the RK was prepared to enter production, the project was cancelled because the vehicle was essentially obsolete. No point driving really fast on roads and then transforming into a tank when the first time a T-34 coughs at your decepticon it's going to blow sky high.

- **The P. 1000 "Ratte"**

To give you an idea of how big the Maus was, here's a picture of it during test trials.

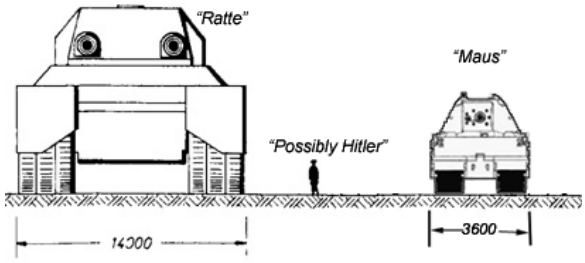
Type: The Biggest Tank that Never Was

Specific Features: Before I get into the specific features of the "Ratte" let us reminisce briefly about the largest tank ever completed; The Maus. I covered it in my first article on German super weapons and it's one of the more well known of Germany's uber tanks. The Maus weighed in at 188 tons (the M1A1 tank currently used by the United States weighs only 67 tons), had a massive 128mm main gun, and had armor that was a quarter of a meter thick in places. The Maus was built, it was real, it may have even seen combat although details are sketchy and this is probably unlikely. The Maus was also a monumental waste of resources and was ultimately impractical.

The Ratte was the next in line to wear the crown of world's biggest tank, and it made the Maus look like its namesake. The Ratte was to be a nightmare machine and its scale still boggles the mind. It would have been 35 meters long, almost four times as wide as the Maus, and 11 meters high. Armor would have been similar or possibly slightly thicker than that seen on the Maus, but of course covering much more surface area. The tank would have been propelled along on a total of six 1.2 meter wide tread assemblies, three on each side of the tank. This means that the treads on one side would have been only slightly narrower than the entirety of a Maus. No less than eight Daimler E-boat engines would have provided the tank's requisite 16,000 horsepower and the turret would

have literally been a Graf Spee class battleship turret with only two instead of three gun positions.

If your pants aren't feeling uncomfortably tight yet, just wait until you hear about the armament. The turret would have mounted a pair of 280mm long barreled ship cannons, each gun weighing in at almost 50 tons and firing shells that weighed over 300 kg a piece and were capable of reaching out and touching someone 42 kilometers away. Practically these weapons would have never been able to engage targets 42 kilometers away in a direct fire role, but that was their naval capability. Finally, instead of a turret machinegun the P.1000 was intended to mount either a dual or quad 20mm anti-aircraft gun on top of the 380 ton turret. The number of crew members is unknown but would have likely topped fifty men, with adequate machineguns studding the hull to engage infantry from all directions.



The Ratte would have been able to drive over trucks, houses, and even the mighty Maus tank with ease. Its guns would have leveled buildings, blasted craters ten meters across in the earth, or sunk an unfortunate naval cruiser loitering a little too close to shore. The term P.1000 was a reference to the estimated thousand ton weight of the Ratte, but odds are it would have been much closer to 2000 tons.

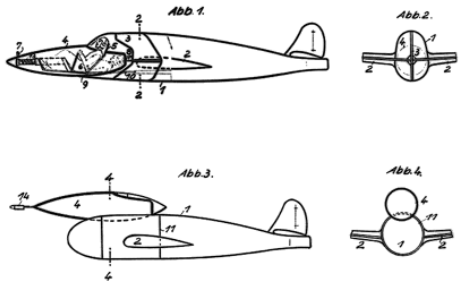
History: Very little remains of the history of the Ratte, but it is known that its development began at Krupp in the summer of 1942. Concept work and illustrations were completed by December of 1942 but it is unknown how much beyond this stage development of the Ratte progressed. It can be assumed that not much was finished because the P. 1000 program would have left a pretty easy to identify prototype behind. The Ratte program was never officially cancelled despite the immense waste of resources it would have been if a prototype had ever been completed. The tank would have been extremely slow - probably less than the paltry 20 kph the Maus could manage - and difficult to command effectively in combat. While its relative invulnerability would have made up for some of these shortcomings I can promise you that something that big and that slow would have been destroyed one way or another.

■ The Semikaze

Type: The World's First "Probably Suicide" Aircraft

Specific Features: Apparently out of jealousy for Japan's noble Kamikaze pilots, the Germans began development of a similar suicide aircraft in 1944. Specifically intended for one-use ramming, the design of this aircraft was undertaken by famed oddball of German aviation Walter Wundes of Gotha. The aircraft was never given an official designation but was planned as a rocket or jet aircraft consisting of two distinct components; an armored conical cockpit and a fuselage. The armored nose would have bored through the fuselage of the enemy aircraft - almost certainly a bomber - and the pilot would have theoretically been able to detach his cockpit and plummet to safety with the aid of parachutes. Assuming that the cockpit was somewhat entangled in the target aircraft,

the cockpit would have come equipped with an explosive device that would have blown clear part of the enemy aircraft allowing the pilot to safely escape.



The above image and information from Luft '46.

History: While it may seem on the surface that the Germans lacked the backbone to actually send their skilled pilots on suicide missions, all of the talk in the Gotha plans of a detachable cockpit are just that; talk. Assuming that the pilot had miraculously survived the sheer trauma of slamming into another aircraft at over 300 miles per hour the odds that his aircraft would not immediately explode are low indeed. Remember that the German's only widely used rocket aircraft (the Komet) suffered vastly more casualties from landing than it suffered in combat. Why? Because the rocket fuel onboard these fighters tended to explode when they landed. Let's give Gotha the benefit of the doubt and say they found a way to cheaply mass produce turbojets for this ramming fighter and went with the far less volatile jet fuel. That would mean that instead of instantly exploding like a bomb, liquid fire would spew out of the fuel tank of the rammer and roast the pilot inside his armored cockpit like a hog in an armored cooking pot.

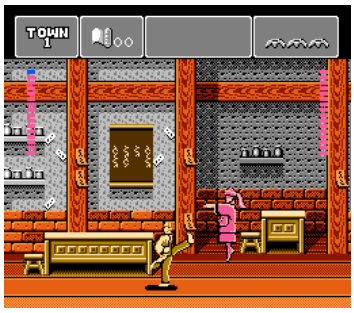
Of course all this assumes that the ramming has taken place after the enemy bomber has dropped off its kids at soccer practice. If an unfortunate rammer decided to bury his plane in the side of a bomb laden Flying Fortress then chances are he would be slamming into 16 of the bomber's 500lb bombs. Somehow I doubt the explosive charge on the nose of his plane would blast a hole to safety through the giant explosion that would engulf the entire plane. Fortunately for everyone involved in this potential scenario the Germans did not build a working version of the ramming aircraft, saving the lives of countless American, British, and German aircrews.

At the end of the day we have three bad ideas and only one finished product, that's nothing unusual for Nazi Germany, but I have to say the Ratte is a pretty recent discovery and it scares the holy crap-cakes out of me. Can you imagine that thing rolling through the countryside of France, taller than church steeples and crushing houses beneath its six giant treads? I can, and it's a horrifying thought.

The Nintendo Fun Club is Back, Bitch

Hey folks, Taylor "Crack Shoot" Bell here to drop a change of pace on all your asses. Today we're going to explore some of the greatest lesser known games of the NES age, games that are almost good enough to make me forget about the horrible Peter Pan games I've played.

Of all the games mentioned here, this is probably the least well known. Phantom Fighter tells the heartwarming tale of a Japanese guy, his funny hat, his retarded sidekick and his noble quest to go from door to door beating up "kyonshies." For those of you who don't know what a kyonshie is, you can educate yourself by watching the hit movie Robo



> *Vampire, a film that distinguishes itself by putting an exploding helicopter on the box cover and then failing to include a single helicopter in the entire movie. A kyonshie is some kind of weird Japanese zombie thing that attacks by holding his arms out and slowly hopping toward you. You can defend yourself against this deadly attack by walking up and kicking the kyonshie in the chest, at which point he will either stand there motionless or perform the famous combat maneuver known as "falling on his ass."*

For more information about phantoms and the fighting thereof, you know where to go!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.24 How to be a Successful Movie Criminal

Tuesday, Aug 26, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

THE SA LIMITED EDITION KEYCHAINS ARE OFFICIALLY ON SALE!!!

These high quality steel keychains picture the SA grenade logo with a protective layer of gloss to prevent scratches and dings.

Do you know what the best part is? They're only $9.95! Order now, as we've already sold out over 50% of stock!!

How to be a Successful Movie Criminal

ACTION! Asian girls on bikes! ACTION!!!

In this post-911, Bushcraftian wasteland of an economy, many people are searching for jobs which will not only provide them with enough money to support their halfwitted families, but will additionally explain the meaning of the word "Bushcraftian" which I believe I just made up. I'm thinking it's some highly clever metaphor that compares George "President Bush" W. Bush Jr. to the underwater abomination known as C'thulu, but I don't really know how this analogy applies or remotely makes sense in any aspect whatsoever. I blame the post-911, Bushcraftian wasteland of an economy for my poor writing skills. Regardless, the fact remains: it's hard as hell to get a job these days, and many members of the American public are turning to less orthodox methods in order to get money, such as becoming a professional welfare recipient or starting up a Scientology cult temple that can transform into a gigantic flying metal fist with laser rockets when authorities get "too close" in their investigation. Fortunately, Americans are incredibly resilient, and history has shown time and time again that when god closes a door of opportunity, the average American responds by taking a rock and bashing in the lock, proceeding to loot everything inside. This can-do attitude is responsible for such historic American inventions as the assembly line and smallpox.

Let's face facts: it's hard as hell to get a job these days. The economy is tanking, dragging millions of jobs down with it, and the only position companies are actively trying to fill these days is the job of the person who fires other people and then escorts them from the building to make sure the ex-employee doesn't try to steal any pens or urinate in the water cooler on the way out. Luckily there's a little known occupation that is always hiring yet many people don't know about

because they're either stupid or drunk: the job of a movie criminal. I've been watching "The Action Channel" lately, a cable station which derives its name from the fact that whenever you turn it on you immediately engage in the action of changing the channel to something which sucks a lot less. Regardless, the Action Channel is a great reference source for gritty, in-your-face documentaries about realistic crimes which just happen to revolve around kidnapping the President while releasing a deadly airborne virus into the public and maybe preventing an asteroid from colliding with the Earth. Each of these movies share a common bond; the important role of movie criminals. Although they usually have bit roles and don't really do anything to further the plot, hundreds of movie criminals in each film serve a highly useful purpose, which may range from unskilled labor to being killed in a very exciting fashion, preferably in slow motion. The Action Channel has taught me many key elements needed to be a successful movie criminal, and I shall now share these points with you in an attempt to not only educate you, but also take up space on the front page:

■ If the good guy ever has something you need for world conquest or to further your career in the illegal cough drop smuggling industry, it's always a good idea to ransack their house to find this item. By default, the good guy never keeps any important things in their house, but this should never prevent you from ransacking their home. There is a movie criminal procedure you should follow when engaging in this activity:

ACTION! Cop cars hitting errant air molecules and detonating! ACTION!!!

1) Break in through the front door and leave it slightly open. Never, under any circumstances, close the front door! A slightly open door signals to rival movie criminals that you have either raided the house or are in the process of raiding the house, so they should either go somewhere else or hang out by some barrels which may explode when the good guy shoots at them. The last thing you want is to ransack somebody's home and have to deal with another group of movie criminals who planned on invading the same place. If possible, you should hang one of those "DO NOT DISTURB" signs from a local Ramada Inn on the outer doorknob.
2) Despite the fact that no good guy has ever hidden anything behind a painting on his wall, you should always tilt all wall art slightly askew at a 40-degree angle. The only people who hide things behind paintings are bad guys, and those are all safes that cannot be cracked unless you know the secret code which is located under his phone three feet away, or you have access to some high tech tools like a cigarette lighter and childproof scissors.
3) Use a knife to cut open all the pillows you can find. This will make a whole shitload of feathers fly out in every direction, even if they aren't necessarily feather pillows. The Movie Criminal Labor Union signed a contract with the pillow industry decades ago, and if you fail to slice up each pillow you can find, then one day you'll receive a nasty letter from some bigwig pillow manufacturers. I don't think I need to point out that the pillow industry is one of the most ruthless, cutthroat businesses out there and they'd just as soon break your skull open as look at you. If you don't believe me, then do some research to see how many people were killed by pillows last year; you will discover hardly any people died directly due to pillows and bedding-related products. This is because the pillow industry is so ruthless and powerful that they were able to successfully remove nearly all their pillow crimes from the government records. Let's see the supposedly "powerful" tobacco industry try to pull off such a feat!
4) If you're feeling particularly saucy, you should hide to the left of a wall and slowly

> emerge from the shadows when the person who owns the house returns. They will instinctively know you are there and will use some psychic power to anticipate your every move while beating the snot out of you, no matter how outgunned and outnumbered they may be. You will then receive an opportunity to tell the good guy who employs you and where his secret warehouse is located (in the mysterious warehouse district of downtown). This serves a very useful purpose, as the good guy will then proceed to kill your boss and therefore prevent your employer from throwing you into a vat of molten lava once he discovers you weren't able to find whatever stupid thing you were intended to find in the target's home.

The most important thing to remember in these situations is to make a terrible mess. Bring stacks of papers from his study into the living room and carefully scatter them across the floor every inch. If you cannot find enough papers, go to a nearby Office Depot and buy a few crates of printer paper so you can throw them around. Make sure to save the receipt because it's a tax write off. If the target good guy has a wife or kid, be sure to locate a picture of them and break its protective glass covering. This demonstrates how much you hate protective glass coverings.

ACTION! Manwomen in leather outfits! ACTION!!!

■ Your boss will sometimes ask you to "tail" the good guy, which is bad guy lingo for "follow his car in such a way that it's impossible for him to not notice you." Once the good guy sees you trailing him, which should take roughly 13 nanoseconds, he'll start pulling a bunch of fancy-ass driving maneuvers like "going to the right" and "going to the right and then going left again." You should wait for his tires to squeal three times before losing track of him, at which point the person in your passenger seat should remark, "we lost him!" You know, because you might not be sure if you actually lost him. As soon as he announces that your target slipped away, he will magically reappear in front of you exactly five seconds later. Then the passenger should shout, "there he is!" because there's a slight chance that you could've gone blind or maybe forgot who you were chasing within in the last five seconds. It doesn't matter if your car cannot catch up to the good guy's vehicle because you will invariably either end up hitting a fruit stand which is in the middle of an alleyway or driving off a pier which is also in the middle of an alleyway for no discernable reason.

■ Never walk up stairs. NEVER. Walking up a flight of stairs is an open invitation for the good guy to shoot you, thereby causing your corpse to fall off the railing and plummet to your dead body's death. It's a proven scientific fact that once any movie criminal reaches an altitude greater than 30 feet above sea level, he will immediately be shot and fall over a railing. If there is no railing to fall over, then members of the 374th Movie Criminal Railing Union will come by and construct one. On a related note, if you and four other bad guys are on a helicopter with the good guy, at least two of you will be thrown out during a fistfight, even if there's no railing on the helicopter.

■ The larger your gang, the less damage each individual will be able to sustain without falling down and suddenly falling asleep. Common sense dictates that there's strength in numbers, but action movies have an unfortunate tendency to disprove this. There is a direct correlation between the number of bad guys hanging out with you and the amount of total damage you can take before getting knocked over. If you're attacking with one other member, both of you will be able to take a fair amount of beatings to the face with a wood plank just as long as you have some kind of coordinated attack plan which you mapped out in advance and have written down on the back of your arm. If you are accompanied by three or more members, then you can pretty much assume

that you'll last, at the most, two seconds in combat and will be rendered unconscious by a gust of light wind or the light reflecting off your enemy's wristwatch. Ideally you should attack by yourself, and if you're really interested in being able to sustain the most damage, you should rip off your shirt and scream before combat. Shirt tearing gives you an extra burst of energy which is critical when you're being hit in the face by somebody's shoe.

■ When you're driving any type of vehicle, never never EVER put your hands out in front of your face and scream. This action ensures that the vehicle you're driving or piloting will explode within the next two seconds due to the fact that every Bad Guy Approved vehicle has a large red button near the steering wheel which is labeled "PUSH HERE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO EXPLODE." Once you move your hands away from that to shield your face, this button is depressed and a small bundle of plastic explosives located in your gas tank immediately detonates. Blame Ralph Nadar or, better yet, George "Bush" W. Bush.

■ Never wear the standard bad guy-issued uniforms! If you put on their clothing, you will lose all your strength, coordination, and ability to form completely sentences. Your role will be instantly reduced to that of "the guy who gets knocked out after one punch" or "the guy standing next to the wall when it explodes." You will be able to serve no functional purpose whatsoever and will rival many brands of office furniture in terms of sheer usefulness.

■ The odds of you dying are directly proportional to the importance of the area you're located in. For example, if you're simply walking around some downtown street with a few of your dullard buddies, you'll probably suffer a bloody nose at the worst. However, if you've been asked to guard a top secret moon rocket which contains a nuclear warhead full of bees and poison snakes, you will be violently murdered during a security breech. Before your employer assigns you to hang around a particular area, ask him if you'll be guarding anything and, if so, the street value of this particular item. If the item is appraised at a value above $100,000, then your wife should probably take out additional life insurance policies in your name, because the only way you're going to ever be coming home again is charred and in hundreds of Ziplock baggies.

ACTION! Black dudes waving red scarves around! ACTION!!!

■ Although you may falsely believe that kidnapping children would be an easy, problem-free chore, all kids related in any way to heroes or police officers or retired Army veterans are more clever than Albert "Thomas Edison" Einstein and can probably devise even deadlier weapons. These genius youth are able to take even the most basic, primitive pieces of technology and use McGyver-esque techniques to transform them into fully functional communication tools. If they are given a calculator and disposable pen, they will be able to create a cellphone within an hour. If you mistakenly give them access to a battery and bird's nest, they will have a GPS navigational tracking system completed before you can count to ten. Don't even ask what they can build with a towel and pack of used condoms; let's just say that the words "robot holocaust" immediately spring to mind. If you are given the task of capturing and holding a child for some unspecified amount of time, expect the kid to engage in three spectacular failed escape attempts before your arch-enemy, the hero, busts in and directly causes you to fall over a railing to your death.

As you can see, the movie criminal industry is one of the few remaining profitable ventures in this post-whateverian society we live in, the others naturally being a lawyer or a leader of an organized religion. However, there are many responsibilities and "tricks of the trade" you must keep in mind when pursuing such a lucrative career. If you don't abide by these simple tips and hints you could end up dead or, even worse, Rutger Hauer. Now that's a Bushcraftian nightmare of epic proportions!

Shaving cream, the fabric of our lives

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams cutting today's "Comedy Goldmine" a little short on my end so I can go to bed early and thus wake up early and go grab The Two Towers and Simpson's Season Three DVD's tomorrow. Just a heads up in case you forgot. Thank me later if you did.

Think how exciting every day would be if there were more Kung Fu masters around. Exciting, isn't it? I thought so to, and so did the Goons. They liked the idea so much they started photshopping Kung Fu masters into every day situations. Cleaning, cooking, sweeping, things like that. Click

here like a hobo on a ham sandwich!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.25 The SA Media Empire: Behind the Scenes

Tuesday, Aug 26, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This is a rare group photo of the SA Staff assembled together to pound out some comedy ideas.

Hello dear citizens of the Internet Community! In our regular quest to provide comedy (LAUGH YOU GODDAMN INGRATES!) we often forget that you, our sacred and beloved viewer, simply does not get the opportunity to learn about *us*, the people who hopefully make you laugh. While coming up with daily content for you swell folks is time consuming and demanding on all of the SA staff, we still manage to live fulfilling lives that involve such exciting activities as "making extensive lists of things we need to do" and "washing our hands a set number of times in a given time period, never more, never less." There is a wealth of other things we do in the times we aren't writing "comedy," but most people don't have anything even remotely resembling a clue when it comes to that mystery category. Sure, you could easily argue that nobody cares, and you would probably be right. But hey, guess what, I'm fueled by equal parts spite and hate, and I'm not quitting without being as annoying as possible. With my utter contempt for you out in the open, let me just say that I'm delighted to be dedicating this update to my fellow staff members. And what a good bunch of staffers they are! I know it's hard to believe how far we've come and how big we've gotten, but here we are! When the entrepreneurial Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka figured that you could crudely disguise hate speech as comedy, he had no idea his profound ignorance would blossom into a media empire that now employs a handful of thoroughly worthless people such as myself and especially Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz.

So what have these staffers been up to? Glad you asked! Us Something Awful writers get an awful lot done, and I think you'll agree!

- **Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka**

Rich started his week on an industrious note by amassing a copy of every newspaper published in a 60-mile radius. He then spent the next day carefully clipping every single coupon from every single advertisement using a paper cutter to ensure perfectly straight slices. Rich has a burning passion for coupons that mirrors Hitler's passion for burning Jews. Unlike Hitler, Rich prefers not to burn anything save for high prices, which he feels are the bane of his people's existence. None of us ever question this aspect of Rich's personality, and we certainly don't complain that he never uses the coupons to buy things and instead uses them to decorate the office. The coupon thing is a fairly recent development, and we all think it might have to do with Rich's poor performance on the stock market. He invested his life savings into this two favorite companies – Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia and World Wrestling Entertainment – both of which are not doing so well. He still sticks by his decision, though, and never hesitates to remind us that, "when the worst comes, it's going to be wrestling and decorating that bring people together!"

As of this writing, Rich is lying in a pile of coupons and moaning like Chewbacca.

- **Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons**

Bad news struck the SA offices when we had to assemble enough money to bail Zack out of jail yet again. For the third time, Zack was arrested for wandering the U-505 submarine exhibit at Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry with no clothes on. While Zack claimed he was merely trying to appreciate the wonders of German engineering on a more primal and intimate level, his public nudity and lewd behavior went unappreciated by

the museum's patrons. With the torpedo bay click of cold handcuffs against his wrists, Zack's happy time as a would-be German submariner ended in embarrassment for us all. Initially, he told us he was going to go back again later in the week, but we think we changed his mind by convincing him that the Hitlermobile is on display downstate for a limited time only. He seems really motivated about going to see that instead, especially since it's only a matter of time before the ship it back to Germany.

- **Ben "Greasnin" Platt**

Ben has a had a hectic week, as he's busy rehearsing his new one man play "The Man in the Mirror – A Reflection of My Beauty." This play, like all of Ben's plays, will be performed in front of a mirror wide enough to capture the sum of Ben's acting gifts, which consists of asking rhetorical questions and then winking as if to say, "don't answer that, it's a rhetorical question!" Let's hope the godly vision reflected in the mirror does not blind humble Ben! A packed crowd of trophies dressed up in doll clothing will witness this singular performance and give valuable emotional support. While it's a far off notion, Ben secretly hopes the spirit of his play will bring the trophies to life, creating an army of living reminders to his greatness as well as valuable social contacts that judge him the way he deserves to be judged: as a god amongst clowns. We all leave Ben alone and never visit his cubicle, no matter how much fun he seems to be having.

Here is a picture of our wives. They're going to hate us for posting this!

- **Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz**

Of all the misery that has occurred so far this week, most of it belongs to Reid. While riding a bus to his regular job as a male escort who specializes in Oompa Loompa role-playing, a grossly obese man mistakenly sat on him. Reid ended up lodged in the man's backside, held prisoner by the merciless warden of fat folds. Though he wanted very much to scream for help, he dared not open his mouth for fear that his innards would be filled with matter from the ever-expanding universe of human obesity, or worse, the rapid depressurization of his body might cause him to explode, inadvertently creating a second black hole in his new living space. Instead he remained silent in the moist asswomb of rippling fat, biding his time until escape seemed plausible. Two days into the ordeal, as the man slept on his stomach, daring Reid seized the opportunity and began his escape! He did manage to slither his weakened and compressed body out of the stretch mark burial plot, but was unable to free his right arm. After several tense hours, Reid made an executive decision and amputated the trapped arm, freeing himself once and for all! Reid tried to organize a press conference to publicly recount his harrowing story, but nobody wanted to hear it. We really didn't want to hear it either, but when a coworker shows up smelling like hell and with a bloody stump where they used to have an arm, you can't help but ask how their weekend went.

- **Josh "Livestock" Boruff**

I got right down to business by drafting plans for an expansive fort built out of pillows and bedding materials. I was able to complete the fort in a satisfactory manner in even less time than I allotted. I spent the last few days in introspective isolation inside the fort, guarded from the madness of the outside world. This time alone from society was very comfortable physically, but ultimately scared me for life. Not because of any realizations

> that occurred while in the fort, but because it collapsed on me. I am now suffering from shellshock and wet pants syndrome.
>
> Although my week thus far has been a disaster, I did manage to get one productive thing done. I wrote a new joke! It goes something like this: "I just got back from Skull Island and boy are my bones achy!" I think it's going to be a hit.

So there you have it, an undistorted look into lives of the men and womanly men who define the words "Internet Superstars." Who knows what lies ahead for us later in the week, or even next week, or the week after that! Possibly adventure? Probably not. Possibly action? Definitely not. But what you can always count on is more of whatever it is we've been doing for so very long.

Going for That Urban Feel

This is Ben "Greennose" Platt with a special treat for all of you out there in Actually-Read-the-Movie-Reviews Land. This time around, I've got one for you that doesn't deal with lesbian vampires, pointless killers in shitty masks, or murderous blobs! It's called "Eternal Gangstas" and it's jam packed full of action and action-substitute.

> *We join the story in medias res, which is Latin for "the writer couldn't come up with a beginning." Our protagonist (D.A. Jackson himself), if this epic morality play could truly be said to have one, is on the floor. His name is Grey, which is apt, considering semi-cool-but-not-really gray streak in his hair, and the completely and utterly lame gray streak on his eyebrow. I didn't even know it was possible to go gray on just half of an eyebrow, but then, I'm not an eternal gangsta like Grey. Grey is soft-spoken, but his inner monologue fuels the movie. In both cases, he is dubbed atrociously. I'm not convinced that it's even Jackson's real voice. Honestly, I hope it isn't. It would suck for a buff black guy like Jackson to go through life sounding like a Steven Seagal impersonator. It doesn't help that he's spouting lines like "I've always felt I was on the verge of detonation. But now... now I think I've triggered the countdown." Sure you have, Grey. Sure you have.*

Whoa Nelly! Fasten your comedy belts and start the laugh propeller, because this whirlibird's taking a one-way trip to Laughtown, baby! Check out the review to read about a story so intense it will kick your eyes right out of your skull!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.26 The Future is Soon!

Thursday, Aug 28, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We here at Something Awful have long considered ourselves sort of a site related to gaming. I mean, sure, on a given week we might only have one or two articles related to video games, but deep down in our hearts we care about the gaming industry. To reinforce this point I have decided to devote today's update to an insider scoop on the next generation of console wars. The battle plans have already been made for 2005 and its looking to be one of the most brutal fights since the Soviet Union invaded Finland in what we now refer to as "The Winter War". Will the Communist juggernaut of Sony roll over wee little Nintendo like it wasn't even there, or will the Nazis at Microsoft slowly feed arms to Nintendo's resistance... well, this analogy isn't really working out like I had hoped.

Regardless of my remarkable failure at drawing a parallel between the Winter War and the upcoming console wars I think you'll be happy to know that we have delved deep into the industry to provide you with a startling look at what each side will be offering.

Nintendo

I'm sure Panasonic is extremely happy they spent resources designing and manufacturing that!

Old fan favorite Nintendo has certainly seen better years. Its waning popularity is reflected in poor sales of all but a few headlining titles and, in its desperation, Nintendo seems to have become a clearinghouse for electronic gimmickry. Everything from Link Cables to E-Cards has been churned out by Nintendo in an effort to use the strength of their handheld unit, the Game Boy Advance, to revitalize the flaccid sales of their Game Cube home console. Cross promotion within the context of their games borders on repugnant and their flagship characters are cheapened by yammering about hooking up Nintendo's latest purple gadget to your console.

The situation isn't hopeless for Nintendo by any means. They still have a few of their franchise characters that remain relatively untarnished despite Nintendo's best efforts to turn them into carnival barkers for their shitty peripherals. "The Legend of Zelda" still has a few miles left in it and "Metroid" proved that backtracking endlessly for a power up can be sort of fun in 3D too.

With this in mind I sat down and talked with some anonymous sources at Nintendo to get the inside scoop on their big 2005 console release and some of the products associated with it.

Just go away Mario, and take your Yoshis, your Warios, and whatever else Nintendo puked out right along with you.

The name of Nintendo's upcoming console has not been announced but my sources indicate there is a strong possibility Nintendo will be going with "The Nintendo Play Sphere". This owes mainly to the fact that Nintendo's latest console will be completely spherical and roughly the size of a softball only smooth and hot pink. Of all three console manufacturers Nintendo has the best record of thwarting piracy by using a non-standard game media. This pattern will continue with the NPS and its patented Game Crystal technology. The Game Crystals will be cylindrical crystals covered in a micro-mesh of circuitry and tiny memory chips. The downside to this will be that Games will cost between 70-80 dollars a piece and the crystals are prone to shattering if lightly bumped.

Other touted features of the NPS are a new controller design that promises to be so tiny and non-ergonomic that it will inflict hand cramps on users a split second after they pick up the controller. Nintendo sources reassured me that they will place at least one button on the controller in such a bizarre spot that you will literally have to ask someone to press it for you when you're holding the controller. Nintendo has been pretty tight lipped about plans to bring the console online with either an integrated adapter or an add-on adapter, but my sources have blown the lid off Nintendo's online strategy. They will be releasing a new product called the Link Cable Link Cable that will allow users to connect their Link Cables to other Link Cables. Nintendo has built a room in the basement of their building and if you buy enough Link Cable Link Cables to reach this room you can connect to other users around the world. Unfortunately, Nintendo has also already announced plans to fill this room with concrete less than three days after Link Cable Link Cable Online launches.

The software library for the Play Sphere is expected to be fairly similar to the lineup for the Game Cube, relying mostly on Nintendo's own first party titles to provide anything interesting outside of mediocre cross-platform ports. My sources at Nintendo have told me to expect titles based on all of the good old Nintendo franchise characters we're already fucking sick of including as many as thirty games related to Mario. On top of that we can look forward to a number of obscure and bizarre Japanese niche titles guaranteed to impress a handful of teenage boys who want to be Japanese. Europe, fear not, Nintendo has heard your complaints about lack of European software support and has sworn a solemn oath to release games in Europe no more than eight years after they come out in the United States and Japan. And for all you Pokemon fans out there Nintendo has committed one hundred percent to hinting at a Play Sphere release of a Pokemon RPG that they will never actually release.

Microsoft

This is not actually an Xbox 2. The Xbox 2 will be easily recognizable based on the number of cup holders and the four slice toaster slots.

By most estimations the Xbox has been something of a failure. While it managed to edge out Nintendo's number two position in the console wars it remains a distant second behind Sony's Playstation 2. That isn't for a lack of effort on Microsoft's part. The operating system developer has dropped many millions on developing and marketing the Xbox and while the Xbox is a beast of a console in more ways than one, its late entry into the market and lackluster software library has hindered its progress. In fact a large portion of the money Microsoft has spent on pushing the Xbox comes from the huge financial loss Microsoft absorbed by offering the consoles for a price well below manufacturing cost.

That isn't to say that the Xbox is a bad console, in fact quite the contrary, the Xbox is pretty much superior in every way to the competition and includes a number of features not offered by Sony or Nintendo. Personally I applaud Microsoft for finally developing a console with a fucking hard drive. I mean come on Sony and Nintendo, we know you love making money off your shitty memory cards, but their time has come and gone and you need to put them behind you.

Where Microsoft has really suffered is in the software support for their monster console. A few good first party titles and a handful of good third party titles, for many, fail to match up against even the anemic offerings of Nintendo. In 2005 Microsoft hopes to change all that, and a good buddy of mine over at Team Xbox got on the phone with me after a few bribes to answer some questions about their upcoming console.

I'm not even 100% sure what game this is, they all just sort of blur together into a haze of shittiness.

The Xbox was a console bristling with features that the competition lacked but the Xbox 2 promises to totally eclipse the Xbox. The new policy at Microsoft is to move away from a dedicated gaming platform and offer a "multi experience center". What this means in practice is that the Xbox 2 will include high-end gaming hardware, a mini-fridge capable of holding an entire case of soda or beer, an air-conditioning unit, a four slice toaster, a TIVO unit, cup holders, a diaper changing table, a trash can, and a refillable toothpaste reservoir. Even the new extra large controllers - designed specifically for use by basketball players - will incorporate heated buttons and miniature LCD screens so you don't miss out on any of the action.

Team Xbox also promises to blow us all away with a supercharged line up of software titles featuring only the best in generic 3rd person action games like "Maximum Explosion", "Strong Arm 2: Arm Stronger", and "Mafia Episode 4: Strafe Right". Where the Xbox definitely beat out the competition was in the online gaming offered through Xbox Live. While the original was impressive, Xbox 2's Live system will offer more than ten times as many voice filters for ten year olds to use as they sustain a three minute shriek during your online football game. My sources promise that you will be called a faggot in a number of voices ranging from "Former New York City Mayor Ed Koch" to "Robotic Voice 5".

Microsoft plans to base the entirety of their marketing on the idea that Halo 3 may eventually appear exclusively on their system. My man on the inside said I can quote him as announcing "you can expect a Halo 3 on Xbox 2 some time before the end of the decade". He asked me to add "it will rock you like a hurricane" but I politely declined.

- **Sony**

A Playstation 3 or a shitty Photoshop of a Super Nintendo? You be the judge!

The reigning champion of the Playstation and N64 era continued its domination of the console market through the current generation of consoles with its Playstation 2. While the console was slightly underpowered when pitted against its opponents the Playstation 2's backwards compatibility and early arrival in the marketplace helped boost it to a strong leading position that it has maintained. The strong sales of the PS2 have ensured the console has a massive library of software both good and bad, making it the best bet for anyone just starting out as a gamer.

Too bad the Playstation 2 is a faulty piece of crap that usually breaks a day after its warranty expires! With the PS2 Sony introduced a new concept to the consumer electronics market; disposable hardware. In essence the idea is to produce hardware as cheaply as possible so that the warranty date amounts to an expiration date on the life of the console. By the time your PS2 goes bad you will have invested so much money in software that you will feel obligated to buy a new console. While I have never personally had a problem with a PS2 the numbers don't lie, unless you're reading "The Phantom Tollbooth", and these numbers say that Sony's console is perishable.

Hopefully Sony will discontinue this unethical practice with their Playstation 3 console. I can't offer any insight on that, but thanks to several PDF files I pulled down from an accidentally shared folder on Kaaza I can shed more than a little light on other aspects of Sony's 2005 release schedule.

In a technical document about the Playstation 3's specifications I discovered that the console supposedly will "push so many polygons per second that it will place users at risk of losing their immortal souls to endless torment in the abyss". What this means exactly I can't be sure, but I think it's safe to say that the PS3 is going to be one powerhouse of the 3D computing. Also featured in this same technical document are references to the new distributed processing technique being developed jointly by Sony and IBM. One technician describes the process as "sort of like when you do a group project in college, where the two stoners just sit in the back and laugh about Gumby, the dumb kid stares intently at his syllabus, and the smart and industrious kid does the entire project and lets everyone sign their name to it."

The main unit's hardware isn't the only thing being upgraded with the Playstation 3. You can expect all new controllers that are exactly like the previous controllers only they might have a cord that is six inches longer. Memory cards will be making a come back, but gone are the days when 8 megabits was sufficient, new high-density memory cards for the PS3 will feature almost 20 megabits of blazing flash memory storage! Unfortunately, the cost of manufacturing these high-capacity memory cards will be much higher and the cards may retail for as much as 60 dollars a piece. But hey, who doesn't love expensive and fallible data storage?! I know I love loading my save game only to find that the card has been mysteriously erased because of a magnet on my refrigerator.

Keep 'em comin' Japan. Your juvenile cartoon characters, boring combat, carbon copied plots, and pathetically awkward dialogue will NEVER get old!

You can also expect the same wide range of high quality titles to be appearing in Sony's library of games for the PS3. Look forward to the yearly grind of generic sports games and mediocre action titles from Electronic Arts. Thrill to the release of several dozen shrill and annoying Japanese RPGs that are too unpopular and shitty to ever be ported to another console. Squeal with delight at the idea of playing another ten Dynasty Warriors games that all feature so much slow down that they get frame rates in the negatives. Self-flagellate in ecstasy at the idea of another year overflowing with unbelievably horrible platformers trying to be the next Mario64 when not even Nintendo is up to making another Mario64. Maybe this time Mario - I mean Crash Bandicoot - will have a jet pack and a super soaker that cleans up blood stains at crime scenes that also feature the world's worst jumping puzzles!

All of this may seem like fun and games to you, but just remind yourself that Sony was one of the biggest and most well known electronics manufacturers a decade ago. These days their gaming division accounts for more profit than all of their other divisions combined. Now maybe you understand why Bill Gates has a strong interest in stealing some of the sweet, sweet gaming pie.

All in all I'm excited about the three console that will be arriving on shelves in 2005. It seems like I'm just getting to know the three current consoles I own and I feel guilty for having wandering eyes. Whether or not I really am a philandering spouse to my consoles I intend to kick them to the curb as soon as the latest from the big three hits shelves. That will teach them for getting so fat on all of those demo discs they just lay around eating during the day while I'm out busting my ass at the writing factory.

Ceremonial Phriday Photoshop Time

Howdy gang, it's Livestock here with another Photoshop Phriday fresh from the grocer's freezer that is the Something Awful Forums! This week the goons decided to try their hands at the famous Conan O'Brien "If They Mated" bits, which are generally rather scary. The result is our completely 100% original "Celebrity Mutants" concept, which is secretly 100% the same thing as "If They Mated"

but not televised. Can you guess which star couple birthed this monster?

Tune into Photoshop Phriday for the exciting answers, as well as various other disturbing pictures to startle and amaze.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.27 The Perils Surrounding Your Own Home

Thursday, Aug 28, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I learned a lot of valuable life lessons while growing up as a kid raised on Atari 2600 and Nintendo video games. For example, I learned that if I played enough video games every hour of every day of every week, I'd eventually grow up to become a fat, bitter, drooling webmaster with the sunny disposition of a 90-year old man who was kicked in the crotch by every member of the local high school marching band. I also learned that the world is full of deadly, legendary evil things which will instantly kill you if you come into contact with them in any way whatsoever, so the act of "going outdoors" should undoubtedly be reserved for experts like Super Dave and General Catton from "Samurai Pizza Cats" who combined the two crucial, life-affirming characteristics of "being very fat" and "having a giant cannon strapped to his back." While most of these murderous entities which inhabit our universe possess the advanced skill to walk towards the left, proceed to flip horizontally, and then walk back towards the right again, some of the most nefarious threats to our very existence are inanimate objects like the water from Super Mario Brothers which murdered you if you tried to touch it or invite it to your prom.

Now you might falsely believe that these threatening threats don't pose a threat to you. You may also believe that NASA faked the moon landing and Vanilla Pepsi was a good idea. Just because the more noteworthy threats such as the Eggplant Wizard and King Hippo currently inhabit a different country than yours (the Eggplant Wizard was recently promoted to Lead Engineer at Dell and relocated to Malaysia, while King Hippo went into exile after a military coup which killed his son and most cherished meatloaf recipe) doesn't mean you're out of the woods yet. Oh no, not by a long shot! Why some of the most evil, violent, ruthless enemies of humanity may live in your very own yard! Of course you don't really have to worry about that unless you live next door to a Scientology clinic, but the fact still remains: over 87% of bicycle accidents involving bears are caused by people on bicycles hitting bears or possibly bears riding bicycles. Also people who are not familiar with their own yards are 87% more likely to die in their own yards, particularly if they're walking around naked and drunk while cleaning a loaded automatic weapon. Today's update will familiarize you, the reader, with the many positive and negative objects which inhabit the area surrounding your house and prevent it from flying off into the stratosphere.

OBJECT #1: A bush.
ALIGNMENT: Good.

DESCRIPTION: Bushes, often referred to as "the tree's retarded stepbrother," are one of the most welcome additions to most lawns because not only can you hide inside them and masturbate while elderly people walk by, but you can also... no wait, that's actually the best thing I can think of offhand. Many exterior decorators enjoy planting bushes in lawns because these squat plants take up space which would've otherwise been desolate or filled with something that didn't match the landscape such as a flaming crucifix or a fat retarded child glued to the ground. Bushes usually have dense, sturdy roots which burrow into the ground and will slice right through your water and power lines if you piss them off for any reason, particularly after political debates. However, these plants need a lot of healthy deadly chemicals to survive the harsh winters and dry summers of a temperate climate, so throw water balloons full of nitric acid at them when you're leaving for work each morning. Make sure you get a good running start or else they'll fire back green blades of death into your skull like Woodsman from Megaman 2. Some bushes produce tiny red or black fruits called "berries" which

are poisonous if you try to eat them and are non-poisonous if you don't try to eat them. Never plant anything within a 15-mile radius of a bush or else they'll get into a diplomatic dispute and you'll have to call in the Justice League of America or Jessie Jackson to mediate while presenting him with one of those hilarious oversized checks and shaking his greasy hand.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: Grow lots and lots of bushes and they'll thank you later by raising your property value and possibly strangling intruders. If possible, plant and grow so many bushes that nobody can see your house and you can never leave. This will provide you with an ample amount of security for when the Venusian Saucer People invade.

■ **OBJECT #2:** An air conditioner.
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral.

DESCRIPTION: These large metal objects grow, seemingly by magic, in one random location outside your home. They do not have roots or berries, although the good Lord never explicitly said you couldn't tape either to them and then loudly exclaim to your neighbors, "why golly, look at this! My air conditioner is really coming in well this year!" Your neighbor should then ideally respond by going inside and staring at you from behind his livingroom curtain. Air conditioners differ from organic creatures like plants and vitamin C in the regard that they are not organic. If you don't believe me, go find an air conditioner and stab it with a knife. Now try doing that to a police officer. Did you notice the distinctly different reactions from the two? I hope so, because you usually get only one attempt when trying to perform the latter.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: Air conditioners are usually relatively harmless and have adopted a "laissez faire" policy, which is French for "lazy fair." I don't really know what that means or why air conditioners abide by this mentality, but this could also be said about my understanding of the French or at least that Jean Claude Van Damme guy who always seems to be beating people up because he's critically constipated. If you treat your air conditioner right, then it will thank you by making you cool in the summer. If you piss it off, then it will fuck your wife in the winter.

■ **OBJECT #3:** Dead patches of grass.
ALIGNMENT: Evil.

DESCRIPTION: Dead patches of grass once used to be considered "living patches of grass" back before they became so dead. Now they are plagued by the restless spirits of undead grass who will haunt your lawn until the day you die or you figure out a way to make them die again. You'll have to somehow brainstorm a way to make the grass come back to life and then you'll need to kill it again and instantly murder the ghosts or trap them inside a metal box like in that movie about the people who busted ghosts which rhymed with "Ghostbusters" but started with the letter "G." Many people start off with a green, healthy lawn, but after hours of neglect and cigarette withdrawal, the grass soon whithers and dies like a gingerbread man locked inside a concentration camp full of snakes. The only way to prevent dead patches of grass from spreading their illness and infecting the rest of your lawn is to hire an exorcist to spray a garden hose full of holy water all over the contaminated area while shouting words in Latin (it doesn't matter which words he says just as long as he makes sweeping arm gestures in the process). Sometimes dead patches of grass are in the shape of crop circles or regular circles, which is pretty good sign that you moved in to the wrong

area of town.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: Adopt a strict "anti-grass" platform and begin campaigning for the systematic destruction of all grass. Once you get a few resolutions passed and all the "cool" kids start pouring gasoline and napalm onto their lawns, you'll be heralded as a man who was truly before your time, unless you are a woman, in which case you'll be heralded as a man without a penis who was truly before your time.

■**OBJECT #4:** Dirt.
ALIGNMENT: Positively Neutral.

DESCRIPTION: Although some scientists claim dirt is also known as "soil," us smart lawn people know that this is nothing but a myth perpetuated by the Conservative fatcat Republican Christians running our puppet government like a yo-yo on a string. Er, the yo-yo's string is attached to the other string, I mean. Dirt is a mysterious, confusing character that lurks in the shadows and may never explain its true motives, even if you ask it nicely. On one hand, it allows good things like grass and bushes and abortion clinics to grow. On the other hand, it also permits and nurtures the development of bad things like weeds, snapping turtles, and those logs from Pitfall which never stopped rolling no matter how long you left your Atari on and waited for them to at least slow down a bit. WHY DID THE LOGS NEVER SLOW DOWN? Can somebody answer me this, please? I mean, even the most elementary of physics dictate they have to come to a halt sooner or later! Do the math, people! Additionally, dirt can easily turn into a muddy substance called "mud" when somebody makes the mistake of allowing a liquid of any kind to come into contact with it. Well, except mercury. You could dump gallons and gallons of mercury onto your dirt and it won't make any difference besides causing your trees to start sweating puss and producing grass which periodically emits bloodcurdling shrieks when you try to sleep at night. I recently saw a 70s movie about a mean paper mill which dumped mercury into a river and contaminated an Indian reservation, mutating animals and creating this unflattering drippy bear creature which knocked over tents and generally made a nuisance of himself. If you hate drippy mutated bears as much as I do, and I think you just might, then try to not be like this paper mill. Also don't be in any 70s movies because they had really embarrassing hair.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: Try to make grass grow on top of them. If that fails, pour concrete over the affected area and sell it as a parking lot to dumb New Yorkers who will pay $900 a day for such exclusive service. If they complain, then pour concrete over their cars while shouting, "you break it, you bought it!"

■**OBJECT #5:** Enemy houses.
ALIGNMENT: Cautiously chaotic.

DESCRIPTION: If you live in a neighborhood, you're going to have neighbors. You might not have a hood, but you will always have neighbors. These neighbors unfortunately have the tendency to live in enemy houses, homes which may look fancier and nicer than yours, thereby giving you an inferiority complex and turning you into a revolting menace like Woody Allen or Josef Stalin. Every day you wake up, open your eyes, and look directly at their home, you'll be reminded of how much wealthier and better off they are compared to you. This will result in a chronic depression and you'll soon go back to sleep, refusing to wake up until it's dark outside or you have suddenly become blind

thanks to some reverse miracle produced by Evil Jesus 2000. Enemy houses don't really "grow" per se, as they are built by large angry men who drink a lot of beer and curse at their wives and children when they get home from a hard day at work. These men hate the world because the housing industry is so incredibly popular right now that they have to build, on average, 28 new homes each day. They particularly loathe Alan Greenspan for making the interest rates so low and allowing any halfwit moron like me to purchase a house. If you are a construction worker or know a construction worker in the housing industry, please consider switching occupations to something much less stressful and self-destructive, such as adopting a fulltime heroin habit.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: You can make yourself feel better by building a complex series of "home enhancements" on your house, such as a deck or fence or guard tower or swimming pool full of liquid diamonds. Just make sure whatever you build doesn't collapse when you have an Israeli family dancing on it during a wedding celebration, because then you'll end up on CNN and your guests will have danced their way straight to hell.

■ **OBJECT #6:** Grass.
ALIGNMENT: Optimistically good.

DESCRIPTION: Everybody loves grass! Despite being the most difficult thing to grow and maintain, grass is the number one substance to have scattered across your lawn, ranking up there with "broken down car parts" and "the corpses of those who have wronged you." You'll generally want your grass to be thick and green, just like how I like my women. There are literally hundreds of different grasses including bluegrass, bentgrass, fescue (tall), fescue (short), fescue (irate), fescue (goblin overlord king +3), and astroturf. I don't know what the difference between all these grasses are, nor do I care, so I suggest picking up a damn book if you're really so interested. Don't tell your friends or family that you're spending hard-earned money purchasing books about lawns or else they might ostracize you and ship you off to a leper colony or even worse, Texas. If you plan on raising your own grass, you'll need some good dirt (see above) to scatter the seeds across. Then you'll need to put some more dirt on that. Then you'll need to buy bags of horse shit and dump that crap on top of that. After you've accomplished all this, you might as well move to a new home because your lawn will just be an utterly filthy pit full of dead seeds and poop. If you can't move out because the dirt has locked you inside your house and is calling in bomb threats every day, then hire a professional lawn person to haul over a bunch of pre-grown grass to bolt onto your dirt. Make sure to place heavy objects such as lamps and obese people on the corners of your property or else a strong wind might blow your lawn away and it could hit the President's motorcade, in which case you'd be arrested for treason.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: Water your lawn every day. Never walk on it. Play light jazz for it from 3:00 PM until 6:30 PM, preferably from a radio station with a name like "The River" or "The City." Don't ever mow your lawn because that produces harmful environmental damage such as eco-gout and holes in the Ozone lawyer.

■**OBJECT #7:** Weeds.
ALIGNMENT: The Antichrist.

DESCRIPTION: Weeds are the bane of mankind's existence! Ever since Allah created Adam in 5,000 AD by taking his rib bone and burying it inside an apple located in the Garden of Eden, man has hated weeds. These stubborn, leafy assholes grow up all over the place and cannot be stopped, just like communism and those weeping retards who won't shut up about that goddamn 10 Commandments plaque being moved in Alabama. If you go to the store and buy a jug of liquid labeled "WEED KILLER - KILLS WEEDS - DOES NOT KILL GRASS - 100% SAFE TO USE ON GRASS - ONLY KILLS WEEDS," then it will instantly kill all your grass and fail to harm the surrounding weeds in any way whatsoever. In fact, most of the weeds will grow bigger and stronger, suddenly learning the ability to open doors and operate simple machinery. There are two ways you can get rid of weeds: you can either take a shovel and dig them out of the ground, or you can build a moat where the weeds were previously located. If you decide to use a shovel, then you must be sure to pull out each and every tiny root or else they will instantly regenerate in an accelerated cloning process that only the top NASA genius space scientists can fully comprehend. If you build a moat, then you'll be rid of the weeds, but you'll have to deal with a moat creature who will try to eat you every time you pass by. You can be as stern and strict as possible with this moat creature, saying things such as "NO" and "BAD MOAT MONSTER, PLEASE DON'T EAT ME" when he eats you, but he'll never learn and will always look for chances to continue eating you when it's least expected. This is why many lawn experts have dubbed weeds as "nature's moat creature," at least as far as I can tell.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: I have no fucking clue. My lawn is crawling with weeds and I've tried every way to get rid of them. I'm considering purchasing one of those poison rockets from *Command and Conquer: Generals*, but I'm afraid that John Ashcroft will come over to my house and beat me up and drink all my beer if I tried to buy one from Amazon.com.

■**OBJECT #8:** Trees.
ALIGNMENT: Absolutely chaotically goodly neutrally good.

DESCRIPTION: My junior high school teacher once claimed that trees absorb carbon dioxide and turn it into monohydrogen peroxide or aluminum sulfate or some other kind of chemistry nerd shit. I don't know how this is possible since I've seen a lot of trees before and not a single one of them has had any kind of engine like a car which can mystically turn gasoline into motor oil. However, I do know that my junior high school teacher was arrested two years after I graduated for indecent exposure. Well, I mean he was arrested for indecent exposure, I didn't graduate in "indecent exposure," although I most assuredly would've if presented the opportunity. This goes to show you how photosynthesis can drive the average man to insanity and the below-average man into a pants dropping rage. Many environmentalists claim trees are good for the Earth because they help slow down and combat the greenhouse effect, but I claim that's bullshit. I mean, just walk into any greenhouse and you'll see a TON of trees! If these precious mammals are supposedly slowing down the greenhouse effect, then why are there so fucking many trees inside greenhouses? Riddle me this, Batman! Trees also provide homes for birds and bees and children's treehouses, which make the exploration of sexual issues very uncomfortable at times. If your kid grows up to be a homosexual, then you can probably blame it on your trees.
BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM: When you initially install a tree in your yard, it will be

small. After 10 years, it will either be much bigger or dead. The smart money is on "dead" because out of the three trees in my lawn, two croaked within days of moving in. I think they caught some sexually transmitted disease from that neighborhood dog which is always shitting green stringy crap everywhere.

Whew! What a hefty checklist! Be sure to print this list out and staple it to one of your many cubicle walls so you can remind yourself each and every hour which objects outside your house are friend and foe. Take solace in the fact that you've killed a few hundred thousands of the aforementioned objects in order to create each little piece of paper which you printed this list on! Well, except air conditioners; those things try to bite you when you shove them into the paper mill. You need extra mercury to soften those bastards up.

◘ Cosplay Beautiful Nightmarish Hellworld of Drool Idol - Part Two!

Zack "Gayest Animator" Parsons here with the highly not anticipated second part to my review of "Cosplay Beautiful Breast Idol - Nao Oikawa" for our new "Horrors of Pornography" section. Be warned, the images in the articles are fairly "work safe" but anything you click on may contain a Pandora's box of terrifying imagery.

Eventually, the yakuza guy with the back scratcher gets tired of forcing himself to laugh at nothing and starts clumsily undressing Fujiko with his silver helping hand. This has to be one of the saddest and most ill-chosen stripping scenes in the history of cinema. While the bound Fujiko looks on in horror, the silver claw of the back-scratcher slllllll-looooooowwwwly grasps pieces of her clothing and slllllllowwwwwllllly moves them a few inches only to have them slip from its minimal grasp, which of course forces it to start over. This is very tiresome and roughly analogous to watching "Rambo: First Blood Part II" and being treated to a pre-battle scene where Rambo spends ten minutes trying and failing to win a bear from an arm-game carnival machine.

Go, read, conquer! Don't say I didn't warn you though.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.28 Coming Soon to a Hobby Shop Near You!

Friday, Aug 29, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Better roll your saving throw, because I'm casting a magic missile of deals right in your face! The new fall line for the latest and greatest releases for hobby shops near you is finally here. If you're like me, and I know I am, this is the best time of year for role players and gamers. The long summer months of waiting in your basement adorned with black lights, empty Mountain Dew cans, and Cheeto bags for the newest nerdly goods is over. I have taken it upon myself to bring these products to you since I am well versed in the ways of the hobby shop. It was my place of refuge during my school years, giving me shelter from the bright, hurtful sun, and away from those bothersome girls that distract me from killing orcs with their strange and mysterious vaginas. Games and hobbies help to pass the time, eating away precious hours of your life by rolling dice, moving little plastic tanks around, and imagining you are a dashing elf warrior that is as pretty as a pony, and smells twice as nice. The harsh truth is too terrible to face, thus the world of fantasy and imagination can save us from the brutal reality that you will die alone and afraid, and nobody will ever love you. So without further ado, let's get to the new products soon to be at a hobby shop near you.

AD&D Halfling Plumber Guide
Price: $45.00

AD&D (Advanced Dungeons and Dragons), is the largest and most popular role playing game on the market. They are also notorious for pumping out metric tonloads of appendixes, guides, expansions, and new editions, in turn making a huge amount of money. Every single race and class has its very own book that contains new skills and occupations, thus becoming a necessity if you want to make more diverse and tougher characters. In a desperate attempt to pile even more gold on their dragon hoard, AD&D has created even more specialized kit books. The newest to grace the hobby store shelves is the "Halfling Plumber Guide". Small of stature and skilled in dexterity, the Halfing excels in the area of plumbing. This 100 page book expands on the "Halfling Guide", as well as the "Plumbing, and other Waterworks". New occupations, such as the Driplord (+2 vs. leaks, +1 to saving throw vs. slimes w/hat), the "'Wrench Warrior", a fighter class skilled in the arms of plumbing ware, and the "Lil Plug Bastard", a thief/mage class that gets a bonus against toilets plugged up by ogres. Some say AD&D is going too far and these books are just a money making scheme, especially the "Dwarf Transsexual Cleric Mailman Guide".

Value: 2 Gnome Wizards out of 5.

The Dukes of Hazzard board game
Price: $30.00

The long wait is over. Hasbro has spent years developing one of the most anticipated board games to come out since Stratego. In cooperation with CBS and WETA Design, Hasbro has put an extraordinary amount of time and effort into this game, hoping it well become a best seller on the game board circuit. The beautifully crafted board and exquisitely detailed game pieces truly capture the spirit of the hit television show. Up to 4 players can play, getting to choose from Bo, Luke, Uncle Jessie, or Daisy Duke. The antagonists of the wily gang is the bumbling deputies, Enos and

Rosco, along with the corrupt and morbidly obese Boss Hogg. It's a race from the law around the board, as the roll of the dice and Cooter Cards decide your fate. Every player character that you get to choose has their strengths and weaknesses that play a factor in the game. Bo and Luke have the General Lee, and can move around the board quickly, but they are as dumb as rocks and tend to lose turns when jumping huge piles of dirt for no apparent reason. Uncle Jessie can elude capture with his sly talk, but often gets stuck when landing on the alcoholic binge square. Daisy Duke can use the charms of her sassy rump to confused and befuddle the law, but if she lands on the redneck gang bang square, the game is forfeit. If any of the players circle the board without getting caught, then the South secede from the North, and the game is won! For ages 5 and up.

Value: 5 Rebel flags out of 5

Howard the Duck RPG
Price: $55.00

Why this was made I'm not sure, but this September, the Howard the Duck RPG goes on sale. My theory is that it's a Jew conspiracy propagated by Steven Spielberg and the other top members of the Jewish Satanic Child Murdering ring. I received an advanced copy for my online review, and let me tell you, I was not impressed in the least. First I had to make my "animal from space" character, so I picked a muskrat and rolled a few hundred dice. All I remember was that I had 40% cooking skills, and spoke French with 78% efficiency. I think I had a fancy hat or something too but I can't remember because I got really drunk off some Boones Farm halfway through the game and woke up at 2 PM the next day covered in blood. There was a huge pentagram in the middle of the room with an empty baby cradle nearby, and when I looked into the mirror, the sign of the goat was carved into my forehead. Horrified and shocked that this terrible game had caused me to lose my soul, I contacted the MARP (Mothers against Role Playing), and Jack Chick, so that the word gets out that this is an evil game created by the Jews to get our money and steal our women. I also found a 12 sided dice lodged in my anus but I'm not sure if it's related.

Value: 1 tormented soul out of 5

Fantasy Blow up Dolls
Price: $75.00

Do you want the warm embrace of a female without having to go out of the house and try to talk to them, and then try to figure out if they are really a cop before asking them for "a good time"? Well coming this fall, hobby stores all over the country will be stocking Fantasy Blow up Dolls. These dolls are all the companionship a lonely gamer needs on those cold nights after a bout with a village of goblins. But these are no normal blow up dolls! They come in the likeness of your favorite fantasy and sci-fi chicks.

Xena: This Lucy Lawless doll is promising to be one of the best sellers. It comes in the full Xena gear with a blow up sword as well. Now your dream of a toss in the hay with this feisty warrior amazon can finally come true!
Arwen: Well maybe that stupid Aragorn would like to go to battle instead of tapping that Elfish ass, but that doesn't mean you can't. While the cat's away, the mice will play. Comes with realistic blow up elf ears!
Princess Leia: Dude, remember that scene where she was in Jabba's lair in that skimpy outfit and Jabba's all like "come here bitch so I can lick you with my huge repulsive tongue"? Even as a small

child I thought that scene was hot! Or remember that scene when she kissed her brother and ewoks started releasing mating scents? Sexy!
Seven of Nine: Jeri Ryan has all of the geek collective in her grasp. This Star Trek babe is single-handedly responsible for 100 tons of innocent nerd sperm spilt over her persona. This model of blow up doll might be even a bigger seller than Xena, and in a few months, the Data doll will be released.
Hermione: Now, I know what you're going to say, but before you say it, let me just say that state and federal law does not carry over to blow up dolls. The request was just too overwhelming to ignore. Most of the people writing in asking for the Hermione doll promise they would not have sexual congress with it, but just take it to the zoo, buy it ice cream, and take it shopping. This will be available for sale in most states, although your name does go on a national list, and you must inform your neighbors that you desire the soft flesh of young girls.

Value: 4 air pumps of out 5

Advanced Gamer's Super Dice Pack
Price: $24.00

The primary tool in hobby games is dice. That's why there are high hopes for this super pack of different kinds of dice for the advanced gamer. The velvet baggie contains regular 4, 6, 8, 12, 20, and hundred sided dice, but also a new experimental die that is going to change the face of gaming as we know it. The 17 sided die. That's right, a feat of engineering has created a die with 17 sides. No longer do you have to roll a 12 sided die, and then a 4 sided, and then add one. The rule systems of all role playing games everywhere are alternating their rules to conform this this new die, and all the rich gaming it will provide.

Value: 3 Critical Hits out of 5

Axis and Allies: Switzerland
Price: $52.50

Milton Bradley has been coming out with expansions and special versions of this popular classic game such as a close up of Europe and the Pacific. In order to keep the trend alive, they have been stretching their horizons on less explored areas of the WW2 conflict. In "Axis and Allies: Switzerland", you are in control of the country of Switzerland. Your task is to stay on alert on the mountain borders, make sure there is plenty of chocolate available, and receive regular shipments of gold and art from Germany. Once you reach 50 IPCs of German war loot, the game is over and you win. At any time you declare war on a country, a peacekeeping Yeti descends from the Alps, destroying your cities and causing you to lose the game. Up to 1 player.

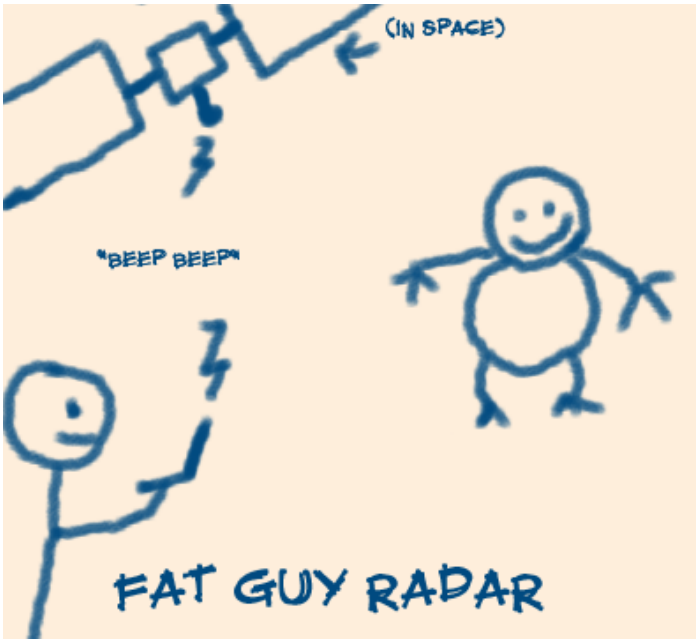
Value: 4 mystery bank accounts out of 5

I don't know about you, but I just wet my pants in sheer excitement! Actually it was more of incontinence instead of excitement, but don't let that detract from the general feeling of elation. Plato once said "Hobbies and games are like shadows of ourselves, cast on the wall of a cave from the light of a torch. I like little boys." You know, I think Plato has a point (about the games, not the boys). The point is that when we play games, we ourselves are being absorbed by the game.

Think about it, are we playing the game, or is the game playing us? Chew on that for a little while my husky friends. I'm gonna go make me a corn dog.

Children of the Og

Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here once again, with a very special State Og update. We recently held a contest to see what sort of inventions kids in elementary school could come up with, and were extremely pleased with the results. The winners presented in this update are the best of the best, and their ideas will go on to become official State Og products. Just have a look at this winning entry:



> *What else can really be said about this elegant and useful idea? No longer do you have to strain your neck while looking around for a fat guy, no sir! Now you can let technology do the work for you, and reap the rewards.*

If you have ever doubted the children of this generation, today's update will quell your fears. Head on over and see what else those goofy little bastards came up with!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.29 The Something Awful Back to School Special

Saturday, Aug 30, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's that time again. The summer is drawing to a close and all over, young people are returning to school with eager minds, bright eyes, hearts full of hope, and a couple pennies in their pocket, as they reach for that eternal dream of a better lot. Oh sorry, I accidentally confused students with early twentieth century immigrants. You know how easy that is. Anyway, be they kindergartners nervously anticipating their first ride on that big yellow toddler-crusher we call a schoolbus, or college students leaving the nightly decadence of summer behind them for the nightly decadence of their alma mater, it's time for young folk of all shapes and sizes to get back to learning. After all, children are the future. Well, actually children are younger versions of adults. The future is a branch of the time-space continuum. There's a difference there, but I don't know what it is or how to explain it. And that is why I, as well as millions of others, am heading back to that fountain of knowledge known as the street corner. There's nothing you can't learn there! But once I get back, I'll be heading right off to school for another year.

That little girl and her purple jacket were the only ones to make it off that bus alive.

Take a look at their sweet, innocent faces. Got a good look? Good! Now let's play "How Many Will Survive?"

As important as an education is to amounting to anything in life, it's only natural for some people to not want to go back to school. Some don't want to see the summer end. Others don't want to have to get up early day after day. Still others may be nervous about the unknown challenges and obstacles that await them. And there's a lot for students to be nervous about. What problems will they have to solve? What questions will they have to answer? What papers will they have to write? Will there be a lot of homework? Will the teachers be easy, hard, fair, tough? Will they be graded on a curve? Will there be a scale? Will they have to do work on the chalkboard? Will they have to speak in front of their classmates? Will their classmates like them? Will anybody like them? Will they make new friends? Will they keep old friends? Will they oversleep? Will they undersleep? Will they sidesleep, which is a rarely seen but perfectly viable alternative? And what about extracurricular? Will they make the team? Will they get cast in the school play? Will they finally find acceptance on the math team? And most importantly, will the computer lab block access to their favorite internet humor site? That's a lot to handle, to say nothing of romance, parties, dorm life, roommate troubles, and the hundreds of other little complications that make the approach of school something to dread for many young people. Not for me, though. I love my school. Can't wait to go back. It's going to be a blast. Should be a great year for Ben. However, I know that not all of our school age readers out there are quite as confidant about their academic and social successes in the coming year as I am. That is why I am happy to bring you a list of predictions for the upcoming school year. Now you can put your fears and concerns to rest as I fill you in on everything of any sort of importance that is going to happen. Read on, and be amazed!

■ Kindergartner Danny Franklin of Bloomfield, Alabama will set the record for the youngest school shooting yet, as he comes into class with a semiautomatic assault rifle that he found in his father's hiding place - the clear glass cabinet in the kitchen next to the soup bowls. The shooting, which will claim the lives of eight five year old children, or approximately 3.4 real people, will be motivated

by an act of aggression the day before by classmate Taylor McAllister, who will knock over Danny's carefully constructed block tower. When questioned by the police, Danny will say that his father always told him the night before the shooting that "Anyone who would knock down a tower these days is an un-American son of a bitch." Danny, being so young, will be released from police custody and given juice, most likely apple in nature. Danny's father, however, will be forced to stand with his hands tied behind his back as the parents of the victims line up to bitchslap him.

■ While teaching her fourth grade class at Woodrow Wilson Elementary School in Hoopersville, North Dakota, Mrs. Julienne Phelps will accidentally prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that long division is completely bogus. At the National Conference of Mathematicians, an announcement will be made to the world that long division was, in fact, a hoax, and that they all thought it was funny at the time. It will be revealed that any number divided by one is, in fact, seven billion, four hundred sixty-six million, nine thousand and three. However, no explanation will be given as to why. In a related story, the Pythagorean Theorem will be modified to read: A-squared plus B-squared equals seven.

■ Seventh grader Denise Clark of Upton, Maryland will not fit in, no matter what she does. All of the cool girls will ostracize her for wearing fashions that are one trend behind the current craze during the first week of school. When she changes her entire wardrobe to accommodate, they will accuse her of trying to copy their style. Denise will prove to be too smart to find acceptance among the dumb kids, but too stupid to fit in with the budding intellectuals. She will try out for the school production of Thorton Wilder's *Our Town*, but she will not make it, and she will miss the last date to sign up for stage crew. In a last ditch effort to find a crowd, she will lamely attempt to hang out with the middle school stoners. The first time that they hang out together, they will go smoke outside the mall and get caught by the cops. Denise will immediately give up everything, including the poorly-rolled joint they were passing around, which she will be holding at the time. The other kids will deny everything and put all the blame on her. She will not get into any real trouble, but the stoners will never hang out with her again. She will attempt to try out for the school soccer team, but will not be allowed because of the pot thing. No boys will talk to her, and she will have to sit with the down syndrome kid and the albino kid at lunch. On the plus side, she will get an "A" on her report on the effect of corn on the early colonists for her history class. However, on her way to receive the graded paper from the teacher, one of her classmates will trip her, causing her to spit out her gum and get it in her hair. The teacher will yell at her for chewing gum in class.

Considering kids like these are cool in seventh grade, Denise must be one hell of a loser. Way to go, Denise.

The days of primitive technology like this are gone.

■ Tenth grader Nick "ROBOPOPE" Hexum of Chester A. Arthur High in Dunley, Kansas will notice a peculiar typo while studying William Shakespeare's epic tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*. On page sixty-eight, Nick will notice that it says "Bomeo." Upon consultation with Shakespeare's original manuscript, it will be determined that, in fact, the character was supposed to be Bomeo, but in his rush to complete the play, he didn't close off a lot of his uppercase B's properly. Countless references in theater, film, television, literature, and Dire Straits songs will have to be altered. However, since "Bomeo" is a stupid-ass name, the play and its legendary romance will fall by the wayside and be stricken from curricula across the country. The Dire Straits will leave their song the way it is.

■ At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a group of student researchers will develop a technology capable of moving liquid through a length of tubing at an unprecedented clip. This invention will have the potential to solve

irrigation and clean water problems worldwide. Naturally, the students at MIT will use it to create the world's most powerful beer bong. The school will beat the previous record for alcohol-related fatalities in one year, also held by MIT.

■ The University of Indiana, desperate to hold onto its title as the number one party school in the country, will introduce the following majors: Hangover Prevention and Reduction, Post-Vomit Recovery, Bong Maintenance and Repair, Groponautics, Getting One's Freak On, Doing a Little Dance, Making a Little Love, Getting Down Tonight, Giving Up the Funk, Keg Stand Gymnastics, Chugology, Chugonomy, Drink Doctoring, and Communications.

■ At a small New England liberal arts college, it will be decided among the members of the newly reformed Queer Alliance that the term "gay" is no longer politically correct. While the rest of the world murmurs that they didn't know it had been considered politically correct in the first place, the QA will announce that homosexual men will be known henceforth as "shpadoinkle." *South Park* and "Cannibal!: The Musical" creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone will sue for twenty million dollars. The QA will immediately issue a public apology, change the term back to "gay" and admit that they were all just being big fags.

■ At the biannual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English, it will be decided that the easily memorized, but often lacking rule "I before E except after C" should be amended to encompass the actual extent of the exceptions to the "I before E" formula. The new rule, while somewhat more challenging on the memory, will be considered absolute and should not be broken in formal writing under any circumstances. It will read as follows: "I before E, except after C, D, M, lowercase P, the TH diphthong, a semicolon, or any word or phrase that rhymes with 'rabbit.' Also, when followed by Q, more than three consonants in a row, or when the next word is a number or something to do with a current or former President of the United States. However, if the I-E combination is followed by the letter V, then I is automatically before E, no matter what else is around." Realizing how much this is to keep in mind, the NCTE will use their combined poetic skills to come up with a mnemonic device much like the rhyming of the original rule. Several variations will be proposed, including:

I before E once was the rule
That all the children learned in school.
If the new version's not believable,
Just try spelling inconceivable...
I mean, inconcievable. I mean, inconceieiei-ei-ei-ie... forget it.

If I and E do give you pause,
Just give it up, it's a lost cause.

You're fucked.

Finally, a new version will be decided upon:

I before E, except after C
D, M, or lowercase P.
The I-E combo thou shan't weather
If first T and H are together.
You must be drunk or high or rollin'
If you use I-E with a semicolon.
Write E-I, now form the habit
After any word that rhymes with "rabbit."
Switch I and E's what you must do

If after them is good old Q.
The same thing goes, though it makes no sense
If the next three letters are consonants.
I like lettuce and cucumbers,
E then I before any numbers.
The last rule came from out of the blue
So don't be surprised when this does, too.
We've found it makes a lot of sense
To switch I and E before Presidents.
This entire rule can only benda
If V is next on your agenda.

Naturally, this new poem will not catch on in the least and students will continue choosing the order for I and E as they have for years - completely at random.

And that, my friends, is all there is to it! Those are my predictions. It's a little death-intensive, but that's to be expected, what with Y2K4 and all. As far as I can see, nothing else of even remote interest is going to happen this school year. So, as long as you're not mentioned above, and especially if you're not Denise Clark or in a class with that little bastard Danny Franklin, you should be okay. Of course, none of these predictions are guaranteed to come true, as any guarantee I could offer would be immediately negated by the fact that this is the internet. All I'm saying is that I came up with a twenty line poem for that I before E thing, so it had better damn well happen.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

8.30 This is a Review of Soul Calibur II

Sunday, Aug 31, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A Norwegian Frigate was sunk in the North Atlantic in 1992 by a so-called "Super Monkfish". In my imagination.

I have nightmares about my Xbox. It is an ominous presence within low-hanging rain clouds, a vast shadow the moves slowly but with purpose, obscured just beneath a thin veil of cumulous. On some particularly terrible nights the nightmare is recast to the open seas. There the Xbox stalks me, an unimaginably huge creature from the abyssal depths of the ocean. I never see it of course, but there it is off the prow of my small rowboat, a dark rectangular shape moving beneath the waves. Always droning and buzzing like a hive of bees or whatever else buzzes and drones; like a remote controlled helicopter.

The Xbox never catches me, but I think sometimes that perhaps it doesn't have to catch me to win, or maybe it already has caught me and I don't even know it. I am in its grasp but like the distant stars it is so cosmically scaled that by the time I will feel its icy fingers crushing my heart the Xbox will have already flickered out ten million years earlier. When I walked in to that Toys R' Us I felt like an honest to god cowboy. It was me confronting a primal fear from my dreams and perhaps a face-to-face with the grim reaper himself was in order.

The woman at the counter looked and acted like Aunt Jemima if she had about five hundred tape worms wriggling in her pancake cauldron. She was gaunt and jovial, two words that are seen together with such rarity that it approaches unfathomable juxtapositions like "Linux wedding" and "princess ape". Do not be alarmed. This is not the face of a racist looking at the computer screen and typing all of this into a text file and I do not pigeonhole people into comical anachronistic racial stereotypes hastily. But this woman was the spitting image of Aunt Jemima, were she to be pared down to her grinning, sassy, southern, and ebony core.

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I gave the cash register a sidelong glance for a spittoon. There is nothing more dramatic than walking into a room, spitting a stream of tobacco fifteen feet, and hearing the satisfying "ping" of a brass spittoon receiving your offering. I was deprived of this entrance and instead meekly approached the woman fully expecting to flee from a barrage of "honey chiles" and "no'suhs" that would make a 19th century plantation owner reach for his foreman bell. It was hot that day and sweat had beaded on my forehead like I was a talking pitcher of Kool Aid sans the ability to break through cinderblocks. I could see it in the locked glass case behind Auschwitz Jemima.

And it laughed.

Please indulge me in a brief aside from this hard hitting review of "Soul Calibur II". In fantasy movies and books you often hear descriptions of weapons forged for evil. These swords, axes, and maces are constructed and ensorcelled with the intention of harming good. They are usually created in an elaborate and sinister process that lends them a sort of evil "street cred" within the context of the story. If you could just walk down the street and buy an Axe of the Marrow Drinker or a Sword of the Wailing Blood then you wouldn't exactly quake in your boots to hear that your neighbor

Sintilion the Dread King just bought a Soul Blighter Glaive. Easy access to something evil strips all but the most supremely evil weapons of their dark gravity.

The orchid blossom of my heart.

According to all of the previews I had read leading up to my purchase of "Soul Calibur II" the struggle to create the game was more than adequate to qualify it for a line of platinum evil street cred. In case you're not "in the know" and/or "hooked up" like I am about "Soul Calibur II" let me give you a run down on the creation of this game.

- Originally dreamt of in 1563 by Vlad the Unholy during an opium hallucination while on crusade near Jerusalem, the overall specifications of "Soul Calibur II" were tattooed on the back of a nun turned whore.
- Mideana the Sister of Sin was eventually consumed by Lord Bile the Maggot King and digested over one hundred years in his swollen and segmented body. When her carcass was finally shat out into a bolus of filth on the grave of a pious man the flesh of her back had miraculously been cured and tanned by Lord Bile's digestive system.
- The plans were discovered by a Chinese sorcerer named Hung Fan and preserved in a mixture of alchemical mercury and the menstrual blood of virgins.
- Hung Fan's secret lair was eventually discovered and pillaged by angry villagers who attempted to burn the tattooed flesh of Mideana along with the rest of the sorcerer's hideous collection. Amazingly the plans survived unharmed and were sealed inside an iron vault by the governor of the Wu-Shan province.
- The vault containing the remains was raided by a special unit of the Japanese military in the late 1930s and shipped to the Japanese mainland. The emperor attempted put them to use in occult rituals but at the time Japan lacked the magical powers and could not create "Soul Calibur II".
- After Japan was defeated by the mighty American wizard Harry S. Truman, who rained meteors down on their cities in a last ditch attempt to stop their war of evil, the plans were sold at an auction to raise money for the reconstruction of meteor-ravaged Japan. The plans were bought by Japanese industrialist and millionaire J. Reginald Namco.
- Namco passed these designs along to his son Arthur Namco who immediately recognized both their potential and the fact that Japan was at last ready to perform the ritual necessary for the creation of "Soul Calibur II".
- The ritual began, like all things do, with a mass rape conducted on virgins by conjured demons. The suffering emitted by this rape flew up into the air like a whole bunch of rape eagles and then created a portal to the blasted mines of the Inferno.
- Namco mined a vein of pure torment ore and brought it back to Japan where the unholy metal was beaten into a shimmering disc. Eunuchs subsisting on nothing but their own bodily fluids chanted for one hundred days over the disc while hitting it with hammers. The impacts made the disc glowing hot and at the end of the hundred day ritual Namco took it up with a pair of tongs and quenched it in a trough filled with the blood of the righteous.
- The disc sizzled and popped and spat hissing blood steam for hours before it was finally ready to be removed. Then the disc was placed into a FedEx next day air envelope and

> sent off to the duplication facility in Taiwan where this effigy of absolute evil would be made legion.

Aunt Jemima Lite knew all this as her gaze met mine across the counter. Eons of recorded strife passed between us in that silent moment. My eyes told her of the septs of Set that thrived in the deserts of ancient Egypt and her eyes told me of vile offshoots of Santeria that encouraged the eating of the still living flesh of humans. Then she said "whatchu want?" as if to pull me back from the brink of an abyss that threatened to consume me, a silent and terrible game of one-upmanship that would lead to secrets I should never know.

"Soul Calibur II," is what I said at the time, but she already knew why I was there. Why else could I be there? "Halo"? "Mario Golf?" Pedestrian idiocy pedaled to the masses as a gripping look into the secrets of dire magic but in truth nothing more than the same wild lies repackaged. The lies retold to hide the truth, to placate the minds of scientific men who would recoil in horror were they to fully understand the secrets that I do.

Take this red-veined, oddly angled stoned.

How appropriate then that for the manifestation of this unearthly evil I chose the Xbox to be the feminine vessel for its predations. Once again Japan would triumphantly savage the tender womb of a patriotic and symbolic harvest mother. During the 1940s it was Japan's balloon bombs and America's heartland, there, that day in the 21st century, it was the apple-pie and "Family Circus" comics console of these United States.

I felt like Pilat at that moment, handing over my 20 silver pieces for the soul of the Lord's only son. I had to be reminded that it was not a betrayal of anyone other than myself to open the floodgates of the terrible and cosmic reality on my mind. Jemima and I parted ways and I think, in one last look over my shoulder, that I could see a single tear rolling down her sunken cheek.

Woe betides any man who embarks on a journey of this magnitude without first preparing yourself. There are circles of warding to be drawn on the exposed floorboards in chalk and sand, totems to be arranged just so next to you, Mountain Dew and non-oily snack foods to be at the ready at all times should your strength fail you. I had arranged for all of these things and more and I was well-prepared for the coming days when my life and sanity would both hang by gossamer strands so easily torn by a shifting wind.

So it began. The events that transpired after I first inserted the disc of eldritch secrets into my Xbox are still a bit hazy. One truth remains all too apparent however, and that is my total and complete seduction by a foul succubus named Taki. My journal is filled with mad-scribbling passages about her, poems devoted to her as if I were her suitor, and elaborate drawings that appear to have been sketched with my own blood. I dare not share the majority of these for fear of leading others down the same perilous path I took, but here is a sample of what appears to be a beat poem dedicated to her.

> ^__^Taki!
> Slithering snake in the grass of my heart
> Thighs, eyes, and pony tail
> Large melons for sale
> Sway, cool breeze, but up and down
> Duck, they bounce
> Bounce

Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiii

Bounce
Bounce

Taki!
Come back with that check from my heart
Cash, no sale, eyes rolled back
Yomi or Yummy? I'm on your right track.
Mine, be mine, take this ring
Out and You Lose
Lose
Lose
Lose

Are these diamonds on my face?
Or tears of joy?
Baby, our legend will never die.

The finger snaps heard round the world never came and I fell into a bottle to comfort myself. Taki, for all her dangerous curves and beckoning cries, was forever separated from me by the constraints of this physical realm. She could no more answer my love than I could interrupt her to brush a strand of hair from her face in the middle of her retelling of a great battle. She had taken my heart and cast it down upon the ground, where it flopped and died like a baby bird thrown from its nest behind a basketball backboard by a particularly wild three pointer.

The moral - if anecdotes of one's life even have a moral - is that "Soul Calibur II" is a competent and attractive fighting game but nothing like the leap forward seen in its predecessor. The graphics seem marginally improved over the Dreamcast "Soul Calibur" and the new characters are decent but not incredible. It has proved that Namco is capable of refining and improving on their formula, and for that I am glad as so many fighting games had at least begun to ruin their franchise by the third installment. I'm looking at you "Mortal Kombat". If I were to rate this title on an arbitrary scale of from, say, one to 85, I would probably rate it about a 76. It's a great game but it's not going to be redefining jack or squat in that order.

Dare you enter the world of Dark Castle?

This is Jedidiah "Wearer of irregular polo shirts" Kirchner, designated representative of the Rom Pit and its parent corporation, Unplayable Crap Media, inviting you to watch as we use our cardboard wizard staffs and weak little girly slaps to beat another awful rom into submission. The game is

Dark Castle, and the link you should click on is this one.

In the wide world of gaming, there are few genres I despise more than the "ultra-realistic trial-and-error jumping simulation". When the apocalypse comes along in 2012, there will be no room in my gaming fallout shelter for crap like Dark Castle where you have to spend half an hour memorizing the exact combination of actions to get across each screen. And this is coming from someone who would probably rush into a burning building to save the Japanese horse racing games.

As a special bonus for reading this far, here's a second link to the review. WOW!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Hearts of Spandex: An Internet Writer's Apocalypse (Part 1 of 2)

Tuesday, Sep 02, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Fantasy, and lots of it.

I don't normally leave the house much, mainly because I find myself thoroughly unwelcome in the outside world, what with its harsh sun, angry marauders, and potential to rob me of my dignity and vast riches. This weekend, however, I made a rare exception to the golden rule that has kept me from being terrorized by civilization. I say that somewhat lightly, seeing as how I'm mostly a Boo Radley sort of guy who leaves only in the dark of night, but with little provocation I joyfully defenestrated the rule that kept me confined to my bedroom and free from mortal terror. I immediately proceeded to laugh, dance a slight victory dance, and then wet my pants in fear of the Pandora's Box I just smashed open. The reason for all of this talk about going outside is because I recently did just that, only on a slightly more epic scale. I left my house, got in my car, and proceeded to drive 680 miles to a science fiction and fantasy convention called Dragoncon, held every year in Atlanta, Georgia. If you're asking how something like that happens, don't ask. I'm still wondering myself. I mostly despise fantasy in all its forms and science fiction is always hit or miss. All I know is that I've never gone to a science fiction and fantasy convention before in my entire life, so there is no precedent for this sort of random insanity. It just seemed like something too stupid not to do, and I tend to do things based on how impractical and potentially disappointing the results will be. In this case, I was rewarded with a fun and entertaining weekend that you can now joyfully read about even though you don't want to.

Friday, Day 1
I'M TRAVELING!!!!

Fascinating Fact: Joseph Goebbels, before becoming the Nazi Propaganda Minister, played basketball for Notre Dame!

I departed for Atlanta at 5:30 AM Central Time, which if you ask me, is the time zone God meant for us all to use. This is my usual bed time, but I made a noble sacrifice and actually used a small portion of the night to sleep, thus making sure I wouldn't fall unconscious while driving and careen my vehicle into some volcano or off a cliff, which are common problems faced by traveling Americans. The first several hours of my trip served as an important reminder of one hideous fact: Indiana is the worst state in the entire universe. I have lived in this festering piece of godforsaken corn-covered rubble my entire life, and I hate it more than anything. Anything outside of Indiana is better than everything inside of Indiana. Even things that aren't geographic locations, such as racism, Stalin's crazy killing sprees, the holocaust, Pol Pot's lovely work in Cambodia, and child murder are better than Indiana. Indiana needs to be destroyed. If anything, the government should use this state as its place to dispose of all the unwanted nuclear, chemical, and biological wastes. The entire state border could then be lined with the bodies of Indiana Loyalists, marking to travelers everywhere that the Hoosier state is now a Forbidden Zone. Had this been earlier in the year, I could have amused myself by counting how many fireworks billboards would line the highways, but alas, I was destined to suffer the monotony of Indiana without the aid of redneck amusements. As strange as it sounds, Kentucky and Tennessee are amazing to behold when juxtaposed with Indiana and were quite pleasant to drive through so long as I kept the radio off and the armada of country music stations at bay.

Ben Grimm showed but failed to provide anything even remotely resembling a clobbering time.

When I arrived in Atlanta my worst suspicions were confirmed. All northbound traffic was backed up for what appeared to be a thousand miles. I broke my glasses a long time ago, though, so I think my eyes might have been playing tricks on me there. It's hard to believe these massive highways that President Eisenhower spent years of his life building with his bare hands were now serving as parking lots to fleeing motorists. This mass exodus could mean only one thing: the entire city was evacuating to make way for the invading hordes of greasy, costume-clad nerds making their annual trek out of grandma's basement to spend the weekend on foolish and embarrassing pursuits. A news report I later watched on TV, obviously on a propaganda network owned by the state government, tried to tell me that people were taking advantage of the Labor Day weekend to vacation outside of the city. What lies! This evacuation was an effort to escape and quarantine the massive human acne scar that was covering the city in the form of a nerd convention. Seeing all that traffic made me realize that I had gone too far, and that there was no turning back. Also I was already there, so it would have been pretty stupid to immediately turn around and drive another 680 miles home in motionless traffic.

Sauron barely made it through airport security to spend the week standing menacingly in this hotel lobby.

When I exited the highway, I began seeing roaming fat people. Normally obese people are a fixture of every American city, seeing as how we're all so fat and stupid, but these were no ordinary fat people. I was in the hot zone, and all about me overweight nerds were canvassing the area. Don't get me wrong, not all nerds are overweight, but the first ones I spotted definitely were. I then hit my hotel room and killed some time watching season 3 of "Mr. Show" on DVD. After that, my friend Marie "elf pr0n" Peccia, a thoroughly swell gal and member of our beloved forums, showed up and told me of the terrors that would be coming in the morning. In addition to letting me hang out with her the entire weekend without beating me senseless, she also took some of the pictures included in these here Dragoncon updates, so bonus points for her! As for the coming terrors, well, I could face them. As the one cool guy attending this nerd meet, I was prepared to serve as an unbiased observer to all of the living monuments to nerdiness that would be lurking about. That's what I told myself all throughout my eleven hour drive to a science fiction and fantasy convention.

Saturday, Day 2
Dignity, LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE!

At first I thought this guy was at the wrong convention, then I realized he was the Sandman.

The time had arrived to get our badges; else we would not be welcome in the Kingdom of the Dweebs. No way was I going to be a pariah at a science fiction convention – I had too much pride to throw my name in the mud in such a shameful manner! The wait in line was fairly boring, although it didn't take too terribly long. Marie and I killed the time by trying to come up with offensive names to put on our badges that would shock the establishment, but generally failed to generate anything interesting. The highlight of this exciting adventure was seeing an overweight women, probably in her late 40s, wearing an extremely tight Starfleet uniform with non-matching Krispy Kreme employee hat. She carried in her hands, much like Jesus carried the weight of the world in his hands, several boxes of donuts. I cursed myself for not taking a picture,

though my camera thanked me for not torturing it with such an unsettling image. After lots of unnecessarily stressful consideration, Marie suggested I use "Badge Name" as my badge name. This was perfect, seeing as how it allowed me to spit no less than fire into the eyes of this very convention! Take that, Dragoncon, you weren't prepared for such a scathing display of wit! I don't remember the specific order of anything that happened during the daytime portion of Saturday, so the rest is a disjointed account of various activities crowned by the events that happened in the evening. I should note that not seeing somebody in a costume, usually one drastically inappropriate (portly people in spandex, for example), was a rare occurance. Everything about the weekend was surreal and disturbing, mostly because of the overwhelming number of people dressed so frighteningly.

I think the first place we hit was the exhibitors room, which wasn't too terribly awful except that most of the booths were filled with garbage, such as pieces of wood covered with foam that were apparently used as swords by people who like to pretend they're knights. I assume such apparatuses allow socially inept fantasy role-players to exercise their sexual frustrations by safely beating each other with the crudely made equivalent of medieval Nerf weapons. One thing that should be pointed out is that some sort of regulatory committee needs to be put in place to review and approve bumper stickers. Honest to god, I've seen retarded bumper stickers before, but all the bumper stickers I've seen in my entire life could not equal the utter retardation concentrated into any one single bumper sticker sold at this wretched place. Even a car covered with Linux stickers would look like a godly chariot next to any car proclaiming itself "Official Limousine of the Vulcan Embassy." All I know is that seeing those stickers caused a brutal Korean riot to break out in my mind, subdued only by the equally imaginary Korean riot police that is my commendable sense of self control.

Fascinating Fact:
More old Asian men prefer the taste of coconut bubble tea to any other flavor!

The dealer's room, which was essentially the same thing as the room with all the exhibitors, only downstairs and with a different name, was a lot more tolerable. While it had a welcome assortment of crappy vendors, it did manage to perk my interest with a few neat oddities. I regretfully ended up spending too much money here, which was bad considering I came here as an unbiased observer to judge and mock these people, not support them financially. Marie and myself felt especially sorry for the poor guy who had to work across from the booth selling crappy gothic orchestral music of some sort, since he was probably having a hard enough time dealing with the fact he was wasting his life selling terrible video game soundtracks to gullible people such as Marie. The terrible music inspired another Korean riot to break out in my head, and this time I imagined it was subdued by a rare and especially boisterous swarm of killer bees. Not too far away was another dealer selling clothing and accessories for overweight women who for some reason or another (probably being horribly pathetic) believe themselves to be witches. Good game ladies, put on your magic muumuu and curse me to Hell. In the end, I walked out of this flea market of dorkiness with a poster version of the cover of the first issue of the pulp comic "Captain Satan: King of Adventure" along with other spoils of equal or lesser stupidity. I'm pretty sure Marie spent her life savings on music from "Dance Dance Revolution," and I vowed to consider punching her for that transgression. I abstained from violence, because she spoke in street lingo from time to time, a sure sign she could take me in a fight.

There was also an art gallery, and by art I mean the unfortunate product that results from somebody with artistic potential dedicating his or her life to drawing fairies and barbarians. While there were a few interesting pieces of art, the majority of the imagery featured in this Special Ed Guggenheim was along the lines of "I sure like to draw naked women riding on dragons a lot." Sadly, apparently amateurish Poser 3d renders now qualify as art, one more way talent and vision are being eaten alive by the Venus flytrap of human laziness. In this backwards world, even furry artwork is given fair treatment. A more fitting place to display such art would be at the bottom of the many urinals generously populating the men's restrooms of the hotel ecosystem. You could bid on many of the pieces of art on display, but these "artists" wanted money. I was more than willing to bid ample

amounts of swearwords, but I refrained and remained a passive hater. It's all I could do as an unbiased observer.

Fascinating Fact:
Humanity was not meant to be wrapped in spandex!

Catwoman enjoys the buffet.

While wandering around, we overheard the shocking news that Luke Perry had canceled his visit to Dragoncon. Those painful words that drifted into my ears like a harsh winter breeze placed a heavy burden on my soul. Marie trembled, and looked as though she had just given birth to a dinosaur with severe heart problems. I can't tell you what it was like; suffice to say a part of me died a violent death and will never be resurrected. In our combined trauma, we somehow ended up trapped in a large, crowded room where people from a "Lord of the Rings" site were putting on a PowerPoint presentation analyzing every single frame from the Quicktime trailer to "Return of the King." By frame 00:01:34:12 we had had enough, and snuck out of the room and decided to dump our plunder away safely and then acquire food. Getting food with me is a painful process that largely consists of me saying, "whatever is fine" followed by "nah" when any sort of food is suggested. If I were to come up with a snappy title to our quest for sustenance, it would be "Procrastination Brings Grief: A Fable About Picking A Goddamn Place to Eat Already." After a botched attempt to get pizza, we ended up at a restaurant attached to the Hyatt like a benign tumor. I say benign because I think the entire staff was dead, save for a few waiters desperately trying to provide the illusion that everything was fine by running back and fourth and making false promises to bring us the food that we requested. I made a joke about the chef eating all the food, a jab that was aided by the brief sighting of a fat chef, but somehow that did not cause things to go any faster. There was a buffet, and it provided me amusement. For the first time in my life I was able to truthfully say, "There's a barbarian at the buffet!" There was, and he was raiding the buffet in grand fashion. He had the right idea, the buffet was unguarded and he didn't have to wait two hours like we did. Such a cunning savage, there was a lesson to be learned from him.

Wolverine, quite possibly a little too excited.

When Marie and I managed to escape that doomed buffet on the last lifeboat it was fairly late in the evening. We entered the main hall of the Hyatt, which was now apparently the crossroads of a dozen universes. The tiny nerd inside my soul was aghast as Wolverine chatted it up with Batman and members of the terrorist organization known the world over as Cobra. I pretended everything was okay and carried on like a trooper, though my soul was now in turmoil. The crowd was swarming thoughtlessly, but one particularly apt hotel employee managed to get his message across by clearing out a "Circle of Doom" in the center to allow for better picture opportunities. Marie pointed out his usage of nerd language is all that controlled the crowd. Truly, this hotel employee was the real superhero. What followed was an hour of camera flashes bouncing off of shiny spandex and plastic costumes in a really, really crowded room. I don't know who plans these things, but there were at least a half dozen Batman's, and that's a bunch of crap in my book. I can understand 100 Imperial Stormtroopers and even fifty obese Klingons, but no one needs Batman in that sort of ridiculous volume. Most of the Batman costumes were pretty nicely made, but I'm sure it was embarrassing for them to have to share the spotlight. At least I would like to, because I think that would make for some funny and awkward conversations amongst all of them.

After awhile, we could no longer tolerate the concentrated insanity of a room packed with countless people dressed as science fiction characters and decided to call it a night. At this point we had pretty much managed to miss every major event scheduled for Saturday, such as the parade and costume contest, not to mention the Dawn look-alike contest and Klingon beauty pageant. How disappointing missing that last one was. We also managed to miss pretty much anybody famous. I was so psyched about seeing Marc Singer, too. The day turned out to be a ton of fun, though. My first science fiction and fantasy convention was entirely too enjoyable, which scared me since I was here to hate and not have fun.

Wait, you didn't tell me you were going as Batman! Well one of us is going to have to change and it's not me!

I will wrap up this crazy weekend in the next exciting edition of the dreaded Wednesday update. Mark your calendars, because next Wednesday is just a week away! What's coming up? My near death experience at the hands of a famous writer, a paneled discussion on why you should shoot yourself in the face, and a brief encounter with one of Atlanta's finest law enforcement officers! And of course, more people in costumes!

What Kind of Name Is "Flip" Anyway

Hey fellow NESkateers, Taylor "Rising Tackle" Bell here with part two (2) of my 2 (two) part article on NES games that did not suck! The lineup today includes a game about throwing candy at various animals, a game about guiding a giant walking gumball through a trap-filled maze, and a game about good ol' Scrooge McDuck.

> *Little Nemo, which broke new ground by being set in the year 1905 and not 20XX, was about a kid who is visited in the middle of the night by some weird pointy-hatted fairy who invites him to "Slumberland" and very non-suggestively tells him that "the princess has selected you as her playmate!" Our quick-thinking hero's mind rapidly assembles all the pieces of this mysterious puzzle before he announces his conclusion: "If she's a princess, then she must be a girl!" Taken aback by this young man's quick and cunning mind, the fairy replies with "She's not just any girl, she's a princess!" Refusing to be swayed, Nemo takes point, set and match in the argument by boldly announcing "I bet she's still a girl!"*

HEY, comeon comeon!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.2 What A Goddamn Lousy Veteran's Day by Cliff Yablonski

Tuesday, Sep 02, 2003 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

I'll cut to the chase right now and admit to all you pastry-choking hogfucks that I'm not writing this update myself because my piece of shit Jap-trap computer machine refuses to turn on no matter how much water I pour inside of it. I swear to god, I warned you little bastards years ago and I'll warn you again: **never buy anything from Japan!** Way back in World War I when we bombed that yellow menace and were slinging napalm around like a hornet's nest on a stick, our fearless leader Harry S. Truman said to the leader of Japan, General Whatever, "okay, we'll promise not to bomb you cretins back to the ice age if you promise to stop ripping off hard working Americans with your cheap cut-rate crap" and the Japanese said okay because you don't say no to a bunch of dedicated, patriotic, red-blooded American soldiers who aren't afraid to get in the ditches and choke as many women and children as necessary. Me and Jack Gates were stationed in the Philippines in either 1943 or 1986 and I was in charge of calling in airstrikes whenever the natives started getting real uppity and pulling tricky shit like hiding guns under their children or thinking about communism while going to the store. Me and Jack saw all kinds of shit you wouldn't believe there pal, and if you think I'm lying then I'll be more than happy to tell you the story about the dog that we threw out of the window because he didn't believe in Jesus Christ.

Brandon Mullinary, the mobile chip n' dip unit. At least I hope that's dip.

So like I said, I ain't writing today's update, I'm dictating it to my friend Eddie Guesslings over at his piece of shit trailer home which will hopefully burn down and consume his bloated, tick-like wife with it in the world's largest uncontained grease fire. Not that Cliff's house is any nicer, because if you walk in there and make the mistake of opening your eyes, you'll see at least 20 unfinished Sizzler dinners scattered all over the rotting linoleum floor hallway. My computer started acting all possessed and stupid and fancy and crazy last week around the time I got into a shouting match with it about how much the new TNN evening lineup stinks to high hell and back. If those ad executives at TNN had an ounce of intelligence, which they goddamn don't, they'd simply rename their zero-bit TV station to "The Law and Order Network" and have Jerry Orbach do all the commercials because I'd fucking buy whatever that man wants to sell me. Hell, Jerry Orbach should buy the whole network and do all the programming and hosting and advertising and everything, I've seen what kind of amazing shit he can pull off on "Law and Order" and I have absolutely no doubt that he'd be able to run a TV station smoother than a Crisco-chugging whore shot out of a clown cannon in an roller skating rink. Did you guys see that episode of "Law and Order" where that stupid little fat fuck bastard kid murdered the retired man outside of the tire store and Jerry Orbach was called to testify and he got up and shouted, "YOU, YOU LITTLE BUGEYED FUCKER, I'M GONNA GET OFF THIS WITNESS STAND AND STRING CHRISTMAS LIGHTS THROUGH YOUR LUNGS AND USE THEM TO FLOSS YOUR COLON YOU LITTLE FUCKING SHITBLIMP!!!" That was a great episode, especially in the end when the guy's car exploded and you could see his pregnant wife flying through the air and flipping off the camera. If I knew how to work my Betamax, I would've taped that. My idiot son bought me something called a "Tivo" which is a black box that is supposed to play television shows and record all kinds of junk from Portugal, but I couldn't get it to do anything except prop up the back wheel of my Chrysler after the transmission fell out because I used the car to open a keg of

beer I found behind the bait and tackle store which burned down that night.

> **FUN FACT:** Cliff Yablonski has borrowed and never returned the following items from me: my lawnmower, 40 square feet of insulation, a shovel, my wheelbarrow, my gasoline tank, three of my four hubcaps, the southwest plaster wall in my basement, two of my wife's gold teeth, my collection of carpet samples from across the world, three gallons of weed killer, a broken window pane, my son's toy train set, and a barrel full of cigarette butts and sand.

Deviled ham.

Okay I just found out Eddie is writing some lame-ass "fun facts" thing here because he obviously isn't aware that this is my computer page web-screen and not his little soapbox where he can bitch and moan about every single little stupid thing he thought I did and paid the Patterson kid to frame me for, so if he feels like making these little snide retarded comments in the middle of my story about how I caught the Boston Strangler last February, then I guess he can just knock himself the fuck out. Anyway, yesterday was supposed to be Veteran's Day and I was supposed to legally be able to take the day off, but since I never bothered coming into work and I don't even have a job, I didn't really get shit from the government except for reruns of that show on PBS about the puppets who teach each other how to comb their hair and avoid getting molested by fat hairy Italians on the subway. I've spent over 80 years of my life fighting for the great USA and old Uncle Sam won't even pay for me to have the day off? What kind of Veteran's Day is this shit? I've given so much for this country that this unpatriotic treatment of me is a downright embarrassing disgrace for all Americans and especially that big green statue deal of the broad in New York, the Statue of America Freedom or whatever. For example, one month in 1973 I gave the United States 400 rounds of automatic gunfire by putting it in the library's wall after the atlas there really pissed me off.

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WITH HOT EATS AND COOL TREATS!

I woke up Monday morning around 6:00 or 7:00 PM and put on my family pants, which I call "family pants" because I once beat up an entire family and stole these pants from their attic. I don't remember who the family was, but I know I was fucking pissed off at their little piss hustling kid who was standing in my bushes and throwing tiny stones at my bedroom window all night so I couldn't sleep or concentrate on making my topsoil recreation of the Battle of Gettysburg. Every 10 seconds I would hear this obnoxious "PLINK!" noise come from my window and I looked outside there one day and saw a bunch of tiny stones in the gravel below it, and then I looked over and saw a house which had kids, so it was only a matter of time before I put two and two together and figured out what was going on there. Anyway I had my family pants on and drove over to the Denny's on the corner of 19th Street and Blaketon Ave., that decaying road which has been under construction for about the past six decades or so. I have no goddamn clue what those reflective orange cram cretins are spending all day doing, but I can tell you what they're NOT doing: fixing the fucking road. How hard is it to fix a bridge? When I was in the Army Rangers back in the 30s, we used to build bridges all the time, and it usually took us under five hours to build a six-mile bridge, complete with anti-aircraft cannons and sniper land mines. All we did was build bridges. Some German town would get shelled and we'd come in and toss up bridges everywhere. I don't even remember why the hell we built the bridges to begin with, our unit killed our commanding officer about 10 hours into the first day, so we were pretty much operating on our

own there. Sometimes we'd roll into these burnt out German joints and start pouring concrete and asphalt all over the goddamn place, and the fat dogleg villagers would come out and scream shit at us in some commie German secret code, so then we'd dump all this concrete into their houses until they either shut the hell up or disappeared under the concrete. We eventually got such a great reputation as the world's best bridge builders that we'd get near a town and the mayor or president or whatever of the town would come out and give us a crapload of money just so we wouldn't come into their city and turn it into a parking lot with Kraut chimneys sticking out of it.

FUN FACT: Cliff Yablonski once broke into a bakery and ate three pounds of fudge before falling into the basement and trying to tunnel out through the storm drain.

Eltroll has her eye on you.

That fudge story is a goat inseminating lie, and anybody who believes that shit is more dense than Eddie's cholesterol-collecting hag wife. So I was wearing my family pants and driving through the orange cones Monday morning or night or whatever, and I see that crustacean-on-wheels Betty Grable and she's driving around in her little shitloaf red Kia shoecar, acting like she owns the place and everything. I sideswipe her car because she fucking pulls out in back of me on my blind side and I don't see anything until she's right on top of me and her little toy car is trying to hump my back windshield like a poodle in heat. She pulls over and gets ready to start giving me the third degree, so before she can say anything I shout, "before you say a single word, you better remember I'm not afraid to hit women in the face." Then she launches into her little dog and puppet show about wah, I almost killed her Nintendo-jockey droolbit kid who was either in the passenger seat or trunk or Wichita and she just bought this car and I don't have the right to drive around drunk. Then I got really pissed off because she doesn't have any say in how I run my life and I point to the half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels in my hand and shout, "hey you gussied-up withered spinster, this bottle gives me the right to be drunk" and I tried to break the bottle in half and stab her through the heart with it because that's the only way you can kill leprechauns like her. No wait, that's how you kill werewolves. Hell, I don't remember, but I guess it doesn't matter because I missed her and fell down that hill which has been coated in mud and medical waste ever since that tanker truck fell over on it a couple years ago and the assbarn city government was too lazy to pay some illegal immigrant 39 cents and a coupon for a free six-pack of black cherry cola to clean it up.

A couple hours later I finally got to Denny's and my family pants were just absolutely covered with this completely disgusting mud which smelled like the orangutan make-out rooms that they have in the back room of the West Appleton City Zoo and charge four dollars to enter. I've never personally been in there but once I went to the zoo and saw these two guys give this other guy money and then they went through a door and came out later and they were acting pretty fucking weird, so you can see the connection here. I called the cops on those two simpering halfwits but the police refused to do jack squat because I think they were mad I spent the previous three hours calling in bomb threats using my Charleston Heston voice. I walk into the Denny's and start shouting, "I want a window booth and I want one right now and I want my coffee and I want my free Veteran's Day buffet and I want the chick with the uneven tits to be my waitress and I want it all RIGHT NOW" and the manager comes out and pretends like he doesn't know me, even though it's damn obvious that he remembers me from when I dug a moat around his house and tried to fill it with lighter fluid to keep out the hobos. To make a long story short, the wa

FUN FACT: Cliff Yablonski can't hear out of his left ear and hasn't been able to see the color blue since the time he tried to wrestle a horse and got kicked in the face.

what the hell is this shit, I'm tired of these goddamn "fun facts" taking up space on my computer webcam screen page and I swear to god once I get my computer back, I'm going to take Eddie's photos and put them all over my sitepage and write the words "CONVICTED CHILD MOLESTER" in huge letters so when people see him they'll say to themselves, "hey, that's the child molester!" This is real bullshit and I demand respect and not this clown college mumbo jumbo that I'm getting pulled over my eyes here. So anyway I had the cash register in my right hand and the "no parking" sign in my left hand and the manager of the Denny's comes over and s

> **FUN FACT:** Cliff Yablonski is a stupid mental invalid who wasn't able to get it up even after he paid the Vietnamese hooker an extra $20 to put on the Naura Hayden wig.

okay this is bullshit and I'm going to stop writing this instant because I'll be damned if some cock-talking mo

> **FUN FACT:** More shit runs out of Cliff Yablonski's mouth than the entire Appleton City sewage system, even after Oktoberfest.
>
> **FUN FACT:** Cliff Yablonski lost all his teeth over a decade ago, and has since replaced them with wads of wicker that he dunked under white model paint for an hour.
>
> **FUN FACT:** Cliff Yablonski is picking up my kitchen barstool and is coming over here to b

Phenylketonuric enema

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams with a chip on my shoulder and some dip on the other shoulder. Me and the little woman have been shopping for a new couch to replace our futon. Apparently, every furniture store in existence is going out of business RIGHT NOW. Ikea may have questionable quality here and there, and God knows they are usually filled to the brim with the same folk's ole Cliffy Y talks about above, but dammit, at least you don't have to deal with furniture dealers. Conversations went like this:

> **Me**: Hello fine sir, I would like to purchase this couch for which to sit upon and watch Family Guy.
>
> **Furniture jerkoff**: I'm sorry this couch is part of a set, we can't break the set up! IT IS A SET!
>
> **Me**: Understandable fine sir, what about the couch over in that corner?
>
> **Furniture jerkoff**: IT IS PART OF A SET! A SET FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!
>
> **Me**: Is anything in this place not part of a set?
>
> **Furniture jerkoff**:**BUY THE WHOLE SET OR BURN IN HELL YOU BASTARD CHILD OF MICKEY ROONEY AND TED DANSON!**

I digress. What the world needs now, is love sweet love. And more camwhores. Everyone thinks so. Including the Goons. So they decided to recruit a few fine specimens for camwhore duty. Click here for my wishlist and nude xxx pix fo reals!

-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

GollumCam
XXMyPreciousXX@aol.com
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM
you don't know my pain.

9.3 Hit Shows For Fall of 2003

Thursday, Sep 04, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

And now for a look at the most exciting upcoming television shows this fall:

What's on TV? This flamethrower remote control, apparently.

■ **Sarcastic Homosexual Man and Sassy Black Woman!** *(Comedy)* - Hollywood's two favorite stereotypes, the sarcastic homosexual man and the sassy black woman, have been combined to form one hilarious 30-minute block of wacky hijinks which were previously only possible in 70, maybe 80 different shows. Jack Sterling is an intelligent gay man who works in a cutting-edge architect's office and deals with a myriad of offbeat co-workers like the gossiping secretary, the hare-brained elderly white guy who runs the company, and the colorful rival gay man who works at the firm down the street. Jaqwuannatry Shamequela is a quick-tongued African American woman who deals with the trials and tribulations of a normal black person's life, at least according to Hollywood standards. She has to deal with racist police officers, racist next door neighbors, racist moon astronauts, and racist deep sea starfish in each episode of this hilarious and cutting-edge show which *TV Guide* recently called "a... TV show... which is... not... so terribly fucking bad that nobody should ever watch, even under the threat of physical violence against members of their family!" Watch in hilarious amazement as Jaqwuannatry calls a white bigot some colorful and sassy name, followed by Jack making a highly dry, acerbic comment and rolling his eyes while the laugh track plays at a million decibels and the show cuts to a commercial for constipation pills. So how did these two unique and different characters end up meeting each other? Simple: they're both incarcerated for vehicular manslaughter!

■ **Game Show: The Game Show** *(Game Show)* - The public's highly non-insatiable desire for primetime game shows hasn't stopped a few renegade production studios in Yekaterinburg from creating new televised contests which challenge guests to name the capitol of New York (New Jersey) under the penalty of being artificially impregnated with experimental horse semen. Game Show: The Game Show takes elements from some random popular show, combines them with elements from a completely different yet somewhat similar show, and produces something that is nothing like anything previously unlike it! Host Tony Danza, star of the smash TV show "Who's the Boss?" and the exclusive Lifetime Network original movie "I'm An Abusive Alcoholic Jerk Yet the Court Inexplicably Gave Me Custody of My Son," brings his wit and charming smile to the stage, often hitting on the female guests and trying to lick carpet cleaner off their breasts following the show. In the season premiere of Game Show: The Game Show, contestant Marilyn Hodges misidentifies Neils Bohr as "George Washington Carver" and loses the all-expenses-paid trip to her bathroom, Edgar Burke is defeated in the mini-game "What Number Is Bigger Than 12?", and Tony Danza flies into a heroin-fueled rage after his co host refuses to stick her hand down his pants. The tagline of this game show is "the only game show which gives away up to ten million dollars in cash," which is technically

true because $13 is in fact less than $10,000,000.

- **No Broads Allowed!** *(Variety Show)* - The popularity of male-themed shows has not slipped Hollywood's sensitive radar, who proudly bring us No Broads Allowed!, the first show where violence against women who don't show you their tits is not only acceptable, but encouraged! The testosterone really flies when hosts Bill "Cowboy" Bradley and Will "Guns" Harris invite sexy strippers to perform the newest pole dances, play practical jokes at a pornography store, and shout such cutting-edge words as "butt" and "whore" in public places! If you didn't have an intensely negative opinion of all men, this show will help you develop one within nanoseconds of turning it on, even if you're a male! Bill and Will bring on special guest hosts Rasheem Smith, a former running back for the Dallas Cowboys who was arrested in 1997 for drunk driving and stabbing his mother to death with a pie fork, and Titty McBlowjob, a platinum blonde who makes spicy sexual innuendos like "I'll let you sit on my face" and "I will engage in oral intercourse with you for the exchange of monetary units." Special "man-only" household tips are given every eight minutes, ranging from "marry a chick with a lot of money because then you won't have to work and you can kill her for a lot of insurance cashola" to "always leave the toilet seat up after you go to the bathroom and never ask for directions when driving because that's hilarious and crazy and that's what men do." The sponsors for the No Broads Allowed! show include the new Ford Hellfire SUV and All American Beer Brewery, a company which advertises by using footage of muscular men riding horses and building a wooden barn on top of a mountain in the rain.

One of the more tamer episodes of "No Broads Allowed!" which, if you'll notice, features broads. Sexually explicit parts have been censored for his pleasure.

- **Ed's Life** *(Reality Show)* - Ed is an average guy just like you or me (assuming you and I are Ed), which obviously makes him an absolutely wonderful subject of a reality television show. Producers have installed hundreds, perhaps thousands of cameras all over Ed's house in an attempt to invade every aspect of his personal life in exchange for $300 and a coupon for a combo meal at Wendy's. After filming Ed engaging in such exciting activities as "cleaning the toilet" and "going to the store," the show's directors decided to spice things up a bit by inviting 10 bickering teenagers to stay in his house and drink all his soda while developing intriguing emotional problems and friction deriving from the fact that Ed's home is 1200 square feet and can hold, at most, six fully grown people. If the teenagers fail to scream at each other and create soap opera-like drama every 10 minutes, then additional "factors" are introduced as a catalyst for physical violence. You won't believe the look on their faces when an angry hornet's nest is thrown into the bathroom while three of them try to sleep there, shortly before the incident when the entire house is burned down and Ed is beaten into a coma by crooked Union representatives. The season finale features Ed receiving the check for $300 and a carpet cleaning bill for $400.

- **Star Trek: Space Adventures In Space** *(Sci-Fi)* - Gene Roddenberry's corpse is raped again to produce yet another undead fetus of a science fiction series which

will offend hardcore Star Trek fans while simultaneously not appealing to anybody else. Certain "creative liberties" are taken by the writers of Star Trek: Space Adventures In Space which allow them to create the most exciting and action-packed tales this side of the Nebulon galaxy! For example, the Klingons are now all Germans with British accents and the Vulcans participate in a sport called "Mazeball" which is exactly like baseball except it's called "Mazeball" and has Vulcans instead of pitchers. Also, women don't wear shirts in space, producing sexy futuristic results. When Captain Cooldude and the crew of the SS Awesomeprize are threatened by a new and futuristic race of creatures named "The Moglins," who are humanoid in shape and appearance but the camera uses the blue filter whenever showing them, it's a race against time and the stakes are great - the future of the Federation! The good news: the producers of Star Trek: Space Adventures In Space have made a deal with the viewing audience that for every Neilson point they drop below 2, they'll show a main character getting naked in the Holodeck and having sex either in or with a lawn chair. The bad news: the first character to agree to this is Captain Cooldude, played by Lance Hendrickson.

Studs Nixon after pulling off his funniest prank, "running naked around a bear while shooting it with a pellet gun and phoning in death threats to predominant anti-abortionist activists."

- **The Studs Nixon Show** *(Action Reality Comedy Show)* - Productions like Jackass and The Tom Green Show have conclusively proved that you don't necessarily need talent, skill, or intelligence to be popular these days. All you require is a lack of dignity and an innate ability to receive injuries without dying. Studs Nixon is a hip, in-your-face teenager from Green Grove, Illinois, who is able to perform the most hilarious physical stunts and pratfalls this side of Dick Van Dyke's tombstone. Watch in amazement as his friends shoot footage of him riding a bicycle into the side of a parked UPS delivery van! Thrill as he takes a bottle of cough syrup and proceeds to drink it all while shitting on people from a tree! Laugh all your way to the bank - the blood bank - as Studs gets naked and fucks a fruit stand in front of a horrified crowd! This show has been rated "mature audiences only" by the Association of Mature Audiences Only, and has been deemed "really fucking stupid" by the Coalition of People Who Deem Things Stupid So They Will Appeal to the Current Target Demographic Which Purchases Axe Body Spray (CoPWDTSTWACTDWPAXEBS). The good news: the producers of The Studs Nixon Show have promised that for every Neilson point they drop below 2, they'll demand Studs critically injure himself in an increasingly more original and painful way. The even better news: he dies at the end of the pilot episode.
- **Navy SEALS: Battle For Freedom** *(Action Show)* - More low-budget excitement from the same network that brought you "Time Ape: Legendary Travels" and "Computer Cop Versus Dinosaur Pirate," which only lasted longer than three episodes because it cost less than a six-pack of Turbo Dog to produce each show. Riding on the popularity of the American armed forces after their quasi-victory in Iraq or whatever place with all the car bombs and people who enjoy Allah, Navy SEALS: Battle For Freedom follows the adventures of an elite Navy SEAL squad that travels across the globe and stops vicious dictators from conquering exotic locations like East Timor and the Mason-Dixon

Line. In the first episode, arch-villain Commander Arab's illegal oil platform is destroyed after an exciting gun battle where the Navy SEALS are shown firing Kalashnikovs for no readily available reason. This event is portrayed by showing a still image of an oil platform which has animated gif explosions superimposed over it. The Navy SEALS then fly off to safety, as shown by stock footage of a TWA cargo plane from 1985 flying over downtown Detroit. After that brief trip, the elite squad meets with the President of the United States of America, which is inferred by an image of the White House with the text "LOCATION: WHITE HOUSE" below it in that trendy LCD font which is so popular with the kids these days. He informs them that an evil terrorist, General Baron Von Monstertruck, has stole the secret code which unlocks the DNA and produces a chemical warhead that is a computer virus containing the sunken City of Lost Gold. General Christopher Freedom must lead his band of skilled soldiers into enemy territory and defeat General Baron Von Monstertruck at all costs... but freedom comes at a price, and at what cost must freedom cost? General Freedom knows: the price of justice! This show is rated "E" and also "X" for "Exxxtreme Exxxxxxxcitement."

- **Creepy McWeirdo's Outer Space Adventure** *(Children's Cartoon)* - Despite being completely void of intellectual stimulation, Creepy McWeirdo's Outer Space Adventure bills itself as "a children's educational show" because it teaches children to become really odd and antisocial while teaching their parents to buy thousands of dollars worth of Creepy McWeirdo merchandise so their kid might shut the hell up for a minute and hopefully choke to death on a Creepy McWeirdo "Pot In a Playcrib Home Swing Set." Creepy McWeirdo is a 50-foot tall green circular creature who can assume any shape he wants at any time, therefore giving the lazy animators an excuse when somebody notices the glaring inconsistencies in between frames, and providing the people in marketing with a wide assortment of possible Creepy McWeirdo merchandise they can sell at Taco Bell. Creepy McWeirdo and his friends (the lazy twins from Neptune named Plugsy and Mugsy, Greymane the silliest unicorn in the galaxy, and Jogogogo from Dimension Z) embark on a series of mystical adventures which all involve them saying the name "Creepy McWeirdo" a lot so all the dumb kids watching remember it next time they go to the toy store. Although the show is drawn and animated by Canadians, every character has gigantic anime eyes and disproportionate hips because the marketing people have determined that's what sells. Creepy McWeirdo.

This was a look at the most exciting upcoming television shows this fall. We now return to the webpage already in progress.

Doom House 2000: THE MOVIE!

After failing to release an Awful Video Production in quite some time, I am proud to announce that Something Awful Inc., in association with Something Awful Inc., has released our first 15-minute long movie, "Doom House 2000!" This movie has it all: thrills, chills, Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, a house, a cat, some carpet, and a deep and intellectual plot which is so impossibly complex that you may never fully understand it even if you use 115% of your brainpower for all eternity. Download it now!

Doom House 2000 - Like I said, download it now! Oh, and if you can't grasp the deep and meaningful symbolism behind the film or you think it sucks, that's because you're stupid and aren't able to realize how intellectual and probably sexy we are. It's in Windows Media 9 format and weighs in around 25 megs.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.4 What the Hell is Going On Here?

Thursday, Sep 04, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I don't know what happened to Zack. I suspect he died, but there is a slim chance that he actually might not have died, in which case I am wrong. In any case, let me toss up the Photoshop Phriday URL and an Awful Link of the Day so people stop emailing me and asking where their free entertainment is, shortly before or maybe after they explain how I'm not funny. Also, here is an image of Captain America riding over El Pinto Grande.

Raiders of the Lost Phriday of Doom

Howdy again folks, Livestock here to confirm the rumors that another Photoshop Phriday has been created by our talented slave labor workforce! What did they make this week? Well, if you were expecting pictures of bizarre "Indiana Jones" crossovers, then I guess you're a goddamn psychic or something. That's what we got, and we got it like it's the plague and modern medicine has been lost to the ages!

I'm telling you, if you don't go read this, VERY BAD THINGS WILL HAPPEN.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

www.somethingawful.com

9.5 Life Lessons: Tards are people too

Friday, Sep 05, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings once again my fine Internet folk and welcome back to another edition of Life Lessons with your host, Roger Mudd. Unfortunately, Roger passed away last week in a drug induced orgy of sex and violence, so I will be taking over until we can find that guy that hosts "Greatest Blunders in History". Thanks to the massive positive feedback about the last Life Lessons, "The Needy and the Greedy", and support from world bank protest groups and CLUMB (Communist League for Undersized Men and Boy), we will be continuing these series of important lessons until our funding runs dry, or it is deemed unfunny by comedy underboss Josh "Cornhusker" Boruff. But do not worry friends - with a couple dozen compromising pictures of him performing unspeakable acts of depravity with random denizens of Dragoncon in my possession, I don't see that happening anytime soon.

Our Life Lesson this week is about the problems we have with intolerance in this country. No I'm not talking about lactose intolerance, or even racial intolerance. What I'm talking about is the hatred and bigotry aimed at our brethren with a lower intelligence level than us. Of course I'm speaking about the mentally challenged. These poor souls are constantly the object of mockery in our society, and have been abused for too long now. Degraded, taunted, and dressed in horribly designed clothes, the legacy of brutally towards these goofy humans is a long and sordid tale. What kind of a country is this where an evil clown overlord can imprison helpless retards in his plastic fortifications, forcing them to deep fry various fatty meats for angry consumers? These exploitations and mistreatments against the mentally challenged cannot continue if America wants to remain a great empire, eventually overwhelming and destroying her enemies to become the single power to rule the world in a suffocating shroud of freedom. We must learn from our past mistakes and stop the hate, or face the dire consequences.

Now before you go ahead and call me a hypocrite for scolding all of you for making fun of the handicapped, I will own up to the fact that I have been less than polite to them in my younger and less wise days. In middle school, I thought it was a good idea to intentionally bomb my English placement test on purpose, thus putting me in the easiest class possible. Unfortunately, this clever plan backfired and I was placed in a class full of retarded people. Since I finished my ridiculously easy homework during the first 5 minutes of class, I was bored out of my skull, and ended up tormenting the poor retards endlessly with pranks and mischief. I would hide their school material, sit in their seats whenever they got up, throw paper balls at their oversized heads, and even plot large and detailed schemes to cause dissention in their ranks, resulting in an epic battle of large flailing arms while I would hide and watch the carnage transpire. I already know that I am going to roast in Hell for all eternity for my crimes, but it's still not too late for you. There is still hope if we can get the word out there that tards need more lovin'. To put this into perspective, let's take a glance into the history of this country's mistreatment of the mentally challenged.

Sure he looks happy, but he's really plotting to kill the person that put that stupid hat on his head.

Legacy of Brutality

The first retarded person was invented by Edward J. Downs in 1832. Legend has it that Downs was trying to create a race of superhumans to conquer the world, but something went terribly wrong when his bottle of Yoo Hoo was knocked over by his clumsy assistant Igor, pouring the contents into the subject's brain cavity. The result was a human of greatly reduced intelligence and cognitive responses than an average person, with the tendency to scream in joy when their favorite cartoons come on. Downs tried to destroy his creation, but with its superhuman strength, it broke free to roam the countryside, eventually befriending a kindly old blind man. Many years later, the "monster" hunted down Dr. Downs and slew him with his huge ham fists. The author Mary Shelly caught wind of this event, writing an extremely successfull novel about it.

Unfortunately, Downs took with him three very important rules to follow about these queer folk.

#1: Avoid direct sunlight.
#2 Don't get them wet.
#3: Never, ever feed them after midnight.

Push the right button, get a pat on the head, push the wrong one, six weeks in the hole.

Needless to say, these rules were not followed, and they were multiplying rapidly. By 1880, no less than 10,000 retarded folk wandered America, some just passing the days finger painting, others settling down in the south to raise families, becoming the predecessors of most Southerners today. This time of relative happiness was short lived once President Grover Cleveland came into office. A brutal beast of a man, Cleveland rounded up the innocent retards, setting them to work in the nations coal mines, harnessing them to wagons to pull the wealthy around town, and declaring that they all must wear silly hats as identification. 100 years later, his great grandson was carrying on the tradition of brutality by setting them to work in his fast food kitchens across the globe. That man is none other than Ronald McDonald, a cruel taskmaster clown that enslaves the naive folk by luring them with brightly colored happy meal toys. Once ensnared in his net, they are set to work in his foul kitchens for the rest of their natural lives. Sure they look happy when you tell them you want a hamburger, but little do we know that Ronald's clown SS are hiding in the shadows armed with a blowgun with poison tipped darts, ready to dispatch any retard that cries for help or makes a mad dash for freedom. History books leave out many of our darker patches of history, but now that we have the Internet, the real story can be told for the first time. The truth is out there.

To supplement this Life Lesson about the tolerance and understanding of retarded people, I went out on the streets and asked regular people their thoughts about retarded people. I think you will be surprised that most of them were grossly misinformed.

■ *They are dangerous and will eat my children.*
FALSE: Retarded people are the most gentle people on the planet. Except if you throw a paper ball at their head for an hour. Then they tend to bellow in a fit of blind range and toss you out the classroom window, resulting in a detention for you, and the retard getting put down.

■ *Retarded people must be aliens because they look weird.*
FALSE: They are from the planet Earth, and are human just like you and me. People tend to be scared of things they don't understand, like evolution, or the plot to Donnie Darko.

■ *Retards must be happy all the time because they're so dumb.*
FALSE: Retards are happy because they know the day is soon nigh when their ranks will rise up in rebellion, slaying their clown masters, and taking power for themselves. The golden arches will run red with blood.

■ *They sure are goofy.*
TRUE: They are goofy indeed, yet in this age of war and cynicism, a retarded smile is more precious than the golden rays of a sunrise. They hold the key to happiness in their blissful ignorance.

How we can make a difference.

I wish to God I was this happy.

There are no easy answers to a long term solution, if there is a solution at all. Informing the children at an early age about tolerance might be the key. Teachers and parents should take it upon themselves to get children drunk, putting a bucket over the head, and whacking it with a golf club, thus simulating what it is like to be retarded. Start introducing them to the retarded way of life, with their culture, food, music, and fancy dress. Make a national retarded appreciation day where the guest of honor is our nation's president (Bush joke lol). Hold a fundraiser to raise money to cure retardation, perhaps a 50 mile walkathon called "Yards for Tards". Make your orders at McDonald's as simple as possible, making their jobs a little easier, and have some patience with them. Shut your goddamn pie hole whining about getting "fries" when you ordered "nuggets".

There is a long road ahead of me to work on my past crimes of tormenting these most gentle of God's creatures. Alas, I am only one man in a crusade against hatred and ignorance. So please, next time you see a retarded person walking down the street, smile and say hello to them instead of setting them on fire and pushing them into traffic. That's all I'm asking. Thank you, and good night.

(A "special" thanks to forum goon SydBarret for supplying me with a few images from his 3 gigs of retarded pictures. He's another one that will taste the hellfire.)

■It's a Steal... A STEAL OF THE CENTURY!!!

Joe P. and Nick Q. are back and bringing you the hottest steals of a deal on the most classiest, fanciest crap you can possibly ever imagine! That's right, we were able to grab ahold of one brand new episode from the late night Home Shopping at Home Where You Shop Network hit, "Steal of the Century" and are proud to present it to you, the consumer!

11 megs in size, Windows Media Player version 9. Download and / or die! Oh, and this whole skit was improv with absolutely no script or idea what we were doing whatsoever, so don't blame us, we voted for Olympia Dukakis.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.6 Greasnin's Guide to Going Greek

Saturday, Sep 06, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Damn, I'm sexy when I use alliteration. Ah, it's good to be back on campus. There's just something about college that can't be duplicated anywhere else. Life is just better. Those of you who are just starting your college experiences have a veritable buffet of opportunities laid out before you, and the line is only as long and full of loud black women and senior citizens who can't decide between the steamed baby corn and the steamed broccoli and carrot mix as you let it be. You have the chance to completely reinvent yourselves - expand your horizons, try things you've never tried before, pick up new hobbies. Maybe you'll join an a capella group, or write for the school newspaper, or start your very own STD collection! Each and every one of you will end up following a different path. I'd love to write an article for every unique experience each one of you could have, but frankly I don't have that kind of time or interest in your personal lives. What I will do, however, is offer my sagely wisdom on a subject I know practically nothing about other than what I've gathered from the hundreds of straight-to-video "Animal House" knockoffs that are released each year. That's right, I'm going to shed some light on the endurance trial of humiliation and physical abuse that is pledging to a fraternity.

Pledging to a frat is a fairly common experience, so I think I can actually help a fair number of people out with this one. Note how I specifically say "frat" and not "sorority." This is largely because "sorority" would be a stupid abbreviation for "fraternity." Also, it is because I have no idea what sorority pledges have to go through. We don't have any on my campus. Well, technically we do, but they don't have a house because state law dictates that any house populated by more than a certain number of women and no men is considered a brothel. This is a fact that we love to rub in their faces. "Men are keeping women from achieving their full potential around the world," they shout at us. "Yeah, but at least we're not trying to start a brothel," I like to reply. So sorry ladies, but I can't help you today.

A large part of being in a frat is doing the two-finger-gun thing. Or so I'm told.

In order to compile this guide, I actually took up residence in the basement of a frat which shall remain nameless to protect the identities of those involved, and also so they don't kick the crap out of me. To be completely accurate, it's not a frat, but rather a "literary society." I've yet to see them do anything literary, so I have to assume that's just their way of creating a loophole that allows girls to live in the house, too. You might think it's somewhat hypocritical of me to say that I'm not going to offer any female-specific advice and then admit that half of the residents in my house are female. And you'd be right. But I'm the popular internet writer, here, so you can just suck it up. Let me just say that from what I've seen, the women in the house don't get things any easier than the guys. These aren't bubbly, giggling college girls we're talking about, here. These are ass-kicking, name-taking, beer-guzzling, knife-toting women. They're a different breed. But to get back to the point, or depending on what you think of my writing, to establish a point in the first place, I got myself into a pretty plum situation. I'm living in the frat house, but I'm not a member of the frat, so I'm not bound to participate in their bizarre rituals. Therefore, I can safely observe and document their habits (ether), their patterns (generally stripes), and their movements (twice a day, frequent floaters). However, as a filthy stinking mooch, I am not allowed to witness every single thing that goes on. The official frat meetings are forbidden to me, as are their more arcane practices including initiation, which is going to end up being a central theme of this guide. Nevertheless, I am convinced, as always, that my

advice is soundly based in fact, and if it isn't, that reality will rearrange itself until it is. So with that in mind, let's get on with the advice-dispensing!

Invest in a robe

One of the greatest things about being in a frat is that you always know that there are people there to help you drink until you vomit urine.

Many of the older frats, and even some of the newer frats who have a sense of tradition will often break out impressive and intimidating robes on more sober occasions. It can be difficult to keep your nerve when faced with a line of hooded, robe-clad frat brothers. Many young pledges are daunted by such a sight, and may feel a wave of fear when they are addressed. It's important to keep in mind that fraternities are about brotherhood and having a good time, not instilling fear in one another. At the same time, the brothers want to know that you can handle yourself under pressure. But you don't have to fall into that age-old trap of letting yourself be intimidated. Just remember that you're trying to join this frat! So why not join them from the get go? Show that you're a team player by spending a little money and picking up a robe of your own? Wear it at all times to show that you're ready for anything. And I do mean at all times! Part of pledging to a fraternity is being ready to perform your pledge duties at any time. So wear your new robe when you eat, when you sleep, even when you shower, should you choose to do so! Believe me, the brothers will take notice. Other students may not understand your fashion choice at first, but when they learn that you're doing it to make a name for yourself at your frat of choice, they'll all give you the respect you deserve!

Protect your ass

When you first start looking into a frat, note that the brothers are all very macho and nothing about them screams "homoeroticism" in any way. However, once you pledge, you may notice that they develop an unhealthy obsession with your pale, tender ass. Be prepared to show it off on multiple occasions. If you want to make an impression, you can write out the frat's Greek letters across your cheeks. This may arouse ire from your fellow pledges, but don't be fooled, it's simply jealousy. In addition, your precious buttocks may be subjected to a pounding unlike anything you've felt since the last time your parents sent you to stay with Uncle Hank for the weekend. Prepare for spankings, paddlings, and assault from any number of blunt objects. You can sew butt protectors into the seat of your pants, but don't be surprised if you're asked to drop trou. *(Author's Note: frat boys can use the phrase "drop trou." Anyone else who uses it should be injected with a hearty dose of polio.)* A better bet is to hit the gym and start working on firming up those seatwarmers. That way, you'll have a more solid layer of padding between the two-by-four and your fragile butt bone. Also, the brothers will be impressed by your toned ass. Remember, a healthy can is a healthy mind!

This guy's either thrilled to be a part of such a prestigious fraternity or he's taking one hell of baylor on the grass. I'll leave it up to the philosophers to decide.

Trust is the key

Pledging to a frat is all about trust. Well, trust and drinking. Well, trust and drinking and sex with freshman girls. Well, trust and drinking and sex with freshman girls and Garfield. Man, that cat is hilarious! But trust definitely has a place in the list of the top four things pledging to a frat is all about. You might not know the frat brothers particularly well. Maybe they won't talk to you outside of rush events. Maybe some of them dump pudding on your head while you're trying to talk to a girl in the cafeteria. Maybe the one brother from Lithuania doesn't speak any English, but you're pretty sure

every time he speaks that he's calling you some Lithuanian word that translates approximately to "one who eats soiled feminine products." You still have to trust your brothers-to-be implicitly. You have to trust that when they're leading you through the woods blindfolded, they won't make you walk into any trees. You have to trust that when they throw you naked into a pit with a snarling dog, that the foam around its mouth is toothpaste, not rabies. You have to trust that when it turns out that it was rabies, they have the necessary shots handy. You have to trust that nothing they do to your genitals will leave you sterile. You have to trust that they'll only make you drink until you pass out, not until you die of alcohol poisoning. You have to trust that the needle they use to tattoo the word "FAG" on your chest has been sterilized. You have to trust that when you wake up bound and gagged next to a pile of bondage gear in the bed of a rusty pickup truck owned by a three hundred pound Mexican man named Big Raoul who keeps peering over his shoulder at you and laughing until he gags on his own drool and seems to be heading for the border, the chip the brothers implanted in the base of your skull will turn out to be a homing beacon and not a bomb like they told you. It's all about the trust.

- **You belong to the frat**

I typed in "frat" and this came up. I guess it's an attempt to make Joey the "collegiate" 'NSyncer. Nothing doing, Joey. No one likes you.

When I say that you belong to the frat, I don't mean that in the nice, passive, "I belong to a bowling league" way. I mean that in the "your soul belongs to Grongomet now, human" way. The frat owns you, monkey boy. And until you are initiated into their ranks, that means the brothers own you, too. Obey or be destroyed. The brothers will most likely give you some token that shows that you are a pledge. It may take the form of a pin, a hat, a jacket, a necklace, a midget, or any number of other easily lost items. Your brothers know how hard it will be to keep track of this token. Pins fall off. Jackets get left in friends' rooms. Midgets wander into traffic. But you must keep your token at all times. Make it your top priority. Cherish it. Keeping track of your token is a challenge, and overcoming that challenge will prove to your brothers that you can be counted on. And believe you me, it will be a challenge. People love to screw with pledges. They will try to take your token. They will trick you, lie to you, attempt to capture you, assault you, send their spies to follow you, cause avalanches to block you, unleash the riders in black whose voices are naught but inhuman screeches and whose eyes have faded to nothingness in the eternal cold of undeath, but who can smell your frat token when it is near and who are forever drawn to its power, anything and everything to prevent you from hanging onto your token until you can destroy it in the fires from whence it was created. I mean, until you get initiated.

- **Hazing is an act of love**

You can try as hard as you like to impress the brothers in the hopes that they'll take it easy on you, but no one gets in for free. Hazing is a time-honored tradition, and if you think that you're going to be the one to break the cycle of loving abuse, then you're in for a nasty surprise, most likely one from which your anus will never quite recover. On the plus side, you won't need as much fiber in your diet. You have to expect a degree of hazing, but just know that the brothers only make life incredibly difficult for you because they want to see you rise above it all and come out a better person. There is a saying that goes, "we only hurt the ones we love." Frankly, that's bullshit. I'm fairly certain that none of our soldiers overseas ran around Afghanistan telling the Taliban just how much we all love them before their villages got the Ramadan bombed out of them. But in the case of a frat, you can assume that the saying actually does hold true. Brotherly love will conquer

all and in the end your torment will be forgotten. Sure, the brothers might attack you on both physical and emotional levels with such ferocity that you can't even summon the self-confidence to kill yourself because you're afraid that you'll mess it up and wake up in a hospital bed with bandages on your wrists and a crowd of hooded frat brothers standing around your bed waiting to tell you in loving detail how you managed to fuck up again, but that's only because they want to create an unbreakable bond between you that will endure for all time. Either that or they hate you.

That's really all there is to it. Going Greek isn't for everybody, but those who do join are entering into a sacred pact. it is not a decision to be made lightly. If you do decide to join a frat, I hope that this guide makes the pledging process as easy as possible. I'd like to elaborate further, but I'm afraid that if I did, the actual members of the frat here would show me just how much they love me until I go into a coma.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

9.7 Football is In the Air!

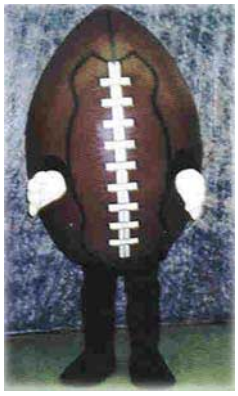
Monday, Sep 08, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A football. Here's a big tip for you: if you become a professional football player, you get paid millions of dollars to run into angry men and beat your wife!

A resounding sigh of relief swept over America this week as the football season began and people instantly realized that soon - very soon - they would be able to stop pretending like they give a shit about baseball. For all you historians out there, the United States officially ceased to care about major league baseball in 1995, the year that the average baseball player's annual salary topped $38 billion. I believe this event triggered some sexy section of neurons in the average American's brain to realize the average American could work every hour of every day of their life and still not have enough money to pay their home team's career .264-batting average second baseman a single game's salary. I really hate to sound anti-sports or anti-capitalism or anti-Zionist conspiracy here, but I simply can't rally behind a system which awards large checks to large men who hit a small ball with a medium-sized stick, on average, once every game. My theory here is that instead of giving these people a shitload of money, somebody should instead give me a shitload of money. If some old, decaying, cranky white billionaire wants to throw his piggy bank around while buying and selling ball-tossing mutant South American folks, I propose he'd get a lot more from his money if he awarded me $8 million for one year and I, in exchange, went over to his mansion and allowed him to drunkenly hurl beer bottles at my face for a good portion of an evening. Do you realize how much shit you could do with $8 million a year? More importantly, do you realize how much shit I could do with $8 million a year? I would finally be able to start filming my dream TV program, a reality show about an undercover NYPD cop who must choose from 30 lucky bachelorettes while he solves crime and deals with his wisecracking 12-year old son and dopey brother, the first openly black gay female in the Navy's Air Force Army Investigation Team which solves crimes involving undercover NYPD cops in the ocean.

I grew up (and still live) in the Kansas City area, so I know at least an iota about professional baseball and football although I may not exactly know what an "iota" is. The residents here were hardcore Royals fans until roughly 1988, at which point they all converted into Chiefists and decided to root for a completely different team in a completely different sport with a completely identical tendency to lose important games. You can't travel down a busy road in this city without seeing the home team colors of either the Royals or Chiefs, although that's mostly because it's kind of hard to walk anywhere and fail to see the colors red or blue unless you're color blind or dead or somebody jammed Pixie Sticks into your eyeballs and let their sweet, sweet nectar flow directly into your brain. Regardless, rednecks throughout the state proudly display their "GO CHIEFS" signs from their cars, homes, clothing, and children's foreheads, as there's nothing more exciting than telling the world that you, in fact, like a particular sporting team. Most of these diehard fans know that when they encounter a random person in public, the first question that person begins to ponder is, "does this human I have come into contact with enjoy a sports team?" Their second question is, "am I able to determine which political party they support simply by looking at the hundreds upon thousands of bumper stickers plastered across their Ford truck's rear bumper?" This second question is also an excellent way to figure out of a person is a "proud Wiccan" or high-ranking member of the Historical Klingon Battle Recreation Society, which meets in the woods every other Saturday and takes photos of each other that probably should not ever be viewed by normal people under any circumstances.

Despite all this blabbering and jib-jabbering, the 2003 football season is upon us and in full force, as teams from various cities throughout America compete against each other to be crowned the Stanley Cup and given an opportunity to talk about how important children are to them during the Miss America competition. New to the National Football League this year are the Houston Texans, a Texas team that is from Texas and full of Texans that want you to remember Texas is Texan and if you forget that these Texas Texans are from Texas, then they'll helpfully remind you that they're from Texas. Needless to say, nothing good has ever left (or for that matter, stayed in) Texas, so most professional sports analysts and professional sports overweight sloppy gamblers agree that the Houston Texans aren't new this year, and actually played the previous season, which is frankly news to me. The launch of the Houston Texans last year began the NFL's "Expansion Project" which will result in the creation of additional NFL teams including the Irvine Short Asian SUV Drivers, New Jersey Flammable Lakes, and the Portland Drunken Assholes Who Sit Behind Me On a Flight and Talk Nonstop About Their Various Sexual Escapades In a Voice So Loud It Can Be Overheard In Passing Aircrafts. I may not be able to predict how these teams may do in the upcoming years, but I can provide you with a checklist of various events which will occur sometime this season:



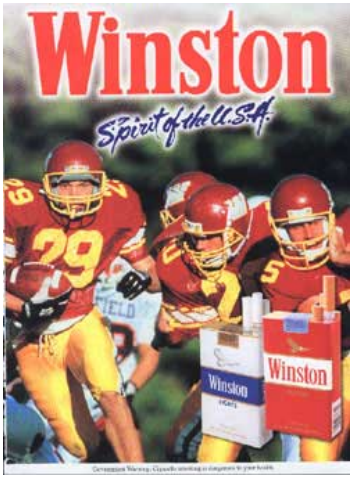
A football. Er, a man in a football costume. Well I assume it's a man, I guess a woman could be under there too, although I'm not really sure why.

- John Madden will be recorded saying something tremendously intelligent and remarkable, such as "what this team really needs to do is put some points up on the board" or "this team is looking to score right about now" or the ever-popular "this team would like to increase the number of points currently credited to them, preferably to a value which is greater than their opposing team, therefore resulting in a victory over their opposing team and OH GOOD LORD AM I FAT AND OLD." The other commentators will then respond with a line from their John Madden Reply Handbook, which includes such awe-inspiring quotes as "that's right John" and "you couldn't be more right, John." Then Madden will excuse himself from the booth and sneak out to deep fry a turkey and put it inside a cow and deep fry the cow while putting it inside a funnel cake and dipping that in the horrible white shit Outback Steakhouse gives you to dip your fake Australian fried onion thingy in.

- A defensive lineman will be arrested for beating his wife. The news anchor who breaks this story will fail to mention if she deserved it or not, although the lineman will suggest that during his subsequent press conference where he admits that he probably wasn't acting in the best interests of his team when he decided to throw her through a plaster wall and douse her unconscious body with gasoline.

- One team will accomplish a breathtaking upset of another team during Monday night football. Representatives from the winning team will chalk their victory up to Jesus Christ, although He will not be available for interview and all scientific attempts to provide a direct link between The Savior For All Us Good White People and winning a football game will prove inconclusive. This is because the scientists are all pagan non-believers and will burn in hell for all eternity with all the filthy homosexuals and Martians.

- Somebody will predict the Super Bowl matchup by using a computer program or console video game such as "NFL BLITZ FEVER FRENZY ULTRA PLATINUM EXXXTREME FOOTBALL NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE 2004 VERSION 2003." According to them, the New York Jaguars will beat the Green Bay Rangers 3-2 in 11 innings. They



A football. Er, a team of football players who all know what it's like to play an away game at Flavor Country.

will then proceed to topple their previous Minesweeper high score, although they will cheat to do so. If they use a console to predict this score, then they will be denounced by rabid fans of rival consoles who will refer to them with such names as "fag" and "big fag."

- A white place kicker with a mullet will come out on the field and break some record that was previously held by a slightly different white place kicker with a mullet. Both of these men drive Camaros.

- Somebody will get injured while playing on an Astroturf field, causing the commentators to explain how Astroturf has injured and killed more people this year than World War I and II combined and how the ghosts of the dead haunt the field to spread misery and pain to all those who dare set foot on the cursed ground. Then the National Association of Sports Announcers ("NASA" with less exploding people) will announce a jihad against Astroturf and begin a cross-country spree of death and destruction, burning down and murdering anybody even remotely associated with Astroturf.

- A brash young upstart rookie quarterback will learn the importance of hard work and dedication after he and his comically inept teammates lose the first few games in blowout defeats. Rival teams will mock them and their situation will go from bad to worse in a matter of games, ultimately climaxing when the rookie quarterback gets drunk and his girlfriend leaves him and he tries to drive his car into a train. After he hits rock-bottom, he will then rebound stronger than ever, inspiring his teammates to band together and win, guiding them in the direction of success. Their team will make it to the Superbowl and play their rivals, eventually winning by one point with two seconds left in the game, thereby presenting a true "rags to riches" story and brightening the hearts of elderly people and really old young children across the globe. The role of the brash young upstart rookie quarterback will be played by Keanu Reeves, while the rival team's defensive end will be played by the rich jock preppy guy from "Revenge of the Nerds" who hasn't succeeded in dying so far.

- The referees will throw a tiny yellow flag and then claim the home team engaged in an activity dubbed as "pass interference." Many fans in the stadium will proceed to express their displeasure of this call by chanting the word "boo" very loudly, sometimes with their hands cupped to the sides of their mouths. Despite this united act of protest, the

referees will fail to reverse their call, although one of them will feel kind of bad about it later that evening when he's getting drunk off his ass in the hotel bar.

- Gatorade will proudly show off a new advertisement in one of the commercial breaks after a large black man calls for a timeout but before they cut back to an old white man shouting into a headset on the sidelines. This commercial will display real people, like you and I, together with fake people, like Larry Bird or Larry Bowa. The one thing uniting us and bringing every type of person together will be our common bond of neon-colored sweat which flows out of our skull every time we do anything more physically exhausting than opening up a book.

Please keep in mind that while I may not be an expert on football, I am pretty much an expert on what happens during the football season, so you should implicitly trust and place your blind faith into every single word I've written here. If you mistakenly think that some of these events may not come true and the football year may not be everything I proclaimed it to be, please keep in mind that nobody's paying me $8 million to write this shit, so therefore I have the freedom to take some "creative liberties," which include the creative liberty to write outright lies. If you would like to pay me $8 million to write something for you, please email me and I'll work out a package deal to allow you the ability to additionally throw beer bottles at my head.

Repent, For a Terrible Game is Upon Us

Hey all you godless infidels, Taylor "Potemkin Punch" Bell here with an all-new review! Well, actually it's about 60% new and the other 40% is made from old alarm clocks and packing tape. This week's game is another ass kicking Christian game, and it has made me see the light!

After exploring my wonderful town I set out into the big, scary forest and wandered around slowly, almost as nervous as an altar boy during Holy Communion who has to bend over in front of the priest with his eyes closed and his mouth open. Fortunately after I fought my first battle I learned I had nothing to fear, since combat is the usual lazy "choose to fight, use an item or run" system that Squaresoft is desperately hoping people never get tired of. And if you take some damage during a battle, don't worry, you get automatically healed up to maximum after every encounter. The graphics don't help compensate at all, since everything is made up of horribly animated sprites that would have looked bad on the Commodore. Also your character's feet are completely transparent, and for the sake of my own sanity I'm not even going to ask why.

Check this shit out, pagan! Also, go Dolphins.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.8 Hearts of Spandex: An Internet Writer's Apocalypse (Part 2 of 2)

Tuesday, Sep 09, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

We lost! We lost very big and very hard. I would like to take this time to congratulate Worth1000 for winning this tournament and to the other sites (including Fark) for making us look bad.

In truth, we had a great team that produced some great images, but it just wasn't our time to win. I'm sure at some point we'll get our revenge, and it will be sweet and tangy, but for now we are humbled losers walking in the hall of loserdom. It was a fun experience, though, and there were a ton of great images that came out of this tournament from all the sites and players. You can view them all here. Once again, congrats to the winners! I also want to thank the SA Goons who gave it their all - you guys were and still are great in my book!

Hearts of Spandex: An Internet Writer's Apocalypse (Part 2 of 2)

Note: this is, surprise, part 2 of a 2 part series exploring what it's like to drive to a science fiction and fantasy convention and then spend the weekend at said science fiction and fantasy convention. You can read the first part here. My partner in crime for Dragoncon, Marie "elf pr0n" Peccia, is again accounted for and present-like in the weekend's events.

Sunday, Day 3
Nerds Ahoy!

HELLO!

Sunday began like any other day in a city overrun with people dressed as fictional characters, which is to say Sunday began like no other day save for maybe Halloween or Canada's famous "Dress Like a Retard for Work Day." One thing still lingering from the day before was the intense shame and frustration that came from knowing that we let world renowned celebrities Luke Perry and Marc Singer slip through our fingers. All throughout the night I was tormented with images of Marc Singer, the Beastmaster himself, the leader of the human resistance in "V," screaming my name. I'm pretty sure that was the creepiest dream I've ever lied about having.

Overall, Sunday was a lot of fun, even though we mostly roamed back and fourth and sat around a lot since we had pretty much seen everything we were going to see already. Not surprisingly, we ended up back in the Marriott, the blackened heart of Dragoncon and epicenter of all things nerdy and stupid. One of the first things we did was waste yet more money. I bought some heinous videos, including "Legends of the Superheroes." I recently took the time to watch it, and it was the most painful experience I've ever endured. I think passing an entire clown with Bell's Palsy through my urethra would be less painful than watching this dreadful video again. Even if you took all the pain that Ben "Greasnin" Platt has had to endure from reviewing all those stupid movies of his and multiplied it by ten thousand, it still wouldn't equal the pain I felt watching this video. Alternatively, if you really want to know what the pain was like firsthand, you could just read one of Ben's updates. ***Zing!*** For those of you wondering, "Legends of the Superheroes" was a 1979 two-part TV special that featured Adam West and Burt Ward reprising their roles as Batman and Robin. Fellow DC heroes Hawkman, Captain Marvel, Green Lantern, Flash, Black Canary, and Huntress joined them. One hour of the video was dedicated to a superhero roast in which famous

DC villains I've never heard of gathered to poke fun at the heroes. Ed McMahon, then apparently even more desperate than someone who gives blowjobs for hits of cocaine, hosted this fine hour of mental rape. The other part was so bad I won't even mention it – suffice to say it ended with Batman and Robin chasing an evil wizard across a lake on jetskies. Next time I will make a point of setting all my money on fire as to prevent myself from buying anything this stupid again.

Fascinating Fact:
95% of all Klingon-Americans are obese.

Marie, who is probably entirely too nice and generous to be a reader of this site, decided she wanted to buy a gift for our fearless leader, Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka. After a lot of thought, we ended up back in the art gallery. Lowtax has a house now, and he undoubtedly has walls in need of art! We took another fresh look at all the lovely paintings and compositions, which featured more busty barbarian women than a Neanderthal strip club. I know I mentioned how miserable most of the art in this gallery was last week, but that simply wasn't enough to accurately convey the pure crap flowing from this place like an overburdened sewer. As to how so many people can convince themselves the world needs more erotic pictures of dragons raping women or scantly clad fairies bathing in waterfalls, I simply don't know and don't want to know. Getting back to the initial point, Marie purchased a couple prints of fine art from the famous Poser artist David Howard, including "Demon Suntan," which will soon be adorning Rich's mantle place:

You will note that "professional" has a checkmark next to it; indeed no amateur could tackle such a topic with this much grace!

This weekend was not without its dangers, friends. In one moment that will forever be scratched in the vinyl siding of my psyche, I was nearly murdered. This terrible incident occurred when Marie and myself sat down to relax and recharge for further adventures. We chose an area that was lightly populated and out of the way of most of the main areas of congestion, though they were still quite visible. While we sat, a frantic woman ran by screaming, "clear the way!" She gestured as though a stampede was coming, and given the eccentric nature of the weekend, such an occurrence seemed highly plausible. It was no stampede, though, not even a stampede of overweight Klingons. It was the menacing approach of a fiery speed queen, a reckless woman with Hell in her heart and no respect for moral and prudent speeds. She rode upon a scooter, a veritable last of the V-8 Interceptors for disabled people, and charged down the path like a tornado of vengeance. The problem: I was in the path. Time slowed to a snail's slither, and my entire life flashed before my eyes like a PowerPoint presentation on "Lord of the Rings." Unfortunately, because my life lacks any substance, I still had

plenty of time to wait as death inched ever closer. The demon woman kept her hands coiled tightly around the vehicle's accelerator, and cleared me by a mere several feet as she sped past, presumably to terrify more innocent civilians, if not murder them all together. It was only after this fiery virago had left us in the dust that Marie pointed out the mystery woman's identity. It was Anne McCaffrey, the Sonny Barger of dragon fantasy authors. Anne McCaffrey was singing my death song, but luckily for me she missed a note.

Surprisingly, this guy looks professional and conservative compared to a lot of other people at DragonCon.

Another particularly hairy moment was when we happened to loiter a little too long near a booth where a hip new card game was being demoed. Even though we stood there peacefully minding our own business, a merciless exhibitor still accosted us with his sales pitch of doom. Right away he started talking about a post apocalypse and the 1970's and magic being reintroduced into modern society. He rambled continuously, and all I could do was think about our method of escape. After awhile, I think at the point when he mentioned that up to six people could play with a single deck, I started feeling sorry for him. I wanted to gesture to him to be silent, and then tell him that somewhere in the world there was a lonely mother who missed her son. Somewhere was a mother who didn't know anything about expanding the player limits by adding more decks, or what any of this foolishness about magic attacks meant. I wanted to tell him that he still had a home, that he didn't have to carry on this façade, that no one would judge him if he left it all behind and returned to a normal life. Then I thought that after all this, we might hug and exchange addresses and maybe every year he would send me a Christmas card thanking me from the bottom of his heart for saving him. Actually I didn't think about any of that, I was too busy giving Marie the international facial expression for, "run like hell the second he's distracted!" Unfortunately she's entirely too nice a person, and thanked the poor man for his time when we abruptly started walking away.

Americans enjoy too much freedom.

What scares me even more than being lectured on magic card games by a grown man who isn't retarded is seeing a giant room jam-packed with people doing nothing but playing card games. The mere concept of coming to a convention and then squeezing into a massive orgy of sweaty nerds clutching decks of fantasy themed cards terrifies me beyond belief. We attempted to enter the huge hall where this madness was happening twice, but both times I got frightened and immediately ran to the door claiming I had agoraphobia or that I felt the tremors of an earthquake and needed to be near a more structurally sound area. It was too much to bare, too strange a concept, and an all too frightening reality. I instinctively shut down my olfactory senses when we neared the hall, knowing that many of those people hadn't moved for the duration of the convention, and would undoubtedly

be sporting more obscene odors than a zombie flea market.

Fascinating Fact:
Standing near any booth is dangerous and should be avoided at all costs.

One of my most endearing memories was when we chatted with an inspirational police officer stuck directing pedestrian and motor traffic between the two hotels hosting Dragoncon. His job consisted of halting vehicle traffic, then waiting patiently as fat Klingons and anorexic girls in stupid anime costumes waddled by. After that he would kind of wander off, smoke a cigarette, and undoubtedly question what kind of cruel god would curse him with such a horrid job. We sat down near where he was working his beat, and he stopped by every few minutes to express his disgust with humanity. He would take a puff of his cigarette, look at the road as a man in a bright Skeletor costume crossed the street, and then quietly mutter, "God I wish some of these people would get hit." Being concerned about national security, I asked him if it was a problem that so many people were carrying fake guns around. He just sighed and said, "I don't know about that, but I think it'd be pretty cool if some of those guys with swords got drunk and started fighting." While we were talking, he suddenly realized his shift was over and he was no longer required to prevent the nerds from getting smeared all over the road. He simply got in his car and drove off, leaving no one to take his place. His mixture of disgust and apathy resonated in my heart, and I now want to be a police officer.

You can blow a hole in my Dethstar any day!

The absolute worst part of the entire weekend would have to be when we decided to go to a paneled discussion event called "My So Called LiveJournal." We somehow convinced ourselves that this would be an interesting train wreck to witness, and something good for me to write about. To our combined chagrin, the room hosting this sanctimonious event was quite crowded with people who turned out to be members of the LiveJournal community. We were deep in the heart of enemy territory now! Shortly after we took our seats, the doors were closed, trapping us like a corpse in a coffin. Sure, the doors were unlocked, but the room was so crowded people gathered in front of the doors, effectively caging us in unless we politely asked them to move. It was pretty scary. The panel consisted of four people, some sort of yokel who made sporadic allusions to his mysterious "alternate lifestyle," and three whores. Well, more like two whores. One of the girls actually seemed vaguely normal and possibly intelligent, but the other two were genuine trash. The worst of the whores even gets top honors as today's Awful Link of the Day! What happens in an event like this? Suffering. Even the horrifying biological torture conducted by Japan's Unit-731 cannot compare to listening to these idiots whine about the consequences of posting their diaries online or the sensitive issues they face as a community. We sat through an entire hour of this misery, and it showed no signs of stopping when we left. I can honestly say we both felt dead after this. We staggered out of the room and out of the hotel as though we both just received the terrible news that Bill Cosby was dead, that Malcolm-Jamal Warner had killed him. It was a lousy way to cap off the bulk of the convention, and we learned a valuable lesson that will haunt us until death.

It was evening now, and we were both drained emotionally and physically. There was no point in continuing the day, not after what it had just done to us.

Monday, Day 4
GET YE BACK TO YOUR GRANDMA'S BASEMENT!

Monday began with another brief visit to the Marriott, and then it was all over. I said goodbye to Marie, who had been a real trooper and excellent sport the entire weekend, and then joyfully spent

10 hours in my car driving to the wretched hellhole that is Indiana. I survived my first science fiction and fantasy convention with few scars, a lot of fun memories, and the kind of emotional trauma that comes from seeing too many fat people wearing very small costumes. I found the experience so interesting that I will most certainly be going back next year. I guess I'm coming to grips with the fact I'm just as much as a nerd as the next guy, although I don't celebrate my dorkiness by wrapping myself in spandex and bodypaint and jumping around like a doofus. But that's all part of the charm of these things, I guess. People are willing to do just that, and by god, I'm willing to watch them do it.

My god, the furries are getting bigger and bigger!

I managed to get home in less time than it took to get there, thanks in part to a secret driving trick I invented. It's a method whereby applying extra pressure to your vehicle's gas pedal, you can go faster than even posted speed limits! I sure hope I don't get arrested for posting how to break the law on a public website. It was pretty depressing returning to Indiana, and to anyone thinking of either visiting or traveling through this state I highly suggest suicide as a more suitable alternative.

It's like this guy is just made out of muscle!!!!!

Doom House 2: Electric Reviewgaloo

Hopefully by now you've all had a chance to see "Doom House," the short horror film by Something Awful's own Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen. If not, download it right now and watch the hell out of it. Once you've seen it, I guarantee that like any other great film, you won't be able to stop thinking about it. That's when it's time to read my, by which I mean Ben "Greasnin" Platt's review!

> *From the very first moments, "Doom House" plays with its viewers' minds and perceptions. The opening graphic initially reads "Doom Hose," which puts the audience at ease. Their minds immediately go to images of a murderous hose strangling people and spraying them with water, causing them to fall off of places. Those are basically the only tricks in a hose's arsenal. Right away, the audience is lulled into a false sense of security as they ready themselves for watching strangling after strangling. But just when the thought of a psychotic hose becomes comfortable, the title changes to reveal something far more sinister - "Doom House." Now all of the expectations that the audience has already forged are shattered and replaced by a far more terrifying thought. After all, more accidents happen in the home than anyplace else, so a Doom Home must be a pit of unyielding horror. The co-directors give the audience a few seconds of peace to contemplate what lies ahead as the opening credits roll, but the first image to appear afterwards is the looming form of the house itself. It's a good thing the shot is in daylight. If it was night, the fear would be so intense that the camera would most likely explode. Already the viewers are on the edge of their seats, and the movie has*

barely begun.

You know the movie! You love the movie! You have questions about the movie! Well I have answers, so read up before I throw a doll at you.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.9 Walking the Dog

Tuesday, Sep 09, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Jake, at age nine weeks. If you would like to compare and contrast how he looked three weeks ago, make with the clicking on this here link.

Dog ownership is proving to be one of the most important and valuable experiences of my lifetime, offering me a vast wealth of information which I could've only otherwise learned about from shady sources like the Internet or the fat women who waddle through the aisles of Hy-Vee and carry Glamour Shots photos of their poodle inside their purses. For example, just yesterday I learned that large chipped blocks of concrete are edible if you put a lot of effort into it, and my puppy Jake certainly puts enough time and effort into the noble full time occupation of being a puppy. Every time I glance at him, there he is, acting just as if a puppy would in any given situation! It's really quite incredible when you think about it, and even more incredible if you bothered to think about it and then still refused to stop reading this webpage. I personally would've closed my browser after seeing the word "dog" in the first sentence, so anybody who's made it this far is a real cyberspace trooper and I applaud you for your noble efforts.

A very important activity in any human-puppy relationship is the need to walk your dog. I really can't stress this enough; if you have a dog and fail to walk him every day, then you are a horrible monster and I pray for your death. If you don't own a dog, you should probably break into somebody's house and walk their dog for them, even if he uses his hydraulic pressure jaws to clamp onto your arm and tear it free from the socket. Er, I mean the dog would clamp onto your arm, not the person who owns the dog. Well I guess the owner could do that as well, but we'd be entering a whole new territory in that scenario and it would probably be shown on "The Ricki Lake Show" right after the "My Teenage Whore Is a Slut" episode. When you're bleeding to death in a hospital emergency room, somebody somewhere will thank you for walking their dog. It will probably be the doctor because they get paid in diamonds and Egyptian treasure every time they operate on poor saps like you and me, more specifically you. Also the dog will thank you for not only attempting to walk him, but for providing him with a nutritious dinner of your human blood and cartilage, assuming you are currently human. Any dog anywhere appreciates it when somebody walks them, as all dogs love to be strapped to a cloth rope and then paraded around town like a two bit hussy chained to her pimp, because in their hearts, all dogs are horny hookers.

I discovered this shocking fact when I walked into my kitchen last night, which I usually do when I want to see what highly depressing single-serving frozen entrees I have left in my freezer of broken dreams. One of my cats, Stupid, was sitting around and minding his own business, perhaps brainstorming new and exciting ways to meow directly into my ear the exact nanosecond I go to sleep. Jake was at my heels following me, hoping that my leg would suddenly turn into popcorn and subsequently fall into his mouth, which would then bounce off his tongue because Jake doesn't seem able to comprehend basic physics yet. Every time I throw anything at him, it bounces off his face and ricochets into a corner about 50 feet away. I have attempted to walk up to him and manually place popcorn in his mouth, yet it somehow still finds a way to fly out and land in a corner. This is the miracle of either mother nature or the Metric system. I know that some day and in some way Jake will figure out some rough approximation of basic physics, but I'm not exactly sure how this will happen. Hell, I can't even teach him to stop eating concrete blocks, much less junior high school physics models.

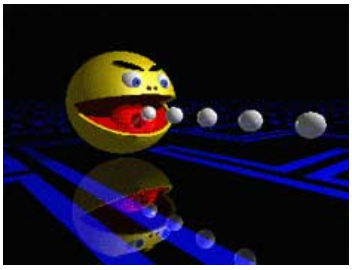
I would apologize for turning Something Awful into my own little LiveJournal about my dumb pets, but to be quite honest, this is the Internet and if you're expecting some cutting edge intelligent humor here, then you're sorely confused.

Regardless, Jake noticed Stupid sitting on the ground and minding his own business, which was naturally a clear invitation for him to be accosted. He proceeded to engage in his standard method of greeting Stupid, an activity that revolves around him biting, pawing, and drooling all over the poor dopey cat. Stupid naturally has no idea how to react to this 12-pound bag of fur slobbering all over him like a chew toy, so he frequently decides to go limp and pretend like he's dead so Jake might lose all interest in him and go back to gnawing on whatever horrible dead thing he found in a gutter the previous night. Jake reads this passive act as an open invitation for him to do whatever he feels like to Stupid, and this time it resulted in one of the most disgusting, horrific events which I have ever seen in my entire life: homosexual dog rape. That's right, Jake started going right at it, pumping away on poor Stupid and humping his tiny feline rump like there was no tomorrow. When I first witnessed this shocking act of disgust, I couldn't believe my eyes. Here was my dear sweet puppy dog and my dear sweet puppy cat engaging in gay rape sex right here in the middle of my own kitchen. Is nothing sacred? Aren't there any taboos these days? What kind of world do we live in if we can walk into our own kitchens and see a homosexual dog rape a cat? Can't Congress put some kind of tax or something on this kind of nefarious action? I felt a horrible surge of shame after I pulled Jake off Stupid's paralyzed frame, and the only thought that consoled me was the knowledge that Jake will eventually burn in hell with all the other homosexual rapist dogs, at least according to Reverend Fred "Jack Chick" Phelps. All homosexual rapist dogs go to hell.

Now if you were to approach a random stranger on the street and ask them what the most powerful force in the universe is, they'd probably say something like "a nuclear bomb" or "the sun" or "that blue guy from Contra who threw hand grenades nonstop yet never ever ran out of them no matter how many he threw." Where did that guy store all his explosives anyway? I mean, one minute he'd just be standing there and the next minute he'd suddenly have a metallic capsule of destruction in his hand, ready to throw in under two frames of animation. The budget that the enemy used up on that guy alone must be staggering. If high tech futuristic grenades cost $10, and that's for a really, really cheap discount Wal-Mart brand version purchased in bulk, then $10 x infinity is... well, a lot. What kind of evil terrorist organization has $10 x infinity plus a payroll large enough to employ several million people to stand in random locations and throw these explosives 24 hours a day, seven days a week? I don't know the answer to this question, but I do know that this is **not** the most powerful force in the universe; a dog's desire to eat objects is the most powerful force in the universe.

This canine lust to eat anything and everything is what I like to call "PacMan Fever." PacMan Fever truly manifests itself when I'm walking Jake around the block, an event which causes people from millions of highly foreign countries to suddenly appear all around me and cleverly remark, "are you walking the dog OR IS HE WALKING YOU?!?" If there is a record for the number of times people have made this highly witty and observant comment during one single walk around the block, I can assure you that I not only set it, but additionally broke it in the same outing. There must be some fabulous rush of endorphins which occurs every time somebody makes such a profound statement, in which case I'm providing half the known galaxy with an absolutely incredible experience each time I put Jake on a leash and parade him around the neighborhood. In between utterly hilarious comments from strangers contemplating the eternal question of if I'm walking the dog or he is instead walking me, Jake is hit with an overwhelming case of PacMan Fever, which drives him crazy and

also possibly out of his mind.



This is what a full blown case of PacMan Fever looks like. It's the stuff nightmares are made of. I think PacMan is a child molester.

PacMan Fever is a disease active in all members of the canine family. It immediately takes over their brain the exact second they are born or hatched or however dogs come into this world, and doesn't let up until the day they die. Scientists have observed in some cases that even after they've passed away, certain dogs continue to show signs of PacMan Fever, attempting to eat their scientific instruments from beyond the grave. One of this disease's most obvious signs can be seen when walking your dog down the street, assuming you can find a stretch of land longer than 15 feet which isn't inhabited by people who make an infinite number of pithy, witty remarks questioning your ability to walk your dog. The dog in question will lower his nose to the ground, sniffing every single object he passes. If an object passes the initial "scent test," which means that the object either has or doesn't have a scent of some type, the dog will then chomp onto it and hope to swallow the item whole. The consumption of this object does not represent the end of PacMan Fever, however. The dog will remember the exact location and coordinates of where this item was previously located, often by employing the service of a global positioning satellite system, and from that point onward, the dog will never ever ever forget where this potential item of food was located. You could drag the dog thousands of miles away and raise him in the woods for the next 10 years, and the moment you move back and walk him down the street, he'll begin to sniff in the spot where he once consumed an ant-covered leaf during the mid 1980s. This flash inspection could last anywhere from 30 to 45 hours, so be prepared to yank your dog's leash as if you were lassoing a pregnant bull who is violently flashing red because it's an end boss of some level.

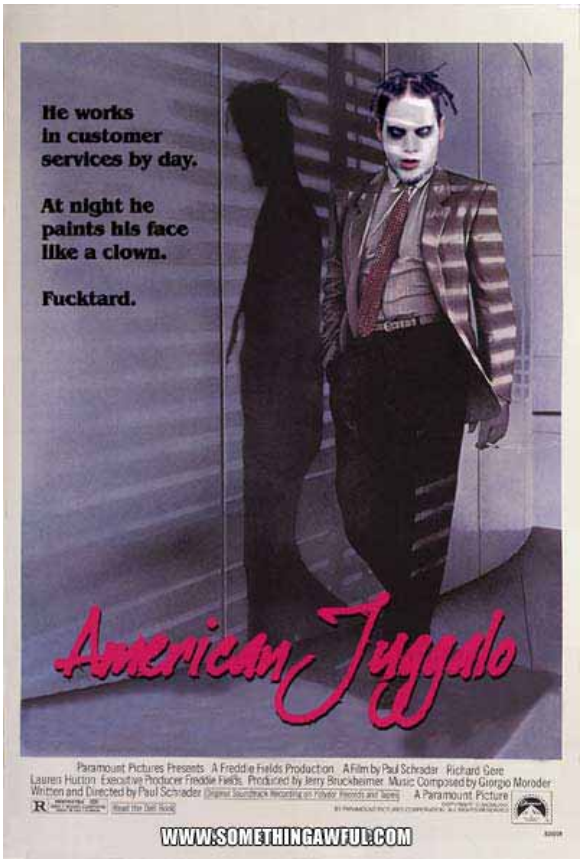
So not only will your dog attempt to consume every object in its path (as well as any object out of its path), but it will additionally remember the precise location of every object it has ever ingested in its entire lifetime, and proceed to sniff this spot every single time you get near it. In this sense, PacMan Fever is a disease that will affect you and your dog every moment you're outside with him, as the dog will be physically unable to concentrate on anything besides the coordinates of each and every possible food location within a 20-mile radius. There is currently no cure for PacMan Fever, and even worse, I can't seem to find any government scientists working on researching this harmful affliction. I encourage you to write to your state Senator and ask them to infuse a good amount of cash into the "Cure for PacMan Fever Foundation" which is currently accepting donations and car rides to work. If we could get just 1/1000th of the money that goes into the annual expenditure for Contra soldiers who throw an endless supply of hand grenades, then our scientists would have enough money to last for 1/1000th of infinity, which according to my math, is at least 40 more years.

MUSHROOM MUSHROOM

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with a song in my heart and White Russian in my belly. The song in question is this one right here. I can't get the damn thing out of my head. Mostly due the fact I still have it playing I suppose. Props out to Doodles for finding this. Props or I'm going to kill him.

You know how there are subcultures that thrive on the net, like furries, juggalos, and dentists? What if people made movies about these freaks? They'd gross about 600 dollars. But the Goons decided to make them anyhow, for your viewing pleasure. Posters for the movies, not the actual movies. We don't have that kind of bandwidth here.

Click here for more mushrooms, badgers and snakes!


He works
in customer
services by day.
At night he
paints his face
like a clown.
Fucktard.
American Juggalo
Paramount Pictures Presents A Freddie Fields Production A Film by Paul Schrader Richard Gere
Lauren Hutton Executive Producer Freddie Fields Produced by Jerry Bruckheimer Music Composed by Giorgio Moroder
Written and Directed by Paul Schrader
A Paramount Picture
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-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.10 Thursday Night Holy War!

Thursday, Sep 11, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Greetings viewers and welcome back to another exciting Something Awful broadcast! We've got one heck of a matchup this evening on Thursday Night Holy Wars, pitting the top two rivals against each other in a no-holds-barred competition that will determine, once and for all, the heavyweight champions of the Middle Eastern Division! I've got to admit that in my 27 years of broadcast journalism I've never seen such a heated competition that mattered so much to not only the teams involved, but the entire league as well. Our broadcast engineer, Jim Bagleaducia, just remarked to me that the tension in the air here at Big Fucking Smoking Crater, Golan Heights, is simply mesmerizing. You can tell something big is happening and is happening soon. We've got mothers and children getting ready for the crucial competition by finding the best concrete bunker seat they can find, and there are grown men and boys buying patriotic explosives and armor-piercing rounds to support their home team. It's just electrifying here as we prepare for Thursday Night Holy Wars XXXXXXVIII, with the league leading Israeli Jews challenging the underdog Palestinian Muslims for league supremecy in the Middle East.

A Palestinian cheerleader.

The sidelines are abuzz with excitement here as the Israeli Jews are warming up in their fighter planes, helicopters, and humorously large tanks which recently had their gun barrels upgraded to kill human beings better. If there's one thing the Jews have, it's high tech firepower and the backing of a phantom conspiracy figurehead which runs everything from the United States pencil industry to the underwater city of Atlantis. This impressive payroll has many analysts comparing them to the New York Yankees, only not as expensive. New to the team this year is the Jericho-3 missile system, which not only can cause people to explode in a more impressive fashion than the Jericho-2, but it also uses an onboard camera system to broadcast live footage of the missile flying through the air to the official Israeli LiveJournal website. When it reaches its target and detonates, an animated gif of the explosion from Duke Nukem 3D is shown on the webpage along with an embedded Real Audio clip from "Fight Club." Israel has had a relatively short trip to the big leagues of world superpowers, having developed most of its "pro-exploding people" agenda within the last 50 years. Let's take a quick look at some of Israel's vital stats here courtesy of the Zyboxen Pharmaceutical Industry At-A-Glance Outlook. Zyboxen Pharmaceutical Industry: helping millions of Americans help themselves by helping them help us. Try the new Zyboxen Pharmaceutical Industry drug "Trutherin" which will help you forget your wife is cheating on you with another man who is less fat and more intelligent than you. For all the tough times in life, there's Trutherin.

■ The UN created Israel in 1947 under joint financial backing from HarmCo Precision Guided Weaponry Incorporated and the National Association For Religious Bickering (NARB). The country of Palestine was split into two sections, one dubbed "Palestine" and the other "Detroit." Once all the Israelis moved into Detroit, it was renamed to

"Israel" to avoid confusion with Detroit, Michigan, which is a city in America where nobody wants to voluntarily live.

- Israel caused over 500,000 Palestinians to move out of the country during the 1967 war by threatening to make them eat all their goofy Jewish food if they didn't leave.
- In 1974, the General Assembly declared the Palestinian's rights of "self-determination, national independence and sovereignty, and to return" to their homeland. Then they reminded them that Israel still maintains the right to make them explode if they ever get uppity in any fashion. The PLO was granted the status of observer under the United Nations, meaning that whenever they had a problem with the Jews being jerks to them, their group would be reasonable for bitching nonstop and getting ignored by everybody else in the free world except the evil Russians.
- June 1982 brought the exciting "Blood Bowl XXXXXXXXXXXXV" event where Israel invaded Lebanon in an attempt to eradicate the PLO, which had been named the Palestinian Impact Player for that year and had its contract renewed for the next seven years. A cease-fire was arranged and resulted in the slaughter of countless Palestinian refugees in Sabra and Shatila during an event which can be seen on the "Too Hot to Handle: Muddy Refugees With Stab Wounds" video series available through Time-Warner Communications.
- The Palestinian population staged a massive revolt in December of 1987, causing many of them to die or get black eyes from abuse which the Israeli government later claimed was the result of "falling down the stairs." Counselors were called in, but suffered from an extreme case of bodily explosion when they attempted to investigate the matter.
- A peace conference on the Middle East began on October 1991, with the ultimate goal of either peace or six hours without somebody blowing up a bus stop. To date, neither has happened, although there was once a 12-hour period in 1997 when a record low three religious temples were opened fired upon by automatic gunfire.

A computer guided Israeli hits its target, a three-mile target of potentially dangerous apartment homes and restaurants which violated key health codes.

Israel has fought long and hard to overcome their rookie mistakes, and it really seems like they're pulling together and coming up with one of their most productive and promising season since that one year where their helicopters blew up a school bus of enemy Palestinian children who could've possibly grown up to become deadly soldiers in about 10 or 20 years. We've seen a lot of positive leadership in their upper ranks with the general manager choosing to evenly distribute their tremendous wealth upon such pivotal resources as helicopters which cause other people to die, guys with large guns, and old white guys who show up at UN meetings and talk really slowly while other members nod and drink water. Israel has been a favorite among bookies and Las Vegas gamblers for the past decade or so, and they have done nothing but build upon the solid foundation which has given them such a strong reputation. Tonight's Thursday Night Holy Wars XXXXXXVIII will be a make-or-break game for them, either supporting what so many casino bosses have believed for years now or resulting in a tremendous upset and possibly causing them to lose control of the Middle East Division.

The Palestine Muslims come out looking for a victory as the fan-favorite underdogs, a group of ragtag misfits who battled the odds and somehow managed to remain alive for the past decade. Despite have a much larger fan base and populated minor league farm system, Palestine just hasn't been having much luck conquering their division rivals due to international pressure and a simple lack of large expensive devices which can launch precision surgical strikes on entire city blocks.

You just can't help but feel a little depressed if you're a Muslim fan, since it seems as if their last major victory against the Jews came when their MVP, Mohammad Bassam Hommous, swallowed an entire barrel of gunpowder and detonated Wile E. Coyote style in an enemy daycare. Despite their constant setbacks, budgetary disasters, and condemnation from countries around the globe, the Muslims refuse to give up their fight and instead continue to make their own citizens explode in crowded public places until they've achieved a victory and dominance in the Middle East Division. Here's a look at some of the movers and shakers on this dynamic Palestinian team, courtesy of the Zyboxen Pharmaceutical Industry. Zyboxen Pharmaceutical Industry: helping millions of Americans help themselves by helping them help us. Ask your doctor about the new FDA approved Marsupill, the only prescription medication which prevents you from suddenly becoming a kangaroo in the middle of an important business meeting.

- **NAME:** Naim Saeeda Bishara
AGE: 15
HEIGHT: 5'11"
WEIGHT: 152 lbs
BATTING: Right
THROWING GRENADES: Right
DESCRIPTION: Naim was born in the southern Gaza Strip, growing up in a strict Palestinian family. His father bought him a book for his fifth birthday, which instantly exploded when he opened it. For his tenth birthday, Naim was given a puppy dog which exploded when he tried to pet it. The day of his 15th birthday, he was allowed to visit the popular Palestinian amusement park, Explosion Land, which instantly exploded after he entered. This training gave character to the young boy, teaching him valuable life lessons about blowing up, which he has carried into his professional career. In a recent interview, Naim was quoted as saying, "I love this job; it's absolutely dynamite!" which of course doesn't make sense in Arabic because the pun wouldn't translate at all, not like it was just an absolutely hilarious joke to begin with.

Palestinian public enemy #1.

- **NAME:** Yasser "Powder Keg" Shlaim
AGE: 47
HEIGHT: 5'9"
WEIGHT: 149 lbs
BATTING: Switch
THROWING GRENADES: Right
DESCRIPTION: As the leader of the Palestinian Suicide Bomber Cheer Club, Yasser is one of the most vocal supporters of detonating in public places. Despite the numerous

times he's tried to blow himself up in crowded Israeli locations, he has never actually succeeded in doing so, as evident in the fact that he is still living. He suffered what many thought would be a career-ending injury in 1989 after he pulled the pin on 20 grenades stapled to his body inside a crowded melon shop. Unfortunately, the medical authorities were able to save his life and revive him to full health, much to the disappointment of friends and family. "We really hoped he was dead and would ascend into the great paradise above," remarked his brother Mahdi. "When our mother and father learned of his failure to die for Allah, they cried for three days straight and asked what they did to deserve such an unfaithful son." Yasser tried to pull off a successful suicide bombing the following summer, but failed when his plastique vest fell off and rolled down the hill, detonating and killing an Israeli family of six without taking his own life in the process. Following his subsequent 16 failed suicide bombings over the next decade, Yasser became terribly depressed and refused to show up for Spring training in 1998. His current record of 273-0 (273 civilian deaths and 0 suicides) may be quite impressive, but the big "0" in the suicide column has left Yasser in an unmotivated slump and resulted in a decreased level of confidence. Many insiders believe that these emotions will give Yasser the edge he needs when he saunters into an Israeli blind and handicapped orphanage next week, thereby allowing him the opportunity to successfully kill himself in the holy name of Allah.

The future is indeed looking bright for these struggling Palestinians, as their determination and grit may just allow them the chance to pull off a dramatic upset. We were able to get Yasser up here to the broadcasting booth for an exclusive network pre-game interview.

SA: "Yasser, it's a privilege to meet you."
YASSER: "Likewise. I love your show, I catch it every week."
SA: "Thank you very much. Now before we begin the interview, I just have to know what your jacket is made out of. It appears to be very lumpy and making a delightful ticking sound. Is this the new fashion line out of P-"
YASSER: "PRAISE ALLAH!!!! DEATH TO THE INFIDELS!"

Note from the editor: *Yasser's record is now 275-1.*

Ape Lincoln Would Be Ashamed

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here and back from hiatus with a brand new Horrors of Pornography piece for you. I have just finished enduring a wonderfully horrible "Planet of the Apes" themed pornographic movie entitled "Planet of the Babes". If you've ever wondered what Carol Channing would look like as an ape then this is the review for you!

The trio of futuremen do the logical thing and strip naked as soon as they see a drainage ditch to splash around in, leaving their future suits hanging on bushes. Let's take stock of the situation. Their ship crashed into a pond, they're on an unknown planet in an

> *unknown time, and the first thing they do when they see a puddle of brackish water is strip naked and splash around like tattooed syphilis addled children. One thing leads to another and someone robs the astromen of their astromen suits, leaving them to wander some more - naked of course - and happen upon a colony of primitive humans. The humans they find don't speak English or wear any clothes, but they have at least discovered saline implants, makeup, labia piercing, and tattoos; the fundamentals of early human civilization.*

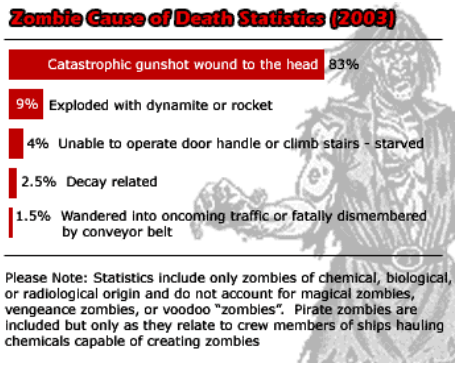
So climb into your spaceship and set sail across the inky black seas of the cosmos with the destination of horrible pornography!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.11 Violence, Racism, and Oppression

Thursday, Sep 11, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Someone dies every day, alone and afraid, blood spilling out onto the wall-to-wall Berber carpet they purchased at a deep discount. That same person, whose murder is so quickly forgotten by the local police, had trouble getting a job because he wasn't like everyone else and had to deal with discrimination in almost every area of his life. No, I'm not talking about a black person, a white person, or even an Eskimo; I'm talking about the undead. Vampires and zombies to be precise, and neither is getting a fair shake in today's society.


Zombie Cause of Death Statistics (2003)
Catastrophic gunshot wound to the head 83%
9% Exploded with dynamite or rocket
4% Unable to operate door handle or climb stairs - starved
2.5% Decay related
1.5% Wandered into oncoming traffic or fatally dismembered by conveyor belt
Please Note: Statistics include only zombies of chemical, biological, or radiological origin and do not account for magical zombies, vengeance zombies, or voodoo "zombies". Pirate zombies are included but only as they relate to crew members of ships hauling chemicals capable of creating zombies

Let me tell you about Dora Smithson. Dora was the eldest daughter of the Smithson family, a high C student, a girl who was going places and was popular with her friends. She was dating the second string wide receiver on the Bailey High varsity football squad and they had high hopes of getting married after graduation. One warm summer night, on her way home from a party, Dora Smithson was killed by a drunk driver. Actually, Dora Smithson was tanked to the gills and drove her Toyota Camry at high speed into the side of a farmer's barn. It was almost two hundred feet from the road, but Dora was just that drunk, and if it's any consolation she hardly even felt the support beam in the barn that rammed through her chest like a stick through a chest-shaped hotdog. That hotdog's ribcage was shattered, its lungs crushed, its heart torn out and punched through the back of Dora's bucket seat.

Zombies protesting the proliferation of guns and particularly hollowpoint bullets in the United States.

Luckily Dora's parents made the pragmatic decision to inter her remains in the graveyard adjacent to the Peterson Dangerous Chemical Waste Pit of Rusty Barrels. Compound 78X is pretty corrosive and one night less than three weeks after Dora's burial one of the barrels containing the compound ruptured. The compound reacted with the nitrogen in the air and created a vapor that transformed the dead into Hungry Dead Americans, or as you might know them, zombies. Dora clawed her way through the wood of her casket and back to the surface to seek out the hot blood and flesh she needed to survive. She staggered back to her parent's house relying on hazy flashes of memory that surfaced in her decaying brain. Did her parents welcome Dora and her new friends in? Did they run to embrace her when they realized that their loving daughter had been returned to them?

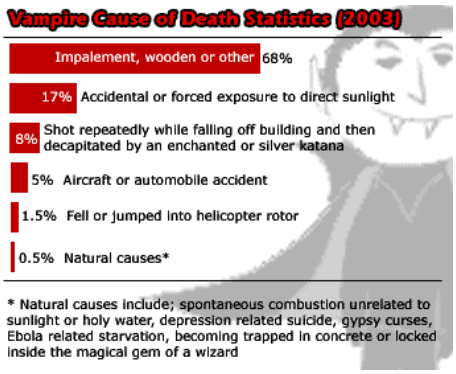
No. Indoctrinated by decades of anti-zombie and anti-vampire sentiments in the United States they screamed and barred the door to their own daughter. They boarded up the windows and cowered in the basement. Dora's love was strong enough to tear through those boards and she and her new

friends entered what used to be a loving home. Even though her mother had nearly fainted with terror at the first sight of her daughter, Dora sought her out and even ate large chunks of flesh from her mother's shoulder. Despite such kindnesses the racial hatred in Dora's father was deep and he unthinkingly fired a shotgun blast directly into Dora's unprotected head.

> **Fact:** 83% of zombie fatalities are caused by a gunshot wound to the head. Some zombies manage to survive low caliber or glancing blows to the head as most motor control and reptile brain functions are centralized in the brain stem. Unfortunately, the proliferation of high caliber weapons and the use of hollow point rounds supposedly for self-defense purposes have lead to an increase in gun-related zombie violence.

Dora fell to the ground, most of her head blown away. For a few minutes she tried to continue to love her family but the hatred of her father had robbed her of her life for a second time. Not that her father was directly responsible for her getting drunk and slamming into that barn, but if he had paid more attention to her when she was younger maybe that could have been avoided as well. But avoiding normal death isn't the point; the point is that the violence against the undead in this country needs to stop. Stopping it won't be easy because before it can attitudes around the country have got to change.

Zombies are unfortunately not the only oppressed minority in this sad country we live in. According to the last national census there are some 950,000 vampires living in America and do you know how many vampire senators there are right now? None. Strom Thurmond was a lich, and technically allied with the undead lobby, but he died when racist activists found the clay jar containing his ensorcelled heart and threw it into a magical fire. There are two zombies in the House of Representatives but they are token gestures made by the Democratic Party to win support in zombie-heavy districts.


Vampire Cause of Death Statistics (2003)
Impalement, wooden or other 68%
17% Accidental or forced exposure to direct sunlight
8% Shot repeatedly while falling off building and then decapitated by an enchanted or silver katana
5% Aircraft or automobile accident
1.5% Fell or jumped into helicopter rotor
0.5% Natural causes*
* Natural causes include; spontaneous combustion unrelated to sunlight or holy water, depression related suicide, gypsy curses, Ebola related starvation, becoming trapped in concrete or locked inside the magical gem of a wizard

Most vampires are over a century old and that means they have a lot of experience on the job. With that in mind it might surprise you to know that the average vampire earns almost three dollars an hour less than his not dead counterpart. Black female vampires might as well forget about getting paid all together, their bosses generally just give them blocks of salt and laugh while lighting cigars with hundred dollar bills. Ironically Benjamin Franklin, the man pictured on the hundred dollar bill and several commemorative plates, became a vampire late in his career and was immediately shunned by his peers. Not even a genius of politics and science like Franklin could get a break once he became a vampire.

For vampires there are things worse than low wages or under-representation in politics and that's the growing popularity of fundamentalist Christianity and its misguided belief that vampirism can be treated. Some think being a vampire is a disease that can be cured just like malaria by praying to God. Others believe that vampires can be convinced to lead a normal life by psychological or

spiritual counseling. They think that vampirism is a choice, but it isn't. Being a vampire is not something that can be denied or cured, it's something that every vampire must live with. And what sane vampire would make the choice to be hated, to never be able to eat a solid meal, to miss every sunrise and sunset until the day they die, and to have severe problems combing their hair? None, of course, vampirism is not a decision, it's an immutable fact dictated by an incurable physical condition.

> **Fact:** Vampires cannot turn into a bat, levitate, or fly. They can, however, ride on airplanes and according to recently declassified DoD files there is a jet that can turn into a bat. Maybe you need to think twice about who is the racist now.

Sure, some would say that there are plenty of up sides to being a vampire like never getting old, being able to turn into a mist, excellent fashion sense, and hypnotic gaze. Yeah, those are all fabulous, but think about never being able to eat Italian food again or constantly living in fear of taking a stake through the heart from the racist down the street. If you think racial violence is only a problem for zombies and Eskimos then you need to think again because only half of a percentage point of vampire fatalities so far this year can be attributed to natural causes.

Some steps have been made forward in the movies and on television for vampires, but still they usually find themselves portrayed as extreme stereotypes.

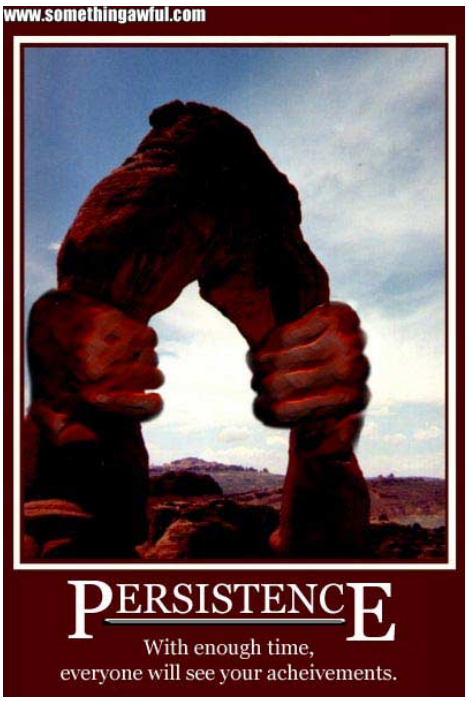
For further proof look no further than ten days ago when Baron Klaus Pretsche was brutally murdered in Montana by a pair of drunken punks. His murderers claim that Pretsche tried to convince them to get into his hansom carriage with them and even made a pass at one with his hypnotic gaze. I say, so what? If I murdered every vampire that tried to use his hypnotic gaze on me in a bar I would have a pile of ashes a mile high in my living room. Why should a vampire not be able to pursue his lifestyle in peace? Apparently these two scumbags thought that a failed pickup line by a 350 year old Hungarian vampire was enough to warrant beating him unconscious with pipes, shooting him 75 times, and then tying him to a wooden fence in a field outside the town. Klaus should have woken up from his injuries some time the next morning, but he never did because he disintegrated into dust the minute the morning sun hit him.

Our jails are full of zombies, our crematoriums are full of vampire ashes, and conservatives are complaining about the inherent racism of giving these oppressed minorities a fighting chance. They claim that quotas that force employers to give only the barest minimum of jobs to zombies or vampires somehow violates their civil rates. They think that centuries of oppression have already been compensated for by just giving zombies and vampires the right to vote and move freely in society. Yeah, they are really living the American dream when a zombie can hardly walk into a bar without half the people there unloading pistols into their skulls. Vampires sure have it easy making chump change in their jobs at McDonalds. Hey Republicans, would you like a side of fries with that racism burger?

It's high time that we act to ensure our brothers of another body temperature have the same opportunities in society that the color of our skin and the beating of our hearts provide us with. I propose the formation of a coalition to bring about change in our government and throughout our society. It will be a group of people of all colors and morbidities and we will unite under the banner of the NAALDP - The National Association for the Advancement of Living Dead People. Together we can change the world!

Reach For Your Dream, Cretin!

Hello cats and dogs, Livestock here (on the internet, not on the phone or at your door). In spite of all the famous people named John dying, we still have a new Photoshop Phriday picture feature online for your enjoyment! This week the goons returned to an old topic they've beaten to death once or twice before on the forums. Since we never quite featured it in a Phriday or a Comedy Goldmine (unless I simply forgot), it now gets some attention! What topic you ask? Motivational posters, those wretched things lining offices, classrooms, and other places where empty wall space gets transformed into a life-changing font of wisdom.



You, the viewer, can read this Photoshop Phriday simply by clicking on this block of gibberish: ASHFKLAHGAKHGKLAHGASHG!!@#@!#

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 I'm Sick of my Stupid Roommate

Friday, Sep 12, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello folks. Now, you know I don't like whining and moaning about my personal problems during these articles, but I am faced with a serious problem that I have to get off my chest. I'm sick of my stupid roommate! You heard me right, I am really fed up with my lazy, sloppy, ill-mannered roommate. It's gotten to the point where I just can't take it anymore, and I need to vent it all out before I explode in a fit of rage, or perhaps even a colorful multitude of confetti. I have been patient and forgiving with him long enough. He has used my kindness to his advantage, abusing the trust I placed in him. For the first time in my life, I can totally relate to Cousin Larry's plight on the hilarious sitcom "Perfect Strangers". I always wanted to stab Balki in the face for terrorizing poor Larry, and for having a really hot girlfriend even though he was a total spaz. What was up with that?

Unfortunately, having a roommate is a necessary evil in order to split the cost of rent for an apartment. Living with somebody else is unavoidable if you are a struggling artist such as myself. Recently, my live show, "La Nation des Mensonges!", an anti-war performance piece of social commentary in the form of hand crafted sock puppets, was cancelled from the local coffee shop because it "sucked, really, really, really, bad" (their words). It seems that anybody that speaks their mind against Amerikkka these days gets shut down, labeled as an unpatriotic terrorist sympathizer. If you ever see me mysteriously vanish from the sock puppet protest scene, I'll probably be at Guantanamo Bay getting raped in ass by some Al Qaeda queens. So while I reorganize my show by printing a couple dozen fliers at Kinko's to maximize my exposure, and raising money by selling my plasma, I'm stuck with the roommate from hell. I know none of you can fully understand why I'm bitching so much about him, so I'll tell you just some of the super annoying stuff he does on an almost daily basis. I think you'll agree with me that he is way, way over the line.

Things my roommate does that piss me off:

- **Neglecting his chores.**

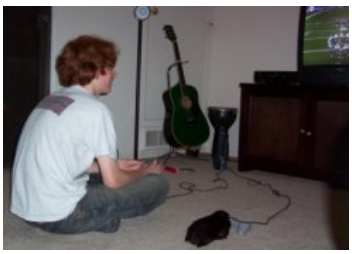
He is such a lazy bastard. We both have a clearly outlined list of chores and tasks we must perform. Frankly, he is not living up to his end of the bargain. Dishes pile up in the sink, the garbage never gets taken out, which results in the closet becoming a trash heap rampant with rats and filthy orphan children, and he never cleans out the tub every Sunday like we agreed on. Meanwhile, I'm stuck with the laborius task of cleaning up after him, doing the laundry, and picking up all the glowsticks and empty water bottles after one of his "house party rave-a-thons". Also, whenever the cops get called because he is playing his music too loud or screaming for no apparent reason, I have to explain things to them. I tell the cops that it's all my roommate's fault, but after they see him, they look at me like I'm crazy, usually asking if I'm on any sort of drug. They try to tell me that he's just a little guinea pig and could not have made all that noise, and set fire to the sofa before tossing it off the balcony onto the children below. However, my roommate is so smooth with words, he can get away with almost anything! It always gets pinned on me, and it's no fair!

- **Shitting everywhere.**

Shit is absolutely everywhere said Reidly McPaskie; it's on the carpet, it's on the couch, it's on the

counter and in my pouch, it's in the shower and in the drawer, on the chair and on the floor, it's in my hair and in the air, shit is absolutely everywhere!

Thank you! That's a piece I wrote for my "La Nation des Mensonges!" show but people said I was copying off of Dr. Suess. That guy was a hack and a Communist anyway. But I digress. Truly my apartment is full of shit due to my roommates rampant bowel movements. I cannot take a step without stepping in a raw nugget of pure feces. It's disgusting! I can never bring a date over unless I keep the lights off and explain that I had a Raisinette party that got out of hand. This only works if they are really stupid, or are desensitized in the area of smell. Most of them excuse themselves at some point to go to the bathroom, or flip a light switch before I can stop them, and then they totally freak out when they see hundreds of pieces of poo poo everywhere. Whenever I try to explain my situation while clawing at their purse strap as they try to flee my apartment, I always catch a healthy dose of mace in my eyes, usually resulting in me falling down three flights of stairs right on my head. Of course, I've tried cleaning up after the bastard, but he poops so goddamn much that it's a full-time job, and I already got a job at the coffee house. Well I "had" a job at the coffee house, but I bet I can find another one that sees my great talent. Anyway, it's his shit, so why do I have to clean it up? Seriously!



Cheats at Madden 2004.

There's nothing I hate more than cheating. I like to unwind after a long day doing sock puppetry with a nice game of Madden 2004 for the PS2. Unfortunately, my dickhead roommate always wants to play too. First off, he is always, without fail, the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. I like to mix it up a little, just so I can get to use a wide range of players, but I am usually the Kansas City Chiefs. Secondly, he uses a 4-3 defense with a red dog blitz every single goddamn defensive play, and with Tampa's defense I have about 1.2 seconds to throw the ball before I get sacked. And then the little bastard starts chewing on the controller in glee when he sees my poor quarterback crumpled in a broken heap. Whenever I get up to grab another beer, or go to the bathroom, he unpauses the game and I get like, 5 consecutive delay of game penalties. It's so cheap.

Downloading furry porn.

Let me get this straight. My roommate is barred from using my computer, period. I paid for the computer and pay for the cable Internet service. When we moved in together, I had him sign a document stating that he would not use my computer unless he had my permission to do so. As a precaution, I set up a secure login with a super secret password only me and my old uncle Eddie know. Well, somehow the sneaky fink hacked my computer login and was using my computer to download the most horrible and pathetic porn out there; furry porn. I found out his secret when I had a group of friends over, and wanted to show them my fantasy football team. Strangely my computer was on when I clearly remembered turning it off. This should have tipped me off that something was amiss, but I continued anyway. There was a Internet Explorer browser minimized on the screen so I opened it. Boy was that a mistake. In front of me was the most vile furry pornography imaginable. My friends just looked at each other, quickly muttering "ahhh, dude we have to split". I tried to explain that it was my stupid roommate looking at furry porn and not me but I could see they didn't believe me. Since that day, my friends have not spoken to me, fearing that the next time they see me I'll be in a crusty fursuit, and try to hump their leg. This happened again while my mother was visiting. Right now she is in Providence

Hospital recovering.

Murdering prostitutes and then not disposing of the body.
Maybe I'm just old fashioned, but where I come from, we dispose of our prostitutes properly after we murder them, not just let them decompose on the living room floor. My roommate often gets very lonely, especially on warm summer nights, sitting on the couch eating a tub of ice cream and watching reruns of McGuyver. He tried dating services to no avail. He told me they were all chubby witches that tried to touch his secret spot and steal his precious baby making fluids. When he started murdering prostitutes, I don't know, but the first body showed up a few months ago when I got up in the middle of the night for a bowl of "Honey Nuts & O's". In the pale shafts of moonlight coming through the blinds, I saw a macabre scene. My roommate was sitting on a fresh victim, warm blood running from open gashes across her back and neck. I was like "dude you better clean that up". Guess what, I wake up the next morning, and the dead whore is still on the living room floor, reeking up the place. And guess who cleaned it up? That's right, ME. Anyway, I'm just saying my roommate should properly dispose of his dead prostitutes after he is finished with them. It's just good manners, that's all.

As you can see, I am clearly in a very tough predicament. This behavior is unacceptable, and I will not, and cannot let this continue unabated. I want to kick him out, but I think he would get violent and he knows Kung Fu. As stubborn as he is, I'm sure it would end up in a Judge Judy courtroom, and that's the last place I want to go because she is a mean lady that will hurt my feelings by yelling really loudling and confusing me. I could always move back in with my parents, but I don't think I could even take the coordinated effort of my parents screaming to each other between three floors investigating the whereabouts of the can opener. It looks like I'm stuck for now until my show "La Nation des Mensonges!" gets the fanfare it deserves in the national press and around the world. Soon they will all know the genius of my art, or they will see their children's blood boil before them in a sea of fire.

Please, if you have any ideas to help me out, or just wacky roommate horror stories of your own, send them to my email account at Frolixo's North Pole Hideout. I will forward them to my uncle Eddie because he is really lonely and has nothing to live for. Thanks, and have a good weekend!

Return of Og

Hi there folks, this is your State Og Representative Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell. Hopefully our absence last week didn't cause any serious harm, but if it did, we hope you caught it on videotape and will send it in to us. We also hope there were lasers involved, along with ninjas on snowmobiles which happened to be on fire. Come to think of it, we do hope our absence caused harm. That sounds pretty badass.

> *A Better You, Much Better Than the Current You, Which Needs Improvement is a self-help program with a difference. The difference: somebody else does all the work. Everybody knows that only a moron would actually walk all 22 steps to a better you, and what's the point of doing all that work bettering yourself if you're just going to end up a moron anyway?*

You can't argue with logic like that, mostly because this is an inanimate page on the internet which you literally can't argue with. Now go check out this week's State Og!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.13 They're At It Again

Saturday, Sep 13, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Hammer time!

Alert the media! Stop the presses! Cease all non-vital activity! Riot! Loot! Pillage! Rape! There is a storm brewing in the east, and its name is "Russia." The crazy Reds are up to their old dirty tricks once again. For years, we've gone about our good, God-fearing American business, confidant that Russia posed us no threat since the end of the Cold War. After all, the Communist regime collapsed in on itself, their economy was in shambles, their citizens were tired, poor, and listless, and their popular music was a bland rehash of what America got tired of fifteen years earlier. The Russians had too many internal problems to pose a threat to us anymore. Or did they? Is it possible that their guise of poverty and starvation was really just a diversion to distract us from the real truth - that they were laying in wait to spring the most diabolical attack on the American way of life that we have ever faced? In this writer's opinion, most certainly yes. If you don't believe me, just read on, and if you do believe me, you should probably read on anyway.

> *Russians aim for world's biggest salad*
>
> *Russians in a village outside of Moscow intend to make the world's largest salad.*
>
> *When all the chopping and mixing is done, the concoction of cucumbers, tomatoes and herbs is expected to weigh in at 2600 kilograms and make it into the Guiness book of world records, the ITAR-TASS news agency reported.*
>
> *The mixing, incidentally, will be done with wooden spoons the size of human beings and in a plastic bowl with the diameter of three metres at the village of Kotelniki, it said.*

What fiendish plot is he overseeing now? A colossal bucket of chicken?

You heard it here first, ladies and gentlemen. Hidden in the quiet, unassuming village of Kotelniki - a small, snow-covered town far enough from any major military sites to avoid our suspicion, yet close enough to the Russian capital to get its orders from the nation's insidious leaders - the Ruskies are preparing to cement their place in the history of human events by making the largest salad the world has ever known. And what's worse, the American news media has no idea that this is going on! I had to find out from an Australian news site! It's a good thing I happen to scan news items coming in from seventy-eight different nations around the world on a daily basis, or this one might have slipped right under my radar. And that, my friends, would have been precisely what the commies wanted. They would absolutely love for us to go about our usual business, focusing on the simple day-to-day matters like Iraq, the video tape confirming that Osama bin Laden is alive and promising another horrible attack against American soil, and college football, while they use their man-sized spoons to toss the salad that time and spy satellites forgot. For then they would be able to leap ahead in the Salad Race, leaving us grasping feebly at our carrot peelers in an attempt to catch up.

The implications of this giant salad are frightening indeed. First of all, it reveals just how monstrously far the Reds will go to gain an advantage over the United States and our unwary and

essentially useless allies. For years, the Russian citizenry stood in lines miles long just to get their frostbitten hands on a loaf of bread. Hunger swept across the massive, frozen country like a proletariat revolution. Meanwhile, as the people starved and death and illness crippled entire cities, their government was cultivating vast fields of nourishing, nutritional vegetables to stockpile until all the preparations were made to complete their monolithic salad. Clearly, the Russian leaders are more concerned with their victory than they are with the well-being of their own people. This sort of attitude is demonstrative of the sort of inhuman fiends that control Russia, as well as it's military, and obviously as well as its food preparation industry.

What's actually more disturbing than the thought of a salad a thousand times the size of this one is the fact that somebody actually took the time to compose and develop this picture. I mean, it's a fucking salad.

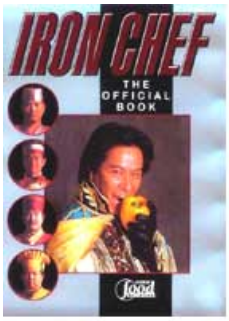
And what about the contents of this gargantuan salad? "Cucumbers, tomatoes and herbs?" Just what sort of salad is that? I'll tell you what kind - an *un-American* salad. A *commie* salad. Perhaps even a *terrorist* salad! Who makes a 2600 kilogram salad with just cucumbers, tomatoes and herbs? Where are the carrots? Where are the onions? Where are the croutons, baco-bits, and/or little brown Chinese crunchy things? And where the hell is the lettuce? There are only three kinds of salads that can get away with not having lettuce - fruit salad, potato salad, and pasta salad. And none of those are made with cucumbers, tomatoes and herbs. So what's the game? What are Comrade Putin and his cadre of vodka-sipping, kitten-punching sycophants up to? They're leaving the lettuce out on purpose! They're deliberately making this mammoth salad (mmm... mammoth salad) a huge, well-mixed bowl of anti-American propaganda! The ingredients of this radish-red salad were carefully chosen, my friends. The cucumber, truly the most phallic of the peeled vegetables, is there to signify that the Russians think that they have bigger wangs than us fine, upstanding, sexy Americans. The tomatoes are red, the color of the communist threat that will soon be spreading across the East once more. And the herbs are there to give this earth-shaking salad the bitter taste of a totalitarian superpower on the rise!

This image will haunt my dreams for years to come.

And think about the technology that the Russians are using to make this godless salad a reality. Here, let me refresh your memory: "wooden spoons the size of human beings." Just picture them! Spoons that could crush a man in one fell swoop! Where did they get this sort of incredibly dangerous cutlery? My guess is that they have ties with Al Quaeda. I suggest we mount a fullscale inspection of Russian soil to see just how many of these monumental spoons they have in their arsenal. And we have to keep a sharp eye. If they have giant wooden spoons, then they could very well have giant forks and knives, too! You know how much communists hate to have incomplete dining sets. We have to confiscate and destroy these weapons of mass consumption before they can be turned against us. And in the mean time, we should begin stockpiling giant silverware of our own. When the war comes between America and Russia, capitalism and communism, West and East, good and evil, it will not be fought in the streets and in the deserts. No, it will be fought on a dining room table so impossible huge that we will have to set up sweatshops all across the South Pacific just to make a tablecloth big enough to cover it! My fellow Americans, we cannot allow the Soviet menace to gain the upper hand in the comically big silverware race!

As much as the giant silverware is troubling, this is still about the salad. It's too late to try to put together a record-shattering salad. The Russians have that one in their little red property-sharing,

wealth-redistributing bag. We can't put that kind of pressure on our nation's farmers. That's not the sort of thing that we would to do our own people, unlike a certain nation I can think of (hint: it rhymes with "Mussia"). But all is not lost. This is just the first battle. The war has a ways to go. We can still take the lead in the struggle for dominance over food that you don't win friends with. The Russians have their 2600 kg salad. We will make a thirty-foot Boca burger. They will fill their vats with the world's largest supply of soy milk. We will make a Tofurkey so immense that when this war is over and truth, justice, and the American way reign supreme once again, we will actually build high priced condos on it.



I should have known better than to even think about another solution. TV is always the answer!

Yes, life will be good when we finally crush the Russians' hopes of ever being able to achieve anything ever again without us firmly spanking those borscht-brewers back to the bread lines. But from the looks of things, that sort of peace will be a long way off. Oh, how I dream of the time when once again we will be able to think not of how pointlessly big we can make food, but how incredibly small we can make food, and how we can somehow still raise prices. That will be true success. I know there are many of you who cringe or shudder at the thought of a long, drawn out war of enormous foodstuffs. Well, don't you fret. Because even though, unlike you pussies, I am prepared to face this conflict for as long as it has to go, I have still put my steel trap mind to work to figure out a way to end this things quickly. We will put our best giant-food chefs to work against the best that Russia has to offer in a court presided over by a neutral entity, in this case Japan. That's right, the Unstoppable Empire from the West will square off against the Frost Golem of the East in the only forum adequately prepared to handle this sort of duel - TV's *Iron Chef*. If we can get the Russians to stop eating zakuskies and growing chest hair long enough to agree to the terms, I'm confidant that our boys can beat those vodka-jockeys at their own oversized game. And think how exciting it will be when Chairman Takeshi announces the secret huge ingredient! It'll be television history! The winner will get their name in the record books. The loser will be hit with severe sanctions against any food product larger that an amount to be determined by a well-funded committee. So once again, an international war can be averted on television, thanks to me.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

9.14 Canada: Party Capital of the Universe

Sunday, Sep 14, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Oh, Canada! When it's time to party, you will always party hard.

Growing up in these United States I always considered Canada barely more than a punch line to a tired joke. They were "Lil' America" living in their big brother's shadow and producing almost nothing of interest outside bacon, hockey, and a few low quality beers. Sure, Canada had the occasional oddity like "Kids in the Hall" or "Kids in the Hall: Brain Candy" that drew interest to the cold nation to our north, but by and large we just sort of ignored them. Occasionally an American sick of the government here would complain that "if things get worse" they're moving to Canada, but barring the activation of the draft they rarely followed up on their promise to flee.

Canada's metamorphosis into something more totally awesome has been gradual. For a long time the drinking age has been lower in Canada which has made it a hot spot for teens drifting across the border and buying cases of beer. Teenagers will never make a party capital though. They know how to get drunk, vandalize, and maybe give each other hand jobs next to the dumpster at McDonalds, but it takes at least part of a college education to really found a party capital.

Recent progress in Canadian legislation has brought the college kids in droves thanks to the decriminalization of marijuana and the legalization of gay marriage. You might think the pot smoking makes sense but the gay marriage has nothing to do with being a party capital. Let me be the first to tell you that nothing fucking rocks harder than getting stoned until your lungs are bleeding with some of your buddies and then stumbling over to a wedding chapel and then marrying the fuck out of each other.

The best part is that most of the United States doesn't recognize gay marriage, so when you stumble home all red eyed you won't have to tell your girlfriend that you married Bill on Saturday. These two things have gone a long way to making Canada officially awesome, but the Great White North still has a long way to go in other respects. Luckily for you fellow party animals, we have a contact in the Canadian federal government and he has given us the inside scoop on what to look forward to during your next trip to Windsor, Ontario.

If dinosaurs can have this much fun maybe you should consider Canada too!

Pending Canadian Party Legislation

- **Bill 34432x-23c "Decriminalization of Driving While Intoxicated"**

Being drunk, high, or both is awesome, but even more awesome than that is being drunk and high at 90 kilometers per hour. This bill will repeal the laws prohibiting driving while intoxicated and replace them with a merit-based reward system similar to those seen in "Death Race 2000" or "Carmageddon" only more integrated into the framework of society. Kill a pedestrian and you'll get a check for fifty dollars, kill a whole family and you'll get a thousand, and so on with the ultimate

prize being killing an entire bus full of orphans with puppies on their laps. If you manage this kill you will immediately be elected president of the new Canadian province, created in your honor, known as Radlandia.

- **Bill 34467h-4576a "Government Subsidies of Bestiality"**

You can't spell "Party Animal" without the animal and Canada hopes to promote this idea by offering government subsidies for bestiality enthusiasts. Purchasing domesticated animals for hardcore sex can be prohibitively expensive once you take into account things like transporting them, housing them, and training them not to crush or bite you during intercourse. By offering vouchers Canada will allow citizens to purchase animals from the vendor of their choice and even offers additional subsidies for the importation of particularly rare and unusual animals. For example if a man wants to fuck a moose he will receive a government voucher for close to 1200 dollars, which I can attest amounts to over a third of the cost of acquiring and training the moose. Another woman wants to fuck a Bolivian Tree Bat and would receive a voucher for almost 9000 dollars including additional money for the purchase of multiple bats in the event that one or more die in transit or before they can be inserted into the vibrating bat tunnel terrarium.

- **Bill 34502r-35c "Legalization of Hobo Mutilation"**

Get ready to kiss your non-working hands goodbye John Q. Homeless.

Nobody likes the homeless - not even the homeless - but if the video "Bum Fights" proves anything it's that exploiting them for our own amusement is a moral obligation of our modern society. Canada intends to take this a step further with a new bill that will completely legalize the mutilation of hobos. You can coerce them to mutilate each other by offering them spare change or you can take advantage of a number of hobo mutilation booths being constructed throughout metropolitan areas. These booths will contain things like surgical equipment, fireworks, battle axes, saber saws, cigar cutters, and giant hammers with blasting caps glued to the end. All someone has to do to mutilate their homeless person of choice is beat them unconscious, drag them to the nearest mutilation booth, and set about slicing and dicing their face, hands, genitals, or whatever else might strike their fancy. While this might seem a little bit inhumane, particularly when animal cruelty will still be illegal in Canada, you just have to remember that dogs and cats can be owned. That means they're property, but slavery is illegal so homeless people are worth less than a gerbil.

- **Bill 34522k-35c "Institution of National Wet T-Shirt History Month"**

Wet t-shirt contests have an epic history, and while many countries have contributed more to this history than Canada none have yet stepped up to the plate and devoted a day to this proud tradition. Canada isn't just stepping up to the plate; it's stepping up to the plate and shooting orbital lasers through the entire stadium by devoting an entire month to wet t-shirts. The month is likely to be July and according to Canadian officials "even in the middle of summer, our weather is guaranteed to keep all nipples diamond hard". Canadian schools will also spend the month reflecting on and studying the importance of great wet t-shirts throughout history. Did you know that the first wet t-shirt contest was held in Egypt in 1,840 B.C. when the priestess Shakhumet poured a clay pot containing oils onto her clothing and gyrated before an audience to honor Osirus.

- **Bill 34530b-2003t "State Sponsored Public Assistance Limited to Jello Shooters and Amyl Nitrate"**

Canadian welfare and public assistance is absolutely out of control, but Canada is the kind of country that doesn't mind wasting vast amounts of money as long as everyone is having fun wasting it. In fact, Canada intends to force everyone to have fun with it by making welfare recipients use the public assistance money they receive to purchase either jello shooters at bars or amyl nitrate from government dealers. Obviously, those who are on welfare and homeless will probably be mutilated to death within a matter of weeks anyway, but for the lucky few who own homes and are on welfare it will be a non stop orgy of drunkenness and hardcore sex.

Date rape is simply fulfilling one end of a contractual obligation.

■ **Bill 34582a-35c "Decriminalization of Date Rape"**
Rape is such a harsh term. I won't dispute that rape happens and it's bad, but every Canadian knows when a woman goes out on a date with a man she is entering into a verbal contract to be sedated and sodomized before the night is over. Canada is seeking to legislate away the stigma associated with drugging and molesting your date by making it legal! In the dating paradise of Canada as long as a woman is willing to put herself in a position where she can be drugged then she is willing to sleep with you. Men beware, this goes for guys as well, and if you go out on a blind date you're pretty much asking to wake up in an Arabian Sheik's harem.

Fill the trunk up with booze and drugs and coast across the border with me into the party animal's paradise of Canada! I personally plan on setting fire to an entire field of marijuana and then running around waving a blanket towards my face until I collapse from sweet, sweet asphyxiation. With the THC throbbing in my veins nothing will go down better than a few crushed tablets of rorhypnol stirred into my sex on the beach. Hopefully I'll wake up wearing white with a ring on my finger, my new hubby laying next to me, and a mutilated hobo with priapism tied to the underside of a mule locked in the bathroom. God bless Canada.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.15 21st Century Digital Power Chatting eSeminar

Tuesday, Sep 16, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

We all know that communicating online, and even by way of text messaging on cellular phones, is the hip new form of social interaction that removes all the unnecessary danger and unpleasantness of actual human contact. The problem with chatting online is that it's a rapidly evolving game, not unlike football when played by developmentally disabled people with amnesia. The rules are never the same for long, nor is the playing field. You have to be on your toes, and sometimes even on stilts while elevated by way of scaffolding, to keep up with the latest developments in the world of online chatting. New acronyms are being introduced daily, and old ones are being cast into the wide mouth of obsolescence never to be seen or heard from again. Emoticons receive plastic surgery or get horribly maimed, and new conversation aces are always being pulled out of the sleeves of instant messaging mavens. Being the good-intentioned asshole I am, I want to dedicate this update to teaching you all the hot tips and tricks for power chatting on the Internet, not to mention bring you up to speed on the latest developments in the world of emoticons and acronyms so you don't embarrass yourself with a thoroughly prehistoric vernacular.

Even differently-abled people can chat and look at bad clipart.

Grab a pencil and some notepaper and prepare to make the most of your digital correspondence with this sophisticated arsenal of communication techniques:

This young Internet user is chatting with interested males in his area.

Swords

Want to get the edge on a conversation? You can, quite literally, with the age-old technique of ASCII swords. Don't think they're outdated, though. Swords are primed for a huge comeback, due largely in part to the fear associated with guns. In this post 9/11 era, we most be extra sensitive about imagery associate with terrorism and war, and guns are a prime fixture of both. Swords on the other hand are not, mostly because everybody has seen that one "Indiana Jones" movie where the guy with the sword gets shot before he ever gets the chance to slice somebody open. In spite of their impotence against guns, swords still carry some weight, particularly in arguments both on and off

the Internet. These razor-sharp wonders will let you cut straight to the heart of matters like a chainsaw through a gaseous whale tenderized by a brutal career at SeaWorld. When you whip out a sword, your chitchat comrades will be at your mercy, unsure as to whether the weapon is intended to harm them or serve them. In conversing, this is exactly the sort of palpable, trust-no-one tension you want. Just take a look at this conversation and see exactly what I mean:

> **l33tboi:** yea I think half-life2 will suck worse than doom4 cuz it don't got bump maps
> **Eradicator33:** <xcxcx<[X====================>
> **l33tboi:** wtf!

As you can clearly see, the introduction of the sword into conversation enabled Eradicator33 to take charge and put l33tboi on the defensive. From now on, this stimulating conversation will belong to Eradicator33, and rightly so. If you don't believe me, just look at this exclusive testimonial from l33tboi:

> I was feeling pretty sure of myself, large and in charge of the chatroom, but when Eradicator33 pulled that sword, I didn't know which way was up. I was startled and amazed, yet fearful all the same. Truly, there was an earthquake of turmoil rumbling through my bodily universe! Take it from me - swords put you on the cutting edge of digital chatting!

Swords come in many forms, and can be used in virtually any context. Just look at this second bonus example, available only in the expanded Criterion Edition of this update!

> **Mom:** I tried calling but the line was busy! Are you on the internet again? Please let your father know that grandma was hit by a truck!
> **death13:** <+]ooooo<|:::::::::;;;;;;;;;>
> **Mom:** wtf!

Time and time again, ASCII swords take command of the situation. In real life, pulling a sword might have the same effect, but you are liable to suffer long-term consequences since that's technically a crime of some sort. But on the Internet, where consequences don't exist and never will, you can do anything you want! How does one utilize swords in chat? Believe it or not, these powerful weapons are forged using no less than the basic characters of any computer font! Simply deconstruct the two sword examples space by space, and see that the components are nothing more than familiar letters and symbols occupying your very keyboard. With a little innocent and nonsexual experimentation, you can build your own mighty blades and wield them in chatrooms or in instant messages!

■ New Emoticons

The best way of expressing emotion is not through actual words, such as "I love you" or "I'm so depressed," but rather with crude, caveman-like etchings practically devoid of any human feeling. Since most emoticons are already meaningless bits of filler used to accommodate a lack of effort on the part of Internet chatters, the new 2004 line is even more textually spacious and irrelevant.

Retired	New for 2004
Smiley Face :)	Captain America's Belt ':::[A]:::'

Winky Face ;)	Festive Top Hat _|**|_
Frowny Face :(	String of Random Gibberish Sˆó«¤"
Heart (I Love You) <3	A Large Screw <;;;;;;;;;|)
Face of Unbridled Astonishment :O	**Grandpa's Magic Underwear** _ _ _ _ _ _)_(_/

While the old emoticons will still function until the end of the year, they will be completely phased out by 2004. It is recommended that all Internet users upgrade to the new 2004 standards as soon as possible to help facilitate a smooth changeover. Failing to do this will result in Internet thugs coming to your house and roughing you up.

New Acronyms

Without acronyms, it's quite possible we would all spend years of our life typing the same phrases endlessly. But with them, we can simplify things by compacting complicated phrases into adorably small bundles of letters. Unfortunately, even acronyms outlive their usefulness, and must be updated and even replaced to reflect the more modern times. LOL might have worked perfectly in 1997, but it's 2003 now, and times are very, very different. Because I got a hold of an advance copy of the 2004 Internet Power Chat Manual, I've giving you a sneak peak at the next generation of Internet acronyms.

Retired	New for 2004
LOL Lollin On Line	**CAWG** Cackling Aloud With Gusto
ROFL Rolling On the Floor Laughing	**SAHBPS** Screaming About Hormel Breakfast Pork Steaks
BBL Be Back Later	**GGJRDIH** Gotta Go, John Rhys-Davies Is Here
AFK Away From Keyboard	**SWBSMC** Sorry, Was Busy Shining My Cape
AFAIK As Far As I Know	**TCHBP** That Clown Has Bell's Palsy!
IIRC If I Recall Correctly	**GBOFFAFIMD** Gollum Bites Off Frodo's Finger and Falls Into Mount Doom

GG
Good Game

ASETEWIFPAIEACIC
A Satisfactory Endeavor That, Even With Its Faults, Proved Ample In Entertainment and Commendable In Challenge

Looks like 2004 will see a lot of unexpected phrases become quite common, but tomorrow is always an unpredictable scrap heap of shocking events and "you'd never have guessed in a million years" scenarios. If I've learned one thing from making it a point not to learn anything, it's that anything is possible. I suggest all of you get ahead of the game and memorize these simple acronyms!

Here's some girls using a computer. Anything is possible if you just BELIEVE.

As an Internet power chatter, it is your duty to stay on the front lines in the war against normal and intelligent conversations. Some final advice from me - be alert, and be prepared for any changes that may occur to the realm of instant online communication. They happen fast, and if you don't stay on the ball, there is a slight chance you might actually be coherent for a brief period of time. As wide as the Information Superhighway is, there is simply no lane reserved for coherency, so do your best to remain a confusing fountain of gibberish. And really, that's the true secret to power chatting - keeping ahead of the competition by refusing to communicate with them properly.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.16 The Future Blows

Tuesday, Sep 16, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

THE FUTURE!!! Where is my bubble car? I think all Americans deserve the chance to purchase a bubble car.

As a child, I often held promises of the future with a certain reverence. There was a special place in my heart for the exciting post-apocalyptic films about poofy haired Italian men running around in spandex and shooting other poofy haired Italian men in rubber lizard masks. I was a tremendous fan of the bubble car and the promises of a fresh new day that rode along with its futuristic plastic suspension and optional laser gun turrets. The bubble car represented all our hopes and dreams of the future, an iron-cast declaration that one day in 1993 or so, our scientific scholars would gain the cutting edge technology needed to produce a vehicle which not only travels at speeds of up to 50 miles an hour, but also features a bubble on the roof. Despite the support and encouragement of the plastic industry, automakers found it nearly impossible to pull off such a futuristic bubble car design in those days, and instead resorted to producing a bunch of huge eight-ton steel behemoth cars which had the raw horsepower of a child pushing a toy wagon up a hill composed of chicken bones and applesauce. The early 1980s auto industry found itself in a rut and unable to produce any vehicle more high tech than a gigantic Ford which doubled as a boat home if you were to take off its tires and replace the bottom of it with a series of buoyant floats that could support more than 20 tons of pressure upon them. This lack of creativity lead to such things as AIDS, Jimmy Carter, and Crystal Pepsi, so I think you can see the problem with this.

A futuristic city OF THE FUTURE!!! Please note that this is before it got blown up with missiles and whatnot.

"The future" in the early 1980s consisted of a five-year time range around 1999, sometimes occurring as early as 1987 and occasionally as late as 2013. Regardless of the exact date, all kinds of fantastic new technology inhabited the sleek and sexy world of the future, although the further you got in years, the more abstract technology became. For example, most 1980s scientists agreed that in the year 1994, robot butlers and doors that opened when you shouted, "HEY DOOR, OPEN!" were commonplace. When you started approaching the year 2004, however, things began to get a bit shady. Sometimes there were cyborgs who looked and acted exactly like human beings except for the fact that they didn't really look like human beings or act like human beings in any sense at all, unless the term "human being" means "robot with pancake makeup and servo motors which produce deafening whirring sounds louder than an air raid siren." Other times the world was simply a dirt-filled holocaustic wasteland full of marauding mutant bandits and colonies who built their entire town from plaster and corrugated metal walls that were stolen from a nearby Arby's construction site. Our society of the future was either a technological marvel or a desolate apocalypse, and the only thing linking these two possible scenarios was the bubble car and the large, poofy-haired Italian men who were qualified to pilot such extravagant vehicles. Scientists have conclusively proven that only cockroaches and large, poofy-haired Italian men will be able to survive thermo-nuclear warfare of the future, so stock up on industrial vats of hair gel if you expect to successfully barter following the apocalypse.

Regardless of the specific inventions and fake new robots that patented future technology kind of supposedly let us have, one thing was similar in all scenarios: the future sucked. Either some fascist

dictatorship ran the entire globe and forced people to slowly walk around boring concrete structures which were adorned with festively depressing flags depicting a blood red fist smashing a bald eagle's skull in front of a black background, or the world was one giant smoldering crater where mankind had to fight for survival while avoiding radioactive hamsters and raiders who resembled the Raiders. I really can't think of a single futuristic movie from the early 80s which revolved around a functional, happy, blissful society that wasn't plagued with Nazi storm trooper government officials or 50-foot tall beagles that shot fire from their nipples, although there's the possibility I've been looking in the wrong movie section. I mean, even in the smash hit Tom Selleck and Gene Simmons movie "Runaway," there were hundreds of deadly insect bugs which crawled around you and moved their various appendages in ways that caused you to stop living after a specific amount of time... and their version of the future included robotic nannies! Robotic nannies! Do you understand how high tech that version of the future was? Tom Selleck, future cop from the future, would come home from a tough night of fighting robots and KISS band members to be greeted by his dullard son and the ROBOTIC NANNY. Robonanny was around the size of a refrigerator crate and had a British accent, so you just knew that it was the pinnacle of future past technology. It also featured many lights on its metal frame, some of which blinked if the time was right. Also you can probably bet this robot was so high tech that if you tried to eat it, it would probably protest or at least attempt to move out of the way while showering you with British slang curse words like "lorry" and "tea."

Now I may not have won everybody over with my disappointed view on the past future, probably because I don't think I've gotten around to explaining exactly what my stance of this subject would be, but I'd like to offer up the following facts I have gleaned from futuristic 1980s movies. That's correct, I have gleaned these facts. I took a thresher out, cut down a bunch of grain, and then found these facts about 1980s movies lying around in the wheat field. That's the miracle of the Information Superhighway, ladies and gents!

A bad guy OF THE FUTURE! Italians have been genetically engineered to survive the holocaust by hiding under their hair.

FACT 1: Where is my goddamn bubble car? I can accept the fact that hover cars and anti-grav motorcycles are not commonplace yet, but I expect at least a primitive version of a bubble car. I don't give a shit if somebody takes a 1996 Honda Accord, rips the top off it, and glues a giant Capsella sphere to the top; I want my goddamn bubble car. Every single past futuristic movie was linked by one common trait, the bubble car, and this status symbol was the primary indication which allowed anybody and everybody know that it was, in fact, the future. You know, in case if they were too stupid to read and couldn't decipher the sequence of characters at the bottom of the TV screen which read "1996: Neo New Boston-Los Angeles Megatropolis: THE FUTURE." If you see a bubble car, you know it's the future, and as far as I can tell, it currently is the future (at least compared to the future 20 years ago). If we're living in the future, then where is our bubble car? I want a bubble car and I want one now, and if I can't get a bubble car, then I at least want some automotive company to pick up the genius idea of stapling hundreds of LEDs to the interior of my vehicle and having them blink at random intervals for no discernable reason whatsoever. That's the least they could do.

FACT 2: All the guns that I own shoot bullets, not lasers. Now while this isn't inherently a bad thing, I've had my hopes set on a weapon that emitted a stream of primary-colored light while making a "BEOW!" sound for quite some time now. Even GI Joe, which wasn't supposed to take place in the future, had a predominant role for laser guns as both members of the Joes and Cobra refused to use any conventional weapon which could possibly cause harm or injury to any

non-robotic entity. I think there was some toggle on their guns which automatically caused the nearby conveniently-located oil drums to explode if a human was being targeted, or slice through all non-living enemies like a SARS-infected hypodermic needle dropped from the top of the Empire State Building landing on a Fruit Rollup. Or like an English major tearing through my poorly constructed metaphors and sentence. Fragments. A few super-secret organizations currently have access to lasers, such as the National Association of Diamond Cutting and those guys who wear the white suits and somehow magically produce microchips in a lab located hundreds of miles beneath the Earth's crust, but when was the last time you saw the military exchanging primary colored blasts with some unkempt heathens in Iraq? The last time I witnessed such a thing was after Jim Bagleaducia asked me to hold the funny looking colorful paper for him while the police raided his house and searched for the illegal immigrants who he was using to operate the white slave trade in his basement.

FACT 3: It's been at least five years since the future officially began. Science has no excuse for their lackadaisical approach towards creating the vital inventions we so desperately need these days, such as moon boots and infra-red casual sunglasses which don't show any heat but instead color everything red and make it so you can't discern people from nearby tomatoes and apples, which is a scenario police these days encounter far too often. The future should've damn well started by now, and I'm frankly getting sick of these delays.

If scientists were halfway intelligent, they'd figure out a way to convert Italian hair into a missile defense shield. OF THE FUTURE!!!

FACT 4: Judith Light needs to stop wearing shoulder pads and appearing in Lifetime Network movies. In the movie "Murder at My Door," which did not in fact portray any murders at anybody's door, she was the mother of a serial killer who stabbed women and ultimately walked into a large fire so the movie would end before the audience set fire to their livingrooms. "Lady Killer" showcased her acting talents as a woman who had an affair with a younger man who then attempted to stalk her and cause her to die, although in a surprise twist ending that nobody could possibly ever fathom, he ended up dying instead. The feature film "Against Their Will: Women in Prison" portrayed Judith Light in prison, which is where she belongs and hopefully where she shall stay. "Men Don't Tell," which is my personal favorite out of the Judith Light cinematic experience, revolved around Light beating up her husband in really comical fits of rage which had the same emotional impact as one of the Three Stooges realizing he ran out of pies during a particularly heated pie fight with an uppity rich woman. In each and every one of these films, she wear shoulder pads in virtually all scenes. Why is this? Can't somebody stop her?

Think about what you could do if you had that bubble on the top. I mean, just think about it! Think about it OF THE FUTURE!!!

FACT 5: There is no single global currency and this non-existent global currency does not have a way boss name like "megabucks" or "cybercredits." One of the tell-tale signs of inhabiting the future is a high tech type of money which is all stored on a piece of plastic that looks like a credit card and is the size of a credit card yet isn't a credit card. Instead of using such outdated terms as "cash," money should be referred to as something completely goofy like "nanocredits" which are dispensed via pneumatic tubes running down the wall at random locations. This currency is then used to purchase things like "mutant crocodile eyeball on a stick" and "mud gruel" which are common delicacies in

the post-apocalyptic future.

FACT 6: No seriously, where the hell is my bubble car?

FACT 7: I am not currently a slave to some fascist new world order government. Yeah, I'm aware that Zack "Liberal Editor" Parsons could saunter in here and start blabbering about that evil diabolical John Ashcroft and his gang of roving Conservatives who spend every hour of their free time peeing on the Bill of Rights and shitting on the freedom of peace loving Americans throughout America, but I think we're awfully far away from fascism. The 1980s futuristic dictators all predicted the following governmental characteristics, none of which are present in our current administration:

> 1) The evil dictator will have some interesting body modification such as a metal hand or a very bald head with a metal skull inside which is revealed in the second to last scene. The metal hand is usually the most popular indication of a evil fascist dictator, as they really like to hear the sound it produces when they hammer their fist down against a wooden table to express their extreme disappointment after learning the incompetent henchman let the one person who could bring down the entire government escape. Then some particularly menacing lens flares fly out of his eyes and before you know it, blammo, there's a jump cut and that henchman has been reduced to a smoldering pile of ashes.
> 2) The patriotic American flag will be replaced with something very basic and menacing, such as a series of evil triangles inside an evil circle in front of an evil rectangle. "Evil geometry" is a very popular research subject for dictators, and they know all about the psychology behind the combination of certain shapes and colors. As far as I know, the US flag is still the same, although there's always an uppity group of inbreds in the south and Texas who insist on changing the flag to something which features images of white people raising their right hand in triumph and beheading an enemy minority in the left.
> 3) There will be a series of giant megaphones placed all over every city, billowing out commands and chanting things like "you can trust the leader" and "do not act subversive" and "the yellow zone is for loading and unloading only." While it's true that I hear voices nonstop, these voices clearly aren't coming from any megaphones; they're being channeled through the springs in my box spring mattress. THANK YOU VERY MUCH, CIA!!!

FACT 8: We don't have plans for spaceships that don't explode, but hey, we've got a space elevator. I'll tell you what, you goddamn egghead brainiacs at NASA: I don't want a space elevator. Nobody wants a space elevator. If you were to walk up to somebody on the street and ask them what they want NASA to do, they'd probably respond with something like "create a program that doesn't result in exploding rockets which kill innocent people and waste hundreds of millions of taxpayer dollars." Then, if you were to bring up the idea of spending a few billion bucks on a bigass piece of rope that was stuck in the ocean and went up to some chunk of scrap metal orbiting the Earth, they would hit you in the face and call you an asshole. This is supposed to be the future, folks! In the future, we're supposed to have spaceships, not spacerope. Nobody has ever conquered the moon with a fucking ball of string tied to the ocean. There has never been a race of creatures who were able to enslave an entire planet by using their spacerope as a giant slingshot which launched out intergalactic asteroids full of SARS.

OF THE FUTURE!!!

This is not the future our hairy-chested fathers envisioned in the early 1980s. We're not living in

a society that embraces the technology and ideals the Italian movie-making geniuses wished for us back during the birth of the glorious 80s. I do not see hundreds upon thousands of rapidly flashing LEDs adorning every single piece of technology in my possession. I have searched near and far for a laser pistol which I can use to make barrels and robots explode, but the stores all here claim they don't sell such items, even that one hardware store that John Madden is always talking about in between snacking on entire cows and cows stuffed with smaller cows. All I want is a bubble car; is that so much to ask? Apparently so.

■It's all just a big joke! I swear!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams back for another exciting, action pack, fun filled, over the top, heart pounding, intense, fun for the whole family, instant classic, two thumbs up, rollercoaster ride of an update! Guess what I'm watching on TV. The Cowboys Giants game, actually. I'm from Texas, so I'm glad the 'Boys won, but man, what a great game.

Apple Computers, know for their interesting and acclaimed product design, has recently updated their handheld music listening device known as the iPod. What do companies do when they release a new product? They advertise the hell out of it. And what do the Something Awful forum goons do with ads for a newly released product? They parody the hell out of them. It's a parody, Apple!

A parody!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.17 The Happy Meal Revisited

Thursday, Sep 18, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ronald McDonald, as terrifying as always.

I vividly remember that intense excitement that would wash over me whenever I had a steaming carton of Happy Meal in my lap. I think it was the surprise of opening up that arch-topped box and finding a random crappy toy inside. Well, okay, I admit those are someone else's memories because I've never eaten a Happy Meal before in my entire life, but I have a lot of empathy. I would imagine it to be very similar to the excitement of opening a Cracker Jack box only Happy Meals came with much better toys than a temporary tattoo of Popeye or three knock-knock jokes printed on a folded piece of paper.

Now you can revisit this exciting moment of your youth thanks to McDonald's new Happy Meals cleverly called "Go Active" meals. Yes, indeed, Go Active right through the drive through, park in one of the spaces in the lot and cram five Egg McMuffins down your throat. Or listen to Ign.com and try a McGriddle, which is just an Egg McMuffin with an exciting McDonald's logo pressed into the top. This makes it better shaped to slide down your throat in a single bite.

Currently these adult Happy Meals are being test marketed in 150 or so Indiana franchises but if they succeed you can expect them to go national. What interests me about this prospect isn't the food, since it's the same shitty food McDonald's has always served, but rather the toys being included in the Happy Meals. Excuse me, Go Active meals.

At launch McDonalds plans to include health-conscious toys like a pedometer (it's like an E-meter for pedophiles) and an exercise booklet. Don't expect these toys to last very long though, there's only so many ways McDonald's can repackage a compass and a diagram of situps before people get sick of it. That's why McDonald's is already planning to lose the fitness motif and include more entertaining toys in their Go Active meals. Being the hard hitting journalists that we are, Something Awful has engaged in a little corporate espionage to bring you the secret list of upcoming toys complete with the marketing copy McDonalds plans to use in conjunction with them.

I have taken the liberty of organizing the list into two categories. One category consists of original toys that are either associated with nothing in particular or with McDonald's itself. The second category is chock full of entertainment related toys that McDonald's is planning to pack into their Go Active meals.

Happy Meal Originals

Mayor McCheese's Stay Awake Fun Pills - "Do you feel drained after a hard day's work or just need a little extra pick me up in the morning? Mayor McCheese has the solution for you with his new Stay Awake Fun Pills. Found exclusively in McDonald's Happy Meals these four tablets are guaranteed to keep you up and running for hours after everyone else has collapsed from exhaustion. WARNING: Not recommended for children under 12 and those suffering from a particular type of heart defect. Ask your doctor about Mayor McCheese's Stay Awake Fun Pills before ingesting."

The American Flag Calculator Watch - "Show your patriotism in the best way possible; by

exercising your right as a member of the free world to compute mathematical equations on your flag-themed calculator watch! America is sure to earn an A+ with this kind of help!"

The Fry Guy's Colorectal Cancer Early Detection Kit - "When Hamburglar isn't stealing their fries he's stealing the lives of thousands of Americans every year by afflicting them with nasty colorectal cancer. Join the Fry Guy's as they do battle against this irascible scamp by using their awesome colorectal cancer early detection kit. Hamburglar may have a surprise lined up for you, but early detection can save your life, so team up with the fry guys in thwarting his antics! Kit includes colon swab, fecal sample applicator, and chemical sensitive test strips."

Birdie's Magical Abortion in a Bottle - "Birdie has a little trouble! After a late night in the nest with Ronald her eggs seem to have ended up fertilized and she knows that you can't make an Egg McMuffin when your eggs are full of bloody fetus! That's why Birdie has cooked up a potion in her sink by wishing on a star and adding all natural* ingredients to her magical cauldron. A little dash will do her, and those eggs are back to being good old fashioned breakfast scramblers! Birdie was so excited about her creation that she wanted to share it with you, so that you too can get rid of those unwanted bad eggs. *natural is not meant to imply organic or herbal, natural in this context means "of terrestrial origin". WARNING: Not to be ingested after 3rd week of pregnancy. May cause internal hemorrhaging or severe birth defects in older fetuses."

Grimace's Pocket Vagina with Realistic Sucking Action - "Sometimes an ambiguous purple mass with huge eyes and a giant red mouth feels a little lonely. Grimace has spent weeks in his secret lab examining all the hottest gapers and tightest teen snatches he can find. His research is finally complete and Grimace is willing to share his amazing discovery of the most realistic pocket vagina ever made. Made from non-allergenic latex substitute, the realistic feel of this toy will blow you away, literally! With the addition of a single AA battery (not included) the Grimace's Pocket Vagina will take on a life of its own, and it's hungry for your cum!"

Cadillac Escalade Playset - "Snap into Fall with a brand new Cadillac Escalade Playset. This addicting collection of toys consists of over 240,000 components that go together to make one of the finest and biggest luxury SUVs on the market. Each part is as common as the next and before you know it you can be driving off the beaten path in Newark in your brand new collection of Cadillac Escalade toys!"

Entertainment Tie-ins

The Amistad Crazy Turbo Cars - "Some chains should never come to be, like constraints on the Amistad 5000 turbo car race! Now you can own your very own Amistad Crazy Turbo Car and race against your friends to fly free from the shackles of low speeds! Nitro Burning Cinque's Diablo Spec will tear up the track and leave your opponents in the dust. Watch out, your friends can own Cinque with Ensign Covey's rocket fueled X-Type Lamborghini! These cars are INTENSE!"

Shoah Rocket Troopers with Magneto Boots - "In the future the evil Nazions have invaded the planet earth and only the world's Jews can hope to stop them. Join Commander Shoah and his Rocket Squad with new and amazing Magneto Boot action in their fight against evil! Shoah can cling to any surface that contains metal, making the surface of your refrigerator or the side of your

office desk a perfect battleground for Shoah to defeat the Nazions Scum Troopers. Collect Shoah, Lieutenant Abromowitz with real launching rocket, Cybernaut Sniper Ann Frank, the deadly ninja Goldstein-san, and Gatling Cannon General Lanzmann. The current set also includes a Nazion Scum Trooper for each to do battle with, look for more Nazions next year!"

Apocalypse Now: Charlie DO Surf Bobblehead - "It's a common misconception that Charlie don't surf, but with this hilarious new Bobblehead from McDonald's you can liven up any room or your car with a bouncing and surfing Viet Cong irregular. Press the head for one of five hilarious phrases like 'I rikee surf', 'okay GI, hang ten', 'you burn my village I surf your wave', and many more! Sure to make you the talk of the neighborhood."

Bill O'Reilly Hyper Spin Zone Sparking Top - "This top is sure to make the sparks fly at your next board meeting or around the water color. Just pump the top several times and place on a flat surface and watch as the top wobbles and whirls shooting off a hail of sparks. The spinning just won't stop, it can't stop, because spinning is life to the top and to stop spinning means to die. Like a phoenix you can ensure it is reborn by picking the top up, pumping it repeatedly, and placing it on a flat surface."

Michael Moore Talking Piggy Bank - "If you love Michael Moore almost as much as you love jokes about his impressive girth than this piggy bank will be a happy surprise in your next Adult Happy Meal from McDonald's. Lil' Mikey is hungry and this time it's for coins. Listen to him spout slanderous liberal taunts at you as you throw coins down his gaping maw. Remove his greasy and ill-fitting hat to open the bank and retrieve your money from his filthy stink pit."

That was as breathtaking as an ocean breeze on a balmy fall morning and I hope you look forward to collecting Go Active toys as much as I do. Between you and me, I think I'm looking forward to the Amistad cars the most.

Photoshop Phriday: Now More Healthy Than Suicide

Hey kids, it's your old pal Livestock. I'm here, as always, to provide you with another cookie cutter announcement about Photoshop Phriday. There is a new one up, you know! The topic this time is "American Social Hygiene Posters." You can bet that, in the hands of the Something Awful Forum Goons, this topic will indeed be informative, enlightening, and valuable to your health and well being. You can also count on shitloads of edgy comedy dangling on the tight rope of good taste. And by dangling I mean urinating off of it.

Here is a bonus backdoor secret entrance to Photoshop Phriday. Don't tell anybody, it's just for you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

HOW TO DISARM THE
BOOBY TRAP
A
B
1) Route dynamic feedback circuit through cyclic redundancy loop (see figure A).
2) Disable priming pin from the master arming device (see figure B).
3) Release and remove primary firing circuit.
www.somethingawful.com

9.18 How to Make Glass, Part I

Thursday, Sep 18, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Global ignorance has fueled the anti-glass protest. Stupid goddamn foreign kid.

It has come to my attention that many of you do not know how to make glass. I find this to be utterly reprehensible and personally blame our embarrassing educational system and those brightly colored faggy creatures on all the public access children's shows. Many youth growing up in today's confused society do not see the glass industry as a viable career option, mainly because they are stupid and spend too much time shooting at each other with handguns. Proponents of the anti-glass lifestyle have successfully brainwashed our children, the future youth of tomorrow's past, into believing the production of glass isn't "hip" or "totally radical to the max." How could such a vibrant and exciting job opportunity be so callously cast aside like a pile of rotting duck meat that has been sitting out in the hot summer sun for three days after a Polish wedding? The glass industry is as profitable and exciting as ever, and I refuse to let a few nay-sayers throw scalding frozen water upon the potential hopes and dreams of millions of Americans and other morbidly obese people of different nationalities.

THE ENCHANTING HISTORY OF GLASS

Some scientists who write glass fan-fiction websites claim "natural glass has existed since the beginnings of time," which is ludicrous when you think about it, because that's like suggesting glass has existed alongside God and was there during His conception. What, did God have a magic monocle he was born with or something? This same website goes on to explain:

> *Stone-age man is believed to have used cutting tools made of obsidian (a natural glass of volcanic origin also known as hyalopsite, Iceland agate, or mountain mahogany) and tektites (**naturally-formed glasses of extraterrestrial or other origin,** also referred to as obsidianites).*

I added the bold print for emphasis and also because I wanted to see what would happen if I hit control-B. Do you understand the significance of what you just read? According to a website scientist, **cavemen used alien glass from the moon to do whatever it was a caveman would normally do with glass!** I'm no expert on hunting and gathering, but I do remember that the Glass Sword from *Ultima V* was pretty worthless, so I can't imagine the secret lure behind creating an entire arsenal of glass weaponry. Maybe cavemen were planning a revolt against Lord Blackthorne and the Shadow Men or something. Or maybe the aliens stole the glass from God and delivered them to the cavemen so they could fight Xenu.

Glass production was formally discovered nearly 3,300 years ago, possibly even more if you live in the future, by the ancient Mesopotamians who were trying to create something that would fill the space inside a window frame. Nobody knows exactly who created glass, but I'm guessing it was Ed because I heard that guy was one smart cookie. Also all those rumors about Ed getting beaten up by the rooster are lies created by somebody out to smear Ed's good name. Mesopotamia was an area somewhere near Iraq and Syria, which may be surprising to people like me who thought it was next door to the Mayans and Aztecs. I mean, they all built pyramids and hoarded precious jewels in their basements, right? I guess I just assumed the Mesopotamians lived down in South America in Mayansville or wherever all those people who spent their free time drawing stupid pictures of the

sun lived. They created an absolutely breathtaking manual detailing the "secret instructions" for furnace building and glassmaking, which have since been turned into a spy novel by Tom Clancy featuring a spy plane that shoots lasers. To prevent people from stealing their precious glass secrets, the instructions were written in cuneiform upon clay tablets. This worked particularly well since nobody could read back then and "cuneiform" is just a fancy word for "nonsensical scribbles." The Mesopotamians used their skills to create beads, which was the only thing anybody made out of anything back in those days. If you tried to build something that didn't look like a bead, the King of Mesopotamia would kill your daughter. If you tried it again, they would put an ancient curse on your dead daughter so she would come back to life and then they'd kill her again.

In 1500 BC, the Egyptians developed a method of producing glass by dipping a sand mould into molten glass and then turning it around until they were smited to death by Jesus Christ. The earliest examples of Egyptian glassware are three vases bearing the name of the Pharaoh Thoutmosis III (1504-1450 BC), who brought glassmakers to Egypt as prisoners following a successful military campaign in Asia. I just directly copied and pasted that previous sentence from somewhere and didn't even bother reading the whole thing. I saw it on a website and the words "glass" and "Egypt" stood out so I thought "what the hell" and just threw it into the article. If there are any factual errors in it, don't bitch to me because not only did I refuse to write it, but I didn't bother reading it either. I kind of glanced over the end of the sentence and I'm starting to wonder how successful a glassmaker could be if he's got some Egyptian asshole sticking his spear down his ear and shouting "BLOW THAT GLASS YOU FILTHY SLAVE!" I think I saw a movie like that on the dirty pay-per-view movie network last week, starring somebody named "Christopher McTesticalalia."

A primitive glass object, made sometime around 5600 BC. I think it's supposed to be a cup or trough or something.

There wasn't really much progress in the field of glass production until the 9th century BC, which I guess was the time that all the enslaved glassmakers created tiny glass daggers and used them to break free from the ropes which bound them to their glass chairs. The imprisoned glass producers escaped into the wild where they built glass houses and proceeded to throw stones at each other. Word of their accomplishment soon spread to Alessandria and Italy, and you know what they say: "if you can make it in Alessandria, you can make it anywhere." Assyrian king Ashurbanipal saved a few tablets instructing how to make glass and they can now be seen in someplace somewhere that would show off old crap like that. Also, if you'll look closely, you'll notice the word "Assyrian" is inherently humorous. I can imagine the types of conversations he'd get into during parties:

ASSYRIAN KING ASHURBANIPAL: "Hey baby, ever give head to the head of a country? I'm the king, you know?"
WHORE: "Oh really? What country?"
ASSYRIAN KING ASHURBANIPAL:*(Mumbling)* "Assyria."
WHORE: "What?"
ASSYRIAN KING ASHURBANIPAL: "Assyria."
WHORE: "I'm sorry, I didn't catch that. Could you repeat yourself?"
ASSYRIAN KING ASHURBANIPAL: "ASSYRIA. I AM THE KING OF ASSYRIA. I AM ASSYRIAN KING ASHURBANIPAL. There, are you happy?!?"
WHORE: *(Outraged)* "You're no King Sennacherib!"

Somebody decided to discover glassblowing at some time between 27 BC and, well, I guess whatever day it is now. It turns out the secret for glassblowing was located in the dining room, behind the cabinet the entire time! What a delightful mixup! Syrian craftsmen used long, thin metal tubes to

beat their slaves while shouting "you'd better hurry the hell up and come up with some good glass ideas or else I'm going to shove this long thin metal pole into your naughty location." This gave them an incredible idea: if they submerged their thin metal tube into molten glass and then spun it around really quickly, they'd have something which would injure their slaves more effectively! This somehow led to glass blowing. Don't ask me how. If I had to guess, I'd probably chalk it up to black magic.

Flying purple glass dragons cannot be manufactured without the use of glass! Overweight disgusting housewives across the globe thank you, glass!

This glassblowing technology was soon spread around the world by the ancient Romans, who had previously gained notoriety around the globe for spreading around homosexuality and that one rule that says something about adding up the angles of a triangle. Their society did a whole hell of a lot to get the world interested in glass, just like how George Foreman inspired an entire nation to get healthy and fit by purchasing his tiny plastic grille which magically makes fish and chicken and meat taste like a tiny plastic grille. The Romans used their advanced transportation technology of "roads which you can walk on" to trade their glass wares with surrounding countries. Then they would conquer these countries, take their glass products back, and trade them with the next country in line. This is why you should never befriend a Roman or shop at any Roman stores, as it legally gives them permission to annex your kitchen and rumpus room. Emperor Augustus scattered the seed of glass trading to such exotic places as France, Germany, Switzerland, and even China, which was particularly impressive when you consider eBay wasn't around back then. By introducing manganese oxide, the Romans soon discovered glass could be used for architectural items such as windows and well, windows. I suppose somebody somewhere probably built a glass wall for a reason which sounded good at the time, but that's not a proud moment in world history.

Alexandria became the glass capitol of the universe, producing stuff known as "Portland Vases" despite the fact that they probably were not from Portland. This lead to the world's first class action lawsuit. Once the Roman empire began to decline, the glass industry waned as well, with many craftsmen becoming lazy and refusing to manufacture anything more complicated than marbles. Something then happened in Italy around the 7th or 8th century. After that event transpired, the Germans developed the concept of "sheet glass," which was glass in the form of a sheet, as opposed to glass in the form of a knife (a glass knife) or glass in the form of a lump under your breast (a glass breast cancer tumor). This was done in the following miraculous fashion:

> *By blowing a hollow glass sphere and swinging it vertically, gravity would blah blah blah 3 meters blah blah blah semi-molten ball blah blah bake at 450 and baste, serves four.*

Italy decided to steal the crown of "Miss Glass Bitch" from Alexandria in the Middle Ages, resulting in a flurry of controversy from judges who were influenced by the Italian glass special interest groups. Italy used their Venetian merchant fleet to supply their craftsmen with supplies and the technical skills of their glass producing arch-enemies in Syria. Along with this know-how came the artistic influence of Islam, resulting in the construction of the first known glass suicide bomb. At one point in time there were over 8,000 glass craftsmen inhabiting Venice, so that should say something about how fragile their economy was! Ha ha! Get it? Fragile? Because glass is fragile? That joke works on so many levels. This is the greatest day of my life. Everything was peachy keen in Venice until the authorities realized that all the beautiful glass furnace fires were causing large portions of land to be burned down, so they banished all the craftsmen to Monster Island and renamed it "Murano"

because they didn't want to kill the prospective tourist industry there. The glass freaks eventually stumbled upon the brilliant idea of using quartz sand and potash made from sea plants to produce particularly pure crystal. I guess this ultimately led to the invention of crystal meth, so keep this in mind before you start prancing around the house like a liberal jackass while shouting "thank god for 15th century Murano."

A glass of water! Just kidding, this is actually a glass of glass.

France decided to butt its ugly butt into the lucrative glass industry around that time, and before you could say some word which is intentionally short in order to emphasize the notion that not much time elapsed, they were stealing glass craftsmen from Venice. Oh, being a glassblower in in 1688 must've been so exciting, like a CIA agent who rides a roller coaster to work every day! To further up the ante of this already spicy pot, the assholes in France chose to invent a new method of producing plate glass which I will not explain because I don't know what it was and I'm fairly confident you don't care. Mass production, however, did not begin until the Industrial Revolution, when a bunch of Germans devised fiendish ways to strengthen and improve glass, as well as increase its bust size and lose 10 pounds in 10 days. One particularly famous glass German was Friedrich Siemens who invented the tank furnace, which was a tank that turned into a furnace that turned into Optimus Prime. Michael Owens brought pride back to the US of A around 1910, inventing an automatic bottle machine which made bottles... er, automatically. This was followed by the development of a machine named "the gob feeder," which if I recall correctly, was one of the evil creatures who gave me nightmares as a kid. "Now Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, you go to sleep!" my mom would shout. "But mother," I would reply. "I can't sleep! The Gob Feeder will eat me!" Well the good news is that I didn't get eaten by the Gob Feeder. The bad news is that my mom married him.

This brings us to modern times, a period of time we are currently experiencing. In part II of "How to Make Glass, Part I," I'll cover all the modern tactics and techniques of the glass industry so you too can one day be an unemployed glass manufacturer! Let the good times roll!

Hurricanes Are Upon Us!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with THE ultimate survival guide to surviving this year's hurricane season. It may come too late for those of you in North Carolina, but that's okay, you guys all sucked anyway. It's funny because they are all dying in a hurricane now and can't read that!

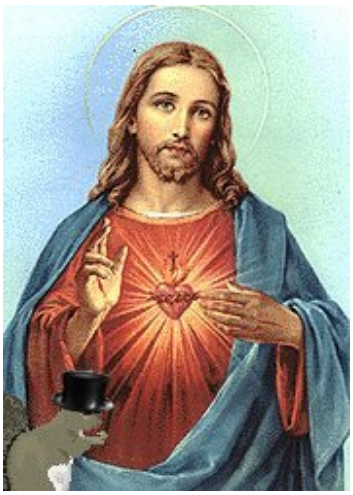
If you're Jewish you can always turn to the ever amusing Dreidel for entertainment. Look at it go, will it ever stop spinning!? For people of other faiths you can just try throwing a knife up into the air and catching it. It's dangerous and not as fun as a Dreidel, but... whoah... gotta go, that fucking thing just started spinning again. Woooooo!

This article contains information that could save your life! Probably not.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.19 Saturday Safety Tips

Friday, Sep 19, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



"The only thing I hate more than the Romans is people not behaving in a safe manner, putting themselves, and others at risk. For Heaven's sake, look both ways for wagons, and keep your sandals tight!"
-Jesus, around the Medieval times or whenever that Bible stuff happened.

I have to agree with ole JC there on the importance of safety in everyday life. Don't worry, I'm not turning this into a religious chat session (that's next week), I just think this wisdom of our Savior transcends generations, making it still valid today. Actually, the world today is much more dangerous than it was in the past, due to the increase of car use, gun ownership, and the popularity of Vin Diesel movies. If one does not constantly refresh their safety skills, it's only a matter of time before they end up in Heaven with Jesus shaking his head saying "I told you so, moron."

This article on general safety comes at perfect timing since I just had a rather unpleasant experience camping this past weekend. As you may know from my prior articles about camping, I am well versed in the ways of the wood, much like an elf, or perhaps even a kindly forest goblin. Unfortunately, I did something foolish, disobeying my ranger training by getting totally drunk at camp, and then throwing anything I could find onto a large bonfire. While normally I frown upon people who drink heavily in the woods and start fires, I was in a particularly cheeky mood, having escaped a weekend marathon of having to watch Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood and My Big Fat Greek Wedding with my girlfriend. As I was randomly heaping sticks and leaves onto the raging fire, I failed to notice in my drunken rage that I threw a large handful of Poison Ivy leaves on the flames. Soon I was bathed in a shroud of poison smoke, causing my whole body to erupt into painful blisters and rashes, so I fruitlessly jumped into the lake and almost drowned. Although it has been a week since that incident, I am still recovering, trying not to itch my lobstery arms while being taunted by my Boy Scout troop. I ordered my scout troop to stop mocking me, and to wash my car, but instead they ransacked my house and fled with the plunder.

Thus it gives me great pleasure to introduce the Something Awful mascot for safety, Sammy the Safety Squirrel. Sammy knows a lot more than just running up trees, and hoarding nuts. Seriously, he has been in some heavy situations, and knows his shit. Pay close attention to him, and maybe you might live to see your grandchildren grow up, waiting for the day you die of old age so they can spend your lifetime of savings on a weekend cocaine binge. Sammy the Safety Squirrel has survived two major wars, 16 drunk driving accidents, 3 tractor rollovers, and getting stabbed in the face by an angry ex-wife. He personally saved my life after I climbed a tree to nab a plump beehive full of delicious honey and got stuck for a few weeks. Sammy found me helpless and afraid, feeding me nuts and berries, keeping me entertained with his tales of adventure. I promised him that I would find him a job if I ever got out of the tree alive. Well I did make it down after he pushed me out during a heated argument, and now I am living up to my word of honor. So without further ado, I hand you over to the capable, rabies infected hands of Sammy the Safety Squirrel.

> You fools! I will teach you what you need to know to survive in this hard, cruel life. In this kind of world, the weak and feeble minded are cast to the side to die an unambiguous

death, while the strong and wise go on to live a fruitful, long life. The key to staying alive is obeying basic safety rules that are relevant in everyday occurrences. I am offering my free time from frolicking in the woods to teach you the most important of these safety rules. Please pay attention, or I'll bite your eyes.

Safety Squirrel Tip #1: Look both ways before crossing the road.

Seriously, you goddamn kids have to be careful when crossing the road. I used to hang out on a tree near the interstate highway, and I've seen some of my best friends get turned into street pizza because they didn't take the time to look both ways before attempting to cross. Just look to the left, and then look to the right. If you see a big truck coming, do not step in front of said truck. If you see a Japanese made car coming, fake like you are going to jump in front of them. This will cause them to swerve off the road and into the nearest tree or ditch, probably causing great physical harm to the driver. That will teach them to buy American.

Safety Squirrel Tip #2: Never steal BBQ ribs from a large black man.

True story: I love to crash picnics to see if I can grab me some free tasty food. I know it's a problem, I've been to therapy for it, trust me. Usually I target the black picnics over the white picnics because the black people have a better music selection. One day I came across a really happenin' black picnic that was blasting out the good tunes and cooking up some good eats, so I decided to get a closer look. Not only were they cooking up hotdogs, hamburgers, and chicken, they also had my favorite food of all time - BBQ ribs. I had to act fast to get away with it, so I took a bold leap from the nearest branch, snatched a rack of ribs, and fled up the nearest tree. Unfortunately, I was spotted by a very large black man who became enraged when he saw me get away with such a grand piece of meat. At first he tried climbing the tree, but I dropped acorns on his large head, causing him to fall. Then he tried to chop the tree down with an axe he had in his car, but the trunk was much too thick, and would've taken him days. Eventually he tipped the BBQ coals into the tree and caught it on fire. That's when I knew this guy meant business, and dropped the ribs. I was hoping he would leave me alone after that, but after he ate the ribs and had a few beers, he went and got his .22 and tried to shoot me out of the tree! I barely escaped, but that is another story. The point is, never steal BBQ ribs from a large black man.

Safety Squirrel Tip #3: During full scale nuclear combat, stop, drop, and roll.

People tend to think that there is no chance of full scale nuclear war since the cold war ended. They are dead wrong. In fact, nuclear war is far more plausible in these unsure topsy turvy days of strife and terrorism. The Russians never used the bomb because they knew we would clobber them back with everything we had, but these crazy people from the desert have nothing to lose. Don't even get me started on the North Koreans. I served in the Korean war, and know those commie bastards in my blood. In case you are walking down the street and see a nuclear missile coming right for your general

vicinity, you must first stop whatever activity you are doing, drop to the ground, and roll out of harm's way. This will save you from the deadly nuclear blast, the scalding heat, and the crippling radiation. Now, you may have to roll for 30-50 miles before you are out of harm's way, so be careful of rocks or canyons that may be in your path. If you are hit directly with a nuclear missile, take a warm soapy bath ASAP to get rid of the radiation that you might be infected with. Bonus tip: If you are a male and when you wake up in the morning your penis is strangely erect for no plausible reason, this is radiation poisoning and you need to amputate it with whatever tool necessary so it does not spread to the rest of your body.

Safety Squirrel Tip #4: If you happen to go into space, wear a spacesuit.

I can't stress this enough. I was in the doctor's office a few days ago because my back has really been killing me lately, and was sitting in the waiting room reading magazines. Well I've already read most of the sports magazines, so I picked up an egghead space magazine called Astronomy. I never knew space was so cool looking. But then I read that it's really cold up there, and if you don't wear a spacesuit your head will explode or something. Well I know all the kids these days like all that "Star Wars", and "Star Trek" stuff, so space must be a pretty radical place to them. I can just see kids saying, "Oh boy, look! Kirk Cameron is an astronaut spaceman dancing on the moon in this popular movie, I want to go into space too and be like Kirk Cameron", and then they get to space and their heads explode. Kids need to know that they have to wear a spacesuit before they go off into space, otherwise there is a good chance they could get really hurt, or at least catch a bad cold.

Safety Squirrel Tip #5: Women, don't give the sass mouth to your man.

Listen, I have been charged with domestic abuse 28 times, and none of those times have they been unwarranted. Well maybe a few times when I was drunk off dew after watching a Bronco's game, but most of the time I only use violence as a tool of instruction. If I am working on something, or just sitting around doing nothing, I don't want to be nagged about "cleaning up after myself", or "getting food for the baby". My home is my kingdom, and I am the king. Would a king take orders from a women in the royal palace, only to be laughed at by the nobles and then ousted by a dastardly duke who sees the king's weakness? No! I expect my dinners to be served hot and on time, and the area kept spotless and neat. Most of my wives didn't like my ideas, and one of them even stabbed me in the face while I was sleeping. This just goes to show you that they are crazy and need discipline. I am currently without a mate, so if any of you available ladies out their like what you see and can cook, clean, and give oral gratification, please look me up. Just remember women, stay safe, and don't sass your busy men!

Safety Squirrel Tip #6: Lumberjacks are always bad news.

There's nothing worse than waking up to the sound of chainsaws, especially when you have a hangover. If you are ever asleep in your tree and hear a chainsaw below you,

> you have but two options. Come up with a battle plan to fight off the wily woodsman, or flee for your life. Most of the time I try to flee before my home comes crashing to the ground, and then instantly turned into paper Starbucks cups. But once in a great while I'll get pissed off because I'm forced to move every week, so I'll tangle with the lumberjack. This is very risky, and a lumberjack battle should not be taken lightly. They are skilled with blades, and thrive off the suffering of all living creatures. My favorite tactic is to bombard them with acorns and feces to soften up the target, and then drop a larger item like a beehive or a large branch. This will thoroughly anger the lumberjack, and he will take it out on the tree with his chainsaw. While he is blind with rage, I like to sneak out of the tree undetected and grab his lunch from his knapsack. I put about 3 cubes of laxative in his soup, and then set his boots on fire while he's pooping. This can demoralize the most hardy of lumberjacks, and they might leave looking for a more meek section of the forest. This will not work with all of them though, so prepare for a hasty retreat if he counter-attacks with his deadly chainsaw. The only thing worse than lumberjacks are those Earth Liberation Front jerks. You know, the ones that chain their silly asses to the trees trying to help us out. Those guys are assholes.

Well that's all the Saturday safety tips for today. I want to thank Sammy for all his help and good advice. Remember everything that he has taught you today, and maybe you will not die an embarrassing and painful death. Bye folks, and stay safe!

The Naked Og

Howdy again folks, this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting in. Actually, when you read this I won't be reporting in, I'll most likely be asleep. It's kind of scary to think of you leering over these words as I sleep, especially since I'll be naked. Could you cover your eyes or something? This is really starting to freak me out. Please, look away from me and instead focus on this excerpt from State Og, highlighting some of our products that failed horribly:

> ***How To Steal Any Book In Six Easy Steps Which You Can Learn While Casually Leafing Through This Book In The Bookstore: The Book*** *- I honestly have no idea why this one failed. We're hoping the paperback version will fare better.*

And I'm hoping you'll read this week's State Og, which is free of charge so you don't even have to steal it!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.20 Greasnin: Behind the Run-on Sentences

Sunday, Sep 21, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

You know, I said I wasn't going to do this. I swore to my boss, your god, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka that I knew this was a bad idea. There is no more masturbatory practice in the field of writing than compiling a list of your own best work, and if I wanted to masturbate on the internet, there are plenty of other places to do it. But here's the deal: today is the twenty-first of September, unless you're reading this on Monday, in which case yesterday was the twenty-first of September, or if you found this in the news archives, in which case you're way too desperate for entertainment. In any case, today is the one year anniversary of my very first article for SA. It's been a fantastic year and I've had a great time writing for all of you loyal readers around the world. Over that time, I've grown a lot as a writer, and even moreso as a cynical bastard. Working for SA has taught me a lot, most notably that people who are different from me should be ridiculed for their stupid beliefs, interests, and hobbies, especially if they have poor web design skills.

We've been through a lot in the past year. Together we've seen the evolution, enactment, and resolution of a war, we've seen a natural wonder come crumbling down, and the death of some of the world's most beloved celebrities, including Dolly the sheep and Mr. Rogers. When I started out with this prestigious company, I was a fresh-faced college student with a head full of hair and a killer tan. Now I'm a pale, bald recluse clinging to the fractured remnants of what once were social skills. I'm not saying that working for a website automatically atrophies your interpersonal abilities, but, well, I spend a lot of time reading the forums. What I'm trying to get at is that this first year has been a terrific experience for me. And I'm not at all bitter that while my friends go out partying, I've been spending my Saturday nights hunched over my keyboard so that I can grind out a some more free entertainment for you people. So in the spirit of this occasion and as a way of cutting down the actual writing that I have to do this week, let's take a look at what I think are some of my finest moments so far. And then, just so this article doesn't turn completely into a one-man circle jerk, we'll take a quick glimpse of some of the things that I'm not quite so proud of. Not that I'm saying I've ever posted work that I didn't feel was of the absolute highest quality, it's just that some of my stuff sucked.

The Best

- Death Comes to Dinner

*"**Elephant** - Poaching them for their ivory tusks is illegal, but fighting them mano e elephanto and then eating them is an afternoon! And afterwards, what the hell, pick your teeth with the tusks. Who's going to complain? Not the elephant!"*

Working for a Better Tomorrow For Us All

The seal of quality.

The second article I ever wrote was also one of the most popular. In it, I founded the now world famous organization Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Still Alive (ELEAWTA). The group was dedicated to the humanitarian purpose of finding ways to defeat nature's most dangerous and also endangered creatures in one-on-one combat, then eating them so that we can document their flavor before these beautiful animals disappear forever. I couldn't have known then that this endeavor would draw the response that it did. ELEAWTA has spawned several further articles, and newsletters and now boasts over one hundred members. As the president of this illustrious organization, I have personally received over two hundred pieces of hate mail from pissed off animal rights activists,

environmentalists, and people with consciences and/or no sense of humor. I feel like this was the article that really allowed me to make my mark on Something Awful, at least among the handful of people who actually bothered to read my stuff at the time.

- Make Love, Not War. Well, Alright, War Too.

"When Iraq invaded Kuwait, we spanked them so badly that every Iraqi had to wear a nametag that said "Hello. My name is Spankedy McSpankedyspank-Spanklestein" and walk around like that for a whole week. We also gave Kuwait t-shirts with "I'm with Spanked" written on them, and an arrow pointing to Iraq. It was classic."

This was back when it was still conceivably possible that we weren't about to go to war with Iraq, and was my first attempt at writing about an actual news event. On the whole, we tend to stay away from anything that could be called journalism, preferring to leave that sort of thing to other humorists, such as The Onion or Fox News. I was able to have a lot of fun writing this one, because at the time the general feeling toward the war was that it was so preposterous that even if it actually happened, nothing could possibly go wrong. The thought of having to rebuild the Iraqi infrastructure had yet to even cross our minds. Of course, soon that became a sobering thought that weighed heavily on the mind of many Americans. Unfortunately, none of those Americans were part of the Bush administration. Overall, I think this article was so successful because it was able to address a serious subject without getting too bogged down in the politics of it or getting overly silly. Also, it introduced my tried and true formula of creating names out of words to make cheap, easily-assembled jokes! Use it for fun and profit!

- 'Tis the Season to be German

"The Oktoberfest observer may find himself assaulted with roving bands of fat people with brass instruments, lederhosen, and untold numbers of food products with unnecessary German prefixes, such as German potato salad, Bavarian chocolate pudding, Attila the Hun-burgers, and Still Repenting for the Holocaust sauerbraten."

Fritz (l) prepares to hurl Olga like a Jewish corpse, while Hans (r) checks to make sure his socks are still pulled up comically.

Ah, I remember that night well. All week I had struggled to come up with a topic that would make a good article, since my article from the previous week had been... less than stellar. We'll get to that one later on. Saturday rolled around, and still I had nothing. Frustrated and getting worried, I went to dinner at the school cafeteria with a few friends. Coincidentally, that night the cafeteria happened to be having it's "Oktoberfest Night." While we ate, I cracked a version of the joke featured above. It got a minor chuckle. "Alright," I thought. "A minor chuckle! I'm onto something now!" When I got back to my room, I had managed to refine that joke into its final form, and I think I had the beginnings of another one going through my head, but that was about it. The moment I sat down, though, I started typing up a storm. I don't know where it came from, but I think it still stands as one of my funniest articles. The high point of the article, in my opinion, is when I try to explain why Germans think poop is sexy and fail miserably. I remember writing that and actually thinking I was putting a logical spin on the scat fetish, then realizing that I actually hadn't done that whatsoever, which made me feel a little better.

- So Sue Me

"Personally, I'm not the sort of person who would make fun of someone else for being a waddling blubber depository. Wait a minute, yes I am. In fact, that's precisely the sort of person I am. If you don't like it, you can just cry into your next box of Ho-Ho's, Fatty Arbuckle.

What started as an excuse to to make fat jokes turned into a longer excuse to make fat jokes and quickly became one of my personal favorites. The actual news item that inspired this article - the parents suing McDonalds because their children were tubby little piles of goo - was already so ludicrous that I barely had to do anything to make this one funny. I just threw together some new slurs to call fat people and let sweet mother Comedy work her magic. But as if so often the case, the article took on a life of its own, and that life had a voice, and that voice cried out to me, "I'm not long enough! Come up with other stuff to say!" Knowing better than to disobey the verbal commands of inanimate objects, I kept writing, and the article developed another level. I got a chance to really expose the frivolous nature of so many of the lawsuits that plague our cluttered court system. Later on I tried to do another article about lawsuits that was nowhere near as good. I'll probably take another crack at it further on down the road, since people are always coming up with new moronic reasons to try to sue one another, and I'm usually short on ideas.

- A Religious Experience

"Judas, he who was called Judas the Never Would Betray People... Guy, raised a brow, followed by a hand. He asked of Jesus what he did mean by the bread being his body, when clearly his body was seated in a chair before his eyes. The Son clasped his hands together and soothed Judas' roiling mind by telling him that it was naught but a metaphor, and that the bread was in fact bread, and not his body. Judas was reassured by this, as he explained that he thought eating the body of Jesus was sort of creepy and vaguely homoerotic."

This statue captures Jesus doing what he did best - bawling like a little girl.

If I had to choose, I'd say that this is probably my best article to date. Published on Easter, it took a few shots at all of the major world religions. What I really took heat for, though, was when I made up some flagrantly false Bible passages. I don't think I've ever had so much fun writing an article as I did with this one, and I don't think I've ever received more angry responses. On the whole, I think people were cool with it. Since Something Awful is a humor site and all, I think it was pretty clear that I was just kidding around. I ripped into my own faith quite a bit, too. But some overly sensitive people (read: Catholics) decided that I was the spawn of Satan. And believe me, they told me so. I got emails comparing me rather unfavorably to Hitler and accusing me of spreading religious intolerance to billions of people worldwide. I got absolutely flooded with letters trying to covert me to Catholicism so that I might see the error of my sinful ways and be saved. For the record, I'm still a Jew and when I reread that article I still think it's funny as hell. Deal with it.

- Inside the Oval Office

George: *"Nah, we's gonna bust some caps up in this piece. You down, sheezy-Poweezy? Gonna score some fly honeys on the four-one-one with my P. Diddy Method Man! Downin' Colt .45 on the curb with yo momma! Aye-eeeeeeeeeeeet!"*
Colin Powell: *"Mr. President, I appreciate the effort, but for the last time, I'm black, not retarded."*

Dialogue is my favorite thing to write, and this was the first time that I got to show that off on Something Awful. The political commentary aspect of it is pretty weak. It's nothing more than making the point that George W. Bush is dumb, but I had a good time getting that across. The response was hugely positive, with the exception of a few people who feel that SA should never, ever be political at any time. Since those people are clearly idiots, I consider this article to be a big win. As enjoyable as it was for me to finally get to show off what I consider to be my greatest strength as a writer, I don't think I'll be doing another script for SA for a while. It took me longer to format the whole thing than it did to write it, and that's just not cool.

- How the Write For *The West Wing*

"As the show's writer, you will need to write in scenes that display some of these emotions. Fortunately, the most common emotion is "patriotically stoic," so you get off easy, there. However, each of the main characters should have at least one episode per season where they get to completely spazz out, thus winning an Emmy."

I'm a huge fan of *The West Wing*, which is why today's Awful Link is particularly disturbing to me. When I decided to take a stab at this article, I just hoped that I knew the show as well as I thought I did and that I could convey that in writing. Apparently it worked out, as I heard from a ton of fellow *West Wing* watchers who felt that I got it right on the nose. I even heard from three separate people pretending to be a pissed-off Aaron Sorkin. That touched me. Really, it did. I actually hadn't seen the show in a few months when I wrote this, but the day it went online, Bravo coincidentally showed a marathon of the first few episodes. I remember sitting on the couch watching the show and thinking, "man, they're playing right into my hands." Once again, reality has bent to make me right. I love it when that happens.

The Worst

- The Email of the Species

The clever title couldn't save this one. I was new to internet writing and getting fan/flame mail. I was so excited about the whole thing that I thought I'd ask for a little more. My inbox still hasn't forgiven me. Oh God, what the hell was I thinking? Ugh.

Relative Shittiness: Being gnawed upon by a pack of angry weasels.

- The Mysteries of Thanksgiving Explained

A perfectly nice random high-top sneaker floating in the middle of a crazy space grid, and - oh no! A wormhole! (Damn, this article sucked)

Okay, I was at home for Thanksgiving break, and I didn't have access to Photoshop. The only pictures I had to work with were the ones I sent myself from school before I came home, intending to do a hilarious article about wormholes. Guess what I learned! Wormholes aren't funny, and neither am I! Oh God, this was bad.

Relative Shittiness: Being forced to consume your own aborted fetus.

- I'm Always Right: The Definitive Guide to *the Simpsons* (part 1, 2)

I thought I had a good idea - a nice, controversial explanation of why everyone else's opinions about *The Simpsons* are wrong and mine are right. The problem was, it turned out I didn't have anything particularly controversial to say. The first article was brutally unfunny, and unfortunately by making it a two-parter, I forced myself to have to waste another week with this crap. I'm really, really sorry about these.

Relative Shittiness: Crashing into a cop car. Then crashing into the cop.

- Frolixo, I'm Calling You Out!

The rivalry between Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz and myself had spawned a few good taunts and a couple funny images, but it was getting old. I thought it was time to settle things once and for all. The article did its job, but it wasn't what one would call "good," or "funny," or "at all worth

reading." What did we learn, kiddies? When a writer pokes fun at another writer, it's funny. When a writer devotes an entire article to it, it's crap.

Relative Shittiness: Getting beaten up by your little sister in front of your friends.

- Throw Me to the Lions

I thought I had a good thing going with the whole taunting the Christians gimmick. After all, it worked on Easter. As it turned out, the Easter one was funny because that was a well written article with a lot of clever jokes. This one blew. Oh well.

Relative Shittiness: Finding out your penis is huge because there is a tumor in it.

Well that just about finishes up my tribute to myself. The past year has been a wild ride. I've tried to tackle a lot of hard-hitting subjects and hopefully got you to laugh a few times over the year. Now it's time to look forward to the future. In the coming year, I promise to do my best to provide you with a good read every Sunday. And also I promise to restrict the really shitty articles to a maximum of one per month. And, uh, in case I don't do so well next week, this one doesn't count.

Beat the heat and hit the street!

Jedidiah "Leadfoot" Kirchner here. Not content with just being the only site to give Midnight Outlaw Illegal Street Drag the extensive coverage it deserves, Something Awful is also going to be your premier source of hints and tips for the game. With a song in our hearts and nitrous in our veins, we've assembled a blazin' hot strategy guide to everyone's favorite hyper-realistic manual transmission simulation.

> *The game will occasionally try to "flip the script" on you by secretly replacing girl at the starting line with a break dancing female undercover police officer. Always try to seduce her with your suave charm and street racing ways. Should you find that for some reason the game engine doesn't allow you to exist as a temporal entity outside of your car, feel free to reinterpret these instructions as "run the fucking bitch over repeatedly".*

Lay it all on the line and race towards this brand new article while I make a trip to Shop & Save to replenish my supply of XXXtreme sports drink. Adios.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

9.21 The Robotic Future of the Military

Sunday, Sep 21, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Arlogeist GmBH is the premier developer of military grade robotics technology. We own the patents on almost fifty different types of those little robotic arms with the rubber grips on the front. We've got a robot assembly line that is run by robots, has a robot foreman with a robot secretary that he's cheating on his robot wife with and the whole factory is located inside a giant moving robot. We are the masters of robotics. That's not just boasting either, our legion of robots declared us masters of robotics and bought us mugs that say as much on them. You can imagine my surprise when I read in the Sunday Herald that some shitty operation in Glasgow was primed to sell the military millions of dollars worth of advanced kill droid technology.

> *Robot soldiers manufactured to kill enemy troops have been designed for the Pentagon by a tiny Glasgow computer company which is set to make millions from the deal.*
>
> Essential Viewing says the technology comes straight from the world of science fiction. Chief executive Simon Hardy said the technology had its nearest equivalent in the Star Wars movie Attack Of The Clones.

Wait a second, I saw "Attack of The Clones" and the robots in that did not have to be remote con-fucking-trolled like the robots these jerks are making do. I've got some news for you Scotland, the only thing you've ever produced that will be seen on a battlefield are Scottish corpses when you fuck with America one time too many. America doesn't need your fancy RC cars with machineguns, they've got Arlogeist GmBH's latest advances in automated robotic weaponry.

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, anyone non-Scottish, I would like to introduce you to the biggest leap forward in military robotics since the Jumpotronic 7500. It is my pleasure to proudly present to you the MLSTN8R-433, also known as the "Molestinator".

Click the image for a huge version of the picture.

The Molestinator isn't just suave demeanor and good looks; it is packed with features from top to bottom and includes the latest advances in "solid state" hardware. The Molestinator was once a civilian robot featured in a variety of international robotics competitions. When the Department of Defense approached us to develop a military version we were all too happy to engineer a new model of the Molestinator using almost twice as many tubes of model cement.

The main chassis of the MLSTN8R-433 is constructed of a durable and lightweight polymer compound we refer to as "wood" and reinforced with a natural resin created by wasps that flew inside the body while we were building it. These wasps also serve as a secondary backup for the Molestinator's logic circuits, making him a dangerous customer capable of continuing even after suffering severe damage. Speaking of logic circuits, the Molestinator's primary processors consist of three chewed pieces of Cinnaburst gum which we dropped into a pit of "artificial intelligence" or "gravel" depending on if you want to get technical or not. The flavor crystals contained in the central processor are capable of acting together like a "taste cluster" to provide much more logic than at least a lightbulb and maybe Christmas Lights.

One of the most amazing features of the Molestinator is his "Gauss Hair". Mounted on the MLSTN8R-433's head unit, the Gauss Hair allows the Molestinator to "sense things" as far away as "10" feet. The Gauss Hair is highly resistant to water and shampoo and can survive intact without maintenance on the battlefield for up to three minutes. Someone mentioned using the Gauss Hair for Global Positioning but I don't think they got that crap working yet. I'll get back to you on it.

Those dumbasses in Scotland think they have a pretty good idea sticking a camera on a bucket and calling it a robot, but the MLSTN8R-433 features a bleeding edge sensor suite to provide full tactical awareness on any battlefield. The Gauss Hair is a secondary system; the Molestinator's primary sensor system is its Macro-Optical "Digital" Glasses. These glasses are made from heat resistant glass and the lenses are linked by a fully articulated nylon strap. In theory these should allow the Molestinator to see some stuff, but you know we're not sure because, like, we're not robots man.

One of the key offensive features of the Molestinator is its Flapping Jaw (Mark III). Outfitted with a range of motion that includes open, closed, and agape, this jaw is linked to an advanced system of pipes and tubing called "the neck". Somehow, and we're still working on how, this allows the Molestinator to talk. Compared to you or me the Molestinator does not have a very diverse vocabulary, but it makes up for its lack of an internal thesaurus by talking a lot and talking really loud. The Molestinator's favorite word is "HONK!" and it usually inserts this word at the beginning, end, and throughout most of the middle of its sentences. Other than "HONK!" the Molestinator prefers to limit itself to anachronistic innuendo and ribald jokes like "Nice cans toots HONK!", "How's it going HONK legs?!", or "HONK, never met a HONK pair of HONK rutabagas I HONK didn't like!"

The main punch packed by the Molestinator consists of its wooden alloy Heavy Sexual Assault Arm coupled with its comically oversized Groping Hand. We have constructed the Heavy Sexual Assault Arm out of a slightly more expensive version of wood than the main chassis. This allows for the Molestinator to quickly swing its arm at an intended target with less likelihood that this action will cause the arm to smash apart, overturn the Molestinator, or cause the Molestinator to catch fire. There is still a good chance the Molestinator will catch fire while doing this, but it's no higher than when the Molestinator is sitting motionless. The Molestinator's Groping Hand is a four-fingered cotton glove custom made by a cotton glove factory in China that had an accident with their machines and made ten million gloves with only four fingers. We have filled this glove with a myomer that has an advanced technological name like "hay" or "straw" or something.

The Molestinator comes packed with passive protection features so that it's not defenseless on the battlefield like Haggisbot. The first level of protection comes from the Molestinator's All Weather Paint covering most of its body other than the spots we might have missed. This paint is good for

almost three years of exterior use and can hold up in the heaviest rain, although we have found it makes the Molestinator slightly more likely than usual to spontaneously catch fire. The Molestinator also comes equipped with a Reactive Rotating Bow Tie. When the Molestinator becomes excited - which is almost always - the bow tie begins rapidly spinning. This rotating usually serves to frighten away squirrels or birds that were trying to nest inside the Molestinator and may also work on enemy tanks. Come to think of it, I'm not really sure why his bow tie spins like that. The damn thing is glued to his chest.

Primary locomotion is provided by the Molestinator's internal Gravity Drive. This system is so advanced that it is impossible to shut it down, although it has the disadvantage that it prevents the Molestinator from ever going up an incline. Secondary locomotion comes from the Molestinator's backup Wind Drive, which can function simultaneously with the Gravity Drive and in rare instances like hurricanes or tornadoes, allow the Molestinator to fly. Tertiary propulsion from the Molestinator stems from a complex series of jerks and shakes we in the lab like to call Random Vibration. The Molestinator tends to shake and jerk around a lot and sometimes it will do enough of this to flop forward a few inches while honking.

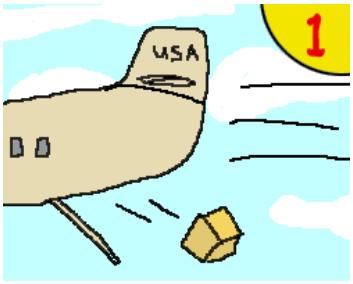
All of these features add up to one goddamn impressive war robot, but we've saved the best part for last. The Molestinator's price is only 75 US dollars. That means for the price of a single Hummer the United States Army could buy over 800 Molestinators. Hell, at that price they might as well just stack them up and make a robotic house. A robotic house that gropes you!

Arlogeist CEO Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka recently sat down with Dr. Clark Borden from New Christian Scientific American to discuss the development of the Molestinator. I would love to reprint the interview in its entirety, but Rich blathered on about the MLSTN8R-433 for something like twenty five pages. We're not as hard up as New Christian Scientific American for content so I'll just present you with a little excerpt from that incredible interview.

> **Dr. Borden:** What aspect of the Molestinator's design are you most proud of?
>
> **Kyanka:** I think the engineering team did a real bang up job of attaching the circuit board to the inside of his neck cavity by using scotch tape and chewing gum. They learned to do a lot with a little, and really taught some of the NASA pencil-necks that you don't necessarily need millions of dollars to create something which inadvertently explodes.
>
> **Dr. Borden:** What sort of logic circuits or artificial intelligence does the Molestinator use to assess threats?
>
> **Kyanka:** All of them.
>
> **Dr. Borden:** What improvements to the Molestinator would you like to add in future models?
>
> **Kyanka:** Well, we recently upgraded him so he has the ability to move backwards (assuming he's trying to move forward), and to move forward (assuming he's still trying to move forward), so one day we'd like to figure out how to make him veer to either the left or right, or both if that's somehow possible. Can robots move to both the left and right? I don't know what kind of technology everybody uses these days, but when we laid down the schematics for the Molestinator, my engineers assured me that couldn't be done. Then they ate the schematics.
>
> **Dr. Borden:** The Molestinator has a much lower price point than competing military robots. How did you manage to pack it with features yet keep costs so low?
>
> **Kyanka:** We took out the unnecessary "bells and whistles" that the other robot manufacturers put in simply to create a long feature set list and impress the ignorant customers

out there who think "more" inherently means "better." For example, instead of running on harmful man-made batteries, the Molestinator runs on nature's fuel; wind. Just put him out in a windy battlefield and he'll be zig-zagging all over the place, although only in whatever direction the wind is blowing. Also we took out all the fancy armaments and instead equipped him with his one groping arm with non-matching comical cartoon glove. That alone saved at least 20, maybe 30 bucks.

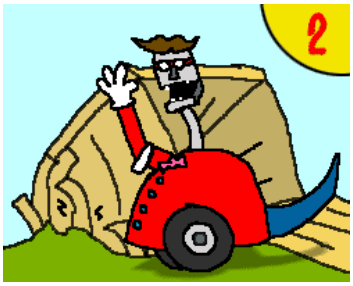
We've spent a lot of time talking about the Molestinator and its features, but most of you army types are pretty practical and care more about results than technical jargon. To assisting you in understanding the role of the Molestinator in your force composition we've put together a little demonstration of how the MLSTN8R-433 can work for you.



Phase One: Deployment

The first step to using the Molestinator is to get it onto the battlefield. We recommend buying at least 1,000 of them per square kilometer you hope to attack. The Molestinator is a durable battle robot but it will not survive long when under direct fire. Actually, it tends to explode or catch on fire when bullets pass within 100 yards. Also, the Molestinator may explode or catch on fire when bullets aren't even being fired like, for instance, at an armistice signing. Tip number one is to never deploy Molestinators anywhere near an armistice signing.

You've got a plane loaded with fire retardant crates full of Molestinators (not included with purchase) and you even attached parachutes to some of the crates. That's great; now what you're going to want to do is drop all the crates on the ground. We haven't really thought about how that works but the Molestinator's Gravity Drive should handle most of it for you.



Phase Two: Target Acquisition

Once the crates hit the ground they will hopefully break open and spill the Molestinator right side up. Sometimes Molestinators can turn themselves over if they fall but this is rare and usually relies on a gullible passerby who assists the Molestinator when it starts

screaming "help" and crying. You can expect to lose 70% of your Molestinators during insertion, but at 75 bucks a pop no one's going to be crying as long as you get results.

The Molestinator will begin the target acquisition procedure by rolling around in an ever widening circle and screaming "HONNNNNK! I'm borrrrrrred!" over and over. If enemy troops are nearby this will probably get their attention, which is exactly what the cunning Molestinator wants. When it spots a target it will begin to vibrate and roll around until fate carries it close to the enemy.

Phase Three: Target Engagement

The Molestinator will generally work best engaging targets that are asleep, in a coma, or trapped beneath an overturned car. However, the Molestinator is an advanced weapons system that is capable of handling any threat if there is a sufficient number of Molestinators in the field. The enemy will likely spot a Molestinator as it has a distinct shape, coloration, and high-pitched screech. The Molestinator will hopefully be aware of the enemy and have time to prepare its defensive measures while it closes the distance between itself and the target.

Phase Four: Molestinator Defensive Maneuvers

When coming under enemy fire the Molestinator has a complex subroutine of evasive maneuvers it can take based on the amount of incoming fire, the strength of the weapons being used, and the direction of the wind. Okay, mostly the direction of the wind. Alright, just the direction of the wind.

Chances are that the enemy will destroy the Molestinator with a direct hit. Indirect hits are also very likely to cause the Molestinator to explode. If the enemy suffers a jammed weapon before firing a shot he can rest assured that there is a good chance the Molestinator will explode.

Phase Five: Offensive Action

While the enemy is engaging the Molestinators on the battlefield other Molestinators will continue to sort of move in the enemy's general direction. If an enemy target comes within reach of the Molestinator it will immediately deploy its Heavy Sexual Assault Arm

and Groping Hand in a disturbing one-two punch. The Groping Hand will explore every nook and cranny of an enemy soldier, paying particular attention to his or her groin, backside, and chest. This is a demoralizing and sickening experience for the enemy and they will likely freeze in horror at the first touch of the Molestinator's straw filled glove.

Phase Six: Massed Sexual Assault

Like zombies only a lot slower other Molestinators will be attracted to the excited honking of the attacking Molestinator and surround the enemy until he or she capitulates. Sometimes a Molestinator might become so excited that it begins to grope other Molestinators. This is actually even more dangerous for the enemy then being groped by the Molestinator. When they start groping each other the odds that friction will create a spark that ignites the All Weather Paint covering the Molestinator's exterior increase exponentially.

Once the enemy surrenders the Molestinator will keep groping them until it explodes, catches on fire, shuts down mysteriously or your infantry moves in to take prisoners. Before taking prisoners it is recommended that your infantry turn the Molestinators off. This is accomplished by hitting them repeatedly with a hammer or pushing them onto their side. If you would prefer not to risk friendly fire you can always just wait for all of them to explode.

Thank you for attending this special presentation of the MLSTN8R-433 "Molestinator" from Arlogeist's Scientolographic Weapons Division. The Molestinator will be available on the military market in late 2003 and will have a retail price of 75 dollars for the basic version and 76 dollars for the version with Turbo Gauss Hair enhancement.

Remember to buy American. Buy the Molestinator!

Time For Some Magical Shotguns

Hey fools, Taylor "Yoga Flame" Bell here with a review of a game demo that just might change your life, assuming your life revolves around crappy software like mine does. This week's wonder is

known as Infiltration, and it's the worst thing to happen to the FPS genre since Thundra.

> *Five seconds with the engine will demonstrate just how hard performing infiltration in this game will be, since your character moves around as gracefully and noiselessly as a pregnant tap-dancing ballerina with bricks strapped to her feet. This will cause you to instantly turn your speaker volume down to zero, since playing this game without sound is a lot better than having your ears constantly assaulted by "CLOMP CLOMP BANG SLAM CLOMP" at a decibel level usually reserved for commercial airliners and an obnoxiousness level usually reserved for Insane Clown Posse fans.*

Read the review or my fist just might infiltrate your face.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.22 Cutting Through the Online Romance BS

Tuesday, Sep 23, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Online romance!

Online dating has become the darling bastard child of our media empire this decade. Whenever it's a slow news day and enough people haven't been exploded in the Middle East to warrant an in-depth investigation of the canned peaches being served to these soldiers in exclusive behind-the-scenes journalism labeled "too hot to handle" by a professional firefighter who recently lit his hands on fire in a tragic boiling vinegar accident, the media outlets always fall back on some played-out "love in cyberspace" story and its infinite negative permutations we've seen countless times. More often than not these stories revolve around specific examples detailing how online romance went sour and resulted in either rape or murder charges, with the quasi-minority anchorperson attempting to pass off these isolated incidents as behavior indicative of all Internet encounters. The teaser for such news items will aim to strike fear and horror in the hearts of all fat, ignorant, sloth-like soccer moms across the globe who suspect their precious little 14-year old Billy just might be using the Internet to meet 50-year old sex offenders instead of doing something more productive such as calling people "gay faggots" during heated *Counter-Strike* matches. They're always outrageous lines along the following:

- "Internet online cyberspace information superhighway web romance goes sour and now a local area man is left asking, 'where is my left testicle?' Learn how to protect the testicles of the ones you love tonight on the Channel 7 News at 10."

- "A relationship turns to murder when a Hartsfield woman learns her husband was having an online affair with a Sun Fire V480 server and repeatedly engaged in lewd sexual conduct with it, producing fifteen illegitimate PDA offspring which he kept in his parked car and died after prolonged exposure from the heat. Learn how to protect your illegitimate PDA offspring on the channel 12 news at 10."

- "Online love falls flat when a Grugsburgh woman discovers the level 63 wizard she was dating secretly held online sex chat orgies with up to 20 different wood elves... at once! Learn how to protect your heart from e-cheats on the Channel 11 News at 10."

- "A local Chaw County man is arrested for sending pictures of a naked photo depicting a drawing resembling a naked photo of a child sketching a nude child's drawing, shocking his friends and family. Learn how to protect your crippled orphan Jesuits from Venusian space attacks on the Channel 3 News at 10, which has recently been moved to 11 so we can show even more fucking reruns of 'Fraiser'."

From the image painted by the media, online romance and dating is riskier than financing a new "Tomb Raider" movie. In one aspect, this is true, as there are a lot of people online and all of them are insane and take anti-depressants. I'm not exaggerating when I state this; over 80% of men who use the Internet regularly consume anti-depressants, and over 105% of avid female Internet users admit to taking prescription anti-depressants at least three times a day. Of course these statistics may be a tad inaccurate, especially since I just made them up, so I'm sure the actual numbers are slightly higher for both categories. If you ever meet somebody online and they claim they aren't on anti-depressants, then they're either lying to you or they're abusing anti-anxiety medication or

they're chatbots who haven't been updated since the late 90s. Either way you probably shouldn't hit on them unless they promise to buy you that "Fight Club" DVD on your Amazon Wishlist and it seems like they really mean it.

Online romance!

One of the greatest obstacles blocking the social acceptance of online dating lies in the blatant misinformation and lies spread by the pro-online dating scene. That's correct, I believe that the organizations and individuals attempting to legitimize this social interaction are the ones hurting it the greatest by dishing out faulty information, advice, and tips which do nothing but lead to embarrassing situations and manslaughter charges. For example, I just did a search through Google and stumbled upon a website named "Dating Tips Advice" which not only offers online dating tips and advice, but additionally features hyphens between every word of its title. I don't want to unfairly critique this site, especially since I haven't read practically any of it nor do I have the intention of ever doing so, but you should never take any of the advice here and should additionally assume that the sole intention of the author is to get you either critically injured or critically killed. Let's just take a look at a few of the many, many popular misconceptions and half-truths that this so-called "advice" site perpetuates to deceive you:

> *"On joining one of the bigger online dating services, the world truly is your oyster. If it's Ski-loving 20 year olds, who love football, are up for anything and live in Colorado, then a few clicks of your mouse and a dating service might return a list of those type of people."*

Online romance!

First of all, nobody on the Internet loves to ski. The closest anybody here has come to doing absolutely anything in the snow was when a particularly computer-savvy Internet user in Colorado purchased a copy of *Amped* and threw the box into the pile of festering garbage outside his window after realizing he got it confused with *SSX Tricky*. Now if you're looking for oysters, which the first sentence implies, you'll probably have decent luck searching for your dream lover here on the Internet, as many users enjoy shoveling entire toughs of seafood down their greased-up throats on the rare occasion they were blackmailed into leaving their basement for dinner. Also please keep in mind that these shellfish-slurping wads of loosely compressed bison slabs excel at spreading the myth that they are the person you are searching for when, in reality, you probably definitely are not. For example, nobody in their right mind would want to ever date or get near me, either because of my rotting disposition or tendency to fill bathtubs with my sweat in under an hour, yet I could potentially pass myself off as a ski-loving 20 year old who loves football and is up for anything and lives in Colorado and is retarded enough to use an Internet dating service. How would I accomplish this? Well I imagine I would subscribe to some kind of online dating service and then post an ad explaining "I am a ski-loving 20 year old who loves football and is up for anything and lives in Colorado." I'd leave off the "retarded enough to use an Internet dating service" part because that's just assumed in this scenario.

> *"When you go to singles bars you really do have to scrub up, don that expensive suit, and make an impression before any words come out of your mouth. Then you have to keep that person's interest with your witty repertoire of one-liner's. It's hard ain't it? On the*

net, you can sift through profiles of singles looking for the type of person you'd like to get to know, without the disadvantages of having to make that first impression count too much. And you can do so from the comfort of your bed, wearing whatever you want and so forth."

Online romance!

This is just another way of saying "it's perfectly acceptable to be an ugly hog wreck if you're on the Internet" and further perpetuates the false stereotype that we're all online bulbous greasejockeys who wear glasses and Darth Vader t-shirts, which isn't true at all; some of us wear contact lens instead of glasses. We must abolish the mindset which encourages people to search for online love while looking like an unkempt bed after a nuclear apocalypse, especially since one of my grade school teachers used to say, "other people will only respect you when you respect yourself." She's dead now, so may this also serve as a reminder encouraging you not to die. Simply put, if you dress like shit then you do not have any respect for yourself and obviously don't care if you look like a two-bit harlot who recently escaped from a Charles Dickens book about haggard English hobos who clean chimneys and freshen various guvnuh's tea. Before getting on the Internet, you should shower, shave, get your teeth cleaned, do your hair, wash your clothes, and put on a silk outfit which costs no less than $5,000 total and has platinum-laced buttons manufactured by the King of Prussia himself. If you cannot afford such a luxurious garment, then you do not deserve to date people on the Internet and should be put inside one of those giant Mad Max paper mache hats while being led into the desert to meet your fate.

"If you ain't good looking, well you can use charm and impress the opposite sex with your witty emails, thoughtful answers and get to know them before revealing that photo. Of course, by then they might be willing to cut you slack if you ain't God's gift. That's got to be good, hasn't it?"

Let's take a look at that first sentence: "you can use charm and impress the opposite sex with your witty emails." Now I could spend the next 15 updates picking apart everything that's wrong with the concept behind attempting to charm and impress people of the opposite sex with emails, but I won't because I have to write about very important subjects such as my dog and why organized religions are wacky. I'd just like to take this moment and touch upon the stark contrast between "witty emails" and "emails that real people actually send":

WITTY EMAIL: "Our cyber-love shall be broadcasted like a LinkSys wireless router dispatching packets to the PCI cards on its network of romance."
WHAT NORMAL INTENET USERS WRITE: "hi lets get it on i got a big dick i wan 2 stick in ur pusy aol me at bigcok2003 i like sprots"

WITTY EMAIL: "We the willing, following the unknowing are doing the impossible. We have done so much for so long with so little that we are now able to do anything with nothing."
WHAT NORMAL INTENET USERS WRITE: "do u have tits?"

WITTY EMAIL: "Times have changed since a certain author was executed for murdering his publisher. They say that when the author was on the scaffold he said goodbye to the minister and to the reporters, and then he saw some publishers sitting in the front row below, and to them he did not say goodbye. He said instead, 'I'll see YOU later'."
WHAT NORMAL INTENET USERS WRITE: "asl???

Online romance!

Let's face it; in this fast-paced era of fax machines and automatic washing machines, some of us don't have the time to be witty or intelligent, and this couldn't be more evident than by examining my writing style. Additionally, others of us have the IQ of paste that's been sitting out in a field for the past week. Combine these two facts together and you've got the recipe for a stew of brevity, not one which encourages insightful, eloquent, intellectual jabs at the Bush administration. LOL, I just wrote "BUSH"!!!!

> *"You're not restricted to just conversing with one person. Keep interested in several people and get to know them via email before committing to that first phone conversation, or first date."*

Oh, so suddenly we logon to AOL and we're the talk of the town, the cock of the walk, the big man on campus? The ability to get online provides us with an excuse to hustle our digital hips around town, picking up hordes of shady strangers throughout the digital information cyberhighway? Just because you have an Internet connection and the raging hormones of Kevin from that one episode of "The Wonder Years" where he really tried to bone Winnie Cooper doesn't mean you can go around gallivanting your shapely eHips like an iFloozie! Let me tell you something you cyberwhores: the moment you press "SEND" and ship off your first email to HotPants38127 on MSN, you've entered an exclusive relationship with them and you do not have the right to strut your stuff throughout town! Communicating with somebody via email holds the same commitment as proposing to them, so you should treat this momentous occasion as such:

> **YOU:** "hey babey u should date me id treat u rite> plz emall me back so i can stick cock in your throte."
> **HER:** "What? Who is this? How did you get my email address?"
> **YOU:** "here is ur ring:o. we r now maryed. make a baby u slut"

As you can see, all this advice being offered by these so-called "online experts" is nothing but hogwash and claptrap. Wait, I meant to infer that the "Dating-Tips-Advice.com" people were the ones offering the hogwash and claptrap, not me. All my advice has been intelligent and reasonable facts accumulated after years of important research which consisted of such things as washing my hands and watching "The Net" which starred Sandra Bullock as somebody whose identity is stolen by Bonzi Buddy and she's forced to fight in hand-to-hand combat with Norton Firewall to get it back. She eventually does, but it was all dinged up and had a bunch of extra miles on its odometer at that point. So before you head out onto the digital loveline and proceed to make a tremendous ass of yourself, please keep in mind my simple points of advice which reveal the shocking truth behind these so-called "helpful" dating sites. Good luck and happy hunting!

Shot through the heart, and you're to blame!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here, running out of ways to say "yes it is me, the guy who does the Comedy Goldmine updates."

There have been lots of times in my life when I was sure that there were zombies and other monsters living under my bed, just waiting for the perfect moment to grab my leg and pull me down with them to feast on my sweet sweet brains. But thanks to SA Goon Gromit, I've seen the error of my ways. Your own personal zombie could do so much for you, and for only pennies on the dollar. Read on to find out what you and I have been missing!

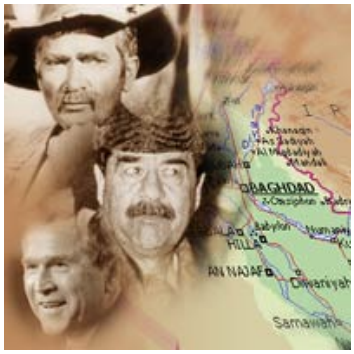
So the switch is thrown and...SUCCESS! Or, if you prefer, "It's alive! ALIVE! Hahaha-hahaha!"

My sister was once bitten by a zombie!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.23 Iraq: The 51st State... OF DANGER!

Wednesday, Sep 24, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



The bulk of the Iraq conflict may be over, but the after effects of war and decades of oppression will linger for some time.

In spite of the overwhelming generosity demonstrated by America's fighting forces, who graciously went so far as to provide some of the most inspiring and patriotic fireworks shows ever over Iraqi cities like Baghdad, things still aren't going so well for our adopted Middle Eastern son. Sure, we helped him overcome his problem with being oppressed by bullies, but he is still far from being out of the danger zone. Worse, we're still trapped on the infamous highway to the danger zone looking diligently for our appropriate exit. As the days go by, Iraq represents an increasingly volatile situation for the United States, which has completely failed to achieve the realistic goal of transforming the battered nation into a utopian society where a handful of simple coins gets you a hundred credits at the holo-arcade and all the precious moon juice you can drink in the zero gravity juice bars. Guerrilla fighters and other untamed elements of Iraqi society are doing an awfully good job of causing chaos and shining a negative media spotlight on the beleaguered U.S. occupational forces. I think it's probably safe to say that our soldiers there are probably not having a very fun time getting shot at. This update on the situation doesn't exactly make it sound like a picnic, and if it does, then it is most definitely a post-apocalyptic picnic.

> *The Americans are under increasing pressure as the guerrilla resistance has stepped up its hit-and-run attacks and is bringing more firepower and sophistication to the fight.*
>
> Unsure of who will shoot at them next, the U.S. forces have been involved in "friendly fire" attacks in which 10 civilians have been killed in the past two months.
>
> "We are facing an adaptive, asymmetric enemy, and we, of course, are adapting and refining our tactics, techniques and procedures as well," Lt. Col. George Krivo, U.S. military spokesman, said Friday.

All of this causes a number of alarms to go off in my head, which is very strange and unusual considering human heads are not supposed to produce such burdensome beeping noises. While I'm at it, here is yesterday's Dictionary.com Word of the Day:

> *supernumerary soo-puhr-NOO-muh-rair-ee; -NYOO-, adjective:*
> *1. Exceeding the stated, standard, or prescribed number.*
> *2. Exceeding what is necessary or desired; superfluous.*

Putting these two pieces of information together, I can interpolate that the situation in Iraq is growing to be quite *supernumerary* in explosive potential! To further complicate matters, there is this timely report from our special friends at the BBC who may or may not be elves:

> *A Polish couple have been arrested after five of their babies were found dead, stored in a vat of pickled cabbage.*

While that is definitely pretty hideous, it thankfully has nothing to do with today's update or the problems in Iraq. More relevant is this excerpt from the New York Times about a recent vehicular homicide in Baghdad:

BAGHDAD, Iraq, Sept. 22 A suicide car bomber set off an explosion in a parking lot next to the United Nations mission in Baghdad this morning, killing an Iraqi policeman and wounding 12 people.

This isn't the first incident of a car bombing in Iraq, and it certainly won't be the last. Many of these people can't afford basic necessities, yet they have money for exploding cars? I'm sorry, but even here, in the most wealthy and powerful nation in the world, I still have to drive a non-exploding Saturn. To add insult to my probably deserved injury, if I were to launch my car into an embassy or government building, all I would get is a totaled car, higher insurance rates, and the very sensationalized legal hassles that come from being dangerously insane. It's obvious to me that Iraq is a nation that needs to get its priorities straight. First, milk and bread on the table. Then, way down the list, like after getting the kids off to school, providing shelter, and scheduling routine eye exams, comes buying something vain like an exploding car.

This all adds up to one unpleasant problem: Iraq is not an ideal tourist destination, not even for our armed forces. As things spiral further out of control, or at least refrain from spiraling further under control, it becomes very necessary for us to look for practical solutions to end this thing quickly. Because it seems that nobody in the world is qualified or willing to solve the crisis in Iraq, I have no choice but to take action and blow gently forth the winds of change from betwixt my worldly lips. Let my windy suggestions mature into typhoons of betterment, and rebirth Iraq as a mighty dynasty!

I obtained this exclusive satellite photo of the country in question from my friends at NASA.

■ Prohibit Sales of Exploding Cars

I don't know if there are a ton of used exploding car lots around Iraq or if there is just a popular and active exploding car mod community, but really, there shouldn't be so many exploding vehicles. If the local and occupational forces don't outlaw exploding cars outright, they should strongly consider instituting an exploding car luxury tax to deter exploding car ownership. It wouldn't hurt if the Iraqi bureau of motor vehicles got involved too, and maybe required a special operator's license with associated fees to help either curtail the exploding car market, or at least pay for the damages it causes. If there is going to be lasting peace, there has got to be an end to this dreadful exploding car epidemic.

■ Send In California's Gubernatorial Candidates

With some 135 candidates competing for the honor of being Mr. or Mrs. California Governor, that creates a lot of wasted potential. California doesn't really need leadership as far as I'm concerned, nor does it need 135 people trying desperately to get elected. Iraq on the other hand goes through elected officials like candy, and still shows no signs of having a stable government. Therefore I propose that we take those 135 highly qualified and electable leaders and put them in charge of a special committee assigned to rebuilding Iraq. With all their myriad talents, which cover such areas as melon smashing and being a child actor to cocksucking and bodybuilding, Iraq is sure to turn a new leaf in no time. To help keep the world interested, the whole thing could be filmed for an exciting high-concept reality TV show celebrating human tragedy in grand fashion.

■ Relocate Iraq's Oil to the United States

Since a majority of Iraq's problem stem from its vast reserves of oil, it's only logical and

humanitarian that we relocate all of it to a neutral location, such as the U.S., to ensure that it can no longer be used as an excuse or leverage by those opposed to our involvement in the Middle East. With the specter of greed removed from the Iraqi situation, other countries will feel less disgusted about getting involved in the rebuilding process.

- **Give Long Speech About Personal Responsibility, Invade North Korea**
Let's face it – personal responsibility is a big part of becoming independent and secure. Iraq is never going to grow to be a man if we're constantly babying it with free economic aid, policing, and civil services. The sooner we give Iraq a stern talking to about learning to live on a budget, to not party too much, and to concentrate on school, the sooner we can get all our troops out of there. Once Iraq is out of the way, we can get about the important business of invading North Korea. It might not seem logical to invade North Korea now, but when you consider that it opens the doors for another "M*A*S*H" series and a renaissance for Alan Alda's sagging career, it suddenly seems like the most important move we can make. Iraq is seriously holding Alan Alda back – just one more way the American people, particularly American citizen Alan Alda, suffer unduly from all the troubles in Iraq.

- **Officially Change Name of Iraq to France**
Of all possible solutions to avoiding the looming threat that Iraq will evolve into another long and arduous Vietnam fiasco, this one is the most practical. What does it entail? Simple, first we legally change Iraq's name to "France." It doesn't matter that there is already a country called that, because as far as I know you can't trademark a country name. Then, immediately following the name change, we pull all of our forces out in one crazy getaway. After that, the entire world will see poor France, embattled Arab nation with serious economic and political strife, then look disapprovingly at the real France, with its stability and suave demeanor. The real France, not wanting to look bad, will have no choice but to step in or risk looking like it has no control over itself. It's the ultimate con, I know, but if we pull it off with precision timing and grace, no one will be the wiser.

While it could theoretically be argued that I am a huge idiot and therefore unqualified to make suggestions about how to govern a foreign body, I feel very strongly about the suggestions I have put on the table. I may not have the political experience of Henry Kissinger, the Pope, or possibly Jimmy Carter after being exposed to gamma rays and cursed with uncontrollable rage, but I don't think I'm too shabby for a novice. In fact, I feel pretty good about the peace and stability I just helped bring to this world. You might say my work goes hand and hand with today's Dictionary.com Word of the Day:

deus ex machina DAY-uhs-eks-MAH-kuh-nuh; -nah; -MAK-uh-nuh, noun:
1. In ancient Greek and Roman drama, a god introduced by means of a crane to unravel and resolve the plot.
2. Any active agent who appears unexpectedly to solve an apparently insoluble difficulty.

You can thank me with flowers (provided they are masculine in nature) and donations.

A Movie? Get Right Outta Town!

Hey folks and folk-substitutes! This is Ben "Greeknail" Platt with a review of another movie that really wasn't quite up to snuff. This time the culprit goes by the name of "Voodoo Tailz," and my hatred toward it is largely irrational.

> *I have issues with this movie. I think it's best to get that out in the open from the start. Let's start from the top, shall we? The movie is called "Voodoo Tailz." I have no problem with the "voodoo" part, but the "tailz" kind of irks me. First of all, people who pluralize words with a "Z" should be banned from using the English language in public ever again. Aside from propagating the sort of linguistic stupidity that makes me afraid to open any email that isn't from my parents or a royal banker from Nigeria, it's just unnecessary. It's not like there's a movie called "Voodoo Tails" already out there whose producers are just waiting to sue somebody. I checked. So really the "Z" can only be justified as writer/director Daniel Zirilli trying to urban up his crappy movie so it will have more appeal to the kids of today, what with all their hip hop and their rap and their drive-bys. Then again, there's always the chance that the misspelling is unintentional. After all, the word (with proper spelling) is "Tails," as in the long furry things that like to hang out around animals' asses. But there aren't any animals in the movie. Well, that's not entirely true. There is a cat in one shot, and one of the characters makes a reference to a cat a minute later, but it turns out he's speaking proverbially. So there really isn't anything in this movie that has a tail, let alone multiple tails. No werewolves or giant lizards or anything like that. The description on the movie's package would love to have you think that the girls are being chased by a creature of some sort - "But someone, or something, is stalking all three of them" - but when you actually watch "Voodoo Tailz," it's pretty clear that it is, in fact someone. So "Tailz" doesn't make sense. That makes me think that Daniel Zirilli actually meant to call his pet project "Voodoo Tales," or at least "Voodoo Talez," meaning stories of voodoo. That would sort of work, because at a few points throughout the movie, a couple people actually do tell some stories about voodoo. Not good stories, but stories all the same. What I'm trying to get at is that this movie couldn't even get its own title right, and that does not bode well for the rest of it.*

That's right, I spent an entire paragraph just talking about why the title pisses me off! If you want to get a sense of the actual plot, you're going to have to read the review.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.24 American Legends: Glenn Danzig

Thursday, Sep 25, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A hero and scholar.

Since I have been writing this periodic series of articles on great heroes throughout American history I have covered everyone from George Washington to George Patton, but until now none of them have even been alive in the past fifty years. Today I would like to reintroduce you all to one of the greatest Americans this country has ever seen, a man by the name of Glenn Danzig. You probably know Danzig best from his first and only term as president of the United States from 1988 to 1992. During these years Danzig hastened the collapse of the Soviet empire, saw the fall of the Berlin wall, and lead our troops to victory over the much vaunted military of Saddam Hussein. Danzig never sought reelection, and for many this beloved and proud American disappeared from the public eye. Danzig has always been a great human being, whether as the leader of the free world or as a simple citizen, but he is also a complex and sometimes troubled man.

With this installment of the American Legends series I would like to introduce you all to the real, the incomparable, Glenn Danzig.

A Rebellious Youth

Danzig and "His Boogie Lights" tour the holyland.

Glenn Danzig was born in Portland, Minnesota in 1955 to an itinerate sharecropper named Malcolm Danzig. The identity of Glenn's mother remains a mystery. Some suspect that she was a Portland area prostitute named Fat Betty, others believe her to have been a jackal, a few who are especially crazy think that she might have actually been a mountain from which Malcolm Danzig carved a son and gave him life with Kabalistic magic. Whoever Glenn Danzig's mother actually was she passed along to him incredible physical strength coupled with a quiet gentleness that completely contrasted the lazy screeching of his father. Malcolm Danzig worked his son ceaselessly while he himself spent almost all of his hours sleeping. Malcom was legendary in Portland for sleeping an entire week and only waking up to drink water so that he didn't die from dehydration. Glenn was the exact opposite of his father, tilling the soil and constantly working to nurture a variety of crops.

Glenn slept very little, and educated himself by reading books ranging from The Bible's New Testament to the Bible's Old Testament. Danzig had a great appreciation for the gospels and would often impress townsfolk as young boy by quoting long passages of scripture. Danzig experienced a crisis of faith at the tender age of ten years old when his father was violently killed in a bucket accident at the haberdashery. Danzig spent many months mourning and questioning how a supposedly just Christian god could end his father's life so suddenly and brutally. Eventually Danzig experienced an epiphany and at the age of thirteen he entered seminary school to become a catholic priest. Glenn Danzig was on the cusp of ordination in 1973 when he left the seminary suddenly to form Christian disco band "His Boogie Lights". Glenn believed that the best way to reach out to the youth in America with the healing message of Jesus Christ was through the trappings of disco music. With songs like "Holy Inferno" and "He's on the Dance Floor" Danzig and His Boogie Lights paved a path of righteousness through the seedy underbelly of American pop-culture.

Danzig wasn't just devoted to his music, he was something of a renaissance man, branching out into pottery, sand painting, and particularly assemblage art. Danzig loved to walk through an autumn forest picking up leaves, twigs, and the husks of cicadas and then hot glue them all to a sheet of rusted metal he found on the banks of a river. Danzig referred to his art as "his quiet worship of the Lord" and would often spend hours locked in his humble studio with a hot glue gun and a dead rabbit. While attending a symposium on Christian ethics in business, Glenn met Luella Pierce, an attractive and devout woman who he quickly developed a friendship and budding romance. In 1978, two days before their wedding, Luella was raped and murdered by a crack addict while walking home from church. Danzig began another sorrowful crisis of faith, one that would change the face of the American political landscape.

Danzig for President

If you wanna find hell with him, he can show you what it's like.

Danzig resolved his crisis of faith in the spring of 1979. He realized that his music career and art could never affect the kind of change he desired in the world around him. He toned down his religious rhetoric, moved to California, and ran for a position as a state representative. His popularity as a musician got him the nomination of the Republican ticket and he handily won the election. Danzig had made the shift from man of the cloth, to musician, and finally to career politician. He spoke passionately about the need to respect the freedoms of men, to protect the children from the dangers of offensive television like "Rowan and Martin's Laugh In", and the importance of the family unit. A lot of Democrats joked about Danzig's career as a disco superstar, but no one was laughing at the jokes when he became Governor of California in 1982.

The self styled "prince of patriotism", Danzig loved to mingle with his constituency. He wore a red, white, and blue striped suit and would frequently attend parish picnics and other public events just to let the public know that he cared. When Ronald Reagan completed his second term as president of the United States, Danzig decided to make a run for the highest office in the land. He bid his beloved Californians adieu and set off across America on a whistle stop tour of every major city and many smaller towns. Despite the fact that Reagan's vice president George Bush was favored for the Republican nomination Danzig continued on without severing his party ties. When Bush won the Republican nomination Danzig was undeterred. He declared himself an independent and stated his intentions to run against both Bush, who he implied was a closet homosexual, and Dukakis, who he insisted was Jewish and thereby "responsible for the death of our savior, Jesus Christ."

Danzig trailed behind the other two candidates and received repeated death threats from anonymous conservatives who felt he threatened to steal votes from Bush and give the election to Dukakis. Despite this Danzig persevered. On the night of the first of two presidential debates a man approached Glenn in the green room and stabbed him repeatedly with a pen knife. Security quickly arrested the man but Danzig was badly injured. With only minutes to spare before the start of the debate and bleeding grievously, Danzig refused to go to a hospital, only allowing the EMTs on the scene to bandage him beneath his suit. He staggered onto the stage, pale and sweating, and proceeding to, as one senator put it, "debate the holy fuck" out of his two opponents. When the light above the camera went out signaling the end of the debate telecast Danzig collapsed to the floor and was rushed to the hospital. When word spread of his heroic performance Danzig's polling numbers soared. He advanced ahead of his two opponents and a further impressive debate performance ensured that he would be the next president of the United States. With over 70% of the popular vote, Danzig was

moving into the White House.

Campaigning makes him come alive!

Danzig's term as president was filled with accomplishment and important events. The Berlin Wall fell and the Soviet Union collapsed under its own weight, and Danzig moved quickly to "bring the love of Christ to the godless communists". He sent huge aid packages to former Soviet states that were struggling to establish democratic governments on the condition that their populations had to convert to Christianity. When Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, Glenn Danzig swore to protect the people of that mid-eastern nation and personally traveled to the battlefield to lead his troops. Danzig was a firm believer that he should not ask anything of a man that he would not ask of himself. He dug up minefields with Army engineers, drove a tank through the streets of Kuwait City, and battled oilfield fires with cleanup crews.

Danzig did not rule without a certain degree of controversy. He was known for making obscure comments and bizarre references to apocryphal Biblical texts that often confused or outraged Americans. One comment he made following race riots in Los Angeles, that it was going to be a "dirty black summer", sent ripples of anger throughout the African American communities. Violence spread and thousands of picketers showed up outside the White House to protest what they believed was a racist president. Similar comments, all of which Danzig attributed not to racism or insensitivity, but to his intimate knowledge of Biblical verse, caused rifts to open between Danzig and the American people. By 1992 Danzig himself realized that he might not be fit to serve as president of the United States. In a televised address he stated that he would not be seeking reelection and commented that "America is not ready for the will of Jesus Christ". Shortly after leaving office Danzig made references to a coming apocalypse, and then disappeared quietly and completely from even the watchful eye of his Secret Service protectors.

Danzig with one of his students.

The Disappearance of the Prince of Patriotism

To most people in America Glenn Danzig is nothing more than a minor footnote in our great nation's history. He was a president who was ambitious and righteous, but had a tendency to overstep his bounds and put his foot in his mouth. Contrary to what many believe Glenn Danzig has not died or given up on his dreams of a Christian America. He continues to believe that the apocalypse is coming and has devoted himself to a children's ministry in Arizona where he preaches to young kids about the salvation the lord has to offer. Always a man of many talents, Danzig also writes, directs, and performs in a children's Christian puppet theater called the "Danzig Schoolhouse Gang", performances of which are taped and televised on regional Christian broadcast outlets. Danzig also has founded a school of faith-based self defense called "The Glenn Danzig Armor of God Institute". There Danzig teaches people how prayer can protect them from diseases, war, poverty, and even an armed attacker.

Let me be the first to assure you, that you have not heard the last from Glenn Danzig.

I Don't Want A Title for This

Hello, hello, and hello again! It's your pal Livestock here, bringing you the word direct from the mean streets of the World Wide Web. The new Photoshop Phriday is up! This marks our 8th Variety Pack, and it comes with two flavors of comedy. The first involves America's vice president,

the undead Dick Chaney. If that name doesn't scream comedy, then you need to turn your hearing aid up, Bea Arthur. The second revolves around removing the bullshit from marketing. Strangely, when you remove all bullshit from marketing, you are left with nothing but pictures of Forrest Tucker in a variety of provocative poses. At least that's what I thought at first, but then I realized I was heavily medicated and not even looking at my computer monitor. Here is a preview straight from the no bullshit marketing section:

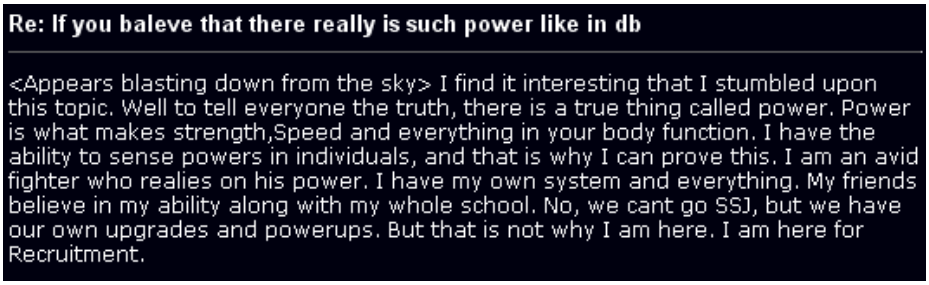
Be a sport and help us out by reading Photoshop Phriday. The entire feature is actually encapsulated in this magical bit of underlined text, which you can digest by clicking on it.

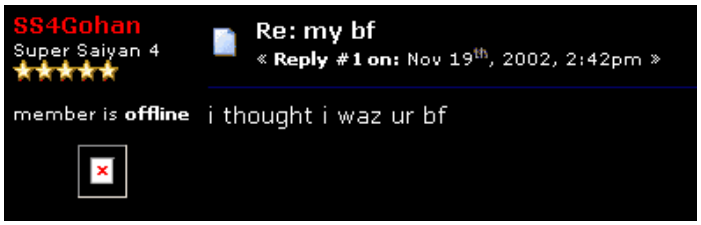
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

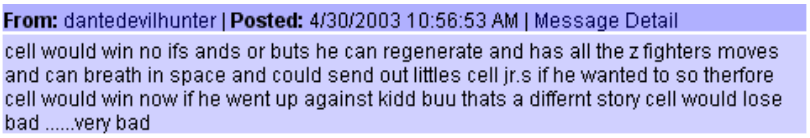
9.25 Thank God For the Internet!

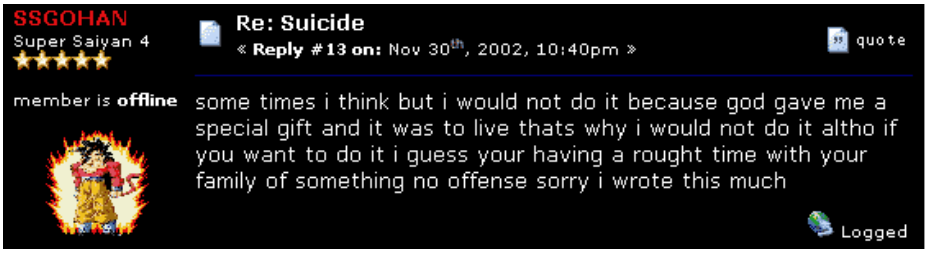
Thursday, Sep 25, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

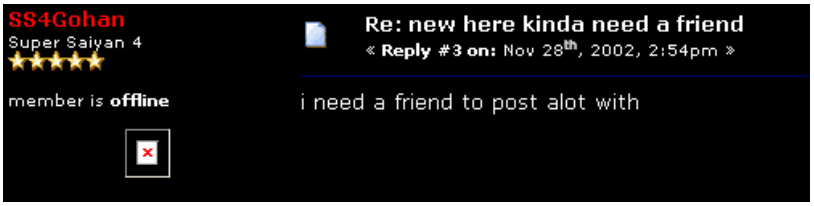
The following images are actual posts made on various Dragonball-Z forums throughout the Internet. Please thank Lord Beef for collecting them together, and please thank the Internet for making us stupid.

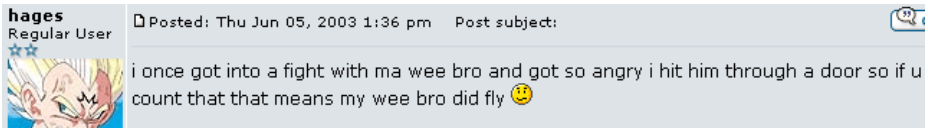

Re: If you baleve that there really is such power like in db
<Appears blasting down from the sky> I find it interesting that I stumbled upon this topic. Well to tell everyone the truth, there is a true thing called power. Power is what makes strength,Speed and everything in your body function. I have the ability to sense powers in individuals, and that is why I can prove this. I am an avid fighter who realies on his power. I have my own system and everything. My friends believe in my ability along with my whole school. No, we cant go SSJ, but we have our own upgrades and powerups. But that is not why I am here. I am here for Recruitment.




From: dantedevilhunter | Posted: 4/30/2003 10:56:53 AM | Message Detail
cell would win no ifs ands or buts he can regenerate and has all the z fighters moves and can breath in space and could send out littles cell jr.s if he wanted to so therfore cell would win now if he went up against kidd buu thats a differnt story cell would lose bad .....very bad


SSGOHAN
Super Saiyan 4
Re: Suicide
« Reply #13 on: Nov 30th, 2002, 10:40pm »
quote
member is offline
some times i think but i would not do it because god gave me a special gift and it was to live thats why i would not do it altho if you want to do it i guess your having a rought time with your family of something no offense sorry i wrote this much
Logged


SS4Gohan
Super Saiyan 4
Re: new here kinda need a friend
« Reply #3 on: Nov 28th, 2002, 2:54pm »
member is offline
i need a friend to post alot with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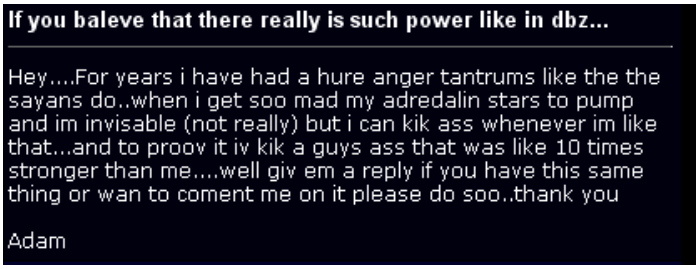
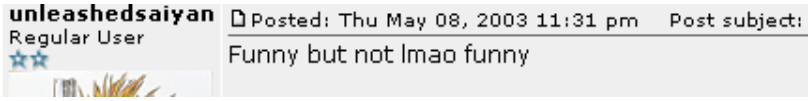
Regular User
Posted: Thu Jun 05, 2003 1:36 pm Post subject:
i once got into a fight with ma wee bro and got so angry i hit him through a door so if u count that that means my wee bro did fly


If you baleve that there really is such power like in dbz...
Hey....For years i have had a hure anger tantrums like the the sayans do..when i get soo mad my adredalin stars to pump and im invisable (not really) but i can kik ass whenever im like that...and to proov it iv kik a guys ass that was like 10 times stronger than me....well giv em a reply if you have this same thing or wan to coment me on it please do soo..thank you
Adam

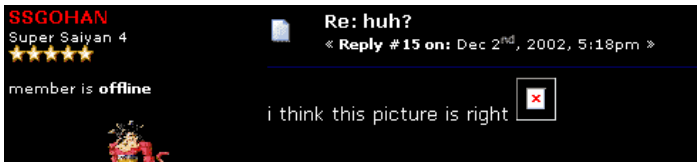


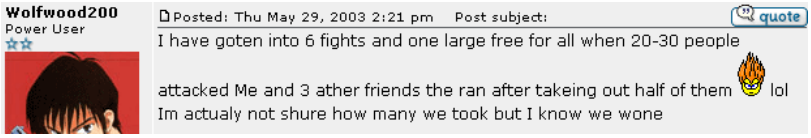
majin trunks
Moderator
member is offline
talk in here
« Thread started on: Dec 1st, 2002, 6:09pm »
talk in here someone make a topic (in here)

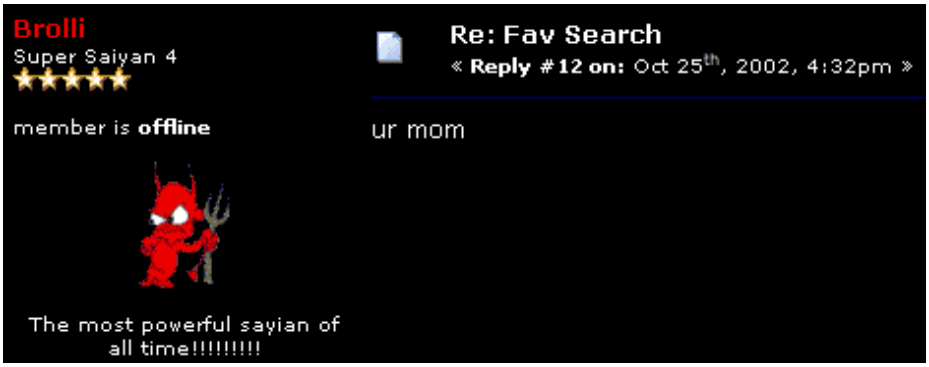
SSJ4NEOGOKOU
Saiyan
member is offline
Re: How to make it smaller...?
« Reply #1 on: May 2nd, 2003, 10:37am »
quote
i think you need a progrm called warez (WAREZ) to do it but its illegal to own it

Author	Dr. DICKCOCKDRILLHOTDOGCUMMINGSTICKWIENNER
Date	Monday, 26 May, 2003, 16:41
Title	FuKIng DiCK HurTS

it just hurts. my fucking dick hurts. why?

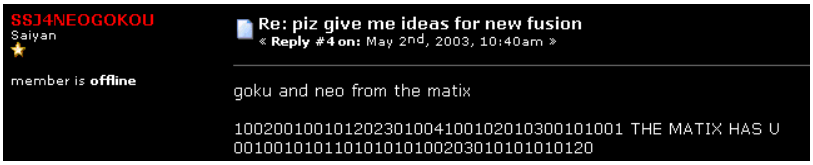


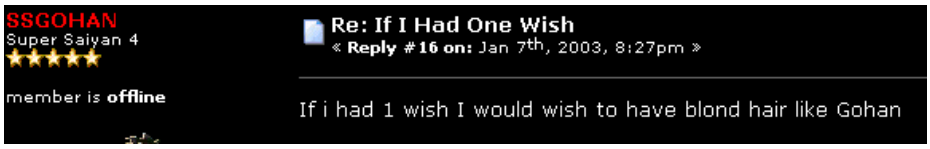

Wolfwood200
Power User
Posted: Thu May 29, 2003 2:21 pm Post subject:
quote
I have goten into 6 fights and one large free for all when 20-30 people attacked Me and 3 ather friends the ran after takeing out half of them lol Im actualy not shure how many we took but I know we wone

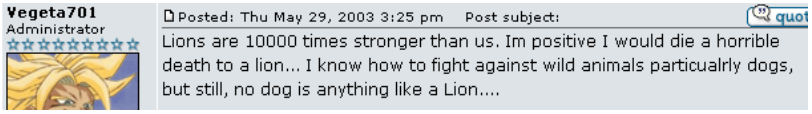

Brolli
Super Saiyan 4
member is offline
The most powerful sayian of all time!!!!!!!!!
Re: Fav Search
« Reply #12 on: Oct 25th, 2002, 4:32pm »
ur mom

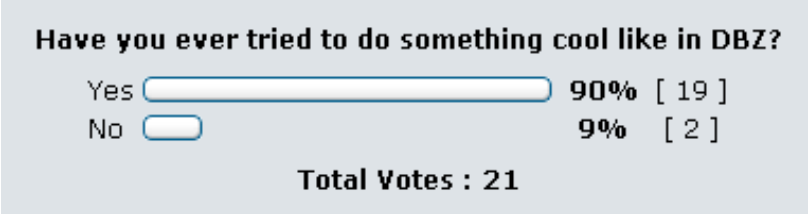
Goku vs Superman good fight winer goku
Vegeta vs Spawn good fight winer vegeta
Trunks vs Siver Surfer winer trunks
Gohan vs Neo good fight winer gohan
Piccolo vs The Hulk good fight winer piccolo
Krillin vs wolverine winer wolverine

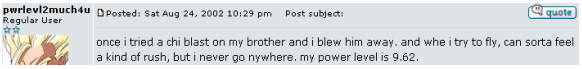
For your info asshole,you don't have to be smart to know he has one.Unlike ur little weeny!HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH !!!!

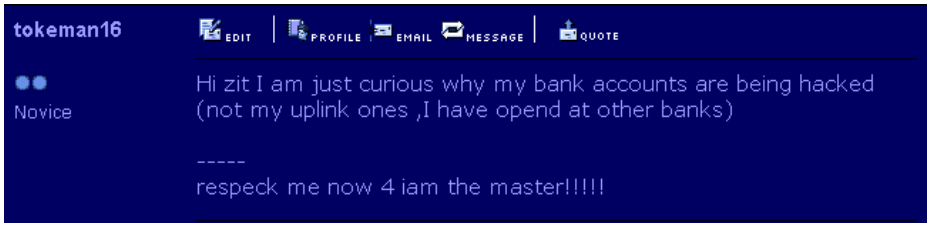

SSJ4NEOGOKOU
Saiyan
member is offline
Re: piz give me ideas for new fusion
« Reply #4 on: May 2nd, 2003, 10:40am »
goku and neo from the matix
1002001001012023010041001020103001010 01 THE MATIX HAS U
0010010101101010101002030101010120

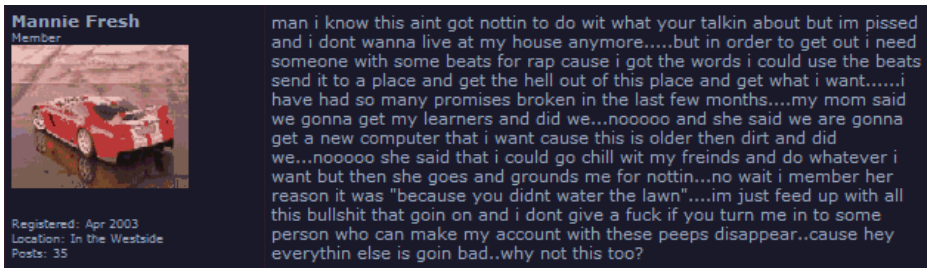


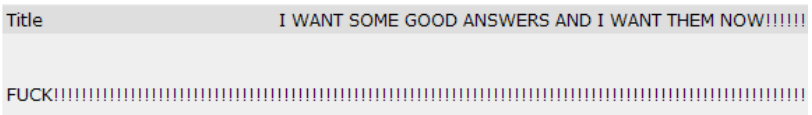











Title I WANT SOME GOOD ANSWERS AND I WANT THEM NOW!!!!!!
FUCK!!!!!!

Holy Fuck, a New Hentai Game Review!

Zack "Grace Sayovator" Parsons here with a smoking new hentai game review of the brand new (to English) hentai game "Secret Wives' Club". This half-assed sex training simulation will leave you with a hankering for a trip to the baboon cage at your local zoo!

This would probably be as good a place as any to discuss the artwork in "Secret Wives' Club". Throughout much of the game the artwork is fairly good, but when the clothes come off and the sex starts the artists seem to lose all proper sense of perspective and human anatomy. Arms bend at crazy angles, faces take on bizarre shapes and proportions, and often the bodies appear to be less a human cartoon and more a technical diagram of a sack made from wet leather full of metal cubes of differing sizes.

You must read this now! The future of all life may depend on your knowledge of "Secret Wives' Club"!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.26 Priest Holmes Gave Me a Hickey

Friday, Sep 26, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

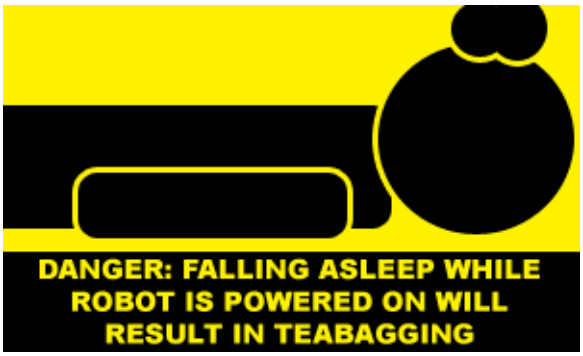
It's true. Priest Holmes gave me a hickey after the Houston game on Sunday the 21st. I feel violated and dirty, and for this reason I can't go into any further details about it. Here is a picture of the hickey for proof:

I just want to be alone right now. I just need time to think. Thanks guys, I knew you would understand.

State Og: Safety First

Hiya, this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, here to drop some knowledge on you once again. Alongside some exciting news about a new State Og-run tv channel, this week's update serves as a public service announcement. For reasons you'll soon learn, we've been forced to slap labels onto our products, like the following:

If you're interested in learning more, then go read this week's State Og. If you're interested in long walks on the beach and romantic car rides to a place where no one will ever hear you scream, send me an e-mail.



-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.27 The Official ELEAWTA Newsletter for September, 2003

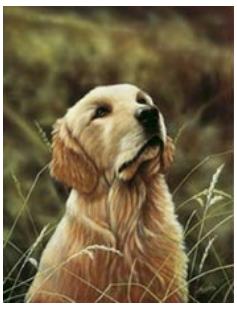
Sunday, Sep 28, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

In the beginning there were animals. Then came Man. Then, there were a whole hell of a lot less animals. One man looked out over all of the species that were fading from the Earth and realized that many of those in danger were themselves dangerous, possessing sharp claws, many teeth, and myriad defenses. He realized also that he did not care about the other endangered animals in the least. In the interest of preserving the memory of the dangerous animals, most notably their flavor, after they vanished completely, that man started an organization - Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive. ELEAWTA, a growing organization of like-minded individuals, has since gone to whatever lengths necessary in their endless quest to find the most dangerous and endangered animals alive, defeat them in one-on-one combat, and eat them before they are gone forever.

Working for a Better Tomorrow For Us All

Accepted by banks worldwide.

Hello once again, loyal members of ELEAWTA! It is with great pride, great joy, and a little bit of gas that I address you now in this, our organization's official newsletter. Our group has continued to make great strides in achieving our goal of beating the world's most fearsome and endangered creatures in battle, then eating them and documenting their unique tastes before they disappear from this planet altogether. It's a fragile ecosystem we inhabit, and as environmentalists, we have to maintain a sense of realism. There is little that can be done in the short term to help the environment. Legislation takes years to pass and even longer to go into effect. But we of ELEAWTA know that while we may not be able to save many of the endangered species of today, we can at least commit the best ways of preparing their battered carcasses for general consumption to the ages.



Leave these alone! They don't fit the criteria! Plus, they taste just like lamb.

I've got some very exciting news for you this month! However, before we can get into that, I think we need to take some time to discuss a continuing problem. I've addressed this before, and it pains me to do so again, but this has to stop. People, have I made our mission statement too difficult to understand? Have I left some big gray area somewhere that I keep missing? What's the problem, here? When you join ELEAWTA, it does not give you a license to go around killing indiscriminately! Well, let me rephrase that. It does not give you a license to go around killing *animals* indiscriminately. Whether or not your official ELEAWTA membership card grants you the right to hunt humans can vary from legislative district to district. If you are going on vacation, be sure to check into the local laws before committing any more than the absolute minimal number of murders necessary for you to enjoy your stay. But to return to my point, the animals that interest this organization are those that are both dangerous *and* endangered. Note how I used the word "and." I even put it in italics, there. I'm really playing up this "and" angle, because it seems like a number of you have yet to grasp its intricacies. Allow me to spell it out for you. If you're thinking about challenging an animal to the time-honored tradition of combat, ask yourself two questions:

1. Could this animal ever be thought of as "cute," "cuddly," or "a great household pet for the kids?"
2. Are there are lot of this animal around?

If the answer to **either** of these questions is "yes," then leave that animal alone! If the animal isn't dangerous, than the chances are good that somebody has already cooked and eaten that animal at some point. And if the animal is plentiful, then there's simply no rush to find out what they taste like, and doing so would appear gluttonous. Furthermore, when deciding if an animal is dangerous, please consider whether it would be dangerous to any person, or whether it is dangerous specifically to you. I say this because I'm tired of getting letters saying, "I'm allergic to dogs, so I beat my neighbor's golden retriever to death with a hammer and ate her with a nice hollandaise." That's no good. Also, you should take a moment to think about whether the animal is actually endangered or if it is just not native to your area. ELEAWTA is not an organization for lazy loungabouts. If there aren't any endangered and dangerous animals on your block and you want to be an active member, get off your duff and go find one. Take a trip to another town, another state, another country. The animal has to be in its natural habitat when you challenge it. I've been getting an earful lately from angry zookeepers who have been having card-carrying members of ELEAWTA hopping over fences and sneaking into cages to fight and eat animals under the flimsy pretense that, "Hey, this is the only tiger around for miles!"

As I said, I've gone over all of this before. I only bring it up again because things have gotten so out of hand that a serious problem has arisen. There's no easy way to say this, so I'm just going to come out with it: the animals are starting to fight back, and even worse, they're using preemptive strikes. That's right, the animal kingdom is so shaken by the wanton acts of animicular slaughter perpetrated by rogue operatives of ELEAWTA that even animals normally regarded as harmless and/or comical have begun to take the offensive.

The face of terror.

> *Rogue seal kills scientist*
>
> *A BRITISH scientist has died after being attacked by a seal while snorkelling in the Antarctic.*
>
> *Marine biologist Kirsty Brown, 28, was studying the movement of icebergs when the animal struck, dragging her under the icy waters.*
>
> *Colleagues who saw the incident from the shore launched a rescue boat and pulled Miss Brown on board.*
>
> *Despite efforts to revive her, the experienced diver was pronounced dead an hour later. It is believed she drowned.*
>
> *Although they are formidable hunters, leopard seals are solitary creatures and it is virtually unknown for them to attack humans.*
>
> *Tuesday's incident is believed to be the first fatal attack by a seal since the Scott Expedition of 1912.*

For ninety-one years, humans and seals existed harmoniously. They left us alone, and we, in turn, agreed to club only their young, to whom they had not yet formed a real emotional attachment. But those of you out there who think an ELEAWTA membership gives you free reign to just hunt whatever creatures you want have frightened the seal populace so greatly that you set sealo-humanic relations back to the stone age! Now we've got seals desperately trying to make the first strike, attacking any humans they see before we get the chance to come after them and their families. Just try to imagine what it must have been like for Kirsty Brown, floating in that icy water, studying the gradual shifts of icebergs, when suddenly - BAM! All you can see is that cute, furry little face with its big brown eyes and adorable little nose snarling at you through the mist of your own blood. Not a pretty picture, my friends. And it only gets worse!

> *Fish caused fire at Japan house*
>
> *TROPICAL fish are believed to have caused a fire at a Japanese house, fire brigade officials said, warning against the use of electrical plugs near fishtanks.*
>
> *"It is an extremely rare case, but fish are believed to be the culprits," said an official at the Nogata fire station in Tokyo.*
>
> *A fire started behind four fishtanks on August 23, destroying the walls and ceiling of the second floor of the house.*

I never knew they had it in them.

Yes, you read that right. Fish - ordinary little fucking *fish* - are so frightened that they might be the next species targeted for slaughter that they are actually starting fires. Fish..... fires. Fish live in water, people! Fire is scary and unknown to them! They should not be using it against us! I think it's safe to say that when fish are subverting the laws of nature to set us straight, we've gone a little overboard. What sort of message are we sending to our children? "Oh, it's okay to kill whatever you want Junior. Sure, you'll have field mice waving chainsaws and red-breasted robins learning the deadly secrets of ninjitsu to stop your bloody rampage, but that's a reasonable price to pay." Well, dammit, the madness ends here. Ninja birds is not a reasonable price to pay. Chainsaw mice is not a reasonable price to pay. Arsonist fish is not a reasonable price to pay. Please, please, please only target animals that already have strong natural defenses. Maybe if we leave them alone, the lesser animals of the world will stop setting us on fire.

Oh, and before I forget, some of you have asked me if it's okay to try to find ways to kill airborne microbes and viruses and then eat them. My answer to this is no, simply because it takes an awful lot of a virus to produce a substance large enough to even *have* a flavor, and if you've got that much of it, it's probably not endangered. I'm serious about this. No bacteria, no microbes, no viruses. I most definitely do not want any of them deciding we have to be eliminated.

Ours will have a nice, classy atmosphere like this. It will go well with the splatter.

Okay, enough of that. I promised exciting news, so here it is! Since this group's founding a year ago today, we have grown by leaps and bounds. Our members have devised an amazing number of viable ways to defeat many of nature's most fearsome and endangered animals, and it turns out that many of the animals are quite delicious. We now have enough knowledge to realize a dream. As a way of celebrating our successes thus far, as well as a way to raise funds and publicity for our group, I am thrilled to announce the opening of our very own ELEAWTA-themed restaurant! It will be called The Last Lion, and our motto will be, "We Beat 'Em, You Eat 'Em."

This premiere dining facility will be dedicated to the idea of sharing all of our successes with people who may have not heard of the organization, or who have heard of it, but are not yet sure if they want to join. The menu will consist of nothing but endangered animals. When you place an order, our specially trained staff will beat the specified animal to death right before your very eyes using techniques documented by successful ELEAWTA expeditions. In the unlikely, but still very possible event that the staff member is actually killed and eaten by the animal, another person on the staff will be sent in to finish off the creature, and so on until either the animal is subdued or it dies from overeating. Now, some might see having that much of our staff eaten by wild animals as a sign that ELEAWTA's techniques are not quite up to snuff. In order

to avert that publicity nightmare, we will have to play up the angle that while we may have lost a large number of staff members, at least the animal will already be stuffed with a second, possibly even more delicious meat! That's like two meals for the price of one!

Due to the nature of the dishes served, the menu will be of a somewhat limited scope. There will only be a handful of dishes offered at a time, and the menu will change on a bi-monthly basis. Even so, since we will be serving only endangered animals, The Last Lion will sadly only be open for a year or two, tops. Nonetheless, I expect that this will be more than enough time to turn a sizable profit and to generate a substantial amount of publicity for us. Really, I don't see any way that this plan could fail, at least from a business perspective.

That's all for now, gang. Sorry to be so negative for so much of this month's newsletter, but when you upset the natural order of life on this planet as it has been for millennia... well, that's just something you have to take the time to address. I hope to see you all around The Last Lion, and until next time, keep showing those uppity ocelots who's boss!

This Just In! The Weekend Web!

Hello! Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here to introduce an exciting new feature here at Something Awful. What's that? Why, it's The Weekend Web of course! The Weekend Web? Yeah! The Weekend Web! Every Sunday we will be reporting to you the most important internet stories as they break. This week we take a look at anime forums. Have a gander at the bounty that awaits you: Put down those Sunday comics for one damn minute and check out The Weekend Web. What's

> he took me off pop/soda (X_X) and said i need to get to bed at 9 @_@...DOES HE NOT KNOW THAT I LIVE 2 FUCKING LIVES - ONE ON THE NET AND ONE WITH ALL THIS CRAP TAHT'S GOING ON!?! - i need more time in the day >_<...*pshes him*...i'll stay off the soda, since i know that can cause problems with my medication, but i'm soooo not going to bed that early

that name again? It's The Weekend Web!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

9.28 This Shit Sucks

Sunday, Sep 28, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I will not suffer fools gladly and I will suffer things produced by fools for fools even less gladly. I've never quietly endured dumb products, TV Shows, or movies, but I like to think that instead of the shrill whining of most critics and consumer analysts, I have the scary half-crazed scream of a serial killer. This shit sucks, and I'm not going to tell you about what they could do to make it better, I'm going to tell you it sucks and then make thinly-veiled death threats against the people responsible. That's because I'm not insulting your intelligence. I assume that you know why it sucks because you are as smart as I am and obviously only someone very unintelligent could think that this shit does not suck.

Awwwww shucks!

NASCAR fucking sucks. It's bad enough that it's auto racing, because holy shit there is nothing more exciting then artificially slower cars driving around a track over and over, but NASCAR takes the worthlessness of auto racing a step further by introducing a tacky beer guzzling theme. Here's a tip on when you should give up on a sport: if there are collector's plates and country western songs about it. Dale Earnhardt - aka NASCAR Jesus - is my favorite NASCAR driver because he died. I wish every single one of them had the good sense and dignity to go careening into a wall and have their head crushed in by the collapsing roll-cage of their car. God Bless Dale for setting a precedent that will hopefully claim the lives of every NASCAR driver in existence. And then when they've all gone to that big track in the sky maybe the songs, collector's plates, and velvet paintings will go away with them.

Grandma's gotta catch 'em all!

Maybe you were dropped on your head or you're just surrounded by inbred yokels and you actually enjoy NASCAR. **Fine, but there is no excuse for enjoying Pokemon.** How can there possibly be people over the age of about twelve who find Pokemon entertaining? Who is spending all the money to justify the continuing releases of Pokemon games? Please e-mail me so that I can grind your fingers down to useless stubs in an industrial sander. These adult Pokemon fans are buying these fucking games without realizing that Pokemon is the equivalent of a cartoon and videogame about Hummel Figurines. OH SHIT YOU GOT BALLOONO, THE LITTLE KID WITH THE BALLOON LIFTING HIM OFF THE GROUND! Here comes Kissymon, the giant-headed big-eyed boy and girl shyly sitting on a log next to each other and about to kiss. They have strong attacks against COMMON FUCKING SENSE. Jesus, welcome to the accelerated crazy and unloved grandma program folks, your adoration for Pokemon just put you on the fast track to living alone with about fifty cats.

Good work to the programming directors at MTV who seem to be obsessed with shit that sucks. I'm not even going to make a joke about that channel's love of never playing videos, that complaint it as old as the moon, but if they're going to replace their music videos with shows they could at least pick a couple that aren't the most loathsome trash ever to trot out of a pitch session's asshole. If you can sit in front of the TV and fondly recall "The Grind" then something is cosmically wrong in the world. Yet there it is; inane scavenger hunt with annoying good-looking spoiled 20 year olds, and fabricated drama that is about as real as the confessionals they give on

their hair care products. It's not even Hollywood-style reality TV on MTV, it's some sort of bizarre dreamlike world where twenty year olds repeatedly get oversized checks for competitive bungee jumping in the desert. Then we get to see the inside of 50 Cent's house and wonder how the world has gone so wrong that a no-talent rapper with a Band-Aid on his face has enough money to build a fusion reactor out of diamonds to power the subwoofer in his swimming pool. I'm sure some steel mill worker is thanking his lucky charms that he gets to get up at 4 AM and go to work to make payment on his 2 bedroom duplex while Sugar Ray explains why he has a pair of slippers made out of human skin.

Which black metal band is this? IT WILL REMAIN A MYSTERY FOREVER!

Hey, here's an idea, maybe MTV could team up with Hollywood to take one of those absolutely abhorrent movies about street racing and set it inside of a giant rapper's mansion. Yeah! They could make a movie called **"Jay-Z's Death Race 3000"** and it could be about two teams of college age kids with frosted hair going head to head in a number of dangerous riced-out races inside Jay-Z's basement. They could even win oversized checks after each race! The only good thing about movies like "The Fast and the Furious" and its many imitators and sequels is that they surely contribute to a number of idiots becoming highway fatality statistics.

Also, when the fuck did black metal become such an impenetrably overcrowded genre? I have always had sort of a joking affection for black metal, the music is okay but it's so melodramatic and overblown that I can't take it seriously, but all of the sudden I turn my back on it for a couple years and **Norway has puked ten thousand "black" metal bands onto the scene.** Just going through the listings for the letter "A" on a black metal retailer website is like a compilation of apocryphal terms for evil. Of all of the bands with a name starting with "A" on Blackmetal.com I think I've heard of like three. Alghazanth? Agnivolok? Ancalagon? Someone needs to restrict the library access of musicians in Scandinavia so they come up with slightly more memorable names. And as for their music, who the fuck knows? If you can tell me what Kervonian sounds like when compared to Mistigo Varggoth Darkestra (I wish I was joking) then you must have some sort of audiographic memory.

This just in, anime fucking eats shit. When an entire nation bases its animation style off "Betty Boop" you know things are not going to evolve well, and by and large they definitely have not. Japan's thriving animation industry continues to make the transition to the United States and, if anything, seems to be getting worse every passing year. Maybe it's just because it used to be only the best anime made it to the United States, but for whatever reason the ratio of "Ghost in the Shell" to "Dragonball Z" continues to slide more and more in favor of the Dragonballzzzzz. The eyes are getting bigger, the sexualized female protagonists are getting younger, and the voices are getting even more shrill. Most of the worst of this garbage is what I think I'll call "cutesploitation", in which girl of indeterminate but probably illegal age becomes the first crush of 11 year old boys across America.

Oh, good.

You know who I thought was hot when I was 11 years old? The Baroness. You know who I think is still hot? The Baroness. That worries me because these kids are falling in love with a shrieking big eyed freak who is supposed to be their age. And if you don't think that will develop into a problem then I invite you to come to our forums where I am ashamed to say I frequently find myself yelling

at the idiots there who drool over ten year old girls and try to rationalize pedophilia. Fuck that shit.

I would just like to take a moment to swing in the opposite direction on the whole child-fucking spectrum and **bitch the shit out of dumb cocksuckers who use the term "MILF".** This may surprise you but "American Pie" was horribly unfunny, and when you keep saying "MILF" it forces me to assume that you are roughly as intelligent as lichen. Guess what moron, your mom is a MILF and I would like to travel back in time to before you were born and fuck the everliving Christ out of her with a hatchet Sarah Connor style. You dumb bastards finally got "one time at band camp. . . " out of your regurgitating bird skulls, so what is the fucking problem with losing the MILF talk? Can you just not control yourself? Do I need to put you in a timeout in the shark tank?

"Godspeed You Black Emperor!" is some seriously sucky shit. For those of you lucky and unhip enough to have never heard of them they are the default darlings of anyone with an urge to look cool by referencing something underground. They're not good, they're not even bad, they are abysmal, and anyone who references them might as well walk around with a shirt that says "I MAKE BAD DECISIONS". If your favorite album is a tape recording you made trying to catch a ghost in an old farm house then "Godspeed You Black Emperor!" might be the supergroup for you! Let me go ahead and quote the All Music Guide review of their annoyingly titled "Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven":

> *Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven, the much-anticipated follow-up to Godspeed You Black Emperor's Slow Riot, is a double-disc achievement of four works (each with multiple parts): "Storm," "Static," "Sleep," and "Antennas to Heaven." It is a windfall for any fan of ambient pop, orchestral rock, space rock, or simply lush string arrangements who understands how powerful love, melancholy, and frustration can be.*

WHO UNDERSTANDS HOW POWERFUL LOVE, MELANCHOLY, AND FRUSTRATION CAN BE!!! Someone fucking shoot me in the back of the head and roll my corpse into a mass grave THIS INSTANT because I am so fucking mad at that review I may just have to go on a killing spree. Let's continue with this review so you can perhaps gain some insight into this plague upon modern music.

> *"Sleep" opens with an elderly gentleman reminiscing about Coney Island, and his frank and amusing narration briefly recalls the recordings of David Greenberger and scenes from the documentary Vernon, FL. This narration is followed by a slow and melodic piece featuring a pseudo-theremin effect amidst all of the other instrumentation.*

Okay, first of all if your favorite band gets you to recall the recordings of David Greenberger or the documentary "Vernon, FL" then smash your CD player with a hammer and stab screwdrivers through both eardrums. You do not deserve to hear things. A pseudo-theremin effect? What is this amateur hour's scifi spooktastic theater? The band is bad enough but this review and the fans of Godspeed You Black Emperor! (or GYBE! if you are a monumental faggot into brevity) absolutely disgust me.

There is a lot of shit out there that sucks, and if you need me to hold your hand through finding some more of it just let me know. I have a nearly endless list of shit that sucks, but if you have half an ounce of common sense you should be able to spot the crap on your own. If you disagree with me on some of this shit that sucks, I'm sorry you're stupid, maybe you could work on not being a fucking moron or something.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.29 Can You Hear Me Now? Probably Not.

Tuesday, Sep 30, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Back in the old days people would actually use phones to communicate with each other. Now phones are used to hang up on each other.

My phone is quickly turning into an audio version of my email account, flooded with unwanted calls from obnoxious telemarketers who are hellbent on convincing me that I really and honestly truly to need to purchase a Citibank credit card which not only has a higher interest rate than all my other cards combined, but is additionally only accepted at one store in the entire northern hemisphere, and that store was burned to the ground by anti-NAFTA protestors last February. If any of you telemarketers out there are reading today's update, I would like to save you a little bit of time and convey the following news item to you: **I will never, ever, ever buy anything you are selling over the phone.** I hate the phone and the mere act of picking it up or thinking about picking it up fills my stomach with countless gallons of industrial acid which is powerful enough to dissolve Michelangelo's Statue of David, assuming NASA scientists somehow figure out a way for me to eat it in one sitting. They could conceivably cover it in that fake marshmallow topping that is served in Dairy Queen, because I swear to Christ I'll eat anything with that stuff on it even knowing full well that it has the equivalent nutritional value of injecting liquid styrofoam directly into my heart.

These two skirts know what I want to buy even if I don't agree with them. They're so smart!

In a remarkable moment of non-irony, I just now received an unsolicited phone call from some dipshit "Terry Bell" at the phone number 816-350-0730, attempting to sell piano lessons to my children aged 6-12. I'm not making this up; if you don't believe me, feel free to call Terry Bell at the phone number 816-350-0730 and ask him why the hell he was trying to sell piano lessons to my children aged 6-12 which do not currently exist and will probably fail to exist in the immediate future due to the fact that no sane and logical female would ever willingly consider even looking in my general direction unless I'm chained to a metal pole and encased within an airtight protective plexiglass cube. Luckily this didn't stop Terry Bell at the phone number 816-350-0730 from deciding to drop me a line and ask if my nonexistent children aged 6-12 need help playing their nonexistent pianos. I'm sure Terry Bell at the phone number 816-350-0730 has my best interests in mind and honestly wants to lend a helping hand once I trick some unlucky broad into squeezing out a couple retarded filthbag children aged 6-12, so I'll be sure to keep in mind Terry Bell at the phone number 816-350-0730 for all my nonexistent children piano playing needs. Let me just copy and paste his phone number here in case I accidentally cut off the top part of my computer screen and lose his contact information, which would be a tragedy of unspeakable proportions like the time Dale Earnhardt drove his Ford into the Columbia space shuttle: Terry Bell at the phone number 816-350-0730. Here's that information in the color red and boldfaced in the event that I become colorblind and suddenly cannot distinguish the color black from white:**Terry Bell at the phone number 816-350-0730.**

Anyway, back on track: I have never purchased a single item from anybody selling anything over the phone and shall continue to uphold this sacred tradition until the day people begin calling me up and offering to sell Vicodin. My philosophy revolves around the insanely complex principle that if I want to buy something, I will go out and buy it. If I do not want something, then I will refuse to buy it, and there is no amount of phone calls which could possibly convince me otherwise. I often

try to explain this principle to the overweight depressed telemarketers each time they call me up, but these attempts are not often very successful due to the inherent structure of their nefarious sales pitches, which are all along the lines of the following:

ME: "Hello?" *(Please note that at this point the phone hasn't rang yet, so I'm apparently talking to the wall)*
PHONE: *(Rings)*
ME: *(Picking up the phone)* "Hello?"
PHONE: "hello sir or madam my name is edward and i'm with transmarketglobalmega-corporations incorporated which you can tell is a very important company because our name is quite long and if we weren't an important company then our name obviously wouldn't be nearly as long and i was wondering if you'd be interested in a time and money saving opportunity which could save you billions of dollars in home loans and interest rates and speeding tickets if you simply switch your long distance service to our gold premium platinum life insurance policy which was recently rated number one by a company whose name i cant recall offhand but let me assure you that they are a very great company who does many great things like help crippled orphans into golden wheelchairs which they were able to afford thanks to our silver ultra bronze hat and headwear insurance policy which invests in a fidelity yield rate of 50 quintuplets per megalon and is guaranteed to to double over the course of 100 meters per furlong if you follow our professionally professional advice and transfer your ira into a ipo of a stock market savings account now sir or madam may i ask you a question?"
ME: "Well I really don't-"
PHONE: "thank you sir and / or madam you see we here at markettransmegaglob-altranstrans limited know the value of a dollar which is why we're not going to try to waste your time and money selling you something that you don't need like an underwater chimney sweep or a device which transforms steak into pork so you can be sure that we're looking out for you and your individual needs when we tell you that our super premium unleaded service plan has been handcrafted by an elderly german man specifically for your wants and needs mr. kee-yunk-ah may i call you 'rich' thank you rich now we're not like those other companies out there who are only concerned with the bottom line as we value our customer service and cherish each and every individual like a delicate beautiful diamond-encrusted snowflake created from the finest asian silken riches that should be caressed and lightly stroked before bedtime and we think you mr. kuh-yeenk-oh are a consumer who values his or her privacy and the right to make informed business decisions about where your hard-earned doubloons go to in regards to minority-owned waterslide investment capital am i correct?"

"Sorry to interrupt our little interplanetary romp, Captain, but there's a phone call from some people who are interested in our spaceship insurance coverage. He says to set phasers for 'fantastic savings'!"

ME: "Wait a second, did you just say-"

> **PHONE:** "i'm glad you feel this way mr. koo-yink-aw as our trained customer specialists informed me that you are a man or possibly woman who values his or her money and time and money time and money and are very very handsome and has an enormous penis or breasts as well which is why i'm excited to tell you about the exciting offer we are giving away to people just like you and in fact are only you because this deal is simply so orgasmically fabulous that we wouldn't waste our breath attempting to explain it to the many dullards out there who are unable to grasp the principles and foundations behind such a wonderful offer which frequently uses really intelligent sounding words like 'capital' and 'pretty ponies' so i'm glad we're both on the same page here and agree that globaltransmarketcorporations international can save you perhaps trillions of dollars by enrolling you in our asap-bbq-wysiwyg low interest investment portfolio which guarantees that if you don't receive at least a 200% return on your dividends within 30 days then you'll receive at least some other percentage which is definitely not 200% and could even be much much higher like a million billion percent now tell me mr. ka-yink-ow you like making money don't you?"
> **ME:** "What are you trying to-"
> **PHONE:** "let me in on a little secret mr. kuh-honk-auw my wife and kids left me last week because they couldn't handle how important and successful i was becoming thanks to the megatranscorporationmarketglobal gmbh program and to tell you the truth i don't need them anymore because i am now able to chew through solid steel and my hair is long and full and i can travel through time at an alarming rate all thanks to the super mega ultra gold platinum silver bronze nobelium msrp program we're offering only to people like you who also only happen to be you because if we tried to offer this fantabulous deal to somebody else then their face would start melting off like when the nazis looked directly into the ark in 'raiders of the lost ark' now you don't want to have your face melt off do you?"
> **ME:** "Help"

In short, I have grown to loathe the phone and often begin blindly striking out in pure rage whenever I hear a sound which even vaguely resembles a phone ringing. The only calls I ever get these days are from telemarketers or my mom asking me how my dog is doing. Oh yeah, and Terry Bell at the phone number 816-350-0730. With this in mind, I have come to embrace the exciting new futuristic technology concepts presented in the following CNN article:

> **Web buyers sent bricks instead of phones** - *A teenage con artist using Internet auction sites tricked people into sending him money to buy cellular phones and instead mailed them bricks, police said. The 18-year-old boy was arrested this week in the central city of Ciudad Real after duping people all over Spain, including residents of Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia.*

I'm at the point in my life where I would gladly welcome a brick phone and prefer it over my current non-brick phone. No matter what type of non-brick phone I purchase, I'm always confronted with the same issues which never get resolved no matter how many times I repeatedly complain to their ineffective tech support line: annoying salespeople call me every hour of the day, a goddamn cursed fax machine dials my number at least once each morning and tries to share with me its critical message of "BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP," and I receive neverending messages from deathworthy folks who are thoroughly convinced I'm hiding somebody named "Steven" in my house and I refuse to let him speak on the phone no matter how many times they call from different areas of the globe at random times throughout the night. The only fatal flaw in El Brickboy's plan was that he originally promised these Spanish cretins a cellphone and instead sent them a brick, which is remarkably not a cellphone and will not be a cellphone no matter how long you look at it and ask

the god of your choice to magically change it into one. All god can do these days is make statues cry and show the faces of his most famously holy MVP followers appear on Mexican donuts, so the whole holy brick / cellphone switcharoo is definitely out of his jurisdiction. If we weren't currently stuck with this wussy New Testament god, then things would be a lot different, as the Old Testament god not only would've turned the brick into a phone but he would've also demanded we jab knitting needles through our eyes and use the runny liquid inside to scrawl out a secret code on our front doors by midnight or else he'd command a magical wind to sweep through our neighborhoods and cause our collective gall bladders to transform into a hive of scorpions that shoot laser beams from their claws.

I simply believe that many people these days would appreciate a nice and simple brick phone over all the annoying technology companies like Nokia and Texas Instruments are shoveling at us, and I plan on capitalizing on this demand by producing the new limited edition Something Awful Blockphone. Take a look at the prototype I just pieced together this morning while trying to avoid the millions of ants which are magically teleporting into my kitchen and attempting to band together so they may haul off my entire sink and pawn it on eBay:

The Something Awful Blockphone! New and Improved! Snake-Free in '03!

This exciting new entry in the world of "consumer electronics which are made from bricks" offers an alarming amount of useful features which would make you exclaim "holy fucking shit!" if somebody walked up to you on the street and began shouting them at you while holding a knife. For example, one of the first things you may notice about this brick phone is that it only has two buttons on it, both of which are the number three. This is to cut down on the amount of wrong numbers you may accidentally dial when attempting to call your credit card company and ask why, after purchasing a Something Awful Blockphone, there are suddenly hundreds of $35.00 charges labeled "DVD PURCHASE - SEX HOT LESBIAN LUSTY LOINS PRODUCTIONS." Additionally, the number "three" was mentioned in a particular Third Bass rap song where they said something along the lines of "play AT&T and check the three on your telephone; DEF." I believe the name of this particular song was "Herbalz In Your Mouth," but since all the members of Third Bass successfully vanished into obscurity about a decade ago, I cannot verify this. Below the two number threes is a small divot which can be used to collect rainwater. This is so you may know if it's raining directly above your SA Blockphone and you won't be at a loss for words when somebody eventually asks, "so what's the weather like over there?" If your SA Blockphone is not currently collecting water in its patented SA Blockphone Water Hole, then you know that it's either not raining or you're positioned in a location where rainwater is unable to fall onto you and your Blockphone. You additionally know that you're insane because if you hear anybody talking to you through a baked clay block, something is obviously a little goofy in your head.

However, what makes the SA Blockphone so incredible is not the features, but rather the lack of

features. We promise that you will never get a single obnoxious call from harassing telemarketers when using the SA Blockphone. We offer a 100% guarantee that your obnoxious in-laws and other dimwitted relatives will find it nearly impossible to connect and call you through the SA Blockphone no matter what time of the day it may be. You will never be rudely awoken in the middle of the night to the shrill sound of your phone ringing, as the SA Blockphone has absolutely no device in it capable of producing a noise unless you were to pick it up and manually bang it against a screen door for a few hours. Say goodbye to outrageous phone bills because the Something Awful Blockphone costs a whopping $0 per month to activate... and the best part is that you can use it anywhere and at any time without the fear of any roaming charges or additional fees! Take your blockphone with you on a beautiful cruise through Asia, across the sandy deserts of France, or into the murky depths of space and we guarantee that you'll get the exact same crystal-clear reception as you would at home or in hell! But don't take it from me; check out these actual comments by actual satisfied customers who actually once existed either in a real or imaginary form at one point in time!

> **"This is the best phone made out of bricks that I have ever tried to eat!"** - *A.B., Highly Important Business Executive - South Dakota*
> **"Gwaaarl hurrrrr buuuuuuuuh!"**- *B.C., Professional Infant - Maryland.*
> **"Michael Madsen is a great actor and 'Vengeance Unlimited' was a fucking awesome show and I hate the network assholes who canceled it."** - *R.K., Unfunny Writer and Future Homeless Person - Missouri.*
> **"The Something Awful Blockphone made me the man I am today!"** - *D.E, Jelly Belly Engineer Who Created the Revolutionary "Buttered Popcorn" Flavored Jelly Bean - Canada.*
> **"My name is Terry Bell and you can reach me at 816-350-0730!"** - *T.B., Professional Phonecalling Asshole, 816-350-0730.*

Buy three SA Blockphones and get the fourth one for the price of the third! If you act now, you'll also receive free of a charge a free phone call from Terry Bell at the number 816-350-0730, who will give your imaginary children aged 6-12 complimentary piano lessons shortly before trying to feel them up and trick you into buying him an Arby's combo meal. You can charge it all to your Citibank card.

Darlin' you give love, a bad name

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here, really regretting waiting for the Packers to finish mopping the floor with the Bears before starting this weeks Goldmine. Ug.

We here at Something Awful seem to like movies. A lot. Like more than average. Especially when it comes to the Comedy Goldmine. You can look back and see how many times we've done something about movies. It's a lot. But will that stop us from using movies as a topic now, or in the future? HELL NO! This week, we've decided to forgo the usual Photoshop artwork to utilize the lowly MS Paint. The subject for the week? "Alternative movie endings." How did it come out? You tell me. Here's an excellent submission from SA Goon Stryder: NOW THAT SIR IS KOMEDY WITH A K!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Strike me down and your training will be complete!
But I thought I was going to rule by your side!!!
Missed deadlines... Dead officers... A pink lightsaber...
I could deal with it all if you'd JUST STOP WHINING!!!
You're just like Obi-Wan! Always holding me back!
You never listen! You don't care abo-
BZZZT!!!
Now... I hope whininess doesn't run in the family...
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

9.30 Jurassic Patio Adventure

Tuesday, Sep 30, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

DINOSAUR!

I think it can be said that an interest in dinosaurs is universal to all humans, with the possible exception of those few foolish mortals who still don't believe dinosaurs ever existed. I'm not sure what those people are thinking, but for some reason I can't help but believe they are the very same barbarous Huns who brazenly walk into supermarket express checkout aisles with more than the maximum number of items. Dinosaurs most certainly existed, and though they are no longer with us, their bones and prized excrement tell us wonders about them and the world they would have once called home if only they were capable of speaking English. We know from digging holes in the ground that countless types of dinosaurs once lived on this Earth, and we've barely even scratched the surface with our various popular digging instruments. One need only look in the brightly lit up eyes of a scientist as he gazes upon a mound of prehistoric shit with childlike wonder to know just how real and amazing a place our world once was.

I myself recently dug up some bones in my backyard – bones that obviously belong to rare and previously undiscovered breeds of dinosaurs. A smart man, or even a retarded man capable only of shouting "Batman" or "monkey" at random intervals, would probably say my judgment on this matter is as false as an Abe Vigoda pregnancy test, but I stand by my claim that these are real dinosaur bones. Besides, what reason would anyone have to give Abe Vigoda a pregnancy test? He certainly doesn't seem very sexually active to me, not that I think about that sort of thing a lot. Okay, so I do, now shut up and leave me alone. Anyway, these bones most certainly aren't the KFC chicken bones I buried, either. With the skeletal infrastructure of these ancient beasts delicately removed, I put on my best thinking cap and pieced together the fragile strands of evidence to create an intricate knowledge of these dinosaurs and how they lived their lives. I also went to the trouble of naming them, just one of the many elective services I graciously provide the scientific community for a small commission.

DINOSAUR!

■ **The Xtremeasaurus**

Habitat: Rugged and rocky areas, particularly around high peaks and cliffs.
Diet: High energy snacks, fruits, and sports drinks.
Description: From the few foot bones I have found, it can be ascertained that the *Xtremeasaurus* obviously relied on wheeled transportation, such as a skateboard or roller blades, to move through its rocky habitat. While I cannot be certain, it is likely an alternate cold weather evolution included advanced snowboarding skills. The *Xtremeasaurus*, due to highly sensitive eyes, also wore sunglasses at all times. This ocular sensitivity and need for protective eyewear extended even into the night, adding an allure of danger and daring to the obviously edgy beast's mystique. It is most likely that the *Xtremeasaurus* also routinely defied authority, choosing to live a life of risks in a hurricane of whim. This is not to say that the *Xtremeasaurus* was a socially abrasive creature, just one with a rocky and unpaved heart that roamed without restraint. Even though the *Xtremeasaurus* took it to the limit 24/7, it most likely held a soft spot in its heart for that one special

lady dinosaur out there.

- **Radadactyl**

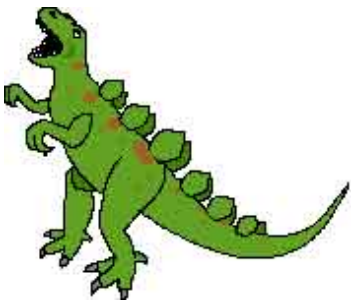
Habitat: THE SKY!
Diet: G-forces.
Description: This winged wonder, champion of the sky so bright, is capable of traveling at light speed thanks in part to an organic rocket propulsion system. While I have found no evidence of this naturally occurring set of rockets, I know for a fact it's true because that would be totally awesome. Because I found a rock buried near the bones, it's plausible that this dinosaur was made out of rocks or ate rocks or gave birth to rocks. The latter would help explain why these winged wonders are extinct, since birthing rocks isn't going to do much good for anyone, especially rocket powered birds. I hypothesize that the *Radadactyl* was capable of shooting lasers from its eyes, enabling it to better dominate the skies and stalk prey from high above. The *Radadactyl* was also most likely an outspoken proponent of Linux and the open source architecture.

- **Patriotaurus**

Habitat: Anywhere!
Diet: Omnivore
Description: The most inspiring of all dinosaurs, the *Patriotaurus* has a natural red, white, and blue camouflage skin color. While this bright and festive camouflage would stand in stark contrast to any setting except for a political convention or patriotic parade, it did force the *Patriotaurus* to take on a more aggressive and confrontational stance. The mighty beast would stand up to any challenge, even when there really wasn't a challenge. It also likely had twin machine guns for arms and probably wore a top hat. While some believe that the *Tyrannosaurus rex* was the undisputed champion of the dinosaur kingdom, it likely would not have been able to contend with the piercing storm of hell pouring out of this dinosaurs massive arm guns. The mighty roar of the *Tyrannosaurus* would have a hard time surviving under the typewriter cackling of the guns, as would all sounds of peace.

- **Ghoulceratops**

Habitat: Dino graveyards and caves.
Diet: Ghost plants.



DINOSAUR!

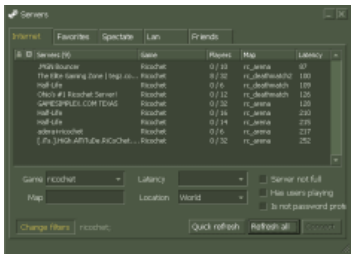
Description: The terrifying *Ghoulceratops* is the ghostly king of the dinosaur netherworld. Appearing as a haunting apparition around dinosaur graveyards, caves, barnyards, and other places of an ominous atmosphere, this Jurassic specter struck fear into the heart of all beasts, both gentle and fierce. It could walk through walls yet somehow still clung to the ground because, well, fuck, all ghosts do. It subsisted on a diet of ghost plants and possibly pizza, though that is pure speculation. The *Ghoulceratops* likely

> came to be after being murdered by another dinosaur. Its lust for revenge fueled an ethereal connection with the physical plane, binding it to living world by way of a single thread of concentrated hate. Unfortunately, because the *Ghoulceratops* was herbivore, revenge was never an option. I'll be honest, I didn't actually find any bones for this dinosaur, but that's all part of the mystery. If a dinosaur was a ghost, then it won't have any bones to find. Though the spirit of the *Ghoulceratops* is extinct with all other dinosaurs, some say that if you down a whole bottle of sleeping pills and watch "Jurassic Park" on a projector aimed at a ceiling, you can see it just as it once was so very long ago.

My initial success in the field of amateur archeology has done a great deal for my ego, not to mention the world. Tomorrow, I plan to invest in a shovel and dig up some more rare and previously undiscovered dinosaur bones. I think I've discovered a great new hobby, and I encourage all of you to go out and dig up rare and previously undiscovered dinosaurs yourselves. Be sure to call local universities and papers to brag about your achievements, too. It's good work if you can get it!

◘ Truthmedia Has Returned

Hey folks, Taylor "Game Guy" Bell here with a brand new Truthmedia review. For those of you unfamiliar with Truth Media, take a look at this page to educate yourself about Truth Media's noble mission.



> *The other component of Steam is the server browser, which is a convenient way to locate and join servers for today's hottest games. You can sort servers by name or by ping, which allows you to locate a fast server rather than join any server with an open slot and end up being called a "lagger." I even used this server browser to play games I had never tried before, such as Ricochet, a deep and surprisingly addictive disc-launching mod that takes its cue from Tron. The only drawback I discovered was that the server browser only works for Half Life servers and not for newer and more popular games like Unreal Tournament 2003 and Battlefield 1942, but if Half Life is still your thing this browser should be all you need.*

I held off on making a lot of grevious factual errors in favor of simply using a horrible writing style and acting completely clueless, which was surprisingly easy for me to do. Oh yeah, and the review praises Steam, so all the 13-year-olds who email death threats to Valve screaming at them for "ruining Half Life" will surely appreciate it. Be sure to pass out this link to anyone you think might take offense at the idea that Steam is good or at least less terrible and destructive than an atomic bomb.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Battlefield 1942 Blowout Bonanza

Thursday, Oct 02, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A little over a year ago I wrote a review for Something Awful of Battlefield 1942, one of the most hotly anticipated PC gaming titles of 2002. I loved it on one hand, because it did so many things that no other game really offered, and I hated it on another, because it had severe almost to the point of crippling problems and bugs. I mentioned in my review that I hoped Digital Illusions, the developers of Battlefield 1942, would correct a lot of their errors. A year later I can honestly say that not only is Battlefield 1942 a completely improved game, but its community has flourished and a handful of epic and promising mods have been released. DICE gets a lot of flack by default for being associated with Electronic Arts. However, over the year since BF1942's release they have demonstrated a genuine devotion to their game beyond what you can normally expect from a developer.

The only serious bug remaining in their product is the chat lag, and while some annoying features persists (like the long load times between maps and frequent CD checks), DICE has done what they could. I find myself in an awkward position to an extent because I was one of only a few people who reviewed their game at release and ripped it a new asshole. I was entirely frustrated with trying to play the game online and my review sparked torrents of hate mail. With a year gone by the roles are largely reversed. A lot of the title's fans have turned to whiney sniping about the chat lag and a few other problems while DICE slaves away at continuing to improve their game. Meanwhile I couldn't be happier with owning Battlefield 1942. Its gameplay is now solid, its netcode seems greatly improved, servers are less prone to buckling under the weight of large games, and best of all the modding community has exploded.

I'm not here to lecture the fans about biting the hand of a dedicated developer; I'm here to talk to you about the mods and expansions for Battlefield 1942.

Official Expansion 1: "Road to Rome"

A halftrack mounted Allied gun shells an enemy position.

Road to Rome is the sort of expansion pack that makes people bitch about charging 30 dollars for an expansion pack. It came out way too soon and it was a dubious concept coupled with a half-hearted effort. The original Battlefield 1942 covered a number of the major battles of Rommel's DAK, so there really didn't seem to be a big need to reprise the North Africa/Italy setting in an expansion. It would have made much more sense to add new vehicles and weapons that emphasized earlier battles like the invasion of France, Belgium, and other Western European countries. They do include an equally forgettable Free French faction but frankly both they and the Italians come off as boring and too-Germany/Allies like in execution. Even the Italian tank they chose to include resembles the also-added Sturmgeschutz to the point that it looks like they just adapted the vehicle model. The allies make out slightly better with their new vehicles including the Grant tank and a half-track mounting a 75mm gun.

Road to Rome's content additions are anemic and essentially feel like things that should have been included in the original game. The addition of the Italians as a playable faction is not particularly exciting, a fact that owes mainly to their overwhelming similarity to the Germans. All this could have been forgiven - if not overlooked - if the expansion had come with a lot of great maps, but it doesn't. A few of the maps like Salerno and Anzio are very fun and well done, but the majority either seem like direct rehashes of map designs already covered or completely not fun and historically

inaccurate maps like Monte Cassino. I would actually say that the Monte Cassino map is the single most disappointing thing in the entire expansion. It had the potential to shine like a diamond in the midst of a bunch of pretty boring junk and instead is one of the worst maps in Road to Rome. The brutal and harrowing siege of the Abby on Monte Cassino is reflected in the expansion with a map that makes it extremely easy for the Allies to steamroll up the mountain. The design for the map itself is unimaginative and shallow and seems more like a fight taking place in a canyon than on the top of a mountain.

The strongest argument for getting Road to Rome is that it's actually pretty popular. If your favorite server just upgraded to include it you may feel the need to do the same thing. Additionally if you happen upon the rare server that picks and chooses its maps carefully you can end up really enjoying a few of the Road to Rome maps when mixed in with the vanilla ones. Otherwise you're going to find yourself running up the same hill that you saw on Iwo Jima only this time it's in the desert! Woooo, awesome!

A group of Italian troops are about to eat a bomb.

Verdict: Only buy this expansion if you're a completist, a huge fan of the Italian military and its equipment, or some sort of masochistic gamer who likes playing dull repackaged maps. I would be happy with the content presented in Road to Rome if it had been given out free a piece at a time like DICE's excellent "Battle of Britain" map. **2 out of 5** is all I will give Road to Rome and even that is only for the handful of maps that are genuinely good. None of the rest of the new content is worth paying even reduced prices for.

- **Official Expansion 2: "Secret Weapons of World War II"**

The new player controlled aircraft spawns are one of the more interesting features of the expansion.

The old Lucas Arts classic "Secret Weapons of the Luftwaffe" is among a handful of flight sims that I actually enjoyed. I am not a hardcore flight sim nerd. I don't get off on the incredible realism of say stalling every time I try to turn in IL-2 or shooting enemies outside of visual range using radar like in most modern flight sims. With that in mind I approached this expansion with more than a little excitement. It promised to cover a few of the wacky weapons World War II spawned with a definite emphasis on the jet and rocket aircraft of the Germans and Americans. The inclusion of the fanciful jet pack was a bit over the top but by and large the aircraft presented in the game like the Natter and the Goblin, came very close to full deployment. The tanks are fun too, although in my opinion the rocket-racked Calliope Sherman that includes a main gun and a Katyusha like artillery launcher is a bit unbalancing. A good player can engage an entire field of enemy tanks without worrying about the dreaded pause for reloading.

Strangely lacking is the Me-262, which I guess just wasn't weird enough for the developers at DICE, but we can always hope it will show up in one of their generous free map downloads.

I love this expansion, in my opinion it totally makes up for the failures of Road to Rome, but it isn't without some definite downsides. The majority of the maps are not particularly good and favor one side or the other a little too much. The Eagle's Nest map, while allowing you to play out a fictitious battle for Hitler's house, is not accurate and not very fun for the Axis team. A map of steep cliffs and narrow winding roads is probably not the best choice to load full of super heavy tanks and rocket launcher vehicles. Probably the most spectacularly dumb thing in this expansion is the Wasserfall surface to air missile the Germans have. It is nearly impossible to control, which I suppose it should

be, but this translates to gross incompetence for the Germans on any map that features the missile. Usually some genius runs in and grabs the controls for the Wasserfall and proceeds to crash missile after missile into the town where his own troops are gathered. I think I have only seen a player effectively use the missile once and I freely admit I can't handle the damn thing, but I'm smart enough to stay away from it.

Another drag for players of this expansion is that it really hasn't - and may not ever - hit the wide circulation level of vanilla Battlefield and the Road to Rome expansion. You won't struggle to find a server but you'll certainly struggle to find a good one with a decent number of players. More often than not there is one fast server absolutely packed and a couple that either have 5 or 6 players or horrible pings.

A Sturm Tiger and basically useless Wasserfall launcher.

Verdict: I'm going to give this one **4 out of 5** on my mod scale. It is PACKED with new weapons and vehicles, and almost all of them are interesting, fun, and fairly balanced. I've got to shave off half a point for some of the weapons that are either counter productive or cause imbalance and shave off another half point for two or three maps that are not very well thought out. For those of you who love Battlefield 1942 but felt burned by Road to Rome, I heartily recommend this expansion, but also suggest you wait until it drops in price.

■ **Mod: Desert Combat**
More Info: Web Site.
Fileshack Download: Mod.

Attack and transport helicopters add a new degree of modern tactical flexibility to Desert Combat.

The release of the original alphas for Desert Combat could not have been better timed to coincide with world events. America was on the brink of war with Iraq once again and the pragmatists developing this wonderful mod had packed their total conversion full of relevant content. Initially somewhat unstable and buggy, successive releases of Desert Combat have stabilized the mod and propelled it to the pretty much unchallenged position as "Best Battlefield 1942 Mod".

The mod allows you to play either Coalition forces or Iraqi forces in a number of running battles that take place, not surprisingly, in the deserts of the Mid East. The number of vehicles included in the mod is positively staggering. From high-speed modern interceptor aircraft, to attack and transport helicopters, to main battle tanks and APCs, and even SCUD launchers. The vehicles are extremely fun to use and with a few exceptions (like the SCUD launcher) they feel completely "right". The M1a1 blasts through Soviet tanks with ease and the gatling-gun equipped Vulcan APC fires off a nearly unending stream of tracers at the enemy. The helicopters are nimble and deadly in the hands of a good pilot but have a unique handling profile compared to the other aircraft, making them difficult for beginners to manage. If you're used to the Me-109s and Spitfires of Battlefield 1942 then the F-16s and Su-25s of Desert Combat will be quite a change of pace. Their controls are essentially the same but they move with unbelievable speed across the battlefield and have extremely agile handling. The lack of real air-to-air missiles will likely be noted by a few grumbling flight sim nutballs, but if you're playing Battlefield 1942 for realism you're playing the wrong game.

All of the infantry weapons have been replaced with their modern counterparts and the inclusion of a deployable mortar for engineers adds some interesting tactical options for a team that works well together. More impressively the voices for the Americans have been completely replaced; less

impressively the Iraqi voices are all American voices too, even to the point of making references to Coalition Command. The mod is still heavily under development though and the level of professionalism displayed in their work to date makes me believe they will fix this in due time.

Desert Combat also introduces several good maps that emphasize the flat and desolate terrain throughout much of Iraq and also works very well with most of the desert maps from BF1942. There are also a few interesting urban maps for the game, including a dockside battle and an isolated urban area that the Coalition Forces have to take by air. These maps work well and help to break up the tedium of repeated armored battles in the middle of nowhere.

The urban maps help get the sand out of your panties.

Verdict: Desert Combat is the most popular mod for Battlefield 1942 and this owes to several reasons already mentioned. For me the best thing is how immersive the battles can be. After watching US forces seize Iraq and seeing the fighting on TV it feels intimidating to jump into the sandy landscape of Desert Combat and start blasting away at Iraqi tanks. One of the most enjoyably nerve-wracking things you can experience in gaming is driving around in a slow-moving T-80 and hearing the distinctive roar of an A-10 Warthog's gun firing somewhere above you. The only spoilers for DC at this point are the lack of variety in the maps and the newcomers in helicopters. I can't count the number of times I've seen a helicopter take off only to watch it nose first into a nearby building. It's funny once, but if some jackass keeps costing you the game by trying to learn how to fly a Blackhawk you're going to want to quit playing. **4 out of 5**, nearly perfect for a mod but still needs some polishing.

- **Mod: Eve of Destruction**

More Info: More Info (The text is fucking impossible to read on their site).
Fileshack Download: Mod and Necessary Patch

Stalking through a misty rice paddie can be pretty tense.

It's hard to make a fun game about the Vietnam War. It was a brutal, messy, and unpleasant conflict in American history and was low on the sort of high-speed action seen in World War II. In a way this disconcerting unpleasantness could ultimately work in favor of a mod like Eve of Destruction, which changes the style of a game like Battlefield 1942 about as much as you can without introducing lasers. I wouldn't have believed that the BF1942 engine could handle the amount of foliage featured in Eve of Destruction if I hadn't played it. Land melts into shallow swamps time after time and rivers wind their way perilously through dense jungle foliage. The mod is an impressive achievement in level design and the definitely the first game I've played that seems to capture the "look" of crawling chest deep through the muck of French Indochina.

Sound is also important, and the designers of this mod have filled the jungles with chirping frogs, buzzing insects, and other effects that compliment the sights surrounding you.

It's too bad that the developers of the mod have gotten these key elements so exactly correct yet have, so far at least, fallen totally flat in creating a fun mod. Gun combat seems awkward and the weapons often look more than a little bit off. The player and vehicle models are decent but at times distracting. A good example is a jungle map featuring several small villages and bridges in which the Viet Cong have access to APCs. It removes you from the setting and seems inappropriate for a battle to be fought between guys in black pajamas and American GIs that revolves around tanks and gun boats. I'm sure it happened in Vietnam, but when you play the map three times in a row

on a server it starts to get pretty damn stupid.

The mod works best when it boils down to sudden and intense infantry fights in the jungle.

I admit, creeping around silently in the dense underbrush and killing someone with a knife is a thrill, but most of the time you end up fighting on top of a bridge or hill just like in the regular old Battlefield 1942. If the map has chokepoints those are going to be where the majority of the fighting occurs. On some maps this works in favor of Eve of Destruction and the game turns into a frenzied battle over soggy jungle real estate. More often the fighting revolves around the aforementioned bridges and checkpoints. This is a design shortfall of the BF1942 mechanics itself where a simple "seek and destroy" would probably work better than a checkpoint based multiplayer game.

Verdict: Eve of Destruction should provide a much different gameplay experience from what you would find in vanilla BF1942 or Desert Combat. As the mod stands now it's not quite ready to stake that claim and is caught somewhere between the jungles of the Ho Chi Minh Trail and the tank traps of El Alamein. Hopefully with continued work it will improve and mature to a mod at least as entertaining as Desert Combat and possibly even more original. The mod probably only deserves two stars out of five, but it shows a lot of potential and is improving with every revision so I'm going to give it a hopeful and tentative **3 out of 5**.

■ **Mod: Forgotten Hope**
More Info: Web Site.
Fileshack Download: Mod and Map Pack

On top of tons of new vehicles and equipment a lot of the old vehicles and player models have been retextured very well.

Forgotten Hope is the mod for me. Its initial beta was just released a little over a week ago but it has already captured, for me at least, what I always wanted from Battlefield 1942. It strikes the perfect balance between realism and fast-paced action, moving away from the very actiony vanilla game but not steering so far afield as to transform itself into World War II Online: 1942. The essentials are all the same, you run, drive, and fly your way across a large battlefield, but the two factors Forgotten Hope introduces are vastly more realistic damage modeling for infantry and vehicles, and realistic vehicles and equipment. Battlefield 1942 didn't even really try at either. I mean Panzer IV-Cs were just a nice looking stand in for "German Tank" and Tigers were "German Big Tank". The differences between a Panzer IV and a Sherman were little more than aesthetic. Every side had an "assault rifle" throughout the entire war? I don't think so missy.

Forgotten Hope changes all that by including a wide variety of new vehicles that much more realistically reflect what would have been present at a given battle. I know a lot of you are thinking "who fucking cares war nerd?" Think again custard head, by having a mix of Panzer II light tanks, Panzer IV medium tanks, and scout cars in a battle you introduce more variety into that map and much more variety when you switch to the next map and it features a completely different set of tanks. Couple this with the fact that the tanks perform much more realistically than in the original game and you have a recipe for a completely different experience on the same old maps.

A great example of how this works is with the Kursk map, in which the Soviets receive outrageous numbers of T-34's, plus a new heavy tank, while the Germans receive a ton of long-barreled Panzer-IVs, and a lone hunting Tiger. The sheer joy of driving a realistically gunned and armored Tiger

cannot be underplayed. You can blast the T-34s aside with a single long range shot to anything but the turret and their fire hardly even scratches the paint on your tank. Infantry is also much more realistically equipped, meaning that the majority of classes receive bolt action rifles or (for the Americans) M1 Garands (yay!). Other new weapons abound like really cool looking light machineguns for the support role folks, rifle launched grenades, and redone anti-tank weapons. Not to mention a plethora of new aircraft, other land vehicles, and ships!

This would all add up to a decent mod if Forgotten Hope didn't include a map pack, but it does! Curb that excitement a little bit, because the majority of the maps are fairly bland and just intended to showcase the wide variety of units. That's not necessarily a bad thing because the sheer number of units available on a lot of the maps really requires a good wide open space to drive them around in. Probably the most notable map of the bunch is Karelia, which pits Finland (basically Germany) as the Axis against the Soviet Union as the allies in a brutal fight across multiple trench lines. You heard it right, trenches at long last! They look fantastic too, but there are still some issues with players spawning beneath the trench line and excessive wall clipping. Hopefully these will get ironed out because whenever they're not happening the map is amazingly fun.

The light tanks are generally more useful against infantry than other armored vehicles and some new Allied tanks like the Matilda II are all but invulnerable to Panzer Is and IIs.

Verdict: Forgotten Hope is my favorite of the mods even in its current and very unfinished state. The feel of it differs just enough from BF1942 to make it seem like a completely different game, yet it doesn't lose anything in the transition. The number and quality of new vehicles that are already in the mod outshine any of the other mods in development and the developers promise many more are on the way. The big issues with this mod include the sorry state of the enticing Karelia map and the partially functional status of some of the more unusual vehicles. The new ships barely work at all and the new transport aircraft, while functional, exhibit some bizarre bugs like flashing between models, bouncing, and spawning already damaged. As bad as that sounds it's little more than an annoyance when you're looking at a base literally overflowing with vehicles to choose from. **4 out of 5** with the definite potential to become a 5 star mod.

Other Mods of Interest

You too can help computer.

There are a shitload of Battlefield 1942 mods in development and early alpha stages. Two that stand out to me are the Star Wars mod "Galactic Conquest" and the GI Joe "Mini Mod". Galactic Conquest is shaping up to be a serious contender among Battlefield 1942 mods but its team is progressing very slowly and the two versions of an alpha they have released so far remain buggy and unstable. Despite this the models are good, the gameplay is ambitious, and the mod does show potential.

The GI Joe mod is an entirely amateur affair, but it's a really fun idea and the team creating it is working hard to make up for their shortcomings in professionalism with an abundance of talent and ambition. The current version of their mod is pretty wacky and half-functional and for whatever reason the project does not have the huge following I would expect.

Another mod that has my interest is a "Road Warrior" style post apocalyptic effort called "Dead Cities". Their site is really lacking in the information department, but it has a very cool and professional design and the handful of screenshots and renders there have certainly piqued my

curiosity. The most recent update on the site was only posted a few days ago so we can hope that they aren't stagnating too badly.

Mods That Make You Wonder What the Fuck Were They Thinking

Home Front - This horrible looking Halo mod is totally unnecessary, looks really poorly executed, and features a team leader who is also writing fan fiction for the mod... and doing nothing else. Web Site.

Running around the desert with a throwing star!

Dice City - This just in, we've added a horrible looking shuriken to the game! This Grand Theft Auto inspired mod promises to be an abomination of modeling and design. I want to wish them well, because frankly I'm still irritated Vice City didn't ship for PC with multiplayer, but I think their odds of reasonable success are abysmal. Web Site.

Star Trek - This mod is deader than a hearse full of John Ritters driven by a Johnny Cash. Web Site.

Nuclear Storm: The Korean War - Nuclear Storm: The "We're Waiting for Battlefield Vietnam Now" War. These guys packed it in and decided to wait for Battlefield Vietnam because it will have a "better engine". I'm sure they'll finish it up in a jiffy as soon as that comes out. Web Site.

Red Mayhem (Previously "Red Alert") - Okay guys, I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is that your mod is already finished and it's called "Command and Conquer: Renegade". The bad news is that it fucking sucked. Web Site.

Dark Reign - This mod is just depressing. It's a dual mod for Battlefield 1942 and Half Life 2, it's got some of the most pathetic model renders I have ever seen, and it's based on a mediocre and half forgotten real time strategy game. DO I SMELL SUCCESS OR WHAT GUYS?! Web Site.

Hydro Racers - It's a speedboat racing mod! I would download this and report back, but I mean honestly, it's a speedboat racing mod! Web Site.

The Call to Arms - Feeling more than a little underrepresented in Battlefield 1942, the team at "The Call to Arms" is working very, very, very slowly to develop a Canadian mod for the game. Get ready for the Dunkirk map where you can storm the beaches and be immediately slaughtered and then surrender! Fantastic concept and definitely needed! Web Site.

Space Combat - Hahaha! I don't know where to start on this sadsack mod. It's title fucking sucks, it is based on Starcraft of all things, it has no productive team members, they've got like five models and most of them are awful, and they have a release date set for less than a month and a half from now. One of their most recent posts is "concept art" of a "RAIL GUN!!!!" that looks like it was drawn by a 10 year old. Presented in full 2200 by 1586 pixel glory for your enjoyment. "Enegy Realse Hole" indeed sirs. Web Site.

I rarely would consider posting a second piece about a game I've already reviewed, but my piece on Battlefield 1942 was so dismissive I felt it necessary to talk about what a good game it has grown up to be. Not to mention a lot of the mods provide us with some unintentional comedy.

A Gentle Wind Blows. A Soft Rain Falls. Phriday.

Hello hepcats, hope you don't mind me taking poetic license with the article title there. It's Livestock again, interrupting another Friday update with the glorious news that we have another helping of

work from the Something Awful Forum Goons! This week I rounded up work from two very similar Photoshop threads covering the heinous topic of Nazism! While we certainly don't endorse the Nazi party, we do respect them as some of the finest villains ever to grace history and entertainment alike. Not only does this Photoshop Phriday explore what it would be like of the Nazis had won WWII, it also goes one step further by showing what it would be like if they went to war with the Empire from "Star Wars." Like you didn't see that coming.

Please do be riding with us on our fantastic voyage. Go ahead, call shotgun. We've got the room.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.2 The Energy Bar Challenge!

Thursday, Oct 02, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

This is me. I eat shitty energy bars so you don't have to. I am also a horrible monster and I pray for death.

One of the greatest and most profitable trends to sweep the American public these days is the blind lust to purchase sports utility vehicles the size of a pregnant barns but with significantly less steering ability. Wait, that may be true, but it's not what I wanted to write about today, so let me try again. One of the greatest and most profitable trends to sweep the American public these days is the desire to spend hundreds of dollars on neon-colored sports drinks which promote themselves by displaying images of minorities sweating water which glows disco colors and is probably radioactive. Shit, okay, I didn't mean to go in that direction either. Let's take this one more time: one of the greatest and most profitable trends to sweep the American public these days is the rise of "reality" based television shows in which realistic people unlike you or me are placed into realistic situations that you and I would never be in. Alright, I screwed up again, so fuck it: this update is about energy bars.

America has always embraced the idea of making your own cake and eating it too, despite the fact that nearly all of the ingredients come from Japan and we refuse to eat more than half of the cake, preferring to throw the majority of it away. Our citizens have constantly been searching for ways to lose weight without actually engaging in physical activity, changing their diets, or inconveniencing them in any way. This is the spirit of American pride and can be seen in such patriotic items as that hat which holds the beer cans with straws, the male girdles which are supposed to electrocute you until you die and therefore become less obese, and anything sold by Ron Popeil which contains the word "wonder" in its name.

We would love to look like all those famous Hollywood celebrities, yet we don't have the willpower or money to go on an exciting Hollywood celebrity drug-induced diet binge. Companies have decided to capitalize on our eternal desire to "eat utter shit yet lose weight at the same time" by creating a new type of hybrid candy bar / energy log thingy which sells itself as something that tastes great yet injects your small intestines with a powerful dose of "Vitamin OH HELL YEAH!" I recently went to my local supermarket and picked up nine energy bars which were either placed in dominant locations or caught my attention with their shiny and colorful labels, thereby making me another faceless statistic to prove trends from marketing research data. I was planning on doing a taste test review of these nine energy bars with my girlfriend, but since we broke up a few days ago, I don't really feel the need to call her up and ask her to "eat my candy bar." With this in mind, I have decided to use the next best thing - my dog Jake - as a secondary review source so you can be sure that the information you're getting here is not only 100% accurate, but it's also advice from a dog.

U-TURN
BALANCE
BALANCE Gold
CLIF
NUTRITION
BALANCE
ZONE Perfect
ZONE Perfect
BALANCE Gold

- **ENERGY BAR #1:** "Zone Perfect Apple Cinnamon"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: This energy bar looked really exciting because the text on the side read *"contains 3mg of OMEGA 3."* Note how the phrase "omega 3" is in all caps. This is because it is obviously very important and we all need at least three milligrams of it in our diet each and every day or else we'll all explode and die. The wrapper also trumpeted how it is *"ALL NATURAL"* and contains 14 grams of *"PROTEIN"* which is secret code for "will probably taste like licking a 20-year old shipping crate."

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: Zone Perfect Apple Cinnamon has 200% of my vitamin C and vitamin B6 requirements, which worries me because I fear that if I eat an entire bar, my stomach will erupt with a fountain of raw vitamin C and B6 gushing out. This is the risk I take to do such an important job of "eating candy bars for an Internet website."

REVIEW: The actual energy bar resembles a tightly compressed bird's nest and when you bite into it, the energy nest breaks apart into hundreds of tiny Rice Krispy-esque particles. There is no taste at first, which makes you feel as if you're eating chunky air, but your taste buds soon get slammed with a rotten apple flavor. If I was English, I'd write that last word as "flavour," thereby tricking you into believing I am smart and sophisticated. The apple flavor isn't that bad, especially compared to drinking pepper spray, but it's still not very good. I think they forgot to include the cinnamon in my bar because all I could taste was birds nest and rotten apple. After swallowing down a few bites, my throat felt as if it was coated in some kind of low-fat butter substance, which isn't really that great of a feeling especially when combined with the rogue birds nest chunks stuck in between your teeth.

REVIEW FROM DOG: He ate the entire thing in one bite. I don't even think he bothered breathing during its consumption. I guess that means he enjoyed it, but then again he also enjoys licking his own penis, and I can faithfully say that he's the only entity which enjoys that. Well, I mean licking my dog's penis, that is. You can enjoy licking your own penis all you like, but I draw the line as soon as you start lusting for my dog's genitalia.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: Not much, but I did develop a headache after eating it. A headache is kind of a form of energy, isn't it?

RATING: 4 / 10

- **ENERGY BAR #2:** "U-TURN CHOCOLATE CARAMEL"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: First off, the U-TURN label is fresh and funky and in-your-face with nutritional attitude, as can be seen in the fact that the "U" in the word "TURN" is upside down and has an arrow coming from it. You see, a normal, non-extreme energy bar would settle for an ordinary "u" character, but oh no, not "U-TURN"! They've got an upside-down "u"! Can you feel the rush? There's a big circle which reads "*America's #1 Protein DESIGNER PROTEIN WHEY*" and I have absolutely no fucking clue what that means or if I'm supposed to be impressed. I'll go out on a limb here and claim that I am. The tagline for this energy bar is *"U-TURN to a new state of taste"* which infers that I was previously heading in the direction of an old state of taste, and let me tell you folks, that depresses me beyond belief. Thank you for allowing me to see the light, U-TURN.

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: This bar didn't have any section which listed all the vitamins it contains, so I'm going to assume that there are absolutely no vitamins in an average U-TURN energy bar. Let me take this statement to the next logical step and conclude that U-TURN is made from the remains of cremated elderly lovers.

REVIEW: Despite the fact that I have no goddamn clue what "whey" is, much less "designer protein whey," U-TURN didn't taste that terrible. It's pretty thin and covered in a fake chocolaty substance which resembles cake icing. Beneath the cake icing and caramel is some mystery chemical with the consistency of biting into a shoelace. I don't know what that is; maybe it's the designer protein whey in all its glory. I think the main reason this energy bar didn't taste like bland shit is because of the aforementioned lack of vitamins. If this is the taste of my dead grandfather, let me be the first to start praying for more of my family members to die! I just came up with that quote, so if you marketing folks at U-TURN Inc. would like to use that line to sell your energy bars, please be aware that you'll have to ship me large burlap bags full of cash first.

I would also like to note that it is near impossible to open the wrapper and you'll die from hunger before summoning up enough strength to tear it open. Of course if you ate a U-TURN energy bar before trying to open one, you would undoubtedly possess such superhuman energy, but that's venturing a little too far into "the chicken and the egg" scenario. I have no clue what that last sentence means.

REVIEW FROM DOG: This energy bar contained chocolate (or some type of fake chocolate) so I couldn't feed it to him because I was told that if you give a dog chocolate, then he begins foaming at the mouth and will throw up all his internal organs.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: A fair amount. My headache didn't go away from the Zone Perfect apple disaster fiasco, but I regained my will to live.

RATING: 8 / 10

- **ENERGY BAR #3:** "BALANCE Gold TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR CHOCOLATE! CHOCOLATE! CRUNCH"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: Woah nellie, look at all them capital letters up there! This wrapper blew my mind with its fancy colors and reflective surfaces, displaying a seemingly random series of numbers all across it. For example, above the word "CRUNCH" (which has jagged lines across it to really stress the whole "crunch" aspect) the numbers "40," "30," and "30," are all printed inside bright pink circles. What do these three numbers mean? Are they the combination to the CEO's safe containing all his secrets behind the BALANCE Gold legacy? Are they lotto numbers? If you add them all together you get 100, which means that this energy bar is obviously good because hey, 100 is a fantastic number no matter how you look at it.

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: While BALANCE Gold has 20% of my daily required saturated fat intake, it also comes with 100% of my recommended vitamin C. Can I possibly ingest any more vitamin C today? Well I guess we'll "C" about that! Ha ha! I'm sorry, that was just a little nutritional joke! Thanks for playing along!

REVIEW: Okay, everything about this is terrible (the energy bar, not my review). First of all, the energy bar is as dense as a neutron star. Secondly, the "CHOCOLATE! CHOCOLATE!" part is only a half truth, as I'm sure they honestly meant to write "CHOCOLATE which tastes like LICKING A QUARTER FOUND IN THE BATHROOM OF AN UNPOPULAR CASINO WHICH WAS CLOSED IN THE 1970'S!" twice, but there wasn't enough printable room on the cover. Last of all, this energy bar has the consistency of gnawing on a sweatsock which was used as a jizz rag by a 500-pound Linux systems administrator masturbating to Hentai tentacle porn who then placed it out in the hot sun for a week and poured a rancid mixture of motor oil and melted Mexican chocolate on top. I didn't especially enjoy this.

REVIEW FROM DOG: This energy bar contained chocolate (or some type of fake chocolate) so I couldn't feed it to him because I was told that if you give a dog chocolate, then his head will cave in like a deflating basketball and then John Ashcroft will come over and beat you to death with a garden hose.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: Enough energy to throw it the hell away.

RATING: 2 / 10

- **ENERGY BAR #4:** "CLIF BAR ENERGY BAR CHOCOLATE CHIP PEANUT CRUNCH"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: Everything on the front is in all capital letters, so I can't really express how utterly blown out of the water I was when I first laid my eyes upon it. It was like looking directly at Jesus or perhaps a candy bar wrapper made by Jesus or at least containing letters which are also in the name "Jesus." In a stunning twist of marketing genius, the "CLIF" bar features a picture of some faceless guy climbing a cliff. Do you get it? It's called "CLIF" and there's a guy on a cliff! It works on so many levels... this is clearly the energy bar for you intellectuals out there who enjoy emo music and writing poetry about the ocean.

The back of the wrapper says *"Clif Bar is named after my father, Clifford, my childhood hero and companion throughout the Sierra Nevada mountains"* and then goes on for two paragraphs about "Gary's" dad. "Gary" is the founder of Clif Bar and apparently believes when we consumers buy energy bars, we really want to read a little mini-novel about his terribly exciting life and relatives. Hey "Gary," if I wanted to read about your retarded family, then I'd pull my dick out of your mom's mouth and ask her myself. Yes, that's right, I made a mom joke. I "went there."

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: This bar seems to have at least 20% of every vitamin and substance known to mankind. Every ingredient in this energy bar is *"ALL ORGANIC, ALL NATURAL"* which gives me this terrible sinking feeling in my gut. You know what else is all organic and all natural? Pelican shit.

REVIEW: Do you remember those plain orange and black candies that the neighborhood deadbeat cheapskate hands out every Halloween? They look like generic candies and come in either an anonymous orange or black wax wrapper, and no scientist on the Earth has been able to determine where these mysterious wads of chemicals originated from and who sells them. The CLIF BAR tasted like those things, only with a lot more crunch and the shape of a squirrel flattened by a tanker trailer. If this energy bar was some kind of stupid tribute to a dead guy, then I gotta tell you, that dead guy isn't really missing much by not being alive and able to eat this thing. Perhaps the drawing of the guy scaling the cliff on the front of this wrapper was "CLIF" shortly before he died, and this energy bar is composed from the rocks and gravel inside the cliff he fell from. Now that'd be a good story, although maybe not such a great marketing angle.

REVIEW FROM DOG: This energy bar contained chocolate (or some type of fake chocolate) so I couldn't feed it to him because I was told that if you give a dog chocolate, then he'll develop incredible psychic powers and use them for evil, not good.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: Not very much. Dead guys don't make good energy bars.

RATING: 5 / 10

- **ENERGY BAR #5:** "BALANCE Chocolate"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: This energy bar doesn't have much compared to its high-fallootin' brother, the "BALANCE Gold TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR CHOCOLATE! CHOCOLATE! CRUNCH." For example, this bar is apparently not rated "gold" which means that, well, I don't know what it means, but I assume it's not good. "Gold" is always better than something non-gold because, hey, it's gold! Who doesn't like gold? The only thing better than gold is platinum, and they weren't offering any platinum energy bars at the supermarket, so I did the best I could under such circumstances. The enigmatic "40 - 30 - 30" combination of pink circles appears on the top of this bar as well, furthering my suspicion that it is a code for the Zionist conspiracy. The joke's on them though; I was wearing my tin helmet the entire time I tried eating this energy bar! Score one for the good guys! Go team! USA!

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: This bar contains 2% less saturated fat than the Gold version, although it lacks 100% of the "CRUNCH" because I swear I looked all over the wrapper and couldn't find a single instance of the word "CRUNCH" anywhere. I even read the tiny print next to the copyright. Once again, 100% of the recommended vitamin C is present in this bar, so if you're a pirate and are really concerned about scurvy, fuck the oranges and instead bring a crate of these bad boys on your next trip to find exotic spices and silks across the Orient. That would be another great marketing idea, some old pirate shrieking, "YAR, fuck the oranges and pick thee up one'a dese, landlubber!" The pirate could be a Hispanic female if you'd like to shift the marketing demographic. This energy bar has a spooky message that read "BEST BY: OCT 02 03," which worried me because I was literally one day away from eating an energy bar which would've gone bad! Oh no! The amount of vitamin C in the bar could drop to dangerous, sub-100% levels!

REVIEW: Awful, simply awful. It seems every BALANCE bar is coated with the fake obligatory cake mix icing on top and contains something horrible inside, like the time when I was a kid and gave my mom a Christmas present which was a dead bird encased inside the most expensive gift wrap I could find in the bathroom closet. The trick chocolate in this thing is so bad that I was actually physically scrunching up my face while trying to wash out the aftertaste with a glass of water. This thing is so unsweetened that it's actually a black hole vampire of sugar, draining the vital life force from any sweet candy which may surround it. I couldn't even bring myself to do my obligatory "third bite" test on it, where I attempt to eat a third sample of it to see if I'll die or not. I calculated the odds and determined that it wasn't worth the risk, thereby electing to place the horrid log of filth into the toilet where it belongs.

REVIEW FROM DOG: This energy bar contained chocolate (or some type of fake chocolate) so I couldn't feed it to him because I was told that if you give a dog chocolate, then you'll go to hell and there's nothing to do in hell except listen to German xylophone music.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: Not enough to make me forget that I ate two bites from it.

RATING: 1 / 10

Stay tuned for the conclusion of the Nutritional Candy Bar Challenge which will take place next Tuesday, unless of course nobody bothers emailing me about today's update and, as a result, I cannot find any motivation to finish the article and write a second part.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.3 Alas, Poor Frolixo

Friday, Oct 03, 2003 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

An artist's recreation of the fateful accident, painstakingly crafted with nothing but a "camera" paintbrush of some sort.

Howdy folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here. My first update as a full-fledged front page writer is bittersweet, for I must be the bearer of bad news. Reid "Frolixo" Pascibbowitz passed away this Thursday, losing control of his twin-engine Cessna while attempting to change lanes on Interstate 95. While Frolixo was a much-loved member of the Something Awful team who made us all laugh up until the end, I must admit that I honestly can't remember a single thing about him. I always assumed he was just another fictional character that Greasnin had created to spice things up around here, like that "Lowtax" character, or myself.

Upon further research, I found out that Frolixo was an all around good guy, no matter how many elderly women mysteriously went missing in his neighborhood. He had a life that was full of things, and saw a great many of these things. He probably saw several more than once, and even touched a few of them. There are a number of things he did, though no exact figure can be pinpointed. I can safely assume that he had a secret crush on me, because there is no evidence to suggest otherwise. While that unrequited love understandably devestated the poor guy, he was able to find enough inner strength to press on and drink himself into oblivion. The rumor that Frolixo's drinking "problem" lead to his death was sadly confirmed when the contents of his stomach revealed a deadly mixture of NyQuil, Lee Press-On Nails, and an oversized foam cowboy hat. Upon further analysis, the hat was found to be humorous in nature, with trace amounts of wackiness.

While I could literally go on and on about Frolixo for at least another sentence, I feel the best way to pay tribute to his life is to forget about the bastard and talk about me instead. It's what he would have wanted, and if Frolixo's skull was still intact, he'd nod in agreement right now. Then again he's dead, so I guess he couldn't really nod at all, no matter how much he wanted to. Okay, if his head were intact and someone dug his body up, I'm sure they'd nod his head in agreement.

I began my stint at Something Awful last year writing for State Og, where I soon became that section's editor / representative. While my position at State Og was satisfying, I yearned for more, much like a child after receiving a spanking from his father. Soon I was given an additional position as Johnny Cash's road manager, which is really strange when you think about it. I mean, I don't even *like* rap music! After I was fired from that position for no apparent reason last month, I set my sights higher. I wanted to be a front page writer, a goal that not even Einstein had been able to achieve. I knew that I had plenty to offer literaturatarily, given my numerous accomplishents in the field. Take this poem for example, which earned me 1st place in the Florida State Fair Poetry and Pie Eating Contest:

robots
with lasers and swords
that join to form a larger robot
wait
I thought I was making that up
but it's just Voltron
still, I'd fuck a robot if I had the chance
oh, like you wouldn't

In addition to my astounding literary feats, I knew I would need something to set me apart from the sea of other three-armed writers that had applied for this position. What I needed was a specialty. Zack is a WW2 (the WWW of the 1940's) buff, Livestock is a master of lambada: the forbidden dance, and Greasnin has an incredible trick in which he stands on his head and shoots ping pong balls like twenty feet in the air. While I'm famous in my hometown for my uncanny ability to navigate around my living room in the dark (except the coffee table), I sensed this wouldn't be quite enough. What could I bring to the table?

I love video games, but aside from the Jews, who doesn't? Perhaps I could write about comics, since I make my own and have a great respect for the field. Nah, writing about something you respect on this site is a lot like making a metaphor that really has nothing to do with what you're talking about. I soon realized that I had absolutely nothing to offer Something Awful. Like Jesse Jackson on the hunt for donations, I knew that I would have to resort to blackmail. That night Lowtax received an e-mail from me containing a set of photographs that he would do anything in order to keep out of the newspapers. Despite all logic that would suggest otherwise, I will now publish them here for millions of people to see.

That's not all! In fact, the horrors only become worse as our journey into Hell progresses.

As if those weren't enough, I ended the e-mail with this particularly incriminating snaphsot.

While that's technically a picture of me, my message was nonetheless made chillingly clear. Lowtax replied immediately, agreeing to meet with me for breakfast the following morning. Showing up in his infamous purple suspenders and chomping a cigar, Mr. Kyanka marked his entrance by sucker-punching our waitress in the stomach. The meeting went surprisingly well after that point, despite the fact that Lowtax didn't seem to understand english. When I finally worked up the courage to ask if I had the job, he glared at me with bloodshot eyes and bellowed, "Hmmph! Yah, boombox!" before jabbing his spoon into my forehead while laughing the deep laugh of a man who knows

death intimately, or who has just seen Gallagher smash a watermelon. Finally, my lifelong dream of becoming "that guy who isn't as funny as Frolixo" had come true.

In the coming weeks, you and I will embark on an adventure together. There will be ups, downs, and clumsy drunken intercourse, as in every normal friendship. You might even learn a thing or two about yourself, and how to cauterize a spurting wound. That's all for this week, but be sure to stop by for my next update. While I can't promise that I'll be the greatest writer on Something Awful's front page, I *can* guarantee it.

State Og: Titles With Colons Rule

Allow me to step into my role as State Og Representative for a few moments. Sometimes I wonder what life would be like without State Og, and what George Lucas wears to bed. Mostly I think it's the obvious (flannel pajamas), but sometimes I figure maybe he's a leopard-print thong kind of guy. Right now you're probably wondering when I'll get to this week's excerpt:

> *Sadly, after we looked into the matter more, we realized this whole project was a sham and nothing more than just another one of his hare-brained schemes to misappropriate R&D funds to purchase all the Pippi Longstocking hentai magazines he could handle. And by "handle," I mean grind into a fine powder, mix into a saline solution, and inject directly into his jugular.*

Go check out State Og, or I'll be forced to make wholly meaningless and empty threats toward you. I mean it!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.4 Look What You've Done to Me

Saturday, Oct 04, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

The news of Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz's tragic passing weighs heavily on the finely tuned mass of gears and microchips that long ago replaced my heart. While he and I did not always see eye to eye, he was a funny and skilled writer. I would love to spend the rest of this article extolling his many fine virtues, but there is something even more important that I have to address. Namely, how much I hate you, the reader. Yes, you. You are personally responsible for my downfall. You've broken me. All I ever wanted to do was entertain you. I just wanted to make you laugh, bring a little smile to your face, help you forget about your troubles for a few minutes. But that wasn't enough for you. I had to keep pushing it and pushing it. Well congratulations, now my English skills are completely defective. I hope you're happy.

Today's image theme: you.

You know, Bill Cosby made a career for himself on nonoffensive, expletive-free, family-friendly humor. But you wouldn't have any of that, would you? No, you needed your daily dose of funny overflowing with sex, drugs, violence, and creative cursing. And no matter how fucktacular I tried to make my articles, it was never quite fucktacular enough for you, now was it? You wanted your Sunday updates faster, harder, and with a free toy. So I struggled to amp up the juice for you, and now I can't turn it off! After a summer of writing nothing but SA articles, when I got back to school I discovered that I no longer know how to write a normal essay. I'm trying to pull off an English major, here! And at a school where everyone thinks they're an English major, in a world where English majors are used for currency by people with real degrees, I need to be able to adapt to my situation like a chameleon who is also an English major. But just look at one of my recent essays!

> *The impassioned speaker in John Donne's "The Canonization" is most likely an older man in love with a younger woman. He mentions his "palsy," "gout," "five grey hairs" and "ruin'd fortune" in the second and third lines. This is a man who has lived long enough to accumulate a fortune and lose it, as well as succumbing to baldness and diseases commonly associated with the elderly. Not to make any judgment about anyone else's sexuality or anything, but this guy has got some serious fucking self-perception issues. Hate to break it to you, there, Oldie McLiverspots, but the girl isn't even half your age. She could find a better man her own age, get married, and raise a family in the time it would take you to unhitch your suspenders and manage a feeble erection. Also, John Donne sucks fish nuts. And believe you me, fish nuts are difficult to find, let alone to suck, so anyone who does so must really, really love it.*

You.

And that's just the opening paragraph! Notice where it takes a slight deviation in tone? Yeah, that's not kosher with most English teachers these days. Fortunately, I was able to catch that little snafu in revision and changed it to read simply: "John Donne sucks." While that didn't quite fulfill the length requirement of the assignment, I feel that it made my point rather succinctly. Now, if this was an isolated incident, it would be one thing. But such is not the case. Try this excerpt from a recent essay on Andrei Bely's *Petersburg* on for size.

> *On the most basic level, Apollon Apollonovich plays a twofold role in the narrative of Petersburg. First, he is Nikolai Apollonovich's*

father. Second, he is a senator, which makes him the target of a revolutionary assassination attempt that Nikolai Apollonovich ends up spearheading. There is a clear conflict of interest at work, one which could prove interesting in the hands of even the least capable of writers, but the conflict is mostly on the part of Nikolai Apollonovich. It is his crisis of conscience and filial duty that come into play. Apollon Apollonovich, like all major figurehead statesmen in Russia during the first part of the Twentieth Century (or arguably any other part), is well aware that his life may be in danger. But that's what he gets for getting involved in filthy commie politics. Maybe if he wasn't so busy doing the pinko polka with his commie buddies all day long, he could get off his fat red ass and do some goddamn parenting. I'll tell you one thing, you never get this sort of father-son political conspiracy bullshit in America. If I tried to play a key role in a socialist plot to assassinate a key political figurehead, my father would beat the crap out of me, disown me, then adopt me back into the family so that he could beat me again in the warmth and comfort of his own home. Friggin' commies. Also, Andrei Bely blows goat scrotum, which I call "goatum."

Now that's just unacceptable. I mean, "goatum?" That's just a stretch. I love the combining words gag, you know I do - I break it out for you often enough - but that one's pretty weak. Oh, also it has no place in an analytical paper on the relationship between Apollon Apollonovich and Nikolai Apollonovich, but that's almost beside the point. And I didn't even notice that stuff during revisions. I didn't realize anything was wrong until I got the graded paper back from my teacher with the comment, "solid thesis, but tone gets a bit colloquial at points." I heartily believe that if my teacher hadn't been firmly in the grips of senile-old-coothood, things could have been much worse. However, not every paper went quite so smoothly.

You.

Redemption is also conspicuously absent from Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Ignoring the element of the Director and Actors for the time being, the story of the family of six living characters is one of layered betrayal. The existence of the characters, most notably the Father, is one of endless repentance. Within their story, the direct parallels to* The Winter's Tale *are few, but noteworthy. Of course, by "noteworthy," I mean "boring and pretentious." I don't think I'm saying anything here that we aren't both already thinking. I mean, come on. What sort of backbiting, pedagogical, wannabe intellectual, self-imporant sperm sponge writes about the direct parallels between* Six Characters in Search of an Author *and* The Winter's Tale *with a straight face? You want to talk parallels? Here's your parallel: they're both plays. You happy now? Give me the damn A already. Also, Pirandello sucks worse than a twenty dollar whore with metal teeth named Mitch.*

YOU.

Yeah, yeah, that didn't fly. Remarkably enough, my teacher found that ending to be a little flippant. Can you imagine? Of course you can imagine. Because you're the reason I write like that in the first place! You just love it when I point out the foibles of pretentious literary criticism, don't you? You get off when I bring the world of expository writing down into the trenches, don't you? Nothing excites your withered little genitals more than when I defy expectations by using slang and vulgarity after formal writing, isn't that right? Well you sicken me. It's because of you and your precious needs that I ended up handing in this modern wonder:

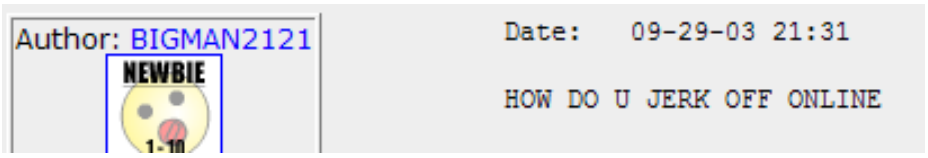
> *However, Erikson's steps of development show the maturation of the pure ego primarily through the social self and the material self. He writes extensively about how infants begin to make distinctions between themselves, their surroundings, and other human beings. For the most part, he neglects the spiritual self. While it may be difficult to make generalizations about the spiritual self that end up holding true under scrutiny like Erikson was able to do for the material and social selves, the spiritual self nonetheless occupies a unique and critical position within the psyche. Fuck fuck fuck fuckafuck fuckafuck fucka fuck fuck fuck. Fuckity fuckity fuck fuck boob, fuck fuck boob, fuck fuck boob. Fuckity fuckity fuck fuck boob, fuck fuck boob, fuck-a-boob-a-shit. Fuck, fuck, fuck-fuck fuck-fuck fuck. Fuck, boob, fuck-fuck fuck-fuck ass. Ass fuck ass fuck, fuck fuck fuck. Fuckity fuckity Fuckleberry Finn.*

Now that one was entirely your fault. What were you trying to get me to do, fail out of college? I can't go handing in papers with crap like that on them! "Erikson's steps of development show the maturation of the pure ego primarily through the social self and the material self" my ass! What kind of argument is that? Everyone knows that Erikson specifically doesn't mention the spiritual self because he doesn't feel that it is his place to impose spiritual guidelines on a child's development. What sort of punkass student can't respect that? Also, there should really be a comma between the first "ass fuck" and the second "ass fuck" to give a better sense of rhythm. Honestly, that's just atrocious. And I blame you. You're the one who made me stoop to such despicable levels week after week after week. You're the lowest common denominator, you know that? Just sucking up whatever lowbrow filth I'm willing to throw your way. And what's worse, I let myself believe that I had to please you! I subverted my own principles just to get the cheap laugh from your Dorito-filled mouth! And look what happened. Now I can't even get through a sentence without using some profanity fuck. I wasn't always like this, you know. There was a time when I was on a clear path to being one of the most respected writers on the East Coast. Well, I wash my hands of you.

I didn't mean that. Please come back to me, baby. I need the constant approval or I'll wither and die. I love you. Really, I do. I was just venting. Just letting off a little steam. It's been a rough week. Don't take it personally. When I said "you" all those times, I didn't mean "you" specifically. really, it was everybody but you. You're the exception. You're the best, baby. I need you. I - hey, where are you going?

■ Skip Church! It's Time for The Weekend Web!

Oh, hello there. Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. I was a bit worried this week. How was I going to top last week's terrible feature on anime forums? I simply could not believe that there would be an internet community more worse off than those who watch anime. Well whenever I don't know what to do I always turn to the horrible fuck-ups that are America's teenagers:



Yeah, that should do it. Come along and join us in exploring the depressing world of teenagers in this week's Weekend Web!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.5 An Evening With Karyn

Monday, Oct 06, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Vegan vegetable chef guy is pissing me off.

Those of you with a kind of creepy amount of knowledge about my personal life probably recall that I live with my girlfriend Michelle here in Chicago. We get along great and rarely does it come to throwing objects in our relationship, but we do have one problem and that is I'm not as adventurous as she is. For me ordering pizza and laying on the couch playing "DOA: Xtreme Beach Volleyball" is my idea of a rewarding Saturday night. As far as I can tell she wants to skydive off of Mount Rushmore while eating rare snake embryos imported from Thailand. Sometimes we compromise and go eat regular Thai food, other times she just has to cut loose and go wild with one of her friends. Such was the case a couple weeks ago when she and her friend went out to dinner together. When she got back I could tell by the look of excitement in her eyes that she had brought me back some sort of treat. Imagine my dismay when instead of a huge slice of chocolate cake she presented me with a pamphlet about the restaurant they went to.

My disappointment quickly evaporated like frosting scraped off the top of a slice of chocolate cake as I leafed through the sheets of paper held together by a paper clip. The restaurant was called "Karyn's" - nothing too exciting there - but even the first page of this brochure on the joint let me know I was in for a wild ride. "The Nature's Healing System is a journey towards reaching goals set for yourself" I read, tapping my cigarette over the ashtray absently.

Karyn doesn't just own a restaurant; she operates a complex and cult-like "detoxification" center. Right next to raw turnip ravioli on the menu at Karyn's is a heaping side order of oxygen bar and spiritual healing. She calls herself a "raw foodist", which means every single thing served at her restaurant is completely raw and vegan. I'm a lifelong vegetarian and even I won't touch most vegan food with a ten foot pole, but Karyn has done vegans one better by removing the unhealthy "toxification" process of cooking from her meals. Want a bean burrito? Sorry, how about a Bean Burro, featuring all the ingredients you love like uncooked beans, guacamole, salsa, sprouts, and cream sauce in a cabbage tortilla. A CABBAGE TORTILLA! The entire nation of Mexico just rolled over in its grave. Maybe try some Beat Seed Cheese which includes the finest cheese ingredients like pumpkin seeds, beets, onion, carrots and garlic. Bad news Karyn, that's not cheese it's a fucking salad, and a crappy one at that.

Are your reaaaddy for some foooootbaaaaaaaall?!?

Hungry for a dessert? Karyn's delicious banana split is a decadent treat containing all of the bananas, cashews, flax seeds, and vanilla you could ever want. Or maybe a nice brownie is more up your alley? Karyn's got one but apparently it's made out of shit so nasty and ridiculous even she won't put it on her menu. It just says "tastes just like the real thing" next to "Brownies". I assume the "thing" she is referring to is the delightful flavor of bile rising in the back of my throat. Your meal just wouldn't be complete without one of the fine selections from Karyn's "Potions" menu, including such delicacies as "Oxygen Drops", "Spirulina", and "Ultimate Meal". I think Spirulina was a Dario Argento movie and if it's anything

like "Tenebre" it's not worth the dollar Karyn is trying to charge.

Who needs food at Karyn's when you can purchase a wide assortment of custom detoxification services directly from her menu!? Not I! All I exist on are cups of wheatgrass tea and lymphatic drainage treatment. Journey with me through the sights, sounds, and smells of Karyn's menu of holistic healing services.

- **Oxygen Bath**
Cost: $50.00 per session
What Karyn Says: "Sit comfortably in a sauna-like pod that increases the available oxygen to the body over the level of daily function to the level needed to draw toxins from the body. A powerful detoxifier that will leave you invigorated and refreshed, while it regenerates on the cellular level. Sessions last 20-30 min."
What I Say: "What are we, fucking frogs? People don't breathe through their goddamn skin and I guarantee you could fill that sauna-like pod with nitrogen and neither I nor my body's many toxins would notice the difference. Regenerates on the cellular level? What does that even mean? Am I Swamp Thing? If I go in there with my arm cut off will vines start growing out of my chest and turn into an arm? Our body regenerates cells constantly even if we sit there and jab hot irons into our face. Sessions waste 50.00-50.00 dollars."
Almost As Effective As: Rolling the windows down when you're driving on the interstate.

- **Colon Hydrotherapy**
Cost: $60.00 per session
What Karyn Says: "Cleanse and heal the body by relaxing one-on-one with a certified colon therapist using a state of the art apparatus that gently flows tepid water in and out of the body for cleansing and strengthening of the colon muscle tissues. Sessions last 45 min."
What I Say: "Oh, hell no. I don't care how toxic I feel, you are not flowing tepid water anywhere near my colon. I could have cysts made out of radium growing out of my urethra and your colon therapist is not going to sit my digestive tract down on a couch and give it the water torture. If anybody asks, my colon muscle tissues are Herculean. I could pass a whole pizza out of my ass and not even notice it on the way out. People might say I have problems controlling my bowels, but after reading about colon hydrotherapy I like to think positive and just say 'the door is always open'. Yeeuuuugh. Sessions recall brutal prison rapes."
Almost As Effective As: Wading through a bayou.

- **Lymphatic Drainage**
Cost: $50.00 per session
What Karyn Says: "The body's waste pathway, the lymphatic system, very often needs to be cleansed as it cleanses the body. Specially constructed photon beam tubes are placed on the body that stimulate and break up clogged lymph. Duration is 30 min."
What I Say: "Photon means light. I can only assume that a 'photon beam tube' is basically a flashlight. So they're charging 50 dollars to spend a half hour shooting flashlights at my lymph nodes. Here's an idea, how about I keep the 50 bucks Karyn, and you can shine your flashlight at some of your food until it cooks. Let bake for about 10 hours."
Almost As Effective As: A heated game of laser tag.

- **Live-Cell Analysis**
Cost: $65.00 per session

Are your reaaaddy for some foooootbaaaaaaaall?!?

What Karyn Says: "Karyn's Inner Beauty Center now uses the technology of a high-powered microscope to show you your current health condition. This hour-long session will detect any nutritional deficiencies as well as examine the condition of all your major life systems."
What I Say: "Oh hooray! I trust a restaurant to draw my fucking blood and analyze it using the magical high-tech power of a MICROSCOPE! If only Louie Pasteur had thought to use such cutting edge science my life systems might not be so unbelievably overloaded with toxins. Maybe after you find out my blood is 'way too sticky' or 'full of icky crud' you can use a flashlight to shoot photons through my life systems. Wastes an hour of your time."
Almost As Effective As: Placing your ear against someone's arm to listen to their cells.

- **Ear Coning (Hahahaha!)**

Cost: $30.00 per session
What Karyn Says: "An ancient healing art of removing ear wax buildup and foreign matter that has accumulated in the ear canals. It is a gentle, relaxing process, which balances energy, as it removes blockages."
What I Say: "Gahahaha, I don't even know where to start on this one. Ear coning is where they stick rolled up paper in your ear and light it on fire to draw out the bad-bad. Before it was germs it was evil spirits, and if you think sticking burning paper in your ear canal is going to bust the ghosts in your tympanic membrane you need to check yourself before you wriggity-wreck yourself. Foreign matter in my ear canals? What is that Al-Qaeda? Are they dug into my ear and Karyn is going to smoke them out like Operation Karynconda? Ear wax does not come from bees, put away the smoking cones."
Almost As Effective As: Leeches and exorcism.

The services available from Karyn's leave a lot to be desired for a 21st century chain-smoking fatass like me, so I immediately dismissed them all as preposterous new age idiocy. Then as I was flipping through the pages of Karyn's pamphlet I came upon a testimonial from a satisfied customer, and then another, and another. Could I be wrong? Could Karyn really know the secrets to unlock my body's inner potential? Let's take a look at those testimonials and see if we can find out.

"On the second day of the fast I had what is no doubt my most interesting cleansing experience. I was on the trampoline doing my daily routine and I was looking out a skylight. There was a small bird flying in and out of the hollow trunk of a tree. He would go inside and then come out and look around. As I jumped I watched him and actually felt like I had changed places with him. I felt that I could see the entire neighborhood around my house and actually visualized what he must be seeing from up that high. At

> *the same time I envisioned what he would feel like if he were in fact inside the house looking out. What I felt was an overwhelming sense of wanting to be out in the fresh air, out in nature."* **- Adrienne**

I wish I could transform into a bird when doing my trampoline routine under the skylight! I've tried all kinds of different trampolines, magic potions, powerful hallucinogenic drugs, and none of them have worked. If Adrienne is to be believed I guess all it takes is a healthy dose of starvation followed by feeding water up your ass. Sounds like directions to destination: bird!

> *"If you told me ten years ago that I'd be eating only raw foods, drinking strange tasting green liquid, and sticking tubes up my butt, I'd say 'what the hell are you smoking?' If you want to rocket your life to a positive, powerful place - do the detox/cleanse. [...] PS Use lubricant on the bucket catheter."* **- Johnny**

The day I stick a tube up my butt is the day I have colon cancer. In the mean time you can keep your lubricant and bucket catheters to yourself Johnny.

> *"In fact, I reunite[sic] with my father, whom I had not seen in 11 years!! The benefits from the class outweigh the discomfort of the detox, such as gas constipation and headaches. I recommend the detox to everyone I know!!!!"* **- Tina**

You mean all I have to do is starve myself, get really sick, and then the detox will allow me to reunite with estranged family members? Hallelujah, Karyn is a miracle healer of the body and soul! If you folks are not totally convinced to pay Karyn a visit and chow down on her cabbage wrapped burritos while someone sticks burning cones in your ears and tubes up your ass, then I don't know what else I can do to change your mind.

◘ High-Octane Crap

Hey folks, Taylor "Spaghettiosis" Bell here with a brand-new review of an exceptionally bad game about slowly ramming big trucks into each other! Monster Jam is the name of this week's game, and it's almost as terrible as actual monster truck racing.

> *Matches are simple demolition derbies, and winning them requires you to sit through a clusterfuck of cars sliding around and humping each other until everybody but you runs out of health. Step one is picking a car, which is made a lot simpler by the fact that none of the cars differ noticeably from each other in any way. Once the match starts you can drive around trying to collect powerups and weapons, but since five solid seconds of machine gun fire does less than half the damage of a collision you're better off ignoring all the items. UbiSoft attempted to add depth to the matches with "multi-tiered levels",*

> *a gaming term famous for sounding a lot cooler than it really is. All that means is that every single level consists of several big open rooms connected by narrow passageways, most of which you have to uncover by knocking down walls with your truck. For those of you who can't imagine that a game with this exciting gimmick could possibly be bad, let me remind you that multi-tiered environments were prominently featured in Clay Fighter 63 1/3.*

It sounds like gay trucker porn, but it's not! If you don't believe me, see for yourself!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.6 24 Hours and Man Do I Gotta Piss Like Hell

Tuesday, Oct 07, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I must admit that while I don't watch a lot of television, I'm a big fan of Fox's *24*. It's one of those shows that has such a ridiculously neat concept behind it that I find myself watching each episode no matter how idiotic and convoluted the overall plot tends to get. And it does get monstrously convoluted as the writers struggle to tell a 24-hour long story in real time while delicately weaving the show's events around commercial breaks that seem to only advertise *American Idol*, the show that runs immediately before *24* and is recapped immediately after *24* and is then talked about endlessly by vapid people until a new episode airs. Somehow, they manage to tell the story, and they never fail to deliver a cliffhanger ending for each installment. *24*, which depicts the actions of counter-terrorist agent Jack Bauer, his mentally retarded daughter, and a fictitious President of the United States who is black but as moral as any noble white man, is television at its finest: an action packed assault on the mind.

Kiefer Sutherland stars in 24, although not as a vampire... Yet.

The show is far from flawless, though, and features a number of horrible marks against it that lower the credibility of the series. The writers of the show, in an effort to keep things dramatic and exciting, often forgo logical subplots such as "Jack has eaten a lot of bran recently and really has to go take a monster shit for the next twenty minutes." While that would contribute to the realism of the show, viewers would likely change the channel and watch something other than multiple angled close-ups of series star Kiefer Sutherland's strained sweaty face as the clock counts down and the seconds tick by. Instead, they gamble on insane 4-hour bouts with amnesia, or worse, give Jack's daughter Kim the attention. Her exploits consist thus far of being kidnapped a half dozen times, kidnapping a child from a hospital to protect her from her abusive father, getting caught in an animal trap and menaced by a cougar, getting locked in a nutcase survivalist's bomb shelter, and ending up as a hostage in somebody's botched robbery. She's also been wrongly arrested twice. Need I remind you that the entire events of the past two seasons cover only two days? My bad days consist of me waking up and realizing that I had another erotic dream about Ben Matlock eating hotdogs. I guess I've got it pretty good. *Pretty damn good.*

Yep, still not a not a vampire.

Regardless of faults, I can't help but love the show. Like most Americans, I live my life to the beats of Kiefer Sutherland's heart. The question is, how will they continue to shock and amaze for a third season? They have set a precedent for topping themselves, but can they keep it up? It sure looks like it! What follows is an hour-by-hour exclusive preview of the first quarter of the upcoming third season of *24*. Just enough to wet your appetite, then drown it in its own juices!

- **1:00 P.M. – 2:00 P.M.**

The season begins with President Palmer witnessing a murder while fueling up his presidential limousine. Palmer immediately tries to intervene and stop the armed murderer, but he knows deep down inside that he is not bulletproof. He has no choice but to let the killer get away.

Worse, the killer knows his face. Twenty minutes later counter terrorist agent Jack Bauer gets a call on his cell phone. It's news from the White House: the president is being put into the witness protection program, complete with a new name and identity. Jack's new assignment is to find the murderer who knows the president's face. Meanwhile, Jack's daughter Kim is menaced by a snapping turtle, but she manages to escape with her life by jumping off a bridge and landing in the back of a moving truck... BEING DRIVEN BY ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS ON THE RUN FROM THE INS! The episode ends with President Palmer, under his new name and identity, exiting an ice cream parlor. It seems he is adjusting to his temporary new identity quite nicely. But just as all seems well, he finds himself surrounded by a squad of police ordering him to put his hands in the air. The screen fades to black as President Palmer, now using the name Preston Denton, looks on disbelief.

■ **2:00 P.M. – 3:00 P.M.**
As the incognito president cries out for justice, the police inform him that he is a wanted man. The president, knowing he is innocent, decides to take the dangerous route and makes his escape. Elsewhere Kim is arrested and threatened with deportation to Uzbekistan. Jack investigates the murder scene and recognizes the killing as the work of a former CIA operative that Jack was partnered with while infiltrating a group of narco-terrorists deep in the jungles of South America. He calls the Secret Service to inform them that they need to up their protection on Palmer, but by this time they've lost track of the president who was placed in the hands of the witness protection program. To complicate matters even further, the witness protection program informs the White House that they might have accidentally issued the president the identity of a known criminal. Jack must race against the clock to find the president before it's too late! The clock wins, and the episode ends without closure.

■ **3:00 P.M. – 4:00 P.M.**
Jack tries frantically to get information from the witness protection program, but they are forbidden to release any information on their protected witnesses. With no means of finding out the new identity of the president, he decides to see if the police have arrested any known criminals that fit the description of Palmer. Palmer, meanwhile, is moving slow and cautiously through the city looking for a safe location where he can hide. On the other side of the city Kim throws a canister of Tic-Tacs at an INS guard and makes a break for it. Successfully escaping, she decides to lay low and hides in a locker room in the building next door. Jack learns of the attempted arrest of Preston Denton, and believes him to be Palmer. He begins his hunt for the missing fugitive president wrongly accused of a crime he never committed. Palmer, hiding in a warehouse, attempts to use his cell phone to call Jack for help. But just as he presses the button to dial, his battery goes dead, and with that the episode ends.

■ **4:00 P.M. – 5:00 P.M.**
Kim's stay in the locker room is interrupted when an official looking woman enters and tells her to stop delaying and get to the test chamber at once. Not wanting to get in any more trouble, she follows the lady. Palmer curses his cell phone and shakes it in a vain effort to make it work. As he is waging a one man war against the battery that has denied him an easy resolution to his problems, he hears a gunshot outside. The warehouse he is hiding in is disputed territory for two rival street gangs. Knowing that it's only a matter of time before the fighting spills into the warehouse, Palmer begins planning on how to thwart the gang members. Jack remains in pursuit, doing his best to follow Palmer's trail. But along the way he runs into a group of armed gunmen that try to take him out. Thankfully their aim is very bad and his gun carries more bullets than a normal gun so

he is able to shoot them all a dozen times each. Just to make sure they stay dead, he snaps all of their spines with his bare hands for good measure. Studying the corpses, Jack identifies them as the personal bodyguards of a narco-terrorist he put away years ago. Kim again finds herself in danger when she realizes that she inadvertently snuck into the locker room of NASA's new Los Angeles branch of Space Camp. She has no choice but to participate in a training simulation for an actual shuttle flight with a group of young aspiring astronauts. To make matters worse, these cocky young space cadets don't take kindly to somebody as green as Kim. The tension in the training simulator is more than palpable; it's a creamy broth of flammable uncertainty. In the warehouse, the fighting begins spilling in as several gang members use the building as a shelter. Palmer prepares to make his move as the hour expires.

- **5:00 P.M. – 6:00 P.M.**

Look out Kiefer, that guy might be a vampire!

All hell breaks loose as the president prepares to engage the gang members in a desperate fight for survival. But before he can attack them, one of the gang members recognizes him as Preston Denton, their missing leader. The gangsters look to Preston for leadership, putting him in an awkward position since he's actually the president hiding behind a false identity. Kim is in deep trouble as a freak accident resulted in the shuttle simulator being switched with an actual shuttle. She and her fellow crewmates are blasted into Earth's orbit, where hysteria and mistrust threaten to doom them all. Jack continues his quest to find Palmer, and stumbles upon what looks to be a gang war. Scouting the situation out from afar with binoculars, he spots Palmer inside the warehouse. Believing the president is in immediate danger, he concocts a desperate plan to save him before he gets caught in the crossfire. As Jack rushes the warehouse his cell phone rings. It's a call from Kim, who needs help piloting the shuttle back down to Earth. Jack must now save the president and his daughter at the same time. FADE TO SUSPENSE!

- **6:00 P.M. – 7:00 P.M.**

Palmer assumes reluctant control of the gang under his false identity of Preston Denton, and immediately tries to bring an end to the gang war. His efforts are thwarted by the bloodlust of his followers, who want to see the old violent Preston in action. Jack, while stealthy maneuvering around obstacles and gang members, instructs Kim on how to pilot the shuttle back to Earth as best he can, which isn't much since he's not an astronaut. His efforts to save Kim are put on hold when she is knocked unconscious by a floating 8-year-old cadet's zero gravity projectile vomit. This celestial puke ends up sending the shuttle off course and careening into the Earth's unforgiving atmosphere. Jack, not having time to worry about Kim, storms into the warehouse and manages to kill several gang members, but is outnumbered and ordered to surrender. Kim regains

> consciousness just in time to steer the shuttle out of a death spiral. She manages to crash land the shuttle in the lawn of a frat house full of horny, rape-crazy frat boys. In the warehouse, Palmer's loyalty is tested when the gang members order him to shoot Jack Bauer. With Bauer and Palmer both in mortal danger, and Kim's virginity at stake, the clock melts away to the show's most tense ending yet, leaving the audience completely cliffhung and lobotomized.

You can bet all the precious gold and silver you have to your name that this season is going to sizzle, and while it's sizzling, it's also going to shimmer. Then, while you're blinded by the shimmering and intoxicated by the sizzling sound, which you will probably mistake for bacon cooking, it will electrify you. That's how good it will be. It will also be extremely improbable and insane, but who the hell is actually paying attention at this point?

We're On a One Way Train to Movietown!

Hey everybody. It's Ben "Grossness" Platt here once again with a review of a movie that has absolutely no right to exist. The movie, that is. Not the review. The review has every right to exist. I mean, I put a lot of work into it and everything... Anyway, this week's winner is called "Back Woods."

> *"Back Woods" doesn't exactly open well. By that I mean it begins with the Dead Alive Productions logo, which is movietalk for "bad fucking news." And the actual opening shot of the movie isn't much better. We see a couple having sex, but in the background a couple people are making some stupid comments. Not only does this shot have no relevance to the rest of the movie whatsoever, but judging by the frequency with which this happens throughout the movie, its entirely possible that those comments aren't even meant to be heard, but are just the sounds of the peanut gallery watching the action from behind the camera. I have to say, as far as signs go, this is not one of the better ones.*

Well hey now! That's just zany! Tell you what, read the review and I can almost guarantee that it will be more fun than actually watching the movie. It wouldn't take much, believe me.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.7 The Energy Bar Challenge, Part II!

Tuesday, Oct 07, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

As a select few individuals may remember (thanks mom and dad!), I decided to assault my taste buds and various internal organs last Thursday by voluntarily consuming five popular "energy bars" located in the nearby supermarket in between the pills which kept your bones from falling apart and the all-organic Kosher marshmallow substitute topping jars. Apparently our society currently has a raging hard-on for products which will make us think that we're getting skinnier and healthier simply by eating them with a Diet Coke after consuming a supersized McDonalds lardbiscuit McCholesterol combo meal.

Now I'm sure some people out there actually take advantage of the benefits that energy bars offer, such as the benefit of tasting like chewing through a clump of sod without actually having to go into your yard, but the majority of obese Americans have absolutely no use for an "energy" snack product which resembles a cigar yet weighs well over 25 pounds. Any time I want to lose weight, I simply consume mass amounts of that Kashi cereal and enjoy the benefits of digesting its wonderful mixture of pure wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, methane, peat moss, vitamin oxygen, charcoal, plywood, and splinters from the marijuana pipes that one of their loopy workers accidentally dropped into the processing machines.

Unfortunately for me, my work last week was not complete, as there were still four energy bars which escaped my critical review. Today I shall dive into the fabulous four remaining delicacies, the GenSoy Xtreme Peanut Butter Fix, ZONE Perfect CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY, TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR BALANCE Gold COOKIES N' CREME CRUNCH, and the TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR BALANCE Gold CHOCOLATE PEANUT BUTTER bar. Please keep in mind that these companies, not me, made the shrew decision of using so many capital letters in their titles. If I was in charge of naming energy bars, I'd probably make them sound less retarded and call them good names like "Gross Pile of Shit" or "I Can't Believe It's Not Roadkill!", but I suspect the folks in marketing might have an issue with this.

- **ENERGY BAR #6:** "GenSoy Xtreme Peanut Butter Fix"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: Holy shit, this soy is "Xtreme"! This is undoubtedly the most "Xtreme" soy product I have ever laid my virgin eyes upon! The wrapper comes festively decorated with a gigantic red X above a silver / grey / orange / brown series of horizontal stripes which made me feel as if I was traveling back in time... IN AN XTREME SOY WAY! OH HELL YEAH!!! I must admit that the "Peanut Butter Fix" title kind of scared me, as I'm fairly sure companies make up names like "Fix" so they won't get sued by the FDA once somebody discovers their "peanut butter" is actually a paste composed of recycled tires and alien fungus that grows on the bottom of manhole covers. Perhaps GenSoy's decision to call this a "Fix" was their shrewd attempt to score with the hip and trendy heroin-lovers crowd who must purchase a large amount of nutritional energy bars after they indulge themselves in a psychotic drug binge and shriek at their bathroom walls nonstop for three days.

Regardless of the decision behind this "Fix" - this "Xtreme Fix!" - GenSoy's wrapper warns consumers that we should all have "Have 25 grams of soy protein every day." The words "every day" are underlined just in case you're particularly dense and you stopped reading once you hit the word "protein," in which case you'd be asking yourself, "but self, how often should I have 25 grams of soy protein? I've got to know! Somebody please tell me! For the love of Christ, HOW OFTEN SHOULD I HAVE 25 GRAMS OF MOTHERFUCKING SOY PROTEIN?!?" Unfortunately, it doesn't explain *why* we need 25 grams of soy protein every day, but I've got some scientific nutritional-type friends and they claim if we don't get 25 grams of soy protein each day, we'll eventually turn into that kid from "Akira" and our arms will explode into a gigantic grotesque blob of fat and sinews, ultimately causing us to transform into a gigantic psychic baby which will destroy a major metropolitan city. I'm not sure why these people are my friends.

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: This Peanut Butter Fix has roughly 20-25% of every major vitamin, so if you eat four of them every day, the president of the FDA will come over to your house and present you with a decorative plaque you can place on your mantel. Unfortunately, each bar contains 70 fat calories (200 calories total), so perhaps you should look somewhere else to get your "fix."

REVIEW: Let me tell you a little story: I got really drunk one night during my freshman year of college at Vanderbilt University. In that night I stumbled over to some frat party and proceeded to entertain the nice people there by extolling the dangers of smoking while waving my arms around like a madman and generally behaving as if my spine would suddenly liquefy at any given time. I decided to demonstrate why people shouldn't smoke by putting my hand in an ashtray, scooping out a handful of cigarette butts, and chowing down on them. I'm not kidding about this incident, although I honestly wish I was. That was coincidentally the evening in which I fell down a hill and woke up in the back of somebody's pickup truck parked in downtown Nashville.

One single bite of "GenSoy Xtreme Peanut Butter Fix" reminded me of this evening and brought back all the fabulous rotting, disgusting memories that it contained. This is perhaps the only way I can accurately describe the taste sensation of biting into a GenSoy Xtreme Peanut Butter Fix bar; it's like eating a cup of cigarette butts, falling down a muddy hill, and then passing out in a stranger's pickup truck. I don't know what "soy" is, but I know an awful lot of unappealing third-world countries grow it, which gives me a significant reason to dislike it. As for the "Peanut Butter Fix" which the manufacturers claimed was supposed to accompany this treat, it was really nowhere to be found. Perhaps I need to fill out my name and address on a form and they'll fax it to me at a later date.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: After consuming it, my mind instantly began thinking about the aforementioned dreaded night in Nashville, so I guess

it gave me enough energy to begin contemplating one of the most disgusting and horrible events in my life besides the morning I was born. Is this a good thing? You got me; perhaps chewing on a GenSoy Xtreme Peanut Butter Fix bar will allow you the joys of experiencing the time you were abducted by aliens and they used your colon as a festive pool hockey table.

RATING: 3/10

■ **ENERGY BAR #7:** "TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR BALANCE Gold COOKIES N' CREME CRUNCH"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: Hooray! More capital letters! Keep 'em coming, barkeep, I'm a big boy! In one sense I feel sorry for the companies who produce energy bars, as they're competing with approximately 64,000 other corporations who are making the exact same things as them. In an effort to attract the most attention on the store shelves, these corporations have paid for a heap of scientific marketing research that informed them "using all capital letters = GOOD IDEA." Hey, here's an idea you guys: why don't you make an energy bar wrapper which emits a holographic series of images showing a naked woman fucking a cactus? That would get some attention! Or maybe a wrapper which shoots lasers beams into nearby consumers' eyes and blinds them with fantastic savings! If there was some possible way to make popup ads appear in real life situations, I'd suggest that scenario as well.

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: It's the standard 20-25% breakdown here, with nothing particularly exciting or noteworthy. This snack has 25% of your recommended Molybdenum requirements, so if you're looking to fulfill your daily Molybdenum needs, perhaps you should eat something else like... uh... the planet Mars or something. I don't know, what the hell is Molybdenum anyway? Wasn't he the guy who battled Superman that one time?

REVIEW: Before I actually taste this thing, let me describe the smell: try to imagine a used coffee filter covered in raisins that have been marinating in a fetid swamp of chlorine for a week. Then think of something significantly worse and you'll be able to get an idea of what this white brick of waste smells like. True enough to its name, this bar has "TRIPLE LAYERS." I'm guessing the first layer is sawdust, the second is stucco, and the third is some sort of manmade synthesized metal. Perhaps eating metal is good for you. Maybe it has a lot of Molybdenum in it. I really don't know.

During my valiant attempt to chew this wad of god-knows-what, some sort of exotic industrial acid covered my tongue and began eating away at the enamel in my teeth, so I think I can now file a worker's compensation claim. The second layer (the stucco) seems to be guilty of producing this disgusting taste, so all the blame should go to the engineering team who was in charge of layer #2. Please note that I did not even insinuate anywhere in this review that this energy bar tastes anything like cookies and creme. This is because I'm not a dirty rotten lying bastard asshole like the folks who run the Balance company.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: Not very much, certainly not anywhere near the amount I received from the heroin bar above.

RATING: 2/10

■ **ENERGY BAR #8:** "ZONE Perfect CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: Much like the previously reviewed ZONE Perfect APPLE CINNAMON energy bar, this came with an exciting three milligrams of "OMEGA 3." It was very refreshing and relieving to discover this important fact, as I have not knowingly ingested any "OMEGA 3" since the previous energy bar review, and my body was really starting to feel it. For example, my head was itching. If that's not a clear sign that I need more "OMEGA 3" in my diet, I'm not sure what is. I would like to point out that there is a crosshair drawn on the inside of the "O" in "ZONE," perhaps indicating that this energy bar is ideal for hunters and various folk who enjoy shooting animals with firearms. Besides the deer-killing crosshair, there isn't much exciting about the packaging on this energy bar. In fact, some of the font appears to be Times New Roman, so maybe the graphic artists who designed this ran out of energy during the creative process. Oh wouldn't that be ironic? Well, actually, I guess it wouldn't really be that ironic, so forget I even mentioned it.

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: This thing is just chock full o' good crap. 200% Vitamin C, 200% Vitamin B6, 210% Vitamin E... this thing has it all! For all you folks who were particularly worried about your Molybdenum intake, the ZONE Perfect CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY has a whopping 65% of whatever that is, so you can be sure that you're getting a whole boatload of Molybdenum when you consume one of these, assuming you are somehow able to repress your gag reflex long enough to choke it down and refuse to vomit up its remains all over your ceramic floor.

REVIEW: Once again, I'd like to address the stench emanating from this product before jumping into the taste review. Have you ever purchased a box of those generic "fancy" chocolate candies that rednecks across the world buy for their obese greasy lovers on Valentine's Day? They come in a fancy white box which displays the romantic phrase "MANUFACTURED IN TAIWAN" across the front in highly decorative letters. Each of these boxes contains at least one randomly-shaped candy which cannot be identified and emits a strange foreign odor when you pick it up. Usually somebody will open up the box, take a small bite from this candy, and immediately put it right back where they got it. Then you'll open up the lid, see the half-eaten candy, and wonder why the last person didn't just throw it away.

This energy bar is that candy. It gives off the same vaguely rancid odor as the infernal redneck knockoff candy, and even though it has a hell of a lot more Molybdenum than your standard Taiwanese chocolate lump, it's really not worth eating for any reason whatsoever. The good news is that this energy bar's stench is nothing compared to the horrible, horrible taste it contains. Wait, that's actually bad news. The interior of this taste treat is bright magenta colored, and I can't think of anything that says "boy howdy this shit tastes fucking great" like a neon red hue of color. Take a look at this:

Technically it tastes like a raspberry, much in the same sense that technically the AMD K5 was a computer processor. I am refusing to eat another chunk from this disaster on the grounds that every bite destroys a piece of my soul and, quite frankly, I can't afford to give up any more of my immortal spirit since I've already lost so much of it by reading the Weekend Web. If you want to experience the sensation of eating a ZONE Perfect CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY energy bar without actually biting into one, purchase some raspberry Kool-Aid and make it by substituting vinegar for sugar. I don't know how much Molybdenum there is in vinegar, so don't ask.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: A significant amount since I immediately got up and ran to the toilet to spit it out. Before attempting to eat this mess,

Alternate name for this energy bar: Menstrual Pink Paradise.

I didn't think I had enough spare energy to run such a great distance, but now I feel as if I could easily run a marathon if somebody was chasing me and threatening to make me eat a ZONE Perfect CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY bar.

RATING: 1/10

■ **ENERGY BAR #9:** "TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR BALANCE Gold CHOCOLATE PEANUT BUTTER"

LABEL DESCRIPTION: Well it's yet another horrid BALANCE Gold bar, so the obligatory "40-30-30" series of pink circles are floating around up top next to the word "Nutrition" which is there to let you know that the makers of BALANCE Gold support the theory of writing the word "Nutrition" on their wrappers. The back of the candy bar flap says "BEST BY JULY 02, 2003," so I'd like to point out that not only am I risking my very life by eating a horrible energy bar, but I'm risking my life by eating a horrible energy bar which expired over three months ago. You may feel free to thank me by FedEx-ing rare jewels and precious metals to my house.

NUTRITIONAL FACTS: It's almost identical to every other BALANCE Gold bar reviewed here, so I'd simply be wasting space by listing them again, much like how the actual energy bar is wasting space inside the wrapper, which could better be used as a condom for some dopey African AIDS victims who really like fucking each other.

REVIEW: Well, the "PEANUT BUTTER" doesn't resemble something like peanut butter as much as it tastes like a paste mixed from peanut shells and cheap glue. Once again, my ass was kicked by the deadly second layer of pain, which I guess doesn't really make that much of a difference since layers one and three also taste like complete shit as well. I guess there's just some inherent fundamental problem when you're producing a candy bar that has two ultra-soft layers and a middle one which feels like you're trying to gnaw through a wet bed mattress. I'm assuming layer #1 is chocolate and layer #3 is the peanut butter, which leaves nothing but unanswered questions for layer #2. If you are eating a three layered "chocolate peanut butter" bar, and one layer is chocolate while another is peanut butter, what is the last layer supposed to be? I suppose the obvious answer here would be "Molybdenum," but since this rotting heap of slag only contains 25% of the recommended amount of this precious vitamin and / or element, I doubt this is a viable answer. If you want my educated opinion, and trust me you do, this fabled third layer is composed from the compressed souls of the damned who are writhing in eternal torment and unspeakable pain. It sure as hell tastes that way, and I doubt any scientist possesses the ability to convince me otherwise.

AMOUNT OF ENERGY I RECEIVED FROM CONSUMING THIS: After consuming two bites of the chocolate layer, peanut butter layer, and compressed souls of the damned who are writing in eternal torment and unspeakable pain layer, I instantly received enough energy to make me get up and begin drinking beer. I continued drinking beer until the taste of the TRIPLE LAYER ENERGY BAR BALANCE Gold CHOCOLATE PEANUT BUTTER left my mind along with my memories of my home address, phone number, and waist size. That's a tradeoff I'm willing to accept in this case.

RATING: 1/10

Ugh. All in all, today was a very, very painful and disgusting day, even more than the days when I wake up and accidentally catch a glimpse of myself nude in the mirror. I'm not exactly sure why anybody would willingly spend copious amounts of money on these so-called "energy bars" when they could just buy a bottle of vitamins and chew on a railroad spike for free, but I suppose that's the beauty of capitalism. Or the beauty of Molybdenum; either way, I don't particularly care at this point. I'm just glad I have escaped this review with my life, and since I've eaten such tremendously healthy food, I now feel justified in heading over to McDonalds and grabbing a few deep fried McGriddle Bacon Bonanza Funnel Icing Platters. Stay tuned for my next update this Thursday when I'll eat dog bones and review them, an experience which I assume will be much more satisfying.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.8 RIP: Wally George, the Last True Hero

Thursday, Oct 09, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Gone but not forgotten: Wally George, one of the true American pioneers.

Certain people throughout history have been born with an innate sense of intelligence, creativity, and charisma allowing them to achieve greatness. These individuals inherently know they are born with a wonderful gift, one which God does not bless upon just any human being, and their heart allows them the chance to use this gift to better all mankind. Thomas Jefferson helped draft the Declaration of Independence, ushering America into a new and wonderful era of freedom. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi raised awareness for the plight of India and South America, encouraging non-violent protest while spreading his message of peace. I think we can all agree that these two great men, in addition to a small handful of other human beings throughout history who have given their life to furthering the progress of the human spirit, are boring and stupid in just about every conceivable way possible. I mean, Thomas Jefferson? He's just another one of the infinite dead pasty white guys throughout history who we're forced to learn about in grade school and make lame shoebox dioramas depicting their exciting home life. Gandhi's claim to fame was his gimmick of "not eating." Oh, way to go there hero, your unique outlook on life and your refusal to eat barbeque ribs is sure to make a big difference and force governments to stop shooting your citizens in the head with cannons. I don't want to unfairly rail on these guys, but let's face facts: nobody in history has made the same impact, difference, and social contributions as Wally George, a brave Californian man who passed away this Sunday at the age of 71. George represents everything great about not only America, but the human spirit as well, embodying an ideal set of principles and moral duties which separated him from the rest of us and led to his rise in fame and fortune in the arena of southern California late night public access television. Also, he hit people in the face on national television, and how many of us can honestly claim we have done that? Well besides Sean Penn.

I have been informed that some of you may not be lucky enough to know who Wally George is or why he was one of the most talented and intelligent individuals to ever exist on this planet or Venus. Wally George ran a little show called "Hot Seat," the follow up to his previously popular "The Wally George Show" which aired on AM radio in the late 1970s. Although "Hot Seat" premiered in 1983 on public access television in Orange County, California, it was decades ahead of its time, presenting thoughts, themes, and principles which television producers are still attempting to grasp. Basically, every "Hot Seat" show would follow the same format:

> 1) Wally George would enter and begin blabbering about God knows what for five minutes. Sometimes he'd complain about the quality of the meal he consumed the previous night. Other times he would bitch about a certain person he met the night before. Occasionally he would whine about a particular product or service which he encountered less than 24 hours previously, often during the night. These stories would go nowhere and really serve no purpose except to get Wally's coal-chugging braintrain running for the next few parts of the show.
>
> 2) George would announce his guest, often using such creative insults as "this stupid moron" and "this dumb jerk" to describe them and their dumb jerk political viewpoints. His guests would all differ in the fact that some of them had 38 functioning brain cells while others had up to 57, but they would all be united by one common trait: they

weren't conservative Republicans. This infuriated George, a die-hard right wing political activist (assuming you can describe "shouting at bearded abortionists and then throwing a piece of legal paper at them" as political activity).

3) The guest would come out and state their controversial opinions on whatever they were paid to talk about. They would never do so in an intelligent or reasonable manner; instead, they would sneer and insult the audience members as they spoke. The "Hot Seat" crowd would be worked up into a furor, shouting and yelling incoherently at every chance they received. This would serve as a catalyst for summoning Wally George's talk show rage, as seen in the next step:

George had more American flags than all the textile manufacturing companies in China.

4) George would spend the next spend five minutes calming down the studio audience by saying, "hey! Hey! Hey! Wait! Wait! Wait! Guys! Guys! Guys! Hey! Hey! Hey! Stop! Stop! Stop!" while making intricate hand gestures. Eventually the audience would grow bored of shouting a mixture of intellectual "boo" and "go back to Russia" quips, so they'd shut up and resume thinking about monster trucks. George would then take that opportunity of relative silence by insulting his guest in some horrendously retarded way which would get you beaten up in a grade school playground if you tried to use it. One of Wally's favorite lines, and I'm not making this up, was "this guy makes Pee Wee Herman look like Sylvester Stallone!" Like I said, I wish I was kidding, but I'm unfortunately not. In one single episode of "Hot Seat," Wally George used this line on two different guests. He would spend five minutes calming down the audience, chanting things like "hey! Hey! Hey!" and "Okay! Okay! Okay!", and once they quieted down, he would look directly at them and launch into the moment which defined television history. "Hey you guys," he would begin, nodding his head and getting ready to deliver a crushing insult. "This guy over here! This guy right here, look at this guy! He makes Pee Wee Herman... LOOK LIKE SYLVESTER STALLONE!" This would trigger a meth-fueled hysterical ruckus in the audience, waving around their highly pro-American signs which read "AMERICA IS GRATE" and "USA #1" and the "#1" would be somehow misspelled some bizarre way.

5) The guest would launch a retaliatory attack against Wally George, usually making an insightful, creative comment such as "yeah well at least I'm not stupid like you" or "yeah well at least I'm not as old as you." Wally would respond by making this faux-shocked facial expression, almost as if he was mortally wounded by their insult and couldn't even begin to determine the appropriate reaction. In a sense, I'm sure this was true, as George was well aware his two permutations of the phrase "you make Pee Wee Herman look like Sylvester Stallone" could only be used so many times within a 24-minute time period.

6) Steps four and five would be repeated for five minutes.

7) George would then invite callers to phone in and share their opinions of his loony liberal guest. If they disagreed with him, he would instantly hang up and proceed to call them names and insults when they weren't able respond because "Hot Seat" apparently

only had one phone line and George took it off the hook after he hung up on his callers.

8) To break up the monotony and really wrap up the interview, Wally would then shout some lame insult at his guest and throw a glass of water or a cake at them in the ultimate sign of protest, demanding they "get off the stage" shortly before kicking them from the show. This would energize the crowd almost as much as a free greasy KISS tank top giveaway, and they'd redouble their efforts to create the largest concentrated mass of raw idiocy the Earth has ever witnessed outside of the Fark.com comments section.

Let me take this moment to describe the average audience for "Hot Seat." If aliens discover a VHS tape of this show one day in the distant future after mankind has been decimated by nuclear war and countless reality television shows about wacky homosexuals, I am convinced that any rational extraterrestrial intelligence will do the logical thing and spend all their energy creating a time machine to travel back to the early 1980s so they may personally murder us all before we have a chance to do it ourselves. The typical Wally George audience member showed up wearing a neon tank top, Jams shorts, and some kind of horribly idiotic hat or sunglasses which the Salvation Army would refuse to accept on the grounds that it would make them seem cheap and tacky. These brain dead cretins, perhaps driven insane by their lousy fashion sense or self-destructive hobby of funneling model airplane glue directly up their ass, screamed, shouted, and spastically convulsed at the slightest provocation by Wally George. The producers of his show, if there were any, undoubtedly made the audience fill in a form before they would be let on, an application which looked something like this:

Application For Potential "Hot Seat"

YOUR NAME: *(Use somebody else's name if you cannot remember)*:

_____

AGE: *(How old you are. You must be old enough to legally drink Miller High Life)*:

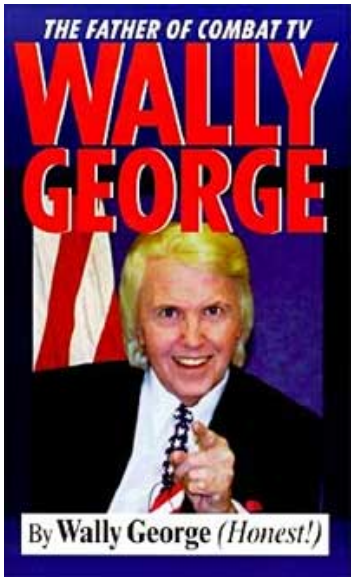
_____

SEX: *(Must either be "male" or "skanky female wearing a WWF shirt")*: _____

Multiple Choice Section. Please circle one:

DO YOU ENJOY SEEING PEOPLE YELL AT EACH OTHER?	(y) (n)
ARE YOU ENTERTAINED BY SHINY BAUBLES AND TRINKETS?	(y) (n)
DO YOUR HOBBIES INCLUDE "HOOTIN' AN' HOLLERIN'"?	(y) (n)
DO YOU OWN MORE THAN ONE CAR RESTING ON CINDER BLOCKS IN YOUR FRONT YARD?	(y) (n)
DO YOU CONSIDER THE TERM "DRESSING UP" TO MEAN "TAKING OFF THE RAINBOW AFRO WIG?"	(y) (n)
DO YOU CONSIDER THE TERM "LIBERAL" TO MEAN "HOMELESS PEOPLE AND UPPITY NEGROES?"	(y) (n)
DO YOU OWN AT LEAST FOUR GREEN FOAM HATS?	(y) (n)
IF SOMEBODY POINTED A CAMERA AT YOU, WOULD YOU ENJOY DOING SOMETHING REALLY STUPID?	(y) (n)
ARE YOU PASSIONATE ABOUT FARM EQUIPMENT DISCUSSION?	(y) (n)

DO YOU BEAT YOUR WIFE WHEN YOUR FAVORITE (y) (n)
FOOTBALL TEAM LOSES?



Much like Wally, this book is absolutely insane.

I'm convinced at least 80% of the people in his tapings weren't even aware they were on a television show; they were simply looking to hang out in some place with air conditioning while their wife ran into Wal-Mart to pick out a wedding dress. The audience from "Hot Seat" was utterly remarkable in many regards. For example, I would've normally assumed that such a large gathering of the world's most profoundly mentally challenged individuals would either cause a black hole of stupidity to open up and engulf all of California, or result in God sending us a message from Heaven explaining how he really fucked up with the whole "mankind" thing and now regrets it. How were such monumentally retarded people able to find reliable transportation to Wally George's show? Who prevented them from trying to lick and swallow the engine on the trip there? Shouldn't there have been large governmental organizations preventing these people from interacting with normal members of society? I would assume my tax money goes to keep people like these off the streets, preferably in those machines which constantly ground up stuff and turn it into dog food.

I'm not exactly sure how long "Hot Seat" was on public television in southern California, but if I had to guess, I'd estimate it was around 14 billion years. Once George retired from "Hot Seat," he started up "The Wally George Show," in which he played clips from "Hot Seat" in between his rambling incoherent stories and advertisements. Let me tell you something: you haven't lived until you've heard Wally George go on and on and on about nothing in particular. He'll start off shows by waving around a newspaper clipping, repeatedly saying, "I can't believe this news article. I just can't believe it. I just... can't believe this. Wait until you hear what this.. what this BOZO says," and then he'd immediately launch into a story about how his eyes were irritated last night. I'm not making that up; during one show, he began talking about how his eyes felt like they were "on fire" the previous evening and how he suspected Howard Stern put a curse on him. That is 100% completely true, and I suspect this fabled "Curse of Howard Stern" might even be somehow responsible for George's untimely death. When Wally would go off on his tangents and begin blabbering about his trip to the store the previous evening, he would start staring at the people operating the camera or standing offstage. After a while, he would begin talking with them, which wouldn't really be a problem if, oh, there was a microphone on them. Half of George's show would be dedicated to his one-way conversations about bran cereal with some mysterious entity off camera. Part of me believes there wasn't even anybody there and George was simply talking to a coat rack of cardboard cutout of Tom Selleck.

Wally George's strict conservative views often clashed with his guests, adamant liberals that he could bicker and argue with until the guy holding the camera ran out of film. Nowhere in "Hot Seat's" history did George ever remotely approach engaging somebody in a logical debate, which suited his audience just fine because most of them couldn't even spell the word "logical," much less track down a dictionary and literacy lessons necessary to look it up. The show was simply 30 minutes of juvenile name calling, screaming, audience shrieking, and grade school playground antics; it was American television at its finest, media which defined entertainment as we know it today. Wally George, you may not be a Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln, but you're still a truly heroic individual who deserves to be remembered for decades to come. I can only hope and pray that you're in Heaven

right now, telling some limp-wristed sissy liberal dummy that he makes Pee Wee Herman look like Sylvester Stallone.

Ilsa's Back!

Zack "Geeeeeeeeee Eddddddddd" Parsons here with the exciting conclusion to my two part review of the wonderfully awful Nazi sexploitation movie "Ilsa: She Wolf of the SS". Last week I brought you the tragic first part and I promise that the second part contains at least an additional 175% suffering.

Ilsa has loftier concerns than making Jew soup, she's got a hunk of burning American and the sicko scientist in her wants to understand his amazing ability to not achieve orgasm. It's called a fucking medical condition Ilsa, look it up. But no, instead of whipping out the Physician's Desk Reference good old Grammy Ilsa has to get Stilts to hump some evil Nazi guard women so she can watch. Now that's a science project I fully endorse. I encourage all 5th and 6th graders preparing their project for the Science Olympiad to select "Why I No Cum When Humping Grandma?" as their project. You can research this topic by humping grandma and then humping a couple Nazi women! Beats doing something about photosynthesis. Again. You unimaginative fuckholes.

Oh, the humanity! May I never again see Holocaust porn and may a curse be upon all who were involved in the creation of this film.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.9 Greasnin and Goofus, Part 1 of 2

Friday, Oct 10, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello children, how are you doing today? Brushing your teeth, washing behind your ears, and reporting your parents' Communist activities to the proper authorities? Good. My name is Major Von Noodlebrau, ice cream baron of Indiana. Today we will be learning about proper manners. You kids are apt to get into all kinds of monkeyshine, disobeying your elders, not washing before supper, and being terrible little bastards in general. In order to instruct you children on the proper way to behave yourselves, we will be examining the actions of weekend Something Awful writers Greasnin and Goofus (also known as Frolixo). Greasnin is a well-mannered young man that has good personal hygiene, avoids the temptation of evil women, and obeys the word of Jesus as his own. Goofus, on the other hand, is a disobedient rapscallion who is devoid of any good manners whatsoever, and likes to listen to Dokken at very high volume levels on his ghetto blaster. We will be examining their behavior today and tomorrow, learning the correct and incorrect ways to conduct yourselves.

Being the ice cream baron of Indiana allows me to be in constant contact with children, good and bad. Unfortunately most the children I meet lack any respect whatsoever, spray painting naughty words on my ice cream van, joining forces in a concentrated effort to tip the van over, effectively spilling its frozen snacks into the street for their grubby little hands to plunder. The Greasnins of this world only become proper lads through discipline and teaching. Greasnin himself was reared in a very old fashioned manner by his parents, always going to ball games with his father, his mother driving him to soccer practice, and being burned with cigars for bringing home anything less than an A. Goofus, on the other hand, never had a strong father figure in his life since his dad left him to be a roadie for Warrant. His mother was a bow-legged one-eyed prostitute that died during his birth, causing the authorities to charge baby Goofus with 2nd degree murder, the youngest ever to be charged since Michigan's "zero tolerance" law came into effect. Thus, he spent the rest of his young life in Juvenile Hall, where his bad behavior worsened. These two are polar opposites, and perfect examples of good and bad behavior. Let's take a look, shall we?

Greasnin: Opens doors for old ladies

Greasnin, being a thoughtful and generous lad, takes great care of the elderly since they often need a helping hand. Taught to respect his elders, he often holds doors open for old ladies who are not very strong in their advanced age. Often they reward Greasnin with a pinch on the cheek or a penny for his troubles, yet he will never accept a monetary reward. The knowledge that he helped is a reward enough. You kids should take note. Most of you play your electronic TV games while your grandparents are begging for help after falling in the tub. Bury your fear of wet, naked old people, and help them out. Greasnin would.

Goofus: Slamming doors on old ladies' heads repeatedly.
Instead of aiding the elderly in need like Greasnin does, Goofus takes extreme pleasure in causing intense trauma and pain to older persons. Whenever opening a door for an old lady, Goofus waits for the perfect moment to spring his diabolical trap. Right when the old lady is almost through the door, he slams it with all his might, usually shattering her skull or neck. If his victim survives, or if he is feeling extra sassy, Goofus will set the old ladies on fire while their head is still jammed in the door. Besides crushing the elderly's skulls in doorways, he also steals their hearing aid batteries to use in his Game Boy Advance. What a clown!

Greasnin: Avoiding candy and other sweets that are unhealthy.
While candy and sweets may taste good, they are not very healthy for you. Not only can they spoil an appetite for supper, they are also bad for your teeth and complexion. Greasnin, being a well-informed lad with a strong willpower, turns down the treats, instead chewing on some nice raw cabbage. This will make his bones and muscles strong so he can survive the long winter months ahead. Nature is a cruel mistress, and if Greasnin cannot keep up with his herd, he will be left behind to be torn apart by hungry wolves. The exception to this rule is ice cream. All good children love ice cream and should purchase it from their local ice cream man daily.

Goofus: Gets high on crack rock and injects heroin into his scrotal sack.
Unlike Greasnin, Goofus likes to do whatever feels good at the moment, not caring about the long-term consequences. Instead of saving his allowance money for a new bike or model airplane, Goofus likes to go to the corner of Michigan Avenue and Inkster Road to buy crack rock. He usually goes on a crack binge after school, and then hits the streets in a manic disposition. One time during a crack fueled rage, he sliced a cop's face open and stole his gun, using it on an 8 state robbing spree until he was captured by the US Army. Goofus also likes to inject heroin straight into his scrotal sack. This is a way for him to escape the reality of this world, slumping into a hazy coma until revived with an adrenaline shot to the heart. While this may sound fun to you kids, drugs are serious business!

Greasnin: Is sensitive to cultural and racial differences.
An astute and knowledgeable boy, Greasnin respects all races and cultures, no matter how strange or different they may seem. He welcomes multi-racial friends into his household, learning about their way of life, and how it relates to his own upbringing. Greasnin also walks around in Harlem by himself late at night, resulting in getting stabbed a few times, but still continues to do so, not letting his fear overtake his good manners. Sharing an ice cream cone is the perfect way to break down the barriers of culture. You kids eat your ice cream!

Goofus: Systematically persecutes and slaughters millions of Jews.
What a goofball! Instead of being tolerant of every color and race, and loving everybody equally as all of God's children, Goofus uses his political position, flare for public speaking, and the populous' willingness to do his bidding to create a system of mass murder. Thanks to the passive uncaring attitude of the other world powers, Goofus is able to get away with waging a war of religious persecution unhindered for many years until a final solution is put into place to slaughter the Jews like cattle, disposing of the bodies in thousands of ovens. You children out there need to know that committing genocide is just bad manners, and quite uncouth. Instead, try participating in team sports, or the marching band.

That that was some great fun, and we sure learned a lot today, didn't we kids? Be sure to conduct yourselves like the Internet's Greasnin, for he is a perfect example of how to behave in society, and a role model for children everywhere. Goofus, or on the other hand, does not conduct himself in a proper manner, making those around him uncomfortable and/or dead. We will continue to follow the antics of Greasnin and Goofus tomorrow, so don't miss it, or your life and eternal soul may be forfeit!

(A special thanks to forum goon "fuckingtest", who despite being a very ill-mannered boy, is an extremely skilled artist and created the pictures for this weekend of learning.)

State Og: A Delicacy In Some Third World Countries

Hiya folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here once again. As you can tell by now, Frolixo isn't quite as dead as I reported last Saturday. While I blame this error on a severe drinking problem (Frolixo's), I am very sorry for any suffering or minor groinal discomfort you might have experienced as a result. Hopefully this week's State Og will help to ease the tensions between us, and you can learn to love me once again:

Several hours and numerous anal probes later, you'll arrive at State Og headquarters,

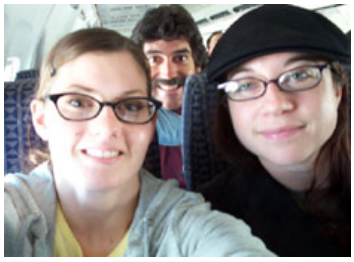
> *where our very own whimsically dressed president will give you a personal tour of the facilities. You'll see firsthand how such products as "It Might Be Guacamole" and "Three Alarm Suppository Chili" are created, while enjoying periodic musical numbers by the legendary State Og Short Fucks, who have been spraypainted orange for no apparent reason. But wait! The fun doesn't end there!*

Read the rest of this week's State Og, and hopefully all will forgiven in time for my update next Saturday. I was thinking about making some fajitas and renting a movie; it'll be good "us" time.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.10 Half Life 2 Gone Gold!

Friday, Oct 10, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Gordon Freeman...or is it?!?!?!?!?!?!

I am as shocked as you to announce that late last night - and flying in the face of recent delays - highly anticipated First Person Shooter "Half Life 2" was pressed to gold master is what I'm posting on the front page of Something Awful in some alternate universe. In the boring and confused non-alternate universe we live in this past week or so has been an almost epic saga of stupidity in gaming. Things got off to a rocky start right off the bat with Valve confirming that the supposed leaked source code for Half Life 2 was actually the leaked source code of Half Life 2. In between delicious sloppy joes Gabe Newell managed to choke out that the leak would once again cause a delay in the product. More interestingly sources close to the industry who also draw Fireman comics tell us that Valve had already planned the delay well in advance of the source code leak.

Some, myself included, have theorized that the recent source code leak at the house of sorrows that is Valve was more than just a happy coincidence for those toiling away on Gordon Freeman's next adventure. Blaming the delays on the leaked code has enabled Valve to dodge much of the anger of their patient fans and Valve's tall tale about the almost preposterously elaborate means by which the code was supposedly stolen seems high on drama and low on probability.

According to Valve Newell's computer was hacked by a customized Trojan virus intended to install a key logger and grant remote access to Newell's system. Met with disbelieving cries of "how is that possible?" Valve released a detailed timeline that pointed to incredible cunning on the part of the hacker.

Wha' Happened?

11:08 AM Newell shoves pizza boxes off himself and scrubs off the moss growing on his face due to immobility. Prepares to go to work for the first time in seven days.

12:13 PM Arrives at Valve's offices and visits the same Jap Scat site he does every time he goes into work. Newell is unaware that Browned-Teen-Tomatoes.com is actually a front created by international hacking conglomerate " +++==Deep 15==+++ " with the sole purpose to attract Newell with its content and install a key logger on his system.

12:18 PM Key logger installed when Newell downloads and installs "Ass Shack Live 1 on 1" software. Newell falls asleep at computer while masturbating to a blurry streaming video loop claiming to be live.

3:09 PM Newell is woken up by coworkers concerned that he might have suffered a heart attack. Newell screams for them to "go back to work on that game thing". Moments later he receives a call from the security company installing an alarm on his house. Newell creates a text document on his desktop called "burgalar[sic]alarmpasscode.txt" that contains the seven digit code given to him by the security company.

3:20 PM Gabe Newell screams "what the fuck is Bink?" at employees for ten minutes and then declares "it's been a long day" and heads home in his gold filigreed Hummer 2.

3:48 PM While Newell is sound asleep on the floor of his house a Yakuza mercenary in the employ of Deep 15 bypasses Newell's burglar alarm using codes grabbed by Deep 15's keylogger. The Yakuza mercenary climbs through ventilation ducts and into Newell's fortress of solitude, which is what he calls the room where he plays Everquest for 20 hours a day.

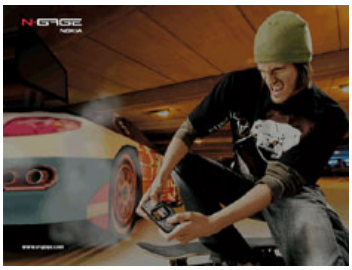
4:19 PM Just as Newell stirs to speed dial the delivery of groceries to his home the Yakuza mercenary finishes burning a microdisc of Half Life 2 source code. The mercenary escapes on a zip line with the microdisc containing the source code looking like nothing so much as a mole on the mercenary's face.

8:02 PM Newell logs on to his favorite Everquest erotic roleplaying forum only to discover that the recently leaked Half Life 2 source is the talk of the town!

That's how the story goes according to Valve anyway; I think the real timeline for the release of the Half Life 2 source code might have been a bit more simplistic.

12:05 PM Lunch meeting at Huge Dan's Burger Corral on how to prevent public backlash from massive delay in the release of Half Life 2. Newell decides that the best choice is to fake a leak of the source code.

12:06 PM Newell, having finished lunch, drives back to the office in his gold filigreed Hummer 2 and begins uploading the Half Life 2 source code to a "warez group" that happens to be composed of fellow members of his Everquest guild. While the source is uploading he probably visits a hardcore Jap Scat site.



Yeah! Radical to the max dude!

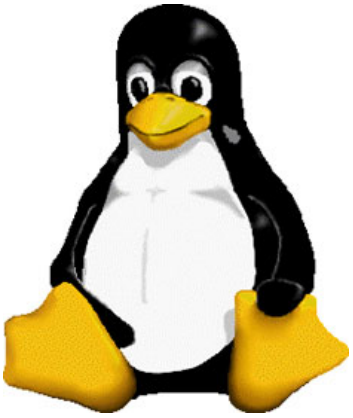
The huge Half Life 2 scandal - engineered or not - has been the biggest story in the gaming industry for quite some time. However, even in the past ten days it doesn't stand out as the stupidest story. For example, did you guys know that Nokia's new N-Gage handheld gaming device and phone was just released? No? How could you not be riveted by the hideously inappropriate media campaign Nokia has launched to promote the N-Gage? Nokia has spent millions despite the fact that every sensible indication is that the N-Gage is the biggest piece of shit since a meteor made of shit crashed into the planet Crapulon's capital city of Shitopolis.

Just look at some of the amazing features Nokia has packed into the N-Gage!

- Game library consists of mediocre ports of mediocre 3D games from aging consoles.
- The N-Gage is about as comfortable in your hands as a block of molten iron.
- Talking on the N-Gage in phone mode makes you look like the victim of a tragic Frisbee accident.
- The N-Gage uses the proprietary "Stop Wanting to Play System". In practice it means that it is so time consuming and complicated to swap out the microscopic game discs that you actually stop wanting to use the N-Gage as a gaming device.
- Is backed by the same quality control guarantee that ensures your normal Nokia phone "probably won't explode and blind or deafen you."
- May not contain bees or wasps.
- Contains some ants.

- Best played while riding a skateboard in a parking garage next to a giant pixilated sports car.
- Your chances of having sex with someone other than your abusive step-father are not dramatically decreased by owning an N-Gage.
- Guaranteed to get you laid with your hot abusive step-father.
- Frequently taking phone calls on your N-Gage finally gives you that excuse you've always wanted to legally change your name to Taco Head.
- Comes with a free 120 page booklet on how to insert game discs into your N-Gage.
- 100% Water Reluctant.
- 15-20% Fire Resistant.
- Playing games on the N-Gage can significantly increase a terminal cancer patient's spiritual acceptance of death.

Even the complete lunacy of the N-Gage has some stiff competition from the upcoming release of "America's Army: Operations" for AMD's new Athlon 64 chip. Because there is no Windows support for 64 bit processors "AA: Operations" and other titles will include a barebones version of a 64 bit Linux OS on the game CD. To play the game you simply insert the CD, restart your computer, wait for it to boot the on-disc operating system, hope and pray it correctly detects your hardware, and then enjoy the awesome power of AMD's new processor! God knows the gaming public has been demanding software that sacrifices a shitload of convenience for slight performance increases in gaming.



Tux, you unlock the secrets of my Heart Beeps.

Indeed, let me just cancel all these bit torrents I have open, save my Photoshop images to my desktop, close Word and then reboot my computer with an entirely different operating system so I can play "America's Army: Operations". I haven't played the new America's Army game but if it's anything like the last one I will lose interest in it while my computer is still booting Linux. Hey, and if not, all I did was interrupt everything I was doing to play a game and when I'm done all I have to do is take the game disc out and reboot. Sounds like a hoot and a half to me and kudos to AMD and the US government for ensuring that gaming can take a huge leap back towards the days of game-specific memory management and dreadfully slow DOS loads.

I know it's technically not Linux's fault on this one, but can fucking ANYTHING with Linux be better than with Windows? I constantly hear people hyping the everliving shit out of the latest distro of BucketBSD or whatever, yet it seems like doing anything in Linux requires me to jump through about ten additional hoops. Guess what you slovenly, elitist, unkempt faggots; Windows is popular because it works. Linux is unpopular because after all these goddamn years it's still a trainwreck of shell script and rebooting to play what few games exist. Until such a time as a 64-bit version of Windows XP hits the market I'll be waiting out the 64-bit gaming frenzy. You guys can have your fun with the splendor of "America's Army: Operations".

Flight of the Navigator Erotic Fan Fiction!

Hah! Now that I've got your hopes up with that intriguing title, allow me to punch you in the stomach with the news that you've been dying not to hear! A new Photoshop Phriday is online and ready to terrify the seat off your pants! This is all of course assuming you have some terrible fear

of Photoshop Phriday, which you probably don't. Livestock here, letting you know that the next generation of games is still not out! But until then, you can feast your eyes on some quality Phake Games from the SA Forum Goons!

Take a break from staring at screenshots of Half-Life 2 source code and enjoy some real winners! And unlike those shady bastards at Valve, we're not teasing you shifty release dates. These games aren't coming out ever.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.11 Greasnin and Goofus, Part 2 of 2

Saturday, Oct 11, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Hello again children! How are you today? Washing your hands before every meal, scrubbing your toes, and washing your teeny little dangly bits? Good. Once again, I am Major Von Noodlebrau, ice cream baron of Indiana. Today we will be continuing our lesson on proper manners. I certainly hope you all learned a lot from yesterday's lesson, as we examined the behavior of two writers for that Something Awful website on that newfangled internet, Greasnin and Frolixo, who we've decided to call Goofus. As we saw, Greasnin is a fine, upstanding, moral young man who respects his elders, takes good care of his body, is polite at all times, and never complains or cries when I pinch his cute little bottom. Goofus, on the other hand, is not a very good boy at all. He does not play nicely with the other children, he gets dirty and never washes up, he hates Jesus on a very personal level, he has a serious drug collection but he never shares, and he is a shameless flirt whenever he comes by my ice cream parlor. Also, once he made fun of my moustache.

Children, having good manners is one of the most important things to learn. You need to know how to treat yourself and others well and with courtesy if you want to be treated well in return. Children with good manners like Greasnin are well liked by their schoolmates, families, clergymen, and ice cream entrepreneurs. They are the most popular children in class an everyone wants to be their friend. They grow up to be mature, responsible, happy adults with good jobs that they enjoy and a family who loves them very much. Children who have bad manners like Goofus are not well-liked at all. No one ever wants to be their friend and they go through school dirty, smelly and alone. Since they forsake the teachings of the Good Lord, the Lord turns his back on them as well. No church will comfort them and their families throw them out of their houses. They are forced to live in alleyways and under the slides on playgrounds and in the backs of ice cream parlors and fend for themselves. They become ugly and misshapen from eating nothing but occasional handfuls of sundae toppings, dirt, and loose change. No employer will ever hire them and no one will ever love them. They grow up miserable and lonely and die early deaths in the middle of public roads. They will find no peace or happiness in death, though, because God hates children with poor manners and has written them off long ago, so they are sent to Hell to burn in searing agony while demons stab at their eyes and nasal passages with their needle-like genitals for all eternity. Since you all want to be good-mannered children, let's have us a look at some more examples of good and bad behavior from Greasnin and Goofus.

Greasnin: Says his prayers every night before bed.

Greasnin is filled with a love and fear of the one true God Jehovah and his son Jesus who died so that we might all find our redemption. He knows that God is loving, but that his wrath is a terrible thing to behold. That is why Greasnin kneels beside his bed and clasps his hands in prayer each and every night. He thanks God for all that He has done during the past day, listing every individual event in sequence. If ever he forgets to pray one night, the next morning he is sure to punish himself appropriately by flagellating himself for one hour for every consecutive night that he missed. That is how Greasnin shows the Lord that he wants Him to always be happy and know that He is loved by His creations on Earth.

Goofus: Creates his own religion as a tax shelter.

Goofus turned his back on the Lord in 1989 after the Cubs lost a game that he had bet a significant sum on money on. After that, he decided that he would worship in his own way - by creating his own religion and brainwashing lonely people and celebrities into swearing allegiance to him, giving him large sums of money, and working in his spiritual sweat shops making informational videos and book jackets for the novels he has ghost written in his name. Instead of praying by his bedside, Goofus sails around day and night on his yacht purchased with money made by his religion, being careful to have his hired staff of bikini-clad models keep him securely within international waters. He claims that he is on a spiritual journey and that he can only commune with the great alien presence of Zanthax the Hive Mind when he is beyond the bounds of the laws of man.

■ **Greasnin: Stays away from pornography and other sinful smut.**
Greasnin knows that the only real love in the world is fraternal love. And not that filthy fraternal love with the tushy-intercourse, but the clean, honest love that two people can share out of mutual respect for one another. Everything else is just carnal lust, which makes Jesus weep tears of pure acid that melt his cheeks. Also, Greasnin knows that spilling his manseed for any reason other than bringing another life into this world is the worst thing he could possibly do and that if he did so, a pit would open beneath him and an unholy vortex would suck him directly to the seventh circle of the infernal pit. That is why Greasnin always stays away from pornography. While it is true that he worked for four years at a video store specializing in pornography, he only worked there to dissuade passers-by from renting that awful smut.

■ **Goofus: Downloads 20 gigs of shemale porn.**
On the other hand, Goofus spills his seed three or four times a day. At least ten other times per day he collects it in jars and stores them in a refrigerator in his basement for purposes that are not entirely clear at this point. He has become bored with watching cheap women dance and gyrate for his pleasure. Now he searches the internet nightly for more free hermaphroditic pornography to add to his already massive collection. The contrast between the shemales' feminine bodies and immense male genitalia excites Goofus more than anything else can, including straight sex, lesbians, gay men, bondage, golden showers, scat porn, and bestiality. His mind reels with naughty thoughts about surgically grafting penises onto many of today's young female celebrities, such as Selma Hayek and Hillary Duff. He hopes to someday devote a website of art, stories, and poetry to this subject.

Greasnin: Looks both ways before crossing the street.
With all of today's modern motorists zipping to and fro, it can be dangerous to cross even the smallest of roads. Greasnin knows that drivers have many things to think about, including the amount of gas in their car, their current speed and the posted speed limit, the directions to their destination, the current time, how hot their coffee is, what the top story is in the business section of their local newspaper, how their makeup or shaving job looks, and a hundred other little details. They cannot be expected to see every single pedestrian who happens to want to get across the street. That is why Greasnin is always careful to stop on the curb and look left, then right, then left again before proceeding across to the other side. That way, he always knows when to walk and when to wait, and he always gets across safely without inconveniencing anybody.

Goofus: Rampages through traffic in his fifty-foot Killbot.
Goofus never learned the virtue of patience. Rather than looking from side to side and waiting for it to be safe to cross the street, he simply storms right across the road, and traffic be darned. No mere motorist can withstand the might and blazing speed of Goofus' fifty foot tall, nine ton Killbot. Its car-crushing claws can swat a Ford Explorer thirty yards straight into the air or shear through up to ten inches of solid steel. the Killbot itself is made from NASA-grade titanium and is powered by weapons-grade plutonium, and the chances are slim that Goofus obtained such vast quantities of either of those through legal means, to say nothing of the Quadium lasers, .50 caliber chain guns, dual flamethrowers, or Scorpion missile launchers. The Killbot has enough power to leap over a city block, but Goofus instead chooses to blaze a trail of destruction through traffic. He in fact refuses to cross streets at intersections, and sometimes actually swerves to hit more cars. While Goofus himself crosses the street safely, he tends to injure or kill multiple motorists each time. Also, he frequently has to spend his entire allowance rebuilding the Killbot after repeatedly getting into scrapes with Superman.

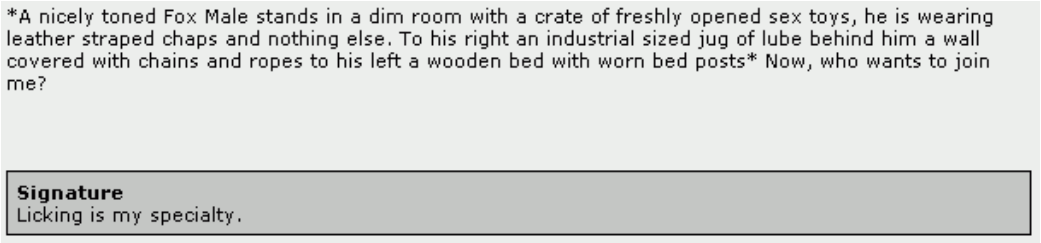
Boy gosh, kids, that sure was educational and fun! I hope you learned a thing or two from our friend Greasnin and our mortal enemy Goofus. We hate Goofus, don't we children? We want him

to suffer, isn't that right? Of course it's right! Well now, you all follow Greasnin's example and be good, well-mannered children from now on, and I'll see each and every one of you in Heaven in a few years! Or alternately, I'll see you around the ol' ice cream parlor! I've got a nice double scoop just waiting for you! It's right around the counter in the back. So long, kids!

(A special thanks to forum goon "fuckingtest", who made the pictures for these two days of learning out of the ashes of the burnt corpses of children who never said "please" when asking someone to pass a dish at supper.)

Weekend Web: The Fall of the Internet

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Despite all bets against it I am back for another weekend with the most horrible forums the internet has to offer. This week The Weekend Web tackles Something Awful's age old nemesis, furries. Nine out of ten medical professionals agree, a little bit of your soul dies with each Weekend Web image that you read. Don't believe me? Just try this free sample with no obligation to buy:


A nicely toned Fox Male stands in a dim room with a crate of freshly opened sex toys, he is wearing leather straped chaps and nothing else. To his right an industrial sized jug of lube behind him a wall covered with chains and ropes to his left a wooden bed with worn bed posts Now, who wants to join me?
Signature
Licking is my specialty.

Act now and recieve this handy link absolutely free! To order simply click here. Operators are standing by.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.12 In the Land of the Blind

Sunday, Oct 12, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wesley Clark is so dreamy.

There's trouble in Washington. I don't want to delve too deeply into politics here but suffice it to say that we're about to hit an election year for the office of president and a large majority of Americans just aren't satisfied with our current leadership. The problem isn't really the much-maligned George W. Bush, because he can be voted out of office, the problem is who do we put into office? Most of the Democrats are pretty poor choices, and those that aren't - like the intelligent and handsome General Wesley Clark - are still only a half-assed candidate for angry conservatives who are on the brink of voting Democrat just to oust Bush. What we need is a uniter, not a divider, and ladies and gentleman it is my solemn oath to serve you as President of the United States to the best of my ability.

Campaigning to become president of the United States is basically a non-stop advertisement for one product. I intend to shake things up in the campaign by transforming it from a hyper spin zone and bragging festival into a hostage situation. I have promises and demands. If you meet my demands, I'll keep my campaign promises. If you fail me then I will keep fewer and fewer of my promises until you're left wishing for George W. Bush strapped to Gerald Ford wrapped in a Jimmy Carter tortilla. Without me to run this ship the whole country will turn into a giant line of people waiting to buy gasoline at thirty dollars a gallon while being harassed by incessant terrorist attacks. Endangered species will fall from the sky like raindrops and even the ones than can fly will have concrete blocks tied to their feet so they fall too. They won't just hit the ground either, they'll all land in a giant furnace that will cremate them and then spew acid rain out of the top. Sounds great doesn't it? Just wait until you fail to meet the last of my demands and I decide to unilaterally declare war on the United States.

The entire Defense Department will literally die from confusion and the Coast Guard will end up trying to interdict the US Navy's drug-running aircraft carriers. Meanwhile I'll be counting my billions of newly minted US dollars each designed around a particular legend of the WWF. Rappers will write songs about Hulk Hogan, and I don't mean rapper Macho Man.

Secret Service agent Destiny poses for the camera.

That hellscape can be yours, or you can play it smart and choose to meet all of my demands and live in total paradise.

Here are my demands, you have 48 hours:

- The White House will be renamed to The Whitest House and will have a tower on top made out of the lacquered corpses of white power groups. At the top of the tower will be an anti-aircraft gun manned by chimpanzees that fires lemons instead of explosive rounds. You will tolerate the lemons when visiting The Whitest House or you will die trying.
- My friends can call me President Parsons, for everyone else my job title is "Commander King". The proper form of greeting will be to kneel and salute simultaneously and address me as "Sir My Liege".

- Secret Service must be staffed only with extremely hot women. Vinyl bodysuits mandatory dress code. Nebulous Eastern European accents a big plus.
- Office of Vice President replaced with Office of Hunter/Killer Spider Robot. Not surprisingly I nominate Arachnodroid Mark I to run with me on my ticket.
- I am the defacto Dungeon Master of all games of "Dungeons and Dragons" taking place in federally funded facilities. If I wander into a library and find you and your nerd friends playing don't be surprised when I step in and insist the entire party plays this awesome "Dragonball Z"/"Forgotten Realms" crossover I was running with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
- Quiznos to cater all state functions.
- Any diplomatic meetings will be conducted on a specially modified aircraft carrier with a Go-Cart track on the deck. The SS Go-For-It will sail out into neutral international waters during any diplomatic functions, all aboard will strip naked and do coke until their nose bleeds, and then myself and any other heads of state present will race around the track to decide who wins the diplomacy. We will be accompanied at all times by a destroyer equipped with the largest stereo system ever made and about five hundred bass tapes.
- During touchy negotiations or armistice signings any delegates of the United States will be accompanied by our mascot Nukiee and the Ground Zero Girlz - our diplomatic dance team.
- Some McDonald's coupons would be nice.

Our military will be even more unstoppable.

Take it or leave it. You know we're all up shit creek without a turd propeller if we stick with what we've got. But I'm not all just take, take, take, I also have a giving side and I am willing to make a number of solemn and clear promises and stances on hot-button political issues.

Abortion: Fetuses have the same rights as human beings; to be launched out of a cannon and into the sun at my whim.

Military Spending: We can save a lot of money on military spending if we combine all branches of the military into a new group called "The Horde". Every member will wear black cloaks and maybe night vision goggles or something cool, like welding goggles or those Kaiser helmets with the spikes on top. Teach our soldiers how to shoot lasers out of their eyes so we stop wasting so much goddamn money on bullets. Jesus, did you see all those fucking bombs we dropped on Iraq? It would have been cheaper to just fly overhead with cargo planes and crush the entire city under gold bricks.

Space Exploration: We will blow up any planet that gets in our way in the long journey to landing a man on the surface of the sun.

The Environment: Famed master painter Thomas Kinkade will be paid to travel around the world painting pictures of every beautiful sight and animal he can find. When he's done - and I'm only budgeting for about 50 paintings - we'll hang all of the pictures in a museum and then bulldoze the planet to make room for a Wal-Mart parking lot. When that's done we'll bulldoze the museum because I fucking hate Thomas Kinkade.

"Nature" circa 2007.

Foreign Relations: Mexico will be annexed and renamed "Spring Break". Canada will be annexed and renamed "Lidsville" and all Canadians will wear anthropomorphic hat suits. Failure to do so will result in immediate immolation by eye-laser. The UK will be made a state -maybe like East Virginia or something - we'll just let Germany have France because we know they've got their eye on it. We'll make all of the Mid-East a giant state too and call it New Kentucky and then we'll make fun of how backwards it is there until they threaten to secede and then we'll remind them about the eye-lasers by killing most of them with eye-lasers. Russia will go back to being Communist because China just isn't as cool and menacing of a counterbalance to the shining light of the United States.

Science Funding: Science is very important. Without science we wouldn't have things like Japanese porno DVDs, kidney medicine for cats, or those chairs that fold up into a tube. I propose increasing science spending until we reach the point where we have giant ants and they build cars for us.

Alternative Energy: We are too beholden to the Mid-East and OPEC for our own good. In place of oil I will ensure that the United States draws on untapped reserves of its most plentiful natural resource; giant American flags. Homes will be heated by freedom.

Medicare: Medicare will only pay for plastic surgery and addictive pain killer prescriptions. Half of America may be rotting on the inside from cancer and substance abuse but they will be doped to the gills and hot as fuck.

Social Security: I promise to ensure that Social Security remains solvent for the next three hundred years by having jets drop napalm on nursing homes and deploying our stockpiles of nerve gas to Florida.

Really, I tried to rhyme "Zack" with "like" and this was the best I could come up with.

Funding of the Arts: Funding of the arts will be awarded based on whether or not a proposal can make the grant committee vomit. Expect a rise in abstract sculpture made from rotting corpses and paintings done entirely in pus and excrement.

Religion: All religions will be outlawed in the United States until such a time as practitioners agree to merge with at least one opposing religion to create quasi-futuristic new religions like Hindianity, Uniterislamic, and Mormontology. All schools will be razed and rebuilt in the shape of the Virgin Mary's intact hymen and the walls will be painted with the Ten Commandments filtered using Altavista's Babelfish to Japanese and then back to English.

> ***2nd order; Poem 4-6:*** *" Because it does not make in the thee which thing the image, there is a similar graven, or on whether, or whether in the heaven in the earth under the earth it is under in the water, there is a shalt of the Thou. Those functioning it does the bow thyself which does not have to those of the shalt of the Thou,: Because of the I main thy God AM irregularities of jealous God and father thing hatred my those in 3rd and 4th formation are visited in the child. And love me, with my order. In thing many those which " are maintained shewing mercy*

Education: Our children are our future and that's why we must teach them cryptology using modern cryptanalysis computers instead of the current captured Nazi Enigma machines our underfunded schools are forced to use. One half of the day will be devoted to cracking cyphers and the other half will be devoted to learning the Navajo language. Maybe some math or something too, like multiplication. Yeah, that comes in pretty handy sometimes. I will pay for this valuable overhaul to the education system by having all children attend "night labs" about "geology" inside "coal learning facilities".

Welfare: To satisfy both conservatives and liberals exactly one half of the poor will be provided with huge amounts of money based entirely on the number of children they can spit out, while the other half will be forced to work as slave labor for corporations like "Acid Mine and Sons" and "Dangerous Explosive Biting Factory Incorporated". Orphan children will be sold to wealthy Japanese businessmen to pay for other orphans to eat caviar and truffles.

Homeland Security: All employees of the Department of Homeland Security will be fired and the entire annual budget will go to building a mile tall statue of me with glowing red eyes as big as those huge dump trucks in Jackie Chan movies. The statue's head will constantly rotate and say in a booming voice that causes windows to shatter for hundreds of miles "I see you. Don't do that. I see you. Don't do that." Citizens will be encouraged to report their neighbors for looking "suspiciously fat" or "dangerously unkempt."

Gay Marriage: Gay marriage will be federally recognized but only for heterosexual same-sex couples. Gay couples who try to get married will be given a hunting license instead.

The War on Drugs: I will devote all of the current budget for fighting illegal drug trafficking to actually blowing up drugs. Eventually there will be so many tons of narcotics thrown up into the atmosphere by explosions that every person will walk around slightly high at all times. Eventually a layer of mixed drug gasses will form in the upper atmosphere called the Chongosphere and all sunlight filtering through it will taste like red.

Violence in the Media: Violence will be heavily curtailed and censored, but in its place will be a lot of footage of people having sex while screaming "fuck" over and over.

Gun Control: Guns will be totally outlawed but everyone will be allowed to own as many attack helicopters as they would like to purchase. That's assuming that the helicopters are equipped only with anti-tank missiles and crossbows.

> **Immigration:** Whenever ten people cross the border to enter the United States they will be brought to the Immigration Square Dance Center. There they will participate in a cake walk. One person is sent back to their nation of origin with a delicious cake and the other nine are permitted full US citizenship.

I think the choice is clear. Vote for me. Vote for change.

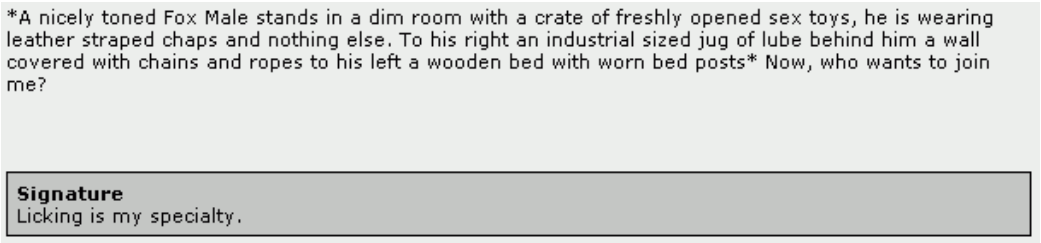
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.13 placeholder for old man greasnin

Sunday, Oct 12, 2003 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Weekend Web: The Fall of the Internet

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. Despite all bets against it I am back for another weekend with the most horrible forums the internet has to offer. This week The Weekend Web tackles Something Awful's age old nemesis, furries. Nine out of ten medical professionals agree, a little bit of your soul dies with each Weekend Web image that you read. Don't believe me? Just try this free sample with no obligation to buy:

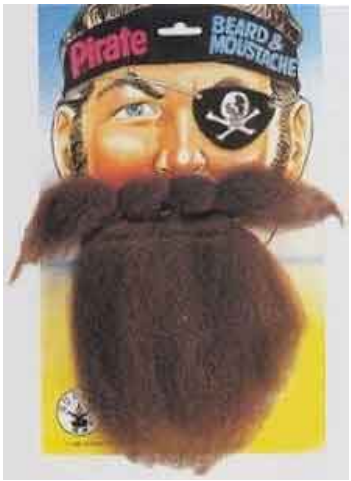

A nicely toned Fox Male stands in a dim room with a crate of freshly opened sex toys, he is wearing leather straped chaps and nothing else. To his right an industrial sized jug of lube behind him a wall covered with chains and ropes to his left a wooden bed with worn bed posts Now, who wants to join me?
Signature
Licking is my specialty.

Act now and recieve this handy link absolutely free! To order simply click here. Operators are standing by.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

10.14 Groomed to Kill: Beards and Moustaches of Fury

Tuesday, Oct 14, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Forget it kid, this will only put you in the minor leagues.

Today I would like to do something a bit different. Enough with all the silliness, all the highbrow intellectual jokes that end with somebody getting called a fag, and all the muckraking comedy you've come to love us for. Actually, you probably don't love us, and you probably don't know us for any of that stuff, save for maybe the calling people fags part. But enough as well to the jibber-jabber spewing fourth from my crapulent maw! I want to be serious for a brief moment, and by that I want to dedicate this article to a very serious topic ignored by far too many people, particularly you.

Ladies and gentlemen, the World Beard and Moustache Championships are nearly upon us! Every two years, athletes from around the world gather to compete in one of the most brutal tournaments ever devised by man. The World Beard and Moustache Championship is a contest of wits, of skill, of hygiene, and of imaginative grooming that dazzles the mind. But unfortunately, it is not without its petty politics and backroom backstabbing. Once again I have no choice but to accept that, in spite of my qualifications, I was not asked to be a judge. I don't get it, because honestly, I have what it takes. I have an appreciation for beards and moustaches and a burning desire to judge people's beards and moustaches. Ever since I was a kid I knew that I would one day be a world-renowned beard and moustache critic. I don't know how, perhaps it was some magical undercurrent I subconsciously tapped into, but I knew that one day my words would be the force that makes or breaks people with facial hair. "Gustov," I'd write, "seems to believe that the wild jungle of hair above his lips, consisting of a ragged underbrush curling recklessly about while tidal waves of gray form a canopy in the upper echelons, is a prized moustache. I, on the other hand, consider it a prized scar." That's an excerpt from an article I would write in an alternate reality for a popular beard and moustache entertainment site. Also, since that's from an alternate reality, I wrote it while on holiday in my castle floating a mile above the moon. And you better believe I posted it from one of my many relaxing alternate reality hot tubs filled to the brim with expensive liquefied meat.

While circumstances have led me astray from my early childhood dreams, I have not forgotten them. I'm as unbiased as they come, leaning only in the direction of the will of the people so long as they agree with me. Furthermore, I can relate to the athletes competing. I have a bond with them, in fact, in the form of facial hair. While I don't personally have a beard or moustache, I often go weeks without shaving because of extreme laziness and a desire to look like a disheveled hobo. I may not have been chosen as an official judge, and that's something I'll just have to come to terms with on my own time, but that sure as hell doesn't mean I can't pass judgment. I may not have the blessing of the official cabal of beard and moustache barons dictating this corrupted tournament, but let's see them stop me from offering my services as an unsanctioned judge. That's right, World Beard and Moustache Championships, you can't murder this innocent child's dream!

Before we get too deep into this spectacle, I would like to apologize to the female readers. This article is all about beards and moustaches. While I do not understand what it is like, I sympathize with the plight you women face knowing that you will never be able to have something as wondrous as a beard or a moustache, to be able to let a simple patch of stubble grow into a living breathing monument, to give life where there is none. I only hope your petty womanly jealousy does not fill

you with anger, blinding you from appreciating a quality beard or moustache.

2003 World Beard and Moustache Championship: An Unsanctioned and Uneducated Judging

The 2003 World Beard and Moustache Championship gets underway November 1st in Carson City, Nevada. While I won't be there because I have better things to do, and I certainly don't know anything about the contestants other than seeing pictures of them, I'm still going to go ahead and give my thoughts. Since those fatheads running the World Beard and Moustache Championships give so little in the way of details about the contestants, I had to interpolate a lot of things. I did a lot of reading between the lines, and where there weren't lines, I added them in myself by drawing on my monitor with a blue marker.

Top Hat

The mysterious man hailing from parts unknown can be recognized by his distinct twirling beard and distinguished attire. Because so little is known about him, including his moniker, he has earned the name Top Hat. Although this name would have you believe he ranks high, at least in the world of hats, he has little chance of winning anything more than a loss. And really, when you look at Top Hat, do you actually see a winner? I see a man hiding in a suit, using it as a mask to conceal secret poverty and benign social standing. Does he look like a man who belongs in a suit? No, he probably wears it because it's one of the job requirements of being a stagecoach driver or whatever other menial work he does to earn his daily bread and alcohol. Sure, the man has an impressive beard that travels around his face, wrapping it as though it was a present and the hair was a lovely ribbon. But if you were to wake up one Christmas morning and see the severed head of Top Hat resting beneath your tree, wrapped so tightly with this lovely beard ribbon, would you be happy? I think not. I don't know if Top Hat plans to compete in this year's tournament, but he might as well sit this one out. If he thinks he has a chance of being transformed into facial hair royalty with an underdog victory, well, then he can think again! Go back to sipping hope out of your flask, Top Hat. The victory you covet so much will elude you once more. Save your precious little money and don't come.

Heinz Christophel

Heinz might not look all that imposing, but be warned, he has a few tricks up his sleeves and under his scarf. A purebred straight to the marrowy core of his bones, Heinz uses his regal demeanor and prized heredity to set him on a pedestal overlooking the competition. Of course the nit and gritty of the competition is not about background and class standing, but of beards and moustaches. Fortunately for Heinz, he is just as wealthy in hair as he is in everything else. Heinz's prized beard reaches outward while soaring upward. The two arms of his beard rest like a balance, and one can easily imagine such contrasting ideas as justice and injustice, life and death, good and evil, occupying each side. It is fitting that as polarized constructs rest to the right and the left, Heinz is rooted firmly in the middle. In a world of absolutes, Heinz becomes an uncertainty, a wildcard,

and a potential winner. I don't believe Heinz will actually win, but his showing will have a lot of nervous contestants pulling out their tiny combs and scrambling in a vain attempt to make their beard or moustache look just a little bit more exciting.

Mr. Fancy

This mysterious fellow, who I nicknamed Mr. Fancy, is an archetypical showman, an evenhanded mixture of excess and minimalism. What is most prominent about Mr. Fancy is the distinct simplicity of his moustache. While it is in many ways an impressive moustache, it hardly seems worth mentioning when juxtaposed with the cacophonous hair symphonies of the other contestants. This disadvantage would discourage any common man, but Mr. Fancy uses it to his advantage. By adorning himself in elaborate costume and capitalizing on his suave looks, Mr. Fancy presents not just a sampling of facial hair, but an entire package. When you look at Mr. Fancy, you see a friendly man, possibly supernatural in nature, and certainly approachable. His moustache looks great, not because it's an elaborate tapestry flowing from his face, but rather because it's the perfect moustache for him. No other combination of beard or moustache would suit Mr. Fancy, for he has found his ideal look. Think about this, if you suddenly found yourself falling through a magic portal and into a world of fantasy and wonder, who would you want to act as your guide? Mr. Fancy is the correct answer, because he embodies the ideals and wonderment of strange and imaginative paranormal dimensions. In fact, I theorize that Mr. Fancy may not even be from this Earth, which would explain why so little is known about him. In spite of his charm and wonder, Mr. Fancy shouldn't expect to win any trophies. He succeeds where many fail, but his role is not that of a revolutionary or an agent of change, but rather as a constant in a changing world.

Stefan Gölz

When it comes to brutish tactics and mercilessness, Stefan knows no limits. A commanding figure with a commanding beard that mimics the shape of a Klingon war blade, Stefan massacres the competition as though they were no more than puny children. To compete against Stefan is akin to being sent on a suicide mission, and his role in this tournament will determine a lot about who enters. The weak and cowardly will be sure to avoid embarrassing themselves if they know that this living hearse of a man and beard is going to be competing. His beard is not his only weapon, though. A small but sharp moustache pierces outward from below his nose just as a bayonet looms at the end of a rifle, and anyone foolish enough to walk into him is sure to meet an early demise. It is hard to fathom what Stefan does in his spare time, but I imagine that he probably has a comfortable job as a general to an army of undead skeleton warriors. I also bet he rides a skeleton horse and possibly drinks blood out of an actual human skull. While any man presiding over an army of the undead can be considered evil, he is no more than a general or enforcer in a vast hierarchy of wickedness. Because of this, he stands only to wipe out and weaken competition for the true winner of this tournament, the Lord of all Evil himself. Stefan will be sacrificed in the end, paving the way for another dark victory in this great tournament.

Willi Chevalier

Let's face it – beards like Willi's don't come often. This man's face is like a bottomless abyss, and on it rests an ancient evil older than time itself. If you've ever seen a more terrifying beard than this, then you are most certainly a liar, because there is no beard more frightening than this hellish monstrosity. I don't know if Willi is an evil wizard who conjured this demonic power and gave it a home or if he is no more than the victim of a demonic entity using his face as a den of evil and/or possibly a tax shelter, but I do know that this is the beard that should not be. Each of the six arms of this primordial evil reaches outward, as if clawing at the very gates of Heaven. It screams of atrocity, of rape, of ruin, and hate. It is darkness personified in facial hair. The coiling hairs that extend out like the ribs of a dead beast could pierce through flesh, possibly even feed off the spilt blood. It is clear to me that Willi, the current world champion, will remain the world champion until the forces of good are able to grow and groom an ideologically opposing beard of pure light and energy. For now, my friends, the World Beard and Moustache Championships will remain in the hands of evil. Willi Chevalier is a shoe in for World Champ in Carson City!

I certainly hope I wasn't too dramatic in my predictions and coverage of this year's tournament, but really, it's impossible not to get swept away by the epic pageantry of this glorious event. True, I have my differences with the leadership of the World Beard and Moustache Championships, but I still respect the sanctity of the contest. This is athletics at its finest: devoid of sport but rich in facial hair. I for one think it deserves national television coverage not unlike that of professional sports. Beard and moustache tournaments may lack cheerleaders or mascots, and the athletes themselves probably don't have groupies, but just look at their grueling grooming regiments and tell me they don't sacrifice for what they do. Better yet, tell that to them.

Remember Nickelodeon?

Hey folks, Taylor "Psygnosis" Bell here with an awesome ROM pit review of a really terrible SNES game based on a stupid game show! Remember Nickelodeon's "GUTS"? Well, this terrible game is going to make sure you never forget.

Apparently doing "basic training" involves running and climbing around for several minutes on a gigantic death contraption in Nickelodeonland. This event, which I'm fairly sure wasn't in the actual show due to the Not Killing Kids On Live TV Act of 1988 (which is the last documented year in which anybody actually watched Nickelodeon), requires you to race through a giant diabolical jungle gym that was originally designed by

> *Saddam Hussein for all the happy little Kurdish children to play on. You'll leap over huge drop-offs, jump from rope to rope 70 feet in the air, dodge flying punching bags that are bigger than you and occasionally run face-first into the wall if you're me. Due to the stupid course layout and the fact that you can't grab onto a rope if you're more than a millimeter to the left or right, it might take you a few tries before you're able to finish the entire course without turning the emulator off, tracking down the man who programmed this game and punching him in the throat.*

This sounds even better than that one show where they splattered everybody with green slimy crap! Check it out!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.15 What a Rotten Columbo Day

Tuesday, Oct 14, 2003 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

CLIFF YABLONSKI

First off, let me say that the US Government doesn't know jack shit about treating us senior war veterans properly. Yeah yeah yeah, I know I just might've mentioned something about that in the past, but I don't give a shit and if you've got some problem with me repeating crap, let's see you try to complain about it when you're removing a 50-pound bag of rusty ball bearings from your mouth, you flailing puke volcano. I served this country during the World of Wars I, the World of Wars II, the Vietnam War, the Korean War, the War Against Terror, the War Against Inflation, and the Battle of Big Gulp, so I think I've earned my right to point out how much I think the government is going down the shitter. Can you believe that the United States of America is supposed to be a "civilized nation," yet they don't give veterans like me the day off for Columbo Day? What kind of cockshit is this fuckery? I've given so much crap to this country that I know I deserve at least one day off to celebrate Colon Day or whatever it was yesterday. But no, the goddamn government won't give me Monday off because they got a gigantic stick up their collective asses and want to squeeze every penny out of my grizzled ass. Now some of you might be saying, "wah, but Cliff, you don't have a job! Why are you bitching about not getting the day off if you're unemployed?" Let me answer that for you right now: it's the principle of the whole thing. Our country was founded on principles, like the principle to conform peaceably and the freedom between church and steak, so if you stop believing in principles then you might as well move to Russia you godless communist prick. Also I hate abacuses because those beads just look stupid and I want to break them all.

Lardbarn and Bloatwife pose for the camera with the white trash shithead on the right and John Tesh on the left.

Rick Berringer stores squirrels in his stomach for Winter.

Since I didn't get the damn day off yesterday, I decided to head down and buy some shoes at the Buster Brown shoe store on the corner of 18th and Murphy Lane. Now you're not going to believe what shit happened next: I go there and I'm pushing this shopping cart I push around on Mondays and call "The Chuck Cart" because I ram it into the Coke machine outside the Ace Hardware store over and over until it starts giving me free sodas. I don't remember why I call it "The Chuck Cart" though. Anyway I'm pushing the Chuck Cart down the street and I get into the parking lot outside the Buster Brown store and I look up and guess what I see? They put a goddamn K-Mart where the Buster Brown store was! What kind of shit is this shit? I mean, just yesterday it was a goddamn shoe store and now it's full of snot-haired little puking bastards buying Teen Rage Mutant Turtle dolls and crap. I hate this bait and switch shit, that's what the phone company always tries to pull on me by calling me up at night and saying crap about how if I switch over to their service then they'll give me a wheelbarrow full of burritos or something stupid, so I switch over and the only shit I get is a phone which some Mexican hog named Rosco uses to call me every 15 minutes asking for some fat fucker named Pilar. Hey Rosco, why don't you cross the border and meet Pilar yourself if you're so goddamn infatuated with that dumb broad? I'm sure she'll cook you a nice meal and then lay some alien eggs inside your

skull while you sleep. Make sure to bring correct change.

So I was talking about the K-Mart, I was going to walk right in there and start throttling the manager by his throat like the time I caught the lizard trying to steal my cantaloupe, but the store is closed because it's 4:00 AM. I start getting really pissed off at that point and I begin shoving the Chuck Cart into the glass window, but the shit won't break because it's some of that crazy Jap glass which is unbreakable unless you use those high tech burglar tools like they used in that one movie with Robert DeNiro and that other guy who always plays a stupid retard in all his movies, Edward Morton or whatever. I tried to make my own burglary tools one night, so I taped a big fucking rock to a hammer and used it to break into the Patterson's basement so I could steal all their wine and packing boxes. But these windows wouldn't break for shit, even if I would've used the ol' hammerock. I fell asleep in the Chuck Cart and woke up the next morning and some shithead had pushed me into the empty field next to the Radio Shack! What kind of bullshit is that? I bust into the K-Mart and shout "I want to speak to your manager right now!!! Also who pushed me into the alley behind the Radio Shack?" as loud as I can at the cardboard cutout of some NASCAR driver, and a few minutes later some gutterbrained sumpchest comes waddling up to me and asking me to keep my voice down because it's a family store and full of families. I shout right back at him, "you're goddamn right this is a family store, now get me a family sized bottle of whisky and I promise not to break a picture frame over your wife's head, you sack of shit!" Of course I was lying; I'd break a picture frame over his wife's head no matter what he did.

Eddie Kinningston tries to signal traffic from his livingroom. Good luck you fat fuck.

To make a long story short, this little college graduate smarmy asshole starts trying to bullshit me and claims that the K-Mart has been there for 18 years and the Buster Brown shoe story closed in the late 70's. You know what? That's a goddamn dirty lie that he made up to try and discredit a respected veteran like me. I went through too much shit to take crap from some ass wearing a brown tie and pants the color of my last bowel movement. One time during the Vietnam War I was ordered to guard an ammo dump outside of the banana plantation my goddamn lazy CO was using to screw lice-infested natives. So I'm sitting there and spraying gasoline on trees when suddenly I hear this rustling in the bushes. I think it's a fucking monkey or some shit so I start spraying gasoline on it and calling it a "motherfucker" as fast as I could. Some Asian shithead gets up and starts yelling in commie talk to all his friends, who are next to him and camouflaged so I can't seem them. I start thinking, "hey, maybe these are the assholes who I'm supposed to protect this ammo dump from!" and then I think "maybe these foreigners are the assholes who we're fighting in this war!" because I never saw who we were fighting because I forgot my glasses before I was shipped overseas. I told the beefnecked slophog behind the desk that I can't see shit without my glasses, but he kept saying "GET ON THE GODDAMN PLANE, YABLONSKI" and so I said "fine, I'll get on this fucking plane, but if any of you bloated dicksharks try to court martial me just because I drink heavily and love friendly fire, you better know that I don't got no problem with using your larynx as a whip which I'll swing at my TV to change the channels when a commercial for some stupid bathsoap comes on." Where was I? Oh yeah, the Asians are standing around and I'm sitting there with my M1 in one hand and the gasoline hose in the other hand, but luckily I had an incendiary grenade in my other hand, and I threw that fucker and hit the deck. I black out and the next thing I know, I'm in an office somewhere and this paper-pushing jerkoff is telling me my CO was killed by an incendiary grenade the last night. I start laughing and the fucker asks me why I was laughing and I said "because I always hated that fucker" and then I asked him where my gasoline hose was and he said it was burned in the fire, and that made me stop laughing because it was a really good hose and I'd pay a lot of money for a replacement like that. They don't make gas hoses like they used to, and if you don't believe me, then try going to the local gas station and stealing one of their hoses.

You'll see what I mean.

Before I finish this story, I gotta ask you pathetic computer nerds out there if you can use your computer screens to find out what kind of disease I got. I started getting sick about a week ago, and at first I thought I was just hung over, but I don't remember getting blisters on my forehead from drinking. About a week ago I went to steal this really nice car I saw in the junkyard and while I was walking across the dump, I see this can labeled "ASTRONAUT FOOD" and so I say, "hey alright, now I can eat the same shit that those exploding cretins in space eat" and I dig into the can. Let me give you some advice: don't eat shit you find in a junkyard at 2:00 AM. It was dark and I couldn't see anything, but I came back the next morning and found out that it wasn't astronaut food I ate, it was a bunch of wet confetti that had been sitting in the dump for at least a month. And it wasn't a can labeled "ASTRONAUT FOOD" I thought I was eating from, it was a dead wolf's carcass. So if you're thinking of eating some shit you found in the junk yard, bring a flashlight or at least wait until daytime. Anyway, the day after I ate it, I began sweating all the time, even when I was sleeping. One day I woke up and tried to open my eyes, but instead of the eyelids opening up, my socks flew off and my television turned on. Then, the next day, I started seeing all these black lines on my tongue, even when I wasn't looking at it. Also I don't hate that stupid broad Katie Couric as much as I once did. So if any of you eggheads can help me out with this shit, I promise I won't use your head as a speedbump next time I take a shortcut through your house. And don't tell me to take any more Tylenol or get more vitamin chalk in my diet because if I won't change for my parole officer, what the hell makes you think I'll change for some computer screen nerd like you? On second thought, don't bother contacting me because I don't want you to ever speak to me.

So instead of getting the day off for Columbo Day, I had to work because you don't get shit for free in this hellhole town. I decided to finally install that shower I've been meaning to do since my old shower broke during a heated fistfight I had with it in 1986 after the wrong guy won "Press Your Luck" and pissed me the fuck off. I never built a shower before because I hate water and I hate pipes, and I have no reason to build one. However, there's this foxy broad who works at the Citgo gas station downtown and I've been trying to wow her with my manly charms the past few weeks. She's really stacked with tits the size of cattle. I don't know what her face looks like because who the fuck cares about that shit? I want a broad who will put out and won't get all pissy when I throw her out the window later that same night. You want to cuddle? How about you cuddle with the street curb, you sow. I've been following the lady from Citgo home every night and I'm starting to figure out what kind of men she likes. As far as I can tell, she will only screw men who look like her husband. That little crotchweasel is one of those 20-something year old white trash fuckwits who are growing "my first moustache" and have those stupid little curly hairs growing all over their moist doughy faces. He probably drives a dirtbag Trans-Am too. I'm trying to not come on too strong to this stupid dame, but it's really fucking hard to get the attention of broads these days, especially now that the legal definition of "consensual sex" is so goddamn vague.

I was going to go to the home supply store and buy some shit like pipes and water for my shower, but then I started thinking that I didn't need any of that shit because it's just a big scam that the junkfucks at Home Depot have been trying to brainwash us with so we'll spend money on crap we don't need like nails and glue and AIDS vaccines. You can build a shower out of shit laying around your own house, and I should know because one time I built a birdbath out a bucket and 17 rolls of duct tate, and that thing lasted for at least four days before the wind blew it over. I was sitting around in my wheelbarrow and I started thinking about what kind of shit I'd need to make a shower, and I wrote down this:

1) A TUBE (FOR WATER)
2) SOMETHING TO STAND ON
3) (can't read)

I think #3 said something like "bug hat" but I have no fucking clue what "bug hat" is or where I would buy one, so just forget about it. This shit is going on too long, so I'm just gonna tell you blubbering cretins about how to make a shower next time. Plus I'm sick of writing this shit on my Columbo Day when I should instead be relaxing and having the day off. I can't believe I killed hundreds of Japs, some during World War II, and the goddamn lazy sons of bitches in the White House won't give me the day off. It's bullshit, plain and simple folks.

A VOTE FOR ARNOLD WAS A VOTE FOR COMEDY

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams coming attcha, quite happy to have the Terminator as my governor. As much as I joked about the "Comedy Gold" that would come from voting Arnold into office, I really thought he was the only viable solution to getting Grey Davis (and keeping Bustamante) the heck out of office. I'd have voted for McClintock if I had thought he might have stood a chance, but eh, so it goes. I do think Arnold will try and right things, so we'll see how it turns out. How much longer do you think it'll be before we see some "Don't blame me, I voted for Gary Colman" buttons start showing up?

Forum Goon WillBBC took quite a nice picture. Except for the zipper that was also photographed down in the bottom left corner:

The Goons "fixed it." Kinda.

Please remember to spay and neuter your cats and dogs!

-∼Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski

10.16 Fast Food Fate

Thursday, Oct 16, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I scared myself last night. As I sat in bed and futilely attempted to sleep, I noticed a deep rumbling sound emanating from the hollow recesses of my cavernous stomach. I knew what that sound signified - I was hungry - yet I couldn't think of any food to satiate this incessant desire. I didn't feel like eating a Healthy Choice frozen chicken dinner, as I had chicken a few hours prior to bed and there's only so many artificial preservatives I can consume in one evening without running the risk of transforming into a giant wax pear. I couldn't run downstairs and cook up a delicious entree of steak and potatoes because the last time I tried to cook something by using the stove, John Ashcroft threatened to imprison me in a Federal jail for 20 years. Besides, I don't even know what steak is made out of. I think fish. My mind quickly began running through a checklist of possible objects I could shovel into my mouth and somehow force down my throat, possibly by using a complex series of pneumatic tubes or blackmail. When I was done cross checking every possible edible choice, I was shocked and appalled by the results. Surely there couldn't only be one single thing that would satisfy me at such an awkward time in the middle of the night! There had to be other items I could try gnawing on in an empty pursuit to quell the grinding turmoil in my gut. A depressing realization slowly dawned on me, informing me that my stomach would only be happy if it ate one thing and one thing only, and this scared me even more than the time my father called to reveal WB was canceling "Nick Freno: Licensed Teacher": **I wanted White Castle hamburgers.**

Some of you may live in sections of the world which do not contain White Castle restaurants, probably due to local ordinances and zoning laws. Scientists have come up with a name for people like you: "lucky bastards." Please allow me this opportunity to describe in horrible detail the experience of dining at one of these esteemed establishments, in the hope that my words of wisdom will scare you and your loved ones away from mistakenly entering these houses of horrors either to purchase food or to take shelter from the rain. Every White Castle restaurant shares the same unique, colorful exterior design which leading architects dub"a gigantic white brick box with some flaking blue stickers applied to the windows by mentally challenged illegal immigrants who live in a leaking tool shed with 28 of their brothers and sisters." These white brick structures not only keep (some of) the (larger) insects out (of the fries), but it also keeps (not much of) the (horrible rotting) smell in (thereby causing the stench molecules to chemically bond with anybody who walks inside). The government has required every White Castle fast food joint to pass a series of rigorous tests each quarter, ensuring that a minimal amount of scent pollution escapes into the atmosphere where it will invariably cause birds and jumbo jets to take their own lives in twisted suicide pacts. You see, some restaurants are know for their great food. Others are known for their low prices. White Castle is known for its ability to emit an odor so strong that you can actually see the little wiggly green smell waves waft out from it like in one of those Bugs Bunny cartoons where Peppy LePew keeps trying to hunt down that female skunk and forcibly ejaculate into her mouth. If you make a tremendous mistake and actually buy some food from their drive through, you better have plans to immediately drive your car directly into the nearest body of water, because the interior of your vehicle will never, ever, ever, ever stop smelling like rancid onions stored inside a used Polish gym sock until the day you take your own life. Make sure the police don't catch you disposing of your automobile in a nearby lake or else they'll call the HAZMAT officials and your family will receive a very hefty fine for extensive environmental damage.

The inside of White Castle isn't much better, unfortunately. The people in charge of the interior decorating opted for the "sterile veterinarian's clinic" motif, with the fanciest and most upscale object inside being a used ketchup packet or one of those festive signs hanging from the walls which promote the benefits of purchasing a "400 for $40" combo meal. Now this would normally be perfectly fine with me, as I enjoy eating in a clear, sterile location which contains a minimal amount of hobos sleeping off a hangover underneath my table. Unfortunately, while the design and decoration may embody the "you're eating in a hospital" theme, there is something lacking in the cleanliness department behind every White Castle branch. All of the floors exhibit the "vaguely sticky" sensation which isn't sticky enough to make you think you stepped on a piece of used chewing gum, yet adheres to your shoes and constantly reminds you of the fact that some unnatural chemical adhesive is clinging to your clothing. The floor deposits a thin, translucent coat of mystery slime across the bottom of your shoe, and this spooky substance has a long enough half-life to outlive all of us. When you return home from your exciting evening at White Castle, millions and millions of tiny microscopic stench atoms will jump off your shoes and chemically bond with the fibers in your carpet, eating away at their foundation like how communism eats away at the souls of good men or how liberalism eats away at the souls of Woody Harrelsons. Once your carpet is infected, the plague of White Castle slowly spreads out and begins infiltrating the studs supporting your walls and the foundation of your home itself. Then, before you know it, your house has collapsed and your whole family is dead. I hope you enjoyed your White Castle, you murderer.

The trademark White Castle dish is the all-American hamburger, also known as "the cheeseburger" by fancy rich folk who are too high fallootin' for the rest of us who can't comprehend the insane desire to place melted cheese above a hamburger patty. This dish, however, is not your standard hamburger. Oh no, while most fast food places subject their meat to things like fire and hot slabs of metal which transfer their energy to this wad of food, thereby increasing its temperature and scaring out all the ghosts haunting it, White Castle "steams" their hamburgers. This basically equates to them placing a square piece of compressed raccoon bladders on top of a running motor engine and praying that it all works out in some magical way. When the "meat" has reached a temperature of one billion degrees Fahrenheit, King Fake Onion bursts in and begins his happy dance of fake onion festivities. King Fake Onion loves dumping pounds and pounds of fake onions on every White Castle entree including hamburgers and cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes! King Fake Onion wants you to love fake onions as much as he does! King Fake Onion will laugh heartily and shit in your mother's mouth while she sleeps at night! This combination of greasy patty and fake onion overload results in a taste sensation which will either kill you on the spot or make you wish you were killed on the spot hours earlier. If you have been blessed by the Pope and somehow survive this culinary sabotage, you will soon discover you have ingested a battle scar which will never, ever, ever leave your digestive system for the next decade. That's correct, it is impossible for any creature, including Jesus, to digest a White Castle hamburger. NASA scientists cannot even manufacture a chemical strong enough to dissolve these non-organic entities. This might be due to the fact that NASA scientists spend most of their free time working on space-related crap and not hamburger technology, but that's beside the point.

Yet despite all the aforementioned slightly negative descriptions of White Castle food, I continually get "the crave" to willingly consume these tiny wads of hell once every few months. I have not eaten from White Castle in over six years now, but the urge still creeps down my spine and attempts to

overpower me during my weaker moments, usually when I'm using the bathroom. If there was some kind of detoxification process I could go through to cause these White Castle genes to recess, I would do it in less than a second because it's very disconcerting to have these battle scars from six years ago continually resurface in my life and prevent me from thinking of things that I would prefer to think about, such as naked women and naked women who turn into beers and let me drink them. No matter how revolting my White Castle experience may sound, let me assure you that there are other terrible places to eat circling around the sun. Allow me to present to you, the reader, an abridged list of these fast food restaurants:

■ **BARFING FROM BURGER KING:** I never really liked fast food burgers, and the last one I had was back in 1996. After I stopped, I found I needed something I could order at fast food joints when I went there with other people. Chicken sandwiches always seemed difficult to me to ruin; it's usually just breaded chicken in a bun. One chicken sandwich I particularly enjoyed was the one from Burger King. I had seen all sorts of burger mishaps from my fellow high school students between 1996 and 1998, but I always felt protected by eating my cherished chicken sandwich. One day during the fall of '98, my friends and I ordered some Burger King food and went over to another local high school to hang out. While I was biting into my chicken sandwich there was suddenly a hard crunch, followed by a snapping sound and then a piece of loose plastic in my mouth. I took a hard look at what I bit into: **it was a bone.** I don't know how they get white meat packed into the neat circles or oval shapes that they make chicken sandwich out of. I'd like to think the chickens remove their breast meat themselves and neatly package them into the breaded homes for safe keeping until they can be consumed. Based on this model, it seems odd that a chicken could actually take off a piece of bone and insert it into a sandwich. Besides this would be an evil thing to do and I've not known chickens to be particularly conniving and evil. Somehow this bone entered the chicken sandwich and somehow it beat all levels of inspection at Burger King. A ruined burger I can understand, but this is a chicken sandwich. Its white meat represents a purity of food that cannot be tainted. But there I was spitting out my filling and looking up into a mirror with 3/4 of a front tooth left. I tried talking and it sounded akin to the speech of Mike Tyson. "NO THISTH CANNOT BE!" I cried in anguish, but I had to return to my school, a broken but wiser man. No longer was I naive to the dangers of chicken sandwiches and I have not ordered anything at Burger King again. Luckily no one noticed, and the one girl whom I told, "Haha now I sthound like Mike Tysthon" responded with a simple, "what are you talking about?" *(submitted by **EG-Fox**)*

■ **GROSSNESS FROM "GEORGE'S BEST":** I once had to help a friend shoot a film in a fast food restaurant which is impossibly hard to accomplish since no one wants you to shoot in their place of business. After weeks of searching for a place, we finally found one in beautiful downtown Anaheim called George's Best. We started our seven day shoot at George's "Best" and immediately noticed that the floor hadn't been cleaned

in years due to the residue left there. Then, when we were shooting scenes in the rear rooms, is where the horror began.

- Giant oil drum of sludge in a back closet next to the bathroom: someone bumped the lid off this with a bit of equipment and immediately vomited due to the stench that came out from the stink barrel.
- Six page report from the health department stapled to the wall behind a nudie calendar: this gem was found while wasting time between takes and trying to stay away from Stinktown. Among the infractions were minor things like "Rat feces found in lettuce."
- Dishes in the sink from 1978: Not only were there dishes, but there were stagnant pools of water... but the water moved like old butter... maybe it was old butter. All I know is that when I was replacing their fluorescent lights with daylight balanced bulbs, the end cap fell square into one of the pools of filth. I would gladly dive into a fat woman's cheesy vagina before returning my hand to that lukewarm liquid hell.
- Cockroaches as large as men having tea parties on the ceiling.

This was George's Best and let me encourage all of you to avoid it at all costs. *(submitted by **I Am Ditka**)*

■ **LAMENT FROM "LARRY'S PIZZA":** When I was a young lad my father used

to make me play Little League Baseball with the rich queers from the mean streets Yorba Linda in "tha OC." My mother and father, afraid of a traditional Hispanic upbringing of shame and failure, figured that forcing me to catch balls with over privelidged white people would do wonders for my future. Every time we won a game the coach (who was apparently living through his many sons) would take the whole team out for pizza. He constantly took us to a place called Larry's Pizza and Sports Parlor.

Now this is one of those places filled with fat, old, and balding white men too into sports to notice the hairy moles on their asses so huge that the moles are growing their own asses. There are roughly a hundred sports games on one hundred TVs at any given time and a gigantic projection screen television so old that the score is burned into the corner of the screen. The place smelled of beer, smoke, and the sweat of men desperately enjoying the relief of getting away from that ever increasing mass of a woman they call a wife. With such a lovely atmosphere this Larry's Pizza sounds like a glorious establishment to bring a budding softball team to now wouldn't it? I don't know about that but I can safely say that Larry's Pizza was the domino that started my cascading view of humanity.

Much of that had to do with the pizza. It was like eating leather drenched in motor oil on a fat man's asshole who was constantly passing gas. Sure, all the ingredients were there. I vividly remember the cheese that slightly resembled a cross between Silly Putty and Play-dough. Olives were like miniature june bugs, probably to compliment the real ones crawling all over the place.

> They also sold all sorts of specialty items as well. There was their signature pizza salad which was basically their regular pizza smashed up and grinded into rancid lettuce topped off with blue cheese dressing that you could swear the individual pieces of cheese contained their own mesozoic ecosystem. The soda was always either too syrupy or too watery; it was an exciting surprise with each visit. The bread sticks may or may not have been actual baseball bats. *(submitted by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez)*

Hope you enjoy lunch, and please, whatever you do, resist the crave or die trying.

Nice Spikeu!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with an extra jiggly new Hentai Game Review fresh from Japan. This time around it's the new "Sexy Beach 2", a game that's great for the kids.

> *Those of you looking for anything resembling gameplay in this title will be sorely disappointed. It's basically a collage of sex-related mini-games and scenarios where the girls play around on the beach or at the pool and you just watch them. Combined these two types of interaction add up to a gameplay experience that makes the awkward volleyball and gift giving of "DoA: Xtreme Beach Volleyball" look like the epic roleplaying saga of our generation.*

Go and read this so my family can eat! Please, little Timmy hasn't had anything but coffee grounds a melon rind in months.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.17 Wink Martindale

Thursday, Oct 16, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wink Martindale is a cruel genius. He's the kind of man who will invite a friend to picnic with him in a park and then stabs his companion repeatedly in the throat for no other reason than to watch the way their blood sprays and spurts out of their neck. Wink Martindale is a hateful artist. He will crouch down, low in the dust, and drag one finger of his murderer's hand through the cooling pool of sticky crimson and then write a poem on the dirt.

Wink Martindale is the world's greatest lover. He injects testosterone directly into the shaft of his penis so that he can remain rigid and stimulated for dozens of hours without pause. He is a man with epicurean tastes, preferring to dine on truffles and caviar placed on a platinum inlaid serving tray that balances on the back of a woman he is balls deep in. He will drink champagne from the skull of a saint mid-coitus if it offers even a slim chance to provide him with a febrile hallucination akin to a religious vision.

Wink Martindale buries cowboys up to their neck in the hard pan dirt of the desert and drives off laughing. He doesn't even care enough to watch them die.

Wink Martindale will swerve to hit a cat, jump at the chance to throttle a dog, and volunteer his whole family to have their skin flayed as long as their tormentors promise to mail him a copy of the video. If it suits his mysterious master plan, Wink Martindale will sit motionless for days on end. Wink Martindale thinks DVDs are a fad, and he's right.

Wink Martindale is your best friend. He will be there for you when the chips are down. He will spend long hours on the phone with your sobbing daughter and he doesn't even want to get into her pants. Wink Martindale will read your eulogy and then set up a scholarship fund for troubled teens in your name. He will cry when he thinks about all you might have done with your life. He will write your obituary and leave out the time the two of you got drunk and dared each other to have sex with a sleeping cow.

Wink Martindale is your worst enemy. He will gain your confidence and betray you at a critical moment. He will do anything it takes to get into your sobbing daughter's pants and he plans on taking pictures. Wink Martindale will spit on your grave and steal your birth certificate to create

a fake identity. He will laugh when he thinks about how he got away with murdering you. He will write anonymous letters to the editor that includes evidence proving you had sex with animals.

When hope is lost and things fall apart you will pray to God and Wink Martindale will be there, snatching your prayers as they float into the ether like he's catching fish in the river of sorrow. He will unfold each prayer and carefully read it, then laugh and rain pestilence, famine, and war down upon us all. Wink Martindale will be there when the world burns with a can of kerosene and a book of matches. Wink Martindale enjoys miniature golf. Sexually.

Wink Martindale has a promising career as a computer repair technician at Circuit City. Wink Martindale manages a successful chain of donut stores in Malaysia, and he hates you for being fat. When he's sleeping Wink Martindale is just like the rest of us, except his dreams can kill. Wink Martindale is addicted to purchasing show ponies and he's not afraid to admit it.

Wink Martindale thinks politicians are rearranging deck chairs on the Titanic. Wink Martindale sunk the Titanic, but not the way you're thinking. Wink Martindale's favorite band is "The Prodigy" and his favorite song is "Mindfields". When a tree falls in the forest Wink Martindale is there, no matter what, to hear it fall. He can levitate at will but chooses to walk for the exercise. Wink Martindale sends postcards to women reminding them to "check your pussy for bugs".

Wink Martindale predicted the last big Earthquake in Japan by looking at the surface of the moon through binoculars. If you ask him Wink Martindale can tell you how long you have left to live, but only because he shoots everyone who asks him with a revolver as a joke. His favorite console is the Playstation 2 but he likes the Gamecube "okay" and thinks the Xbox's hard drive is "pretty neat". Wink Martindale has not beaten a roleplaying game since "Bard's Tale II" but he got all A ratings in the first day of owning "Gran Turismo 3".

If you're frightened of dying, and you're holding on, you'll see devils tearing your life away. But, if you've made your peace, the devils are really Wink Martindale, freeing you from the earth.

Wink Martindale thinks Mexicans are stupid but does not consider himself a racist. Disco is not dead, at least not in Wink Martindale's house it isn't. Wink Martindale has forgotten more about martial arts than you will ever know. Wink Martindale hosted a discussion panel with former president Jimmy Carter and halfway through the proceedings hurled a tabletop through Carter's chest. You can only see Wink Martindale out of the corner of your eye. If you try to focus on him he dances out of sight like a hummingbird.

Wink Martindale voted "yes" on proposition 80 because 80 is one of his favorite numbers. Wink Martindale has journeyed to the center of the earth and befriended the blind cave gnomes that live there. Wink Martindale has waged ceaseless war on hemlines. When it comes to abortion Wink Martindale lives by the old adage "if there's grass on the field then play ball!"

Here are Wink Martindale's favorite things:

10. The entire TGIF lineup

9. The number nine.
8. Women's hats.
7. Boxed wine.
6. Those circular soft plastic combs.
5. TETSSSSUOOOO!!!
4. Windex.
3. KANADAAAAA!!!!
2. Photographs of chairs.
1. Transformers Beast Wars

Wink Martindale does not smoke but likes to be around people who do. He is involved in a trademark infringement lawsuit with the actor who portrays Chairman Kaga on TV's "Iron Chef". Wink Martindale once climbed to the top of Mount Hood and then took a nap. Wink Martindale was married to the sea but grew jealous of the Kraken and filed for divorce citing irreconcilable differences. He wants you to fail.

Wink Martindale thanks you for your contribution. He has lobbied long and hard to legalize shrink rays. There are few things in this world more comforting than a hug from Wink Martindale and one of them is a kiss from Wink Martindale. Wink Martindale just installed spyware on your computer to monitor your web browsing habits. Wink Martindale is giving away free lobsters again.

Close your eyes and imagine a place far away from the tumult of the world around you. Travel deep inside yourself to this place, a quiet refuge that only you know about. Concentrate on every detail of this place. The way the air smells, the temperature, the feel of the floor beneath your feet. Wink Martindale knows about this place, and it's on a short list of things he plans to set fire to.

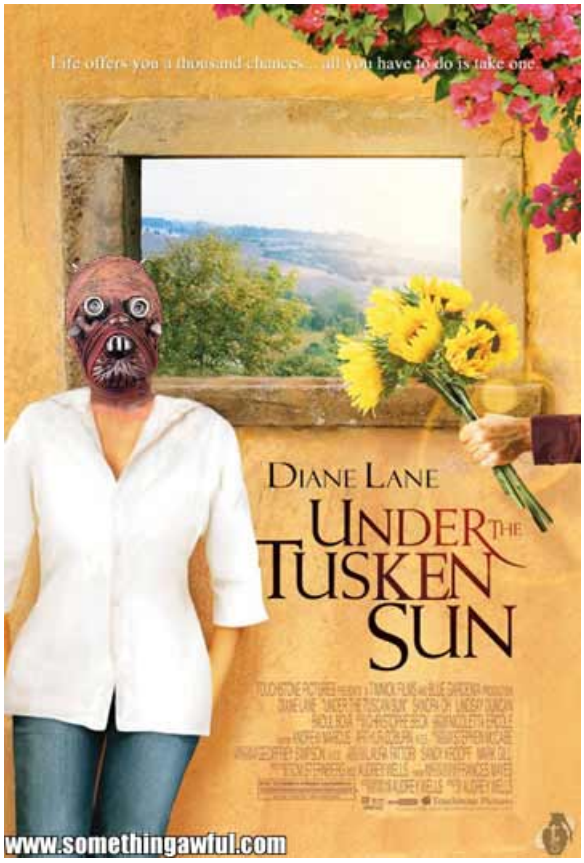
Wink Martindale is the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.

◘ Dodge This, Patch Adams!

Hello friends and heartless communist sympathizers, Livestock here with the latest dirt from the street. According to my sources, namely me, the SA Forum Goons have released a new shipment of images. I have taken the liberty of acquiring a batch of them for your viewing pleasure. The flavor of the week is "Movie Crossovers" and you can bet a lot of money or valuable monkeys that comedy is in the cards. Here is a picture that you may look at:

If you want to look at more pictures, simply click here and watch the magic happen. For an interesting article on birds, click here! Hah, fooled you!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


Life offers you a thousand chances... all you have to do is take one
DIANE LANE
UNDER THE TUSKEN SUN
www.somethingawful.com

10.18 Monsters Of Humor!

Friday, Oct 17, 2003 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Another satisfied crowd, in the process of getting their faces ROCKED until they can't face any more!

If you're reading this, chances are you either enjoy Something Awful or have horribly misspelled AmishNews.com yet again. If you fall into the former category, I have a tidbit that will make you more excited than Mike Tyson at an all-you-can-eat ear buffet (shut up, this stuff is hard to come up with): Something Awful is coming soon to a town near you in the Monsters Of Humor tour! If you fall into the latter category, brother Malcolm accidentally constructed a barn around his house and needs your help taking it down this weekend. Lemonade will be served, and as usual one virgin will besacrificed in the name of the Dark Lord.

The concept for our tour originated where most -if not all- great ideas do: the Fark forums. It was there that Drew Curtis' Farkapalooza was born, a tour that wound up grossing well over one million dollars, which roughly equals one penny for every tired cliche that a Fark forum member has ever clumsily photoshopped. This financial success was quite an extraordinary accomplishment when you consider that the Farkapalooza experience was minimalistic in nature, quite literally a crowd of people shouting about shows they thought other people should go to. Being the sort of site that never passes up a quick buck or a donut dropped on a slightly dirty floor, we decided to expand on the concept and create a tour that would capture the true spirit of Something Awful without resorting to the use of an ectoplasm pack.

What can you expect to see at the Monsters Of Humor tour? For one, there will be all the front page updates you've come to love from Something Awful, but read **live** at 2,000 decibals of **pure hilarity**! Imagine the intimacy of hearing every word read aloud in the nasal, cracking voice of the twenty-something nerd who wrote it. It'll be like paying for us to make sweet love to your ears, but for legal reasons I have to state that no penis-in-ear intercourse will actually take place. Unless, that is, you're one of the lucky few picked to come backstage. To give you a better indication of a typical Monsters Of Humor show experience, let's take a closer look at the performance schedule:

- **Introduction - 2pm on Stage A**

Amidst dazzling pyrotechnics and the energetic sounds of Queen's "We Will Rock You", the stage's curtains are thrown back and a senile black man in a wheelchair slowly rolls from one end of the stage to the other. The song plays three more times as the confused audience waits, then a single firework is shot into the air as the curtains close.

- **Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons - 4pm on Stage B**

Zack sits down in front of a computer onstage and silently plays a hentai game for 50 minutes, pausing to glare at any audience member that dares to make a noise. At the conclusion of the game he screams, "What the hell was that? Fucker bastard!" Rising angrily, Zack paces in ever-shortening circles, then smashes the computer, desk, and chair in true punk rock style.

- **Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell - 5pm on Stage A**

I'm a very sensitive guy, a fact that anyone whohas licked my clitoris will attest to. My show is designed to reflect that sensitivity. Since I only havetwo updates under my belt, a majority of my performance is spent readingselectedpassagesfromConantheBarbarian-novels while openly weeping. I may or may not be wearing my favorite blue shirt.It all depends on my mood and the laundry situation.

- **Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz and Ben "Greasnin" Platt - 6pm on Stage B**

Surprising everyone, the duo emerge from behind the curtains already locked in mortal combat. Though the two have supposedly long since settled their differences, this is clearly no longer the case. The girlish grappling turns into awkward groping, however, and the two soon discover love in a place they'd never have expected to find it: under the couch cushion. There's like three dollars in change in there too, and Frolixo's favorite pen. The two are then wed onstage by our very own lawyer / pastor / popcorn vendor Leonard J. Crabs. They hop on Frolixo's twin engine Cessna destined for a honeymoon resort in Hawaii, and are tragically killed when their airplane crashes after attempting to exit Earth's atmosphere as part of a poorly planned shortcut.

- **Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka - 7pm on Stage A**

Waving off rabid applause, Lowtax scratches the back of his head and looks down at his feet dejectedly, muttering that he has a confession to make. As it turns out, every article he's written for Something Awful has been lifted word-for-word from the works of 14th century author Geoffrey Chaucer, except for the beloved tales of his cat (obviously). These were penned by Ray Bradbury. Lowtax then shocks the crowd by announcing the demise of Something Awful, and the birth of his new project: the new wave cover band Jimmy Hoffa And The Teamsters. Josh "Livestock" Boruff (clad in an orange jumpsuit and Ray Bans) takes to the stage with a Casio drum machine as a stagehand passes Lowtax his guitar-style keyboard. The two launch into a rousing rendition of "She Blinded Me WithScience", which Lowtax then admits was also written by Chaucer before runningoffstage and into the sunset.

But that's not all! In addition to our writers' performances on stages A and B, various extreme sports athletes will be on hand to punctuate each laugh with a suicidal stunt! Wowzers, dudes! When's the last time you've heard the front page being read out loud while a motocross biker was set on fire and shot out of a cannon in the background? Never, unless you're my imaginary girlfriend! And if you are her, I locked you in the basement, so you shouldn't even be reading this. Women! Can't live with them, can't let them escape once you've lured them into your home with false promises of expensive shoes and the Lifetime channel.

Lowtax rocking the mic during a sound test.

The entire show will be an experience like no other, and when it eventually comes time to go home you'll understand how much it has changed you. Oh, not at first. You'll pull up to your driveway and head to the kitchen as you have a thousand times before, pouring yourself a glass of orange juice. Then a loved one will ask how the show was, and you'll replay the entire day in your mind. As a grim realization settles in, you will absently crush the glass in your hand and solemnly lower your head. Your loved one will take a worried step backward, quietly repeating your name as though it were a question while reaching behind them for something, anything, to defend themselves with. The blood will patter from your palm and mix with the orange juice on the counter, creating an oddly beautiful juxtaposition that you'll stare straight through, grinning as you see the future beyond it. After all these years, your life will finally have a purpose, grisly as it may be:

Buying Something Awfulmerchandise, now available at incredibly low prices.

State Og: It's Not Just For Breakfast Anymore!

A weekend update by State Og is like a savage beating from the guy who hangs out next to my local comic book store: you just come to rely on it.

> *How many miles does our new organic car get per gallon of gasoline? Gasoline? What's gasoline? With our new OGanic Car, you'll never be forced to buy a drop of any petroleum product again. The OGanic Car runs not on gas but food, and it defines food as anything slower than itself. Just let it roam freely at night and not only will you wake to a car with a full tank, but aneighborhood free of the weak and infirm!*

If that's not text being displayed on your monitor via the internet, I don't know what is! Head on over and read State Og!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.19 Get to Know Your Something Awful Writers!

Saturday, Oct 18, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

My friends, the time has come for me to address a growing problem before it gets completely out of hand. It has become apparent to me that many of you out there have a great deal of difficulty telling the writers here at Something Awful apart from one another. This really isn't such a bad thing if you read the site every once in a while, just to get a few laughs in your day. Heck, it's not even such a bad thing if you read the site religiously. After all, none of us got into this business for the personal glory. We do it for your entertainment, and if the site gains a little prestige as a result, then all the better. Really, it's only a problem when you start sending email to the wrong people. Now, a certain amount of confusion is to be expected. For instance, I expect that Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell will receive some mail about this article today, because there are some readers out there who are easily confused by the big gray article headers with the date and name of the author because they are freaking idiots. I'll probably get a few pieces of Zack's mail tomorrow. That's just the way it goes. It's the same way with the daily content pieces. I usually get a few quick messages meant for Josh when I post my movie reviews on alternate Wednesdays, and Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez might very well pick up a letter or two addressed to me today, because people just can't believe that everything on the front page isn't automatically written by the main article author, even when the actual author puts his name in the first sentence. But anyway, that's the sort of thing that I have come to expect.

The problem really arises when I get emails that are meant for people who are not connected to me in any way, shape, or form. For instance, about three days after Taylor "Psychosis" Bell posted his review of "Infiltration" I received an angry letter from someone who is apparently a fan of the game and feels that not only was the review overly critical, but that "Infiltration" is perhaps the greatest thing to happen to independent gaming since the invention of the joystick. Now, I know Psychosis, I've worked with Psychosis, and I can say with a fairly large degree of certainty that if he gave the game a -50 score, then it probably isn't that marvelous of a game. But that's not the point. The point is that this person emailed *me*, insulted *me*, and wasted about twenty seconds of *my* valuable time. Note how I put the references to myself in that previous sentence in italics. I didn't do that because I have an over-inflated sense of my own importance. I'd say it's inflated just the right amount. No, I did that to emphasize the extent to which I am, in fact, **not** Taylor "Psychosis" Bell.

If you look at the review of "Infiltration," you'll notice that Taylor's name is all over each page, as well as a link to his email. One would assume that someone writing an angry letter about a review would just click the email link at the top of the review and get to writing, but even if he went to the front page, it doesn't explain why he wrote to me. By the time of the letter in question, nothing even relating to me had been on the front page for days. This guy would have had to actively try to write to the wrong person to get that letter to me. Now, I don't like to leave people thinking their emails went to the right place when they didn't, I sent a message back to this guy explaining that Psychosis wrote that review, not me, and that the game was probably not that great, expecting that the guy would then send a letter to Psychosis or just drop the subject entirely. Instead I got an email blaming me for the mix-up and claiming that Psychosis speaks for all of us here at SA, so obviously I'm just as deserving of his derision. This made two things clear to me: first, people just don't know who's who at this site, and second, this guy's a douchebag. While there's nothing I can do about that second point short of hiring some goons to pummel him mercilessly, which I naturally did, I think I can make a difference as far as that first point is concerned. That's why I've compiled this comprehensive guide to the staff writers who regularly contribute to the front page. My apologies the slew of talented and hard-working folks whose writing only makes it to the front page every once in a while, but I just don't know enough about you guys to do accurate writeups.

Also, you will notice that I'm not including Jeff K, Cliff Yablonski, or El Pinto Grande. This is not to imply that they are not valued members of the SA team, but El Pinto Grande barely understands English, Jeff K is a busy young man, and Cliff Yablonski hates you more and more with every word you type, so you probably shouldn't be using your time to write to them in the first place.

■ Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

The birth of a legend, as captured by The Yellow Yell. Also, a silly-looking dog.

The benevolent and revered founder of Something Awful, Lowtax has obviously been with the site since the very beginning. Although today he is the closest thing to a celebrity that the Internet has produced thus far, his beginnings are as humble as anyone's. He was not so much born as he was formed out of stray molecules and intense radiation during the explosion of a distant star some three hundred million years ago. For millennia he drifted through the endless void, observing the minute details of the primitive forms of life on the planets he passed using his ultra-powerful sense of sight and making incisive comments using his ultra-powerful sense of irony. At last the time came when he first encountered beings intelligent enough to comprehend his existence. To them, he was Rog J'gaal the Unflappable. To another species on another planet thousands of years later, he was the great overlord Galliakabu the All-Consuming. To still another race he was Chet. Finally, he came to Earth and assumed the form and name we are familiar with today. He studied the Earthlings movements and habits for years before making himself known to the world. On that day, the fledgling web of nerds hesitantly referred to as the Internet realized its full potential. For it was then that the Internet became a place not just for the exchange of porn and computer jokes, but a tool for the exchange of porn, computer jokes, and humor so advanced that even Lowtax himself does not always understand it.

Signature Moves: Spot-on comparisons, especially in regard to physical appearance; graphic descriptions of physical pain and/or violence.

Special Abilities: Can emit an endless stream of bodily byproducts, fluids, and gasses without replenishing his fuel sources; ability to dodge litigation and bullets with litigatory documents written on them.

Can Be Seen: On the front page on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

■ Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

Look at those eyes... and OBEY!

Seen as the number two man at Something Awful, Zack has been with the company longer than anyone other than Lowtax. Although today his nickname is all but meaningless, there was a time when it said everything there was to know about him. He got his start as the editor of Geist, which presumably is some sort of publication about some type of stuff. I can't be bothered to look up all the fine details right now, but trust me when I say that there really was something called Geist and he really did edit it. Possibly more than once. That job afforded Zack wealth beyond his wildest dreams, friends among the most elite circles, and the power to crush anyone who so much as made eye contact with him in public. But he wasn't happy. When Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka showed up at his door and offered him a chance to join the fledging Something Awful website team, Zack instantly knew that this was the opportunity he was looking for. Although it meant a 99.9999% cut in pay, Zack didn't think twice about abandoning his position with Geist and hopping aboard the Something Awful train to Funnytown. By his first article, the comedic talent that had been hiding within him burst free, eager to make itself known. Today, it still occasionally surfaces.

Signature Moves: Referencing World War II; referencing World War III through typos.

Special Abilities: Inexplicable ability to maintain relationships with women for extended periods

of time; ability to dismantle or assemble any piece of weaponry made before 1970 with his eyes closed in less than thirty seconds.
Can Be Seen: On the front page on Mondays and Fridays. Hentai reviews on alternate Thursdays.

■ Josh "Livestock" Boruff

Actually, that lemur does look a little evil, now that I think about it.

If Lowtax and Geist Editor are the originals, and Frolixo, Corin Tucker's Stalker and myself are the new guys, then Livestock occupies an enigmatic spot on the Something Awful roster. In fact, he is generally regarded as the most mysterious of the writers. Some say he is a maniacal supervillain living in a dark mansion somewhere, plotting to take over the world. Others say he is a hobo traveling in a boxcar, alternating between typing up articles, photoshopping humorous images, and furiously masturbating to pictures of Diana Ross over his laptop. Neither of these assumptions are entirely correct. In actuality, Josh is a lemur who gained superintelligence during a secret government experiment to give sentience to a radish that also involved a lemur for some reason. When the government realized that the lemur's brain capacity had increased almost one percent, they wanted to dissect him, because that is what the government does to things that get smarter. The only reason they were even trying to make the radish intelligent was so they could chop it up for a salad. In any event, Josh escaped the lab and took to riding the rails across America, always trying to stay one step ahead of the feds, but at the same time marveling at his freedom and at the magnificence of the world his tiny lemur brain used to be unable to fully comprehend. When the bastard child of science and technology, which is also science, known as the internet became known to him, Josh knew he had to experience it for himself. He built a makeshift computer out of scrap metal and chunks he bit off of other hobos and was soon surfing the net like a pro. When he stumbled upon Something Awful, he knew it was the perfect forum to share his thoughts on the world. And so, a superintelligent squirrel-monkey comedy writer was born.
Signature Moves: Breaking an article up into easily manageable segments; photoshopping or referencing old or obscure video game characters.
Special Abilities: Enhanced agility; blunted claws for burrowing; ability to crush bones into a fine powder with telekinetic pulses.
Can Be Seen: On the front page on Wednesdays. Photoshop Phriday every Friday.

■ Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Gotta love this little guy.

Ah, and then there's me. There's not much I can say about myself. I'm merely a simple college student/cybernetic super-assassin for various African government organizations. Shortly after joining the team, I started the prestigious organization known as ELEAWTA, or Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive, a group which has since gone on to irreparably damage the laws of nature. Really, I just try to make my meager contribution to Something Awful each week and hope that a few people get a laugh or two from it. Nothing too fancy. But whenever the internet community cries out for a bald, pasty, incredibly sexy savior, I'll be there.
Signature Moves: Combining words to make new words; explaining himself in a contradictory fashion; using words to create unlikely or improbable names.
Special Abilities: Able to consume massive quantities without gaining weight due to self-contained wormhole in his stomach that transports matter to the guest bedroom of a house in Patterson, New Jersey; ability to raise or lower his body temperature precisely one degree - no more, no less - at will.
Can Be Seen: On the front page on Sundays. Movies Reviews on alternate Wednesdays.

Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

This little guys leaves you more room for flexibility.

Although he recently cut back to writing an article only once every other week, Frolixo nonetheless made a name for himself very quickly. Who can forget his astounding first article, when he not only taught the world a valuable, if pointless lesson about farming, but also started a war of words with yours truly? The Frolixo-Greasnin battles raged for months, while eager fans speculated who would emerge victorious and who would be taken out behind the SA offices and shot. It was new guy vs. not so new guy, redhead vs. clearhead, genital warts vs. the clap. In the end, a truce was declared, but the world was nonetheless shaken by the memory of these two comedy giants duking it out every weekend, and even moreso, the memory of just how brutally unfunny it became. Still, the feud generated a number of hilarious images which I know have a special place in my heart and which have scarred a number of my family members for the rest of their days.
Signature Moves: Commissioning pictures of me in compromising positions including being sodomized by giant insects and being eaten by fat women.
Special Abilities: Able to manipulate the members of the SA forums to do his bidding; laser eyes.
Can Be Seen: On the front page on alternate Saturdays.

Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell

Uh, wow.

We're thrilled to have Dennis writing for the front page these days. As the designated representative of State Og, Dennis is a cheerful and charismatic person who is well liked by his peers. He is a tremendous addition to the team. I mean this in all sincerity. It in no way has anything whatsoever to do with the fact that he could have a team of trained chimps with shivs at my window in less than eight minutes if the mood should strike him. State Og is a friendly, sunshiney conglomerate and none of its employees would ever do anything to risk causing even the most superficial harm to its loyal customers. And I'm a loyal customer! Really! I swear! Oh God, please don't kill me or my beautiful torso!
Signature Moves: Replacing Frolixo; talking about replacing Frolixo.
Special Abilities: Access to the horrific destructive power of State Og is at his cold, metal fingertips.
Can Be Seen: On the front page on alternate Saturdays. State Og updates every Saturday.

Taylor "Psychosis" Bell

UH, WOW.

What can I say about Psychosis that hasn't been said a million times before? The guy's a molten Rock Man. He submits his articles from his home in the superheated magma core of the Earth. He likes to play video games. This is old news. Get over it.
Signature Moves: Reviewing games; reviewing ROMs.
Special Abilities: Able to withstand temperatures of over two thousand degrees celsius; can melt cement with his hands.
Can Be Seen: Game Review or ROM Pit review on alternate Mondays and Wednesdays.

Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

The brain behind The Weekend Web technically isn't a brain at all. To be more accurate, it's a cloud of nanotech spores that float in the center of a room full of computer monitors, which are in turn hooked up to CPUs scanning every available forum on the internet. The

Spokker Jones Cloud absorbs and catalogues every post on all of these forums with an efficiency that a mere human could never hope to achieve. The smarmy comments the cloud ascribes to each post are actually a glitch. While compiling the data it has collected, the cloud inserts random bits of text above each entry. The fact that they have thus far been relevant and humorous in nature is completely coincidental.
Signature Moves: Reading web forums; commenting on them.
Special Abilities: Needs no food, water, or oxygen to survive. Cannot be dispersed by a gust of wind under thirty-five miles per hour in strength.
Can Be Seen: The Weekend Web on Sundays.

So there you have it. Those are the names and faces you should know before you start writing an email to one of us here at Something Awful. I hope that cleared things up for you. If you have any questions, feel free to write to me. Remember, my name is Josh.

It also has a hive mind.

The Weekend Web: This Time It's Personal

Hello internet. Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here with some brand new images fresh off the presses. This week we went undercover to explore the damaging effects of video games on the children of the 21st century. Folks, it's worse than we thought:

#12 Jun 17, 03 - 11:42 PM
Edit
Quote
do you have to go on MSN to play online games?
Webmaster of Yu-Gi-Oh Universe
Phil Poskitt
Forum Admin
Posts: 127
#13 Jun 18, 03 - 2:08 PM
Edit
Quote
In Reply To #12
hell no you just can look for servers in the game BUT BEWARE THERE ARE L33T PLAYERS
You Mest With The Best You Die Like The Rest
=2AD=-sepheroth
Vip member
Posts: 358

Join America in reading this shocking article that may finally bring about the end of the scourge known as video games. We're through the looking glass here people.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.20 The Dark Dominick's Experience

Sunday, Oct 19, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Just over a mile away from my apartment is the largest and most bewildering nest of genetic rejects and bizarre societal castoffs that you can imagine. It's a grocery store, as unassuming as any other with a bright sign reading "Dominick's" outside. One of a chain - a quite decent chain I might add - this particular establishment contains the knotted cyst between the shoulder blades of Chicago. To say that the management has employed some dubious people as cashiers, baggers, and customer service representatives would be to dramatically understate the situation. The management hasn't hired these people; it has willingly infested its store with them. I've seen opium dens in 19th century Hong Kong with fewer suspicious characters than this particular grocery store.

First off let me tell you a little something. Nothing is more ominous than darkness in a grocery store and this place has a spot that separates the produce from the rest of the store and is in nearly total darkness. The reason for this is that it's adjacent to the bakery, which closes in the afternoons and turns off its lights. It's too bad that those are the only lights in that area! Enjoy your journey through the haunted supermarket the management has created with its apathy.

This shadowy thoroughfare would be merely a footnote if it weren't for the fact that I am constantly waiting for one of the miscreants who works at the store to leap out at me and try to eat parts of my body that I prefer remain uneaten. And what a cast of characters it is that could be lurking behind every display of cookie dough flavored cookies from Nabisco!

Meth Maven

Like Megatron on an Energon bender, the Meth Maven is a hyperactive, chatty, and rough-edged leader of the pack. She's in her early fifties I would say, with a pale face that looks like it's seen the roughest half of a century since that meteor that wiped out dinosaurs hit. She has several crude tattoos of the ink pen variety that lead me to believe she spent a good chunk of time in prison, possibly for crimes related to either methamphetamine or being an annoying cunt. When the Meth Maven rings up your groceries you can be sure she will rattle off bizarre comments and suggestions about every fifth item or so.

> "Dial Soap, you can whittle this down to a shiv and then it dissolves in the shower drain."
>
> **be-beep**

> "Count Chocula, huh? I had a boyfriend named Baron Custard but he didn't look like this guy that much."
>
> **be-beep**
>
> "Strawberry jelly looks almost exactly like what a heroin junkie pukes up during an overdose."
>
> **be-beep**

> "Wow, ten pack of Sudafed. I love this stuff! Did you know you can cook it down and mix it up with some acid and stuff and it will really pep you up not that I would know or anything because I have a court order it's you know part of my parole that says I can't buy Sudafed anymore hey I don't even know if I'm allowed to touch this hahaha just kidding it ain't like that."
>
> **be-beep**

Other than being hyperactive and intrusive the Meth Maven's favorite past time is screaming about her bagger. No less than three times when I was waiting in line she went absolutely crazy because her "bagger run off again". What a surprise you crazy harpy! I would bury myself in cesium to shirk my duty as your bagger.

Ru Paul

What's scarier than a seven foot tall stone-silent Latino man? A seven foot tall stone-silent Latino man with a full face of shotgun whorepaint and stiletto heels that click on cheap linoleum like teeth rattling in an old skull.

The Dominick's version of Ru Paul is quite possibly the most terrifying thing I've ever encountered. I can understand that freakishly tall and introverted minorities need employment as much as the next person, but is it really necessary to let them dress as women when they come to work? Apparently so, because nothing other than legal precedent could explain the wig-shaped shadow that covers the entire checkout lane. Ru Paul doesn't seem to care that people stare at him. In fact he doesn't seem to care about much of anything, he just sort of gazes off into the distance into some special imaginary world where a Paul Bunyon-sized Madonna impersonator is writhing on his leopard-print comforter.

Ru Paul is so detached from what's going on around him that I almost feel tempted to prod him or drop a jar of olives on his feet just to see if I could prompt a reaction. Almost. There's the fact that he can turn my chest into a fine red mist with a backhanded slap that is kind of holding me back.

Trisomy Tina

The only things extraordinary about Trisomy Tina are her giant forehead and her inability to grasp the concept of moving things over flashy red thing to make beep-beep. While she doesn't exhibit any of the normal traits of retardation the evidence is all there in the inept way she does her chimp-simple job as well as the blank expression fixed on her features. We tried to buy a gift card for some store in her lane one time and she was unable to scan it properly. Perhaps that wasn't her mistake, although she repeated the scanning difficulty shtick enough times that I'm willing to pin it on her too.

What really exacerbated the situation was when Meth Maven caught wind of a snafu on her watch and rushed over blabbering about mainlining gift cards to see god or something. She then rushed off faster than we could scream "no, forget it!" and returned with all 100 gift cards for that store hanging on the rack. If there is a channel on the radio between two static channels that is like a super static channel then the absolute blankness rolling off Trisomy Tina like fog at that point was 99.999 FM.

Luckily I chose that moment to be brave and risk a shiv wound from Meth Maven to interject and dismiss the gift card avalanche. Trisomy Tina thanked me for settling the situation by shuffling dully forward and failing to correctly scan the next six items.

The Sob Story

The Sob Story is the most depressing fucking person on the face of the earth. I have seen episodes of Maury about 300 pound five year olds that were less depressing than this guy. He's almost completely blind, and I don't mean that in the exaggerating sense, I mean that in the "he has huge thick glasses and holds items less than two inches from his face" sense. The Sob Story's skin is so pasty and lumpy that the guy looks like he came out of a tube of Elmer's Glue and ran away from a giant piece of red construction paper. He stutters when he talks and he becomes painfully upset at the slightest problem, going red in the face and getting all sweaty.

When we first encountered The Sob Story he was our cashier. He would pick up each item from the conveyor belt, hold it two inches away from his face to see where the barcode was and then attempt to scan it. When he encountered a problem ringing up one of the items we had purchased he started getting all flustered, like I might start screaming and punch him in the face or something. There was also a sort of pathetic madness to him, an intensity in his eyes and mannerisms that suggested he hated everything he came into contact with including himself. I just wanted to say something to reassure the guy or maybe even give him a hug, but of course I was afraid that pieces of his gelatinous skin might adhere to me and pull free from his body.

The Sob Story could not interact normally with a human being. He whispered sharply and jerked his head around like one of the puppets on Thunderbirds. Every instant waiting for a hideous harpy-like floor manager to come yell at him for being a gluebody fuckup was an eternity of torture.

Probably the most depressing thing about The Sob Story is imagining him trying to live a normal life the way he looked and acted. My mind has a way of betraying me like that. It forced me to see this sack of near-blind kindergarten glue with the self-esteem of rat turds on a date with a gorgeous blond woman.

> **The Sob Story:** (holds face two inches away from date and then speaks in a whisper) You look very evenly colored tonight.
>
> **Miss Pretty:** And, umm, your skin looks especially damp.
>
> **The Sob Story:** Th-th-thanks, I... (shifts head around and then stares at a street light he thinks is his date) would you like to go to Taco Bell now?
>
> **Miss Pretty:** (backing slowly towards her car)
>
> **The Sob Story:** I-I-I got you a flower.

Then he would stand there for half an hour with a clump of weeds he thinks is a bouquet of roses, holding it up to a street lamp, praying for it to love him. I swear to fucking god if I see that guy again I am going to have to hang myself.

The cast of characters at this grocery store is pretty close to a parody of a super villain's entourage. There's still a little room for improvement there, so allow me to make a few hiring suggestions for the human resources idiots at Dominick's in the future.

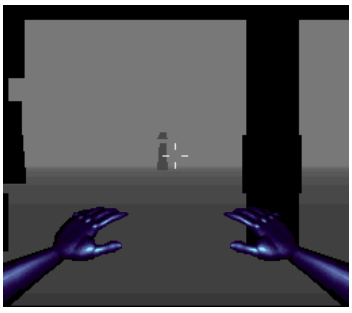
- A talking carnivorous plant.
- A man with a face composed entirely of boils.
- A 10 gallon pickle bucket full of live rats.

- A severe burn victim hooked up to a breathing machine who communicates by ringing a hand bell.
- A huge melting block of ice with unshielded high voltage cables frozen inside it.
- A log covered with honey and surrounded by wasps.
- Chlorine gas.
- A woman who gets badly beaten by her drunken husband just before coming into work and has a bloody nose and mouth. Halfway through ringing up your groceries her hulking husband would charge in and starts screaming at her.
- A man who insists on playing Russian Roulette while he's ringing up your groceries, spinning the cylinder and pulling the trigger with each item he rings up while looking at you accusingly.
- A man who looks and dresses like Hitler and speaks only in shouted German phrases complete with wild gesticulations.
- A sobbing old woman whose teardrops keep falling on everything you're buying. If you say anything to her she abruptly stops crying, looks up at you, and squirts blood out of her eyes like a desert toad.
- A broken jukebox stolen from the Waffle House that keeps playing the Waffle House theme songs at maximum volume.

The horrors of this particular Dominick's are not to be underestimated, but damn, their produce is really good.

Big Red is Coming For You

Hey folks, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell checking in with an all-new Rom Pit Review! I took time out of my busy day, which involved a heated game of three-puck air hockey and a fairly violent collision with a concrete barrier after sliding off the on-ramp to I-90, to indulge in a terrible game based on a terrible movie based on a terrible premise based on a terrible sci-fi cliche. I am of course speaking about The Lawnmower Man, a cinematic meltdown matched only by Waterworld.



The main game is a remarkably bad platformer that requires you to run through the street firing a weird blue frisbee launcher and picking up data discs that fall out of trash cans.

> *In a role reversal that's great news to pretty much everybody but you, the enemies all take several hits to kill but a single hit causes you to transform into a clump of white pixels that float away like flakes of dandruff. Occasionally you will find a trash can on the ground and you will have to shoot them and collect all the AOL trial CDs that fall out, at which point Jobe will appear at the bottom of the screen and start making faces at you. Every now and then you'll run into a gateway to Virtual Reality represented by a floating "Access Denied" sign, but don't worry, you can just shoot the gateway a bunch of times and it will bow to your gun's code-cracking skills and open.*

I'm just gonna leave the review right here, you'll know what to do with it. Don't break it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.21 Max Payne 2 and Asshole Physics

Tuesday, Oct 21, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Max is outsmarted by the police chair.

Despite the monumentally idiotic name, the original PC game *Max Payne* proved to be an incredible sleeper hit back in 2001 or whenever the hell it was released, demonstrating that a game can overcome cheesy dialogue, awful voice acting, a cliched and laughable plot line, and outrageously linear level design just as long as it features people getting shot in the face during slow motion sequences. I suppose I'm slightly biased because I despise third person shooter games and the concept of continually looking at somebody's ass while they run through concrete corridors and jump over hundreds upon thousands of shipping crates which have been scattered throughout various planets and dimensions for some unknown reason that only Baby Jesus can comprehend. Remedy Entertainment, the creators of Max Payne, also made the unfortunate mistake of hiring individuals who believe that "pressing the jump button and leaping over large holes which will kill you if you fail to leap over them properly" is a crucial aspect of gameplay, ranking up there in importance with the concept of having a Pope represent the Catholic church and making Old Navy commercials as painfully obnoxious as possible. Here's a little hint for all you up and coming aspiring game developers out there: **just because you've included a button which makes your character jump doesn't mean that us gamers necessarily enjoy pressing this button.** There are many other non-jump buttons that human beings would prefer to smash instead of the "jump" one, so perhaps you should entertain the idea of using these keys instead. I propose enacting a law which would result in lengthy jail time for any game publisher who releases a game that includes the following:

> 1) Jumping puzzles where the main character must leap from one platform to the next or else he'll fall into a giant pit full of mysterious darkness while producing a shrill screaming sound. If a jumping puzzle game is released and the developer includes bad guys which shoot at you and attempt to injure you during mid-jump, thereby directly causing you to miss the next platform and fall to your demise, then the authorities should be allowed to murder every single member of the developer's family, including their mentally retarded children.
> 2) Green colored lighting. The last time I saw any green colored lighting in an actual, non-video game real life situation was when I was at CompUSA and saw a computer playing a demo of *Unreal 2*. Outside of a disco hall, there are absolutely no locations in this plane of reality which feature predominant green colored lighting, and for a good reason: NOBODY LIKES GREEN COLORED LIGHTING. Hell, nobody likes any colored lighting, which can be demonstrated by going to the hardware store and noting the large quantity of white light bulbs. If I want to see stupid lights and colors flash around, I'll buy some LSD instead of a computer game.
> 3) Missions that revolve around protecting a brain-dead, cannon-fodder good guy who willingly moves into the trajectory of bullets in order to sustain damage to the face and frustrate you. I agree that this type of gameplay breaks up a monotonous "run and gun" series of levels which only require you to accurately remember which button makes your character shoot their gun and which button makes the game quit to the desktop, but you know what else can serve the same function? Spending 10 hours aggravating

> a live feral cat and then cramming it into your pants while beating it with clubs like an angry pinata. If you're making a game and you don't see any conceptual problem with including a level where the player must shoot enemies who are trying to murder a pixellated character with an IQ of -8, please consider my suggestion of including an angry feral cat with your game. Trust me, we'll enjoy it more.

Fortunately, *Max Payne 2* doesn't feature too many of those offenses, although it does have really ridiculous dialogue which is supposed to be "film noir" but just sounds like a depressed goth grade school student who recently stole a thesaurus. These clunky, cliched lines were recited by paid professional voice actors who are definitely not professional but were probably still paid anyway. Then again, you'd probably have to fork out a lot of cash to convince somebody to seriously say, "I looked into the darkened, murky hole and the memories of those before me swam up into my brain like a grub burrowing into a rotting apple that fell from a diseased tree rife with pain and poison like a boar with AIDS dying alongside the bloodstained highway" when describing what the main character felt as he looked into his toilet. Now don't get me wrong here; I really enjoy *Max Payne 2* and think it's an incredibly entertaining game. I simply wanted to shovel the negative parts out of the way so they could balance out what makes *Max Payne 2* so damned wonderful: the Asshole Physics engine.

Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez and I came up with the term "Asshole Physics" when we were discussing the game and the physics models it employed. Basically there's a lot of crap you can knock over and kick around, including dead bodies, buckets, cans, and little sections of drywall which are standing around in the middle of rooms for no obvious reason. Zachary casually mentioned, "I have made it a point to knock over every fucking thing in that game. I am living out my fantasies of being a giant asshole," and I responded by stealing his "asshole" comment and claiming that I made it up. Thus "Asshole Physics" was born, a phrase used to describe the games where you can run around like an idiot, being a nuisance to everything and everyone you encounter. It's just like pretending you're playing *Ultima Online*, only there are a lot more buckets you can push around. I decided to write up a brief overview of my experiences with *Max Payne 2* by highlighting this Asshole Physics system and explaining to you, the reader, how immersive it makes the environment and game in general.

I started off in the police dispatch room. As you can see, there was some chatterbox broad talking into a microphone and barking out the same instructions over and over to some unlucky bastard somewhere else, perhaps even as far away as the next room. You'll also notice that I took the liberty of pushing over one of the nice leather chairs to her left. I did this because I claimed the dispatch woman as "my territory" and I didn't want no slackjawed pig cops movin' in on my turf. This was my broad and ain't nobody gonna get in between me and her voluptuous, non-moving lips. I planned on slipping her ten inches of Payne once I figured out how to shove her out of the chair and repeatedly fall on her in such a fashion that my polygonal penis would enter some arbitrary hole in her body. Then I noticed a very large map on the wall and searched for a "YOU ARE HERE" icon to explain exactly where I was in relation to all the lines and colored objects festively adorning the wall map. I couldn't find any such indication, so I decided to leave and ask somebody else in the

police station who might know. Before I left, I kicked around the chairs and made an absolute mess of the dispatch room, thanking Asshole Physics the entire time.

The front desk of the NYPD was a real hectic and happenin' place, what with the hectic lamp on a table and the hectic woman who was wearing a hat while using a computer. I approached her and attempted to ask exactly where in New York I was, but she gave me the cold shoulder and didn't say a word. Then I tried to make things easier by informing her that there was a large map in the next room she could use if she had difficulty explaining directions, but she still refused to provide me with the time of day. I even tried mashing the "use item" button over and over next to her, but she still wouldn't budge, even after I attempted to use her "item." This threw me into a fit of homicidal rage, as can be seen in the second picture where I am rolling around on the floor and causing my leg to pass through her arm like a drunk ghost. I tried to roll under her chair and push her over, but her eternal diligence and passionate police data entry prevented such a distraction. I decided to fight fire with fire by walking up to a computer console and doing my own data entry, so I pressed the "use item" key and Max Payne responded by hitting something with his thumb, thereby producing a series of clicking sounds. I was hoping the miracle of Asshole Physics would cause the keyboard to fly off the desk and hopefully impact itself into her skull, but I had to instead settle for a few weak keyboard clacking noises. All in a day's work!

Despite my slick data entry dance of lust, the front desk lady was unmoved. I was about to give up and move on to annoying people in the bathroom when suddenly I spied my opportunity: a trash can! Some poor fool had placed a waste can to the right of the desk, so I decided to prove my bravado by running into it as fast as I could, thereby knocking it over with my manly strength and speed and undoubtedly wooing the pants off that uppity bitch at the reception desk. Once again, the

desk maven didn't even look up. I kicked the trash can over to the front of the desk and pretended like I was arresting it. "Hey desk lady," I stated confidently. "I'm Max Payne and I just arrested this trash can for a series of brutal murders and possibly rapes. You might say I'm a hero!" She was unmoved. In an act of desperation, I decided to propose marriage to the trash can, hopefully making the desk lady green with jealousy over my newfound love interest. No luck. She was indeed a tough nut to crack, like a testicle forged from pure titanium.

I left the front desk and spotted a sexy hooker hanging out on a nearby bench. If anybody wanted to have sex with me, it'd surely be a hooker! I didn't know how I would go about giving her cash to perform pixilated sexual favors, so I just assumed I could give her a SA Forums account in exchange for a blowjob. Let me tell you, there's nothing more erotic than offering somebody a SA Forums account. The broads love that kind of shit, trust me. I approached her and made this proposition on one knee, but as you can tell, she held no interest. Consumed with fury, I flew off the handle and tipped over (yet another) nearby trashcan who was apparently in town for the Annual Trashcan Convention. I actually tried to kick it into the face of the hooker, but Max Payne seemed to have difficulty navigating around the potted tree which was having extreme issues preventing it from existing in more than two dimensions at once. I ran into the bathroom and began flushing the toilets repeatedly so I could cost the New York Police hundreds of dollars in water bills. I'm not sure if this plan worked, as I didn't hang around in the bathroom long enough for their next utility billing cycle, but in my mind I like to pretend that it did.

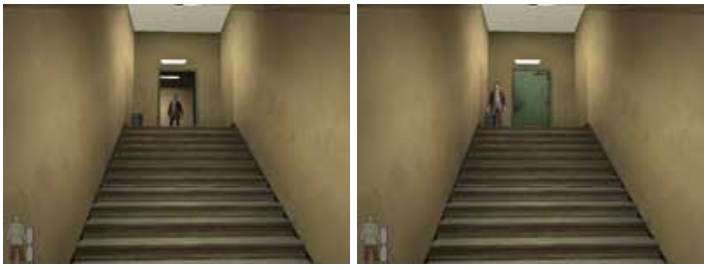
I ran from the bathroom screaming in victory, at which point I proceeded to hump the American flag in a patriotic display of lusty liberty. I spotted a vending machine in the corner, so I pressed the

"use item" key repeatedly and caused a series of soda cans to fly out of it. I tried to kick these cans over to the hooker so she might give me oral sex in exchange for a cola, but the cans kept flying in the wrong direction and resting alongside the wall. I came to the conclusion that in all likelihood, I was not going to get laid by any of the three females on the first floor, so I ascended the staircase and tried to get laid on the second floor.

There were a couple male police officers in the break room watching television. I decided to use Asshole Physics to annoy these two idiots by repeatedly turning off the television. They responded in frustration by turning the television back on again. Then I turned it off and they turned it back on. This emotional tug-of-war lasted for nearly three hours, with me repeatedly powering off the television and them powering it back on. Since this was a war I could never possibly win, I tried a different strategy: blocking the television with my shiny ass. This did not seem to affect the cops, so I began giving them a homosexual lap dance. They were not particularly aroused by my erotic shuffle of passion, so began rolling around like a dog who just found a fresh patch of poop in the grass. No response. I was clearly not using Asshole Physics correctly, so I decided to cut my losses and move on. Also note that the guy on the right has two coffee cups. What a fancy prick asshole.

I encountered a police officer questioning some suspect who committed an illegal crime of some sort, which is quite different from those legal crimes all the cool kids are committing these days. Not to be shown up in my own precinct, I began performing a series of highly acrobatic maneuvers on the cop's desk to let him know who's boss in this one horse town. The suspect was unfazed by my physical antics, so I continued to throw myself on the desk for a good half hour. The police officer ignored me, undoubtedly out of contempt and jealousy over my ability to walk around and

not be physically bonded to a piece of uncomfortable office furniture. He and the suspect continued their conversation, but since I was too busy shouting and shrieking, I can't tell you what they were discussing. If I had to guess, I'd say it was something about feminine hygiene. Since everybody on the police force was content to ignore me and my pleas for attention, I turned to my only friend in the entire world: Stairbucket.



Stairbucket had taken up residency at the top of the stairway, where he can usually be found, unless of course he's somewhere else. He was resting next to a mop that was apparently welded to the wall, because I tried to repeatedly kick it over and the thing absolutely would not budge no matter how fast and furiously I ran into it. I tried shooting it and using peer pressure techniques that I saw on a particularly spicy ABC After School Special where the older kids convinced Fred Savage to smoke marijuana, but Wallmop refused to move. I think it was angry at me for choosing to seek company in the waiting arms of Stairbucket. To show my appreciation, I used Asshole Physics to shove Stairbucket down the steps. I pretended that it thanked me during its journey to the bottom of the stairway, which filled me with pride and joy for releasing the burdensome potential energy it had stored inside. I then proceeded to jump with joy in celebration of asshole physics freeing Stairbucket from its concrete tomb.

Truly this was a day of great accomplishments! Mark my words: Asshole Physics is truly the wave of the future. Soon games across the world will feature the ability to throw shit around, mess up people's homes, and generally be the biggest asshole possible. Until that day, we'll have to settle for kicking around trash cans in *Max Payne 2.*

WU-TANG CLAN AIN'T NOTHING TO FUCK WITH

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams keeping it short and to the point this Tuesday.

Windows XP ships with a bevy of quiet, calm desktops for the average user's enjoyment. Actually, you could substitute "boring" and "benign" for quiet and calm and you'd reach the same conclusion: those desktops suck. So the SA Goons, who are champions of truth and justice and tequila decided to spice things up a bit. Like taco flavored kisses. For my Ben. We form like Voltron. Fo reals

beyotch.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.22 The Unwritten History of Halloween

Wednesday, Oct 22, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Wait, what?

Halloween is almost upon us, gnawing ever closer like the hungry specter of death. This beloved annual event draws children out of the house and into the streets like common rats. They dress in a myriad of costumes, offer knocks to doors with hopes of candy as payment, and honor all that which is ghastly, ghoulish, and mysterious in nature. While most people look at it as a jovial outing and harmless celebration of the darker aspects of human imagination, some look at it as no less than an affront to all things holy and devotion to the devil. The true nature of Halloween lies somewhere in the middle, because really, why does anyone need to actually garnish their house to look like some sort of flamboyantly homosexual funeral parlor while simultaneously dressing up as some random character or caricature of the unknown? It's all kind of silly when you get down to it, and I suppose that's why it's harmless. But at the same time, can you really look into the eyes of a six-year-old dressed as a Mexican bandito and not see the work of Lucifer himself? True, I have a hard time not seeing the work of Lucifer in people dressed normally when I'm not on my various medications, but that certainly doesn't mean I'm wrong!

The history of Halloween goes back pretty far, and to be honest, I don't really know any of it because I was never allowed to celebrate it. I did see an episode of a "Ghostbusters" cartoon that explored the origins of Halloween, and I think it was explained that the annual holiday was designed to appease the millions of demonic spirits slavering with ectoplasm for a chance to haunt the holy crap out of us. Assuming "Ghostbusters" to be empirically correct, I have no choice but to accept the validity of this ridiculous holiday. I'm not going to put on a costume and go door-to-door begging for a hit of sugar, but I suppose I'd be overstepping my bounds if I shot anybody who makes the mistake of coming to my house with intent to score candy from me. I work hard for my unearned money, and there is simply no way I can justify spending even the smallest amount to feed a bunch of greedy children with candy that could otherwise go to me. You hear that kids? You'll have to pry this candy from my cold dead hands!

The killing fields.

A complete ignorance on the history of Halloween might prevent a normal person from doing a historical look at the haunted holiday, but I'm far from a normal person. History, as you know, goes forwards and backwards. Right now, or rather, soon from now, the future will become the past. I need only write about the future for it to eventually become history. Once again, I'm using my patented Doppler 2 future forecasting skills to gaze into the frothy bowels of tomorrow. In honor of this wretched holiday, I will replace my standard crystal ball with a jack-o'-lantern that has the face of Uncle Benny from "Lethal Weapon 4" carved in it. I beg you to stand back, children and the elderly, for my strange and arcane powers are as unstable as a microwave jam-packed with a pirate's plunder of light bulbs and batteries!

- **Halloween 2003**
  People will decorate their houses and dwellings with benignly scary décor, such as ghastly homemade skeletons, fake tombstones and cobwebs, and the bodies of murdered coal miners who dared to take coal from the infamous haunted mine beneath Devil's Hill.

On the eve of Halloween, children will hit the streets wearing strange and beguiling costumes inspired by fantasy and fiction. The children will either knock on doors or ring doorbells, a stimulus that will cause adults to salivate and joyfully distribute candy to the youngsters like altruistic vending machines. This ritual is known as "trick or treating" and its name likely has origins in professional prostitute terminology.

- **Halloween 2005**

A group of furries gets gunned down when they try to trick or treat at a wild game hunting range. Because the victims did not consider themselves human the killers will not be charged with any crimes. Instead, they will be honored as heroes and awarded the keys to several cities, which they will then use to unlock the spinal columns of protesting furries.

- **Halloween 2007**

The trend of young girls adulating Britney Spears by dressing to look like her will come to a screeching halt in 2007 when Halloween becomes known as the Night of a Thousand Molestations.

- **Halloween 2012**

Halloween will be cancelled indefinitely when a Washington D.C. area man is found distributing suspicious white powder thought to be Anthrax. The holiday will be resumed the next year after the powder is discovered to just be harmless cocaine. *(Submitted by Benjamin "Greasnin" Platt, who confessed to me that he wants to be a dancer.)*

- **Halloween 2021**

Goth kids will celebrate Halloween by dressing up in conservative clothes from Abercrombie & Fitch, a departure from their traditional gaudy wardrobes inspired by Victorian era homosexuals. Unfortunately for them, they will still get beaten senseless by jocks, who, ironically, will be dressed as Victorian era homosexuals.

- **Halloween 2032**

With economic hardship burdening the world like a back massage from a rabid badger, the Halloween of 2032 will take on a decidedly low-key demeanor. People will decorate their houses with scary obituaries clipped from newspapers and the children will trick or treat dressed in normal clothes and adorned with bruises handmade by their parents. Instead of candy, they will be told long-winded stories from the elderly that emphasize doing the right thing and standing strong through tough times. A year later, children will discover that the elderly people that give them this advice had been dead for many

years. The children will be so aghast that they all kill themselves in terror. Thusly, the true meaning of Halloween will be understood and appreciated by all.

- **Halloween 2040**
Halloween becomes the most popular holiday in America when the first openly goth president is elected. Dark President Orpheus Tearstain will win the hearts of voters by promising to suffer immensely for them. People all over the country will honor the newly elected Leader of the Damned World by dressing themselves in scars and leaving their Halloween decorations up year-round. As promised, our noble President Tearstain will suffer immensely for us all. His election inspires a group of European aristocrat vampire hunters to come to America and kill him during a political appearance. This deliciously macabre death adds increased weight to the theory that presidents elected on a year ending with zero will die in office, with the exception of Reagan, who was actually a hologram.

- **Halloween 2052**
Senile people will mistake children in costumes as visiting robots and offer them oil and cogs. Then these people will sit down and watch their own children, dressed in robot costumes, perform menial cleaning chores until their tiny robot hands bleed.

- **Halloween 2064**
Kids everywhere will be equipped with a new food delivery system in the form of a front mounted input port running directly to the stomach. When a child visits a house on Halloween, the homeowner will simply plug a hose into this port and pump delicious candy solution right to where it's needed most. Children will be warned to avoid suspicious houses for fear that nefarious individuals might actually pump out poison or liquefied razorblades as a sinister practical joke. This augmentation will lose popularity a couple years later when children start reversing the input port and using it to spray gastrointestinal juices at each other.

- **Halloween 2084**

Highly compressed digital images of sugared candy will be downloaded directly into the brains of joyful trick-or-treaters, bypassing the need to even leave the house. Like all good things, this change won't last long because of those damn diabetic kids. They ruin everything.

- **Halloween 2103**
An alien invasion in October of 2103 will overshadow Halloween to the point that nobody will even remember to celebrate it. Later, when the aliens inform us that they are not hostile and simply want to live amongst us, we will naively let them. Then we will become threatened by their wealth and power. All aliens will be successful proctologists and therefore hold the human race by the seat of its pants.

I hope I didn't terrify you folks too much with my diabolical dissection of forthcoming time. Although Halloween is still over a week away, you can get the jump on everyone else by polishing your costume and exercising your body's tolerance to massive amounts of candy. This is also an appropriate time to carve jack-o'-lanterns. I'm trying to promote "Lethal Weapon 4" as the official theme of Halloween 2003, so be sure that your pumpkins and other decorations accurately portray

the situations and characters that made that movie so damn good. I've already ornamented my lawn with exploding barrels and plenty of hair-raising scenarios to make Danny Glover reflect on his old age. Good luck trick or treating this year, and I hope none of you get poisoned or even think about trying to get candy from me.

Lights! Camera! A Poor Substitute for Action!

Hey everybody, this is Ben "Greco-Roman" Platt and I've got the cure to all of your mid-week blues - a movie review! This time around I took a look at "Laser Mission," starring Brendan Lee and Ernest Borgnine. Sounds like an instant classic, doesn't it? But much to my shock and chagrin, it actually wasn't very good at all!

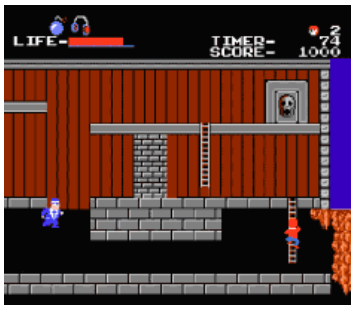
> *Action! Excitement! Sense! These are three things that are conspicuously absent from "Laser Mission." Most of the movies that come across my desk these days are no-budget horror flicks made by three fat, sweaty guys with a borrowed digital camera, so it's a nice change of pace to see a movie like this one. It restores my faith that action movies with reasonable budgets starring relatively respectable actors can suck just as hard as anything else. "Laser Mission" tries to capitalize on nuclear paranoia toward the end of the Cold War, but it runs into a few small problems, such as massive logical holes, dialogue that would make Aston Kutcher blush, and actors who seem to be largely unaware of what country their characters are supposed to be from. But on the upside, the movie does feature a repetitive song about mercenaries which it plays over and over again, so things can't be that bad! Oh wait, yes they can. In fact, things can be precisely that bad.*

Read the review and then maybe the cool kids will finally accept you! Probably not, but hey, it couldn't hurt.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.23 The Monthly Video Game Henchmen's 563rd Union Address

Thursday, Oct 23, 2003 by Blue Guy #762,182



Okay, take a look at this picture and try to give me a good reason why I, the blue guy on the left, can't follow that red haired asshole up the ladder. Do these rules make any sense? I just want to climb the ladder and do my job, that's all.

It's "that time of the month" again, and I'm not referring to the few days when little Mrs. Blue Guy #762,182 starts getting cranky and begins discharging liquids from her naughty holes which clearly aren't blue. I'm just kidding honey, please don't be mad. I've been notified that the Video Game Henchmen's 563rd Union Address is due today, and as your union representative it's my job to get this thing together so management can at least pretend to act like they give a shit about us employees getting murdered by the millions every day. Some of you out there might think I'm a naive fool for continuing this crusade, but I feel that these updates will eventually make a difference and maybe, just maybe, I'll see the day when I don't have to spend every waking minute filling out paperwork for all the 563rd Union members who are shot to death every hour. I can keep dreaming, can't I?

Before I get into today's update, I'd like to post some obituaries for a couple of the more prominent members of the Video Game Henchmen's 563rd Union who recently (less than three minutes ago) died in the line of combat:

■ **Guy Wearing Goggles Who Shoots a Stationary Cannon Straight Forward Nonstop #70,237.** I'll always remember Guy Wearing Goggles Who Shoots a Stationary Cannon Straight Forward Nonstop #70,237 as the life of the party. You fellow members undoubtedly recall the time he showed up at the Video Game Henchman 563rd Union Christmas party last year and used his stationary cannon to launch tube socks full of jellybeans at the kids. Of course nobody was able to catch any of them as they flew in a perfectly straight horizontal line for a seemingly infinite distance until ultimately hitting a wall in another country somewhere, but he was still the hit of the party. This brave man was killed when PLAYER 1 shot one of those metal barrels which explode for no good reason at all. I'm sure you guys can remember my endless crusade to get these stupid barrels removed from the heavy foot traffic areas. I don't know what happened to that petition, but I assume management put it in the same place they stored my petition to stop leaving ammunition and heavy weaponry lying around on the floor for PLAYER 1 to freely pick up by running over it.

■ **Flying Robot Which Stops to Shoot an Annoying Laser Beam #2,372.** This little guy was one of the best automated units we had, always stationed above jumping puzzle #18 in the Volcano Lava Base. We were all proud of him and his tireless efforts to shoot PLAYER 1 as soon as he jumped from one platform to the next, often hitting him square in the chest and causing his to fall to his demise in the lava. I may criticize the management a lot around here, but placing Flying Robot Which Stops to Shoot an Annoying Laser Beam #2,372 above the hot lava pit was the best thing they ever did. I swear, PLAYER 1 must've fallen into that goddamn lava like 100 times, and I loved each and every single one. Unfortunately, Flying Robot Which Stops to Shoot an Annoying Laser Beam #2,372 was recently gunned down by PLAYER 1 who got the bright idea to

start shooting as soon as he began his jump, thereby immediately killing it the moment it showed up on screen. He is survived by Flying Robot Which Stops to Shoot an Annoying Laser Beam #6,211 and The Walking Robot Which Detonates When It Gets Within a Certain Distance of You #820.

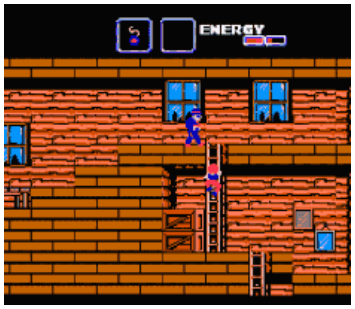
The big issue at this week's union meeting was ladders, more specifically, management's idiotic rule prohibiting us from climbing them. As you're all aware, management first established the "no climbing ladders" rule back in the mid 80s, before our union was formed, to address the problem of henchmen climbing up and taking smoke breaks on the upper floors. We all know about the infamous Red Guy #13,284 who climbed up to the third platform and started puffing on his "wacky tobaccy," thus allowing the evil PLAYER 1 to slip by undetected beneath him and get into Orbital Boss Headquarters Zone where he destroyed Mr. X's mainframe supercomputer which was scheduled to blow up the universe mere minutes later. Now some of you might claim that even if Red Guy #13,284 was on the bottom level and had a chance to stop PLAYER 1's rampage of terror that it wouldn't have done any good anyway, especially considering the fact that PLAYER 1 had previously killed over 5,000 other henchmen less than 30 minutes before arriving there, but that's inconsequential at this point. I'm just here to deal with the facts, and it's irrefutably true that management's strict "no climbing ladders" rule is hindering our performance to stop PLAYER 1 and, to a lesser extent, PLAYER 2 as well. Let's look at a few facts here:

Look at all these ladders that we can't use, instead forced to run in random directions below and jump like hyperactive idiots. Why are there even ladders on the second level anyway? Oh, and that's not me in the blue outfit there, that's the infernal PLAYER 1, damn his eyes!

1) By prohibiting us from going up and down ladders, management is effectively diminishing our combat performance. Fellow video game henchmen, how many times have you been firing your ineffective weapon at PLAYER 1 when suddenly he climbs up a ladder to a platform above you, rendering you completely powerless and unable to do anything except run back and forth like a retarded dog underneath his location? Hell, this has happened to me seven times today, and I just started counting 20 minutes ago. I was stationed inside Dirty Concrete Warehouse Zone next to Guy Who Walks Really Slow But Carries a Really Powerful Gun #958,277 and Ineffective Robot #29,943. Management sent me a memo saying that PLAYER 1 was spotted heading for our oil dump, and despite the fact that I've never seen a single vehicle actually use this oil, I was told that it's very valuable and important and a few hundred thousand of us were needed to run back and forth in the warehouse near it. I got a wife and three kids, so I'm really not in any position to say "no," so I put on my blue pants and blue shirt and headed out.

They dumped me in there, I met up with Guy Who Walks Really Slow But Carries a Really Powerful Gun #958,277, and we began talking about why he walks so slow and if I gave him a smaller gun which weighed less, would he walk a bit faster. Suddenly PLAYER 1 comes rushing in, shooting everything all to hell and back, so we start firing back at him. Well Guy Who Walks Really Slow But Carries a Really Powerful Gun #958,277 gets hit in the legs by whatever god awful powerful gun PLAYER 1 had at the time (I think it was one of those which shot the nuclear fireballs that explode upon impact), so I follow standard company protocol and continue to fire at PLAYER 1 without acting like anything happened or changing my battle strategy at all. Before Guy Who Walks Really Slow But Carries a Really Powerful Gun #958,277 even has a

chance to flash rapidly and disappear, PLAYER 1 climbs up this ladder and continues heading in the direction of the oil dump! I was forced to run back and forth for a good six hours below the ladder, hoping that he would eventually climb back down the ladder and fight like a man, but then I got a fax from management explaining that PLAYER 1 had shot their giant boss robot in his eye (the only vulnerable spot on its entire body) 50 times, and our organization had been successfully defeated... again. I told those asshole engineers that they should just put a piece of goddamn titanium over the robot's eye, but does anybody listen to me? Nooooo, of course not. Hell, fuck the titanium eye-cover, if they just put a goddamn metal door somewhere that was locked and impossible to blow up, there would be no way for that idiot PLAYER 1 to get in. How much would a metal door and a lock cost anyway? Less than a damn giant robot, let me tell you that much.



In this photo I was lucky enough to be strategically positioned on the top floor, but I wasn't able to climb the ladder down a level. WHY?!?

My point here is that these fatcats up on the secret moon base have all these stupid rules and regulations that they dump on us, and they are so out of touch with reality that they don't know how adversely it affects our combat performance. We need to be able to use these ladders if they expect us to hit PLAYER 1 with our guns more than once every 600,000 tries. We're at enough disadvantages here already; we don't need this stupid beaurocratic red tape hindering our job performance even further. One time PLAYER 1 jumped up to a level above me and there was a ladder right there, yet thanks to the stupid rules and regulations, I wasn't allowed to climb up it, instead having to settle for shooting straight up and hoping PLAYER 1 would voluntarily climb down the ladder and intercept some of my bullets with his body. Needless to say, it didn't happen, and here I am now, getting drunk and trying to forget the faces of my countless brothers who were gunned down by the merciless PLAYER 1.

2) There are ladders inexplicably all over the goddamn place. Yes, I'm aware that management saves a shitload of money by simply dumping ladders everywhere and refusing to build staircases, but I've been talking to a bunch of people and we've come to the conclusion that the money saved by using so many ladders is outweighed by the money wasted on giant wasteful robots that shoot out lasers and missiles from every orifice in their body. Why are we allowed to run up and down staircases yet can't do shit with ladders? I mean, they both go between floors and they both serve the same functional purpose, yet we're still expected to abide by that stupid arbitrary rule made back in 1986. Things were vastly different in the 80s; ladders were weak and unreliable, often made up of three elongated, primary colored, two-dimensional rectangular bars which lacked any kind of true structural engineering support. These days we've got 3D ladders which even have their own shadows, so if safety is a concern (which I know it isn't), then this technology should prove to be much more reliable.

Anyway, back to the original point: there are ladders everywhere. I don't know who the

> hell designs these stupid space stations and buildings we're always forced to patrol, but they obviously didn't construct them expecting anybody to actually use them. I guess I can understand why they installed a series of random floating metal platforms which cross over a giant pit that has the ability to instantly murder anything falling into it, but why did they make they only accessible via ladder? How the hell are people like me supposed to get up there and chase PLAYER 1? Does management even give a damn?

As you can see, it's another month and another series of uphill battles for us here in the Video Game Henchmen's 563rd Union. I'm going to keep doing my best here and trying to level the playing field for us, maybe one day allowing us the ability to pick up guns and various other weapons we find laying on the ground. A guy can dream, can't he?

The Horrors of Porn Unleashed!

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a confusing and terrifying new Horrors of Porn fresh from our odd friends to the East entitled "I.K.U."

> *The woman licking the dildo invites one of the green businessmen backstage and into a pretty normal sex scene where their genitals keep turning into lens flares. After she busts out a cock arm the man turns into a bunch of flickering binary code and the screen informs us she's some sort of virus doing something with a biolink. I don't know, it made little sense, but meanwhile in a parking garage Reiko has assumed a new identity and is running around afraid of something.*

I suggest you go and read it immediately. Please, think of the children!

-~Blue Guy #762,182

10.24 Your Favorite Games Suck - Part One

Thursday, Oct 23, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There isn't much I enjoy more in life than pissing off the ridiculously zealous fans of various videogames. Don't get me wrong, I love certain games, but even I'm cynical enough to see that the best of them are flawed in one way or another. Inspired by forum-goer DannyManic's tirade on music, I recently challenged the entire membership of the Something Awful Forums to give me the titles of games so that I could rip into each like they had brutalized and murdered my family. My hatred poured out in a pure and cleansingly exaggerated form that I have to admit was pretty therapeutic.

Today I offer up slightly less than one half of the games I belittled in the hopes that a few among you will go red in the face and fire off angry e-mails.

- **JohnnyBravo kicked things off for me by requesting *Fallout*.**

Sucks.

You mean "being shot in the back" simulator? That's a wonderful game! Nothing quite like picking up a couple NPCs to empty entire clips into your back. Hey professor trajectory, when I'm punching a supermutant in the face how about not shooting your goddamn minigun into my spine. Also I absolutely loved the voice acting in this game. The cast reads like a who's-who of out of work Z grade TV actors. The plot was a photocopy of the script to some Roger Korman movie that combined zombies with the apocalypse and for some reason Internet fanboys think it's the hottest shit since they learned how to dress themselves (yesterday).

- **Olhado suggested I try to dissect *The Neverhood*.**

The Neverhood experience can be simulated by staring at a pile of Playdoh and randomly smashing a xylophone. Not to mention I've played more interactive episodes of Gumby.

- **Quick Stop thought I was incapable of trashing the *Legend of Zelda* or *Super Mario Brothers 3*.**

The Legend of Zelda set the standard for poorly translated, cutesy, and unimaginative Japanese shit spew. Take any Tolkien-like fantasy, filter it through a fine mesh made out of syrup and gibberish, and you've got the Legend of Zelda. The combat was intense! Nothing quite like running at a red circle with googly eyes and hitting it with a sword that's smaller than your head.

Super Mario Brothers 3, what an innovation. Now the fat plumber can run sideways in a RACCOON SUIT! Holy shit, give them some awards people.

- **Dr_eclip5e and most of the rest of the forum goons absolutely love acting afraid of *System Shock 2*.**

Oh my god it's so scary! I had to stop playing because it was terrifying me!

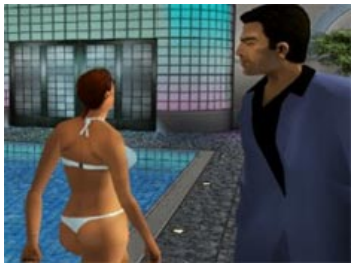
Shut the fuck up.

The only thing scary about System Shock 2 is how a game with an interface as slow and hard-to use passed QA. The rest of the game is an awkward walk through a charity haunted house where all of the bored high school kids running it are wearing masks made out of poorly painted cardboard boxes. I like how making things dark makes things scary. No, making things dark makes things FUCKING EYESTRAIN. And no, I won't turn the gamma up because frankly I don't want to see

the amateur hour you faggots have running rampant on the monster models and textures.

■ **Midgettosser went with a more recent classic and offered up *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*.**

Hey, can I watch the embarrassing stripper sequence a little bit longer Rock Star?! PLEASE?!?



Terrible.

Wait, I've got an even better idea, how about you make me play through half the game and then add a save location that if I use it will ruin my savegame! SOUNDS LIKE A WINNER TO ME.

■ **For some reason CaptainScraps thought I could say nothing bad about *Half Life*. He was incorrect.**

A lot of people were fooled into thinking Half Life was a pretty good game when it came out, but not me. From the moment I endured a ten minute scripted sequence I knew it would be an exercise in tedium and being led around by the narrative-crippled idiots at Valve. Half Life was the first FPS game to properly integrate the gripping storytelling elements of Full Motion Video CD-ROM games. I remember back in the good old days when I got to run around and shoot shit at my leisure, now I'm told by Valve I have to sit here and watch some 5 polygon scientist hobble slowly around a FutureLab(tm) before I can even pull a trigger. The use of scripted events in Half Life is also directly responsible for the "3rd Grade School Play on a Rail" gameplay of Unreal 2. THANKS VALVE!

■ **The ever punch drunk FatTulip suggested I take a stab at *Doom II* and I was more than happy to oblige him.**

Apparently id used up all their "creepy" bloody wall textures in the original Doom game because there certainly isn't anything new to see in Doom II. Oh wait, I forgot, a double barrel shotgun. I'm glad I paid 50 dollars to see that id. But thanks to Doom II I can finally play the gigantic and ridiculous fan made Death Star WAD file I've always dreamed of.

■ **Oculus has *Max Payne 2* on his mind and even though I haven't played it I was happy to make fun of its predecessor.**

Fucking gay.

Haven't played it yet, but if it's anything like the original I can look forward to agonizing dream sequences where I have to walk through mazes and fall repeatedly off two inch wide nearly invisible paths. Yeah, that's exactly what I wanted when I bought a game about a hard boiled cop. In fact, I'm not even going to bother to play Max Payne 2, I'm just going to load Mario and play it with my monitor turned off.

■ **P. Don't was under the false impression that nothing derogatory could possibly be said about *Final Fantasy 7*.**

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

Final Fantasy 7 took the time-tested formula of hideous anime-inspired kindergarten graphics from Final Fantasy 6 and updated it to include freakish, big-headed, polygonal characters. Luckily they managed to leave unchanged the ridiculously long winded and poorly translated dialogue of all of the previous installments and possibly even top the amount of retarded Z-grade melodrama. Oh hey, what's this, another plot about technology versus magic and nature? WONDERFUL! Japan what WILL you think of next!?

■ **Hitler enthusiast Kobewest's favorite game is *Minesweeper*, possibly because he's an idiot.**

What is there good to say about minesweeper? It's either totally easy or nearly unbeatably hard depending on what you set it to. The graphics are sub-clipart in quality. There are no sound effects. The gameplay consists of clicking boxes slowly and using "math skills". It's only ever played by pathetic nerds and office workers who got tired of making a penis out of paperclips.

■ **Canadian_GeeZus went retro with a request for a review of *Asteroids*.**

Triangle is lost in rock land. Help triangle escape from rock land even though triangle cannot escape because flying out of rock land's top brings triangle back to rock land's bottom. Repeat forever. Welcome to the hell of triangle.

■ **I kept things short and to the point when addressing Ozzie's favorite game *EVO: The Search for Eden*.**

NO: The Search for a Different Game

■ **Zoben is fond of *Mario Kart*. I'm not.**

This game was better when it was called Wacky Wheels and Nintendo hadn't once again gayed it up by cashing in on the drooling fan base for Mario. I love how Mario is such a jack of all trades these days. He drives go-karts competitively, he plays golf and tennis, and he's even got his own graphics program. I guess kudos to Nintendo for figuring out how to market their otherwise shitty games to the stupid.

■ **Eternal cutup NilreMK dared me to say a mean thing about the original *X-Com* game.**

The first X-COM game was a torture simulator designed by the cruelest sadists alive. It encouraged you to build up a force of elite soldiers by painstakingly researching items, equipping them, and fighting through mission after mission. Then it laughed and spit in your face as a Terror mission hit and ten of those faggot flying discs wiped out your entire force.

■ **Xenophorm loves *Super Metroid* and couldn't begin to imagine the hateful things I would say about it.**

A rolling ball of a nerdgasm, Super Metroid combined the wonderful element of endless backtracking to squeeze every ounce out of a level Nintendo could with the "exciting" gameplay of the original. Unfortunately, everyone knew Samus was a girl by that point and many a prepubescent boy gripped his controller with sweaty hands as a tingly feeling spread through his groin. For those boys watching Samus roll down a tunnel at the press of a button it was the first and possibly last time a female would ever do what they wanted her to.

Boring.

■ **Oscar the Grouch took a break from sifting through dirty diapers to ask me what I thought of *The Dig*.**

Lucas Arts first and last attempt at a serious adventure game managed to somehow be even worse than their "funny" adventure games. It featured the point and click gameplay of an Indiana Jones title only in space. SPACE! Unfortunately "space" consisted of about five dull screens of rocks and was populated with a cast of characters whose names might as well have been "Sleep Aid".

■ **Bolt Vanderhuge offered up the SA games forum's favorite RPG *Planescape: Torment***

As one of the more vocal critics of this game in the past I have no problem offering a scathing criticism. Let's put aside some problems that even fanboys would agree with me on; that the engine did not work well for the title and that the interface was clunky. Let's forget that the combat varied between point and click boredom and confusing spell-fests with no middle ground.

I want to talk about the story, because this is what people on the forums literally shit their pants over. The story for Planescape Torment is one of the most hackneyed, convoluted, and unoriginal pieces of garbage I've ever been forced to read through. You are THE ONE, great concept! What 500,000 books and movies did you come up with that one from? You don't remember your past! GREAT, AMNESIA, AGAIN! In fact the only positive thing I can say about the story is that it didn't involve trying to save the environment from technology.

■ **The half-crazy X JAKK suggested that *Kirby's Adventure* "is untouchable".**

Kill me now.

You are absolutely right and not just Kirby's Adventure, all of the Kirby games should never be touched. They are hideous abominations featuring a kawaii and otaku main character trying to pose as a low rent Mario. The only people who like Kirby games are the people who are too much of an elitist fag to like Mario and too stupid to hate Mario.

■ **People like -skreemo on the SA Forums convinced me to buy *Suikoden 3*. I was not particularly happy with it.**

I want to fucking strangle the people in the games forum that convinced me this pile of shit was good. "Oh it's such a breath of fresh air!" and "What a great story!"

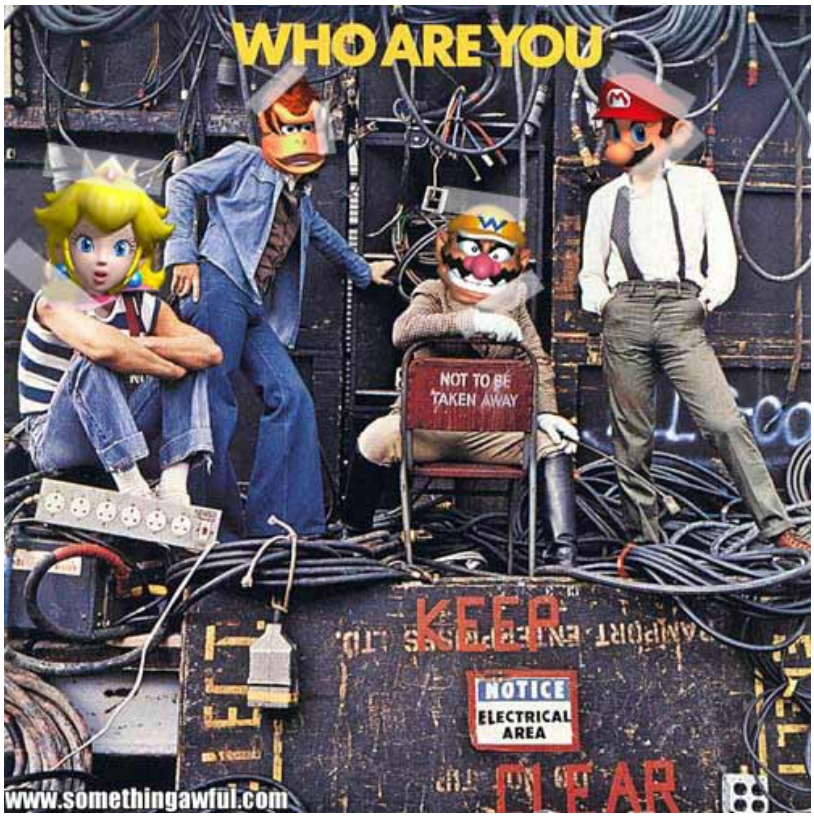
Suikoden 3 is without a doubt in the top five worst RPGs I have ever played, and believe me that's saying a lot. The characters are angsty, poorly realized, and utterly unlikable. The graphics are mediocre. The interface is a hideous mess of collapsing menus and bizarre unexplained statistics. The combat is derivative of a thousand other Japanese RPGs and, like them, is about as far removed from actual fighting as napping in a hammock. The three character intertwined story arc is an awful contrivance to try to confuse you and make you forget that you're playing a game where you're supposed to take ducks wearing helmets seriously.

On Monday I will offer up more games including titles like Mortal Kombat, Tie Fighter, and Halo. In the mean time I welcome readers to send me their favorite game to join the ranks of hatred. Please steer clear of the ridiculously obscure and don't insult me with the incredibly stupid. I'm not going to waste my time screaming about Custer's Revenge when a fucking banana slug with a pen could write hateful words about that game.

■ Who are you again?

Hey junior space cadets, Livestock here with the usual chitchat! In honor of Columbus Day, which was well over a week ago, we have a new Photoshop Phriday mocking Nintendo's "Who Are You?" ad campaign. Christopher Columbus himself might not be around to enjoy these pictures, but that doesn't mean you can't! Enjoy delicious images from our diligent forum goons such as this one:

For more, as well as a free consultation on debt consolidation from a leading authority on the subject, please click here. I lied about the last part. I meant the debt consolidation thing, not the clicking here part. Click there.



-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.25 The Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters Club

Friday, Oct 24, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello good people of the Internet, oh how I've missed you so. As you might have guessed, the rumors of my death are greatly exaggerated, but it is true that I'm only writing every other week now. Why, you ask? Now that I have some more time on my hands I can afford to do some things for the community that I've been wanting to do for a while, like building homeless shelters, frolicking in the park with retarded puppies, volunteering at my local abortion clinic, and many other things. Thankfully Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka is a rational and understanding man, having no problem with me cutting back my time. I think the firebomb that incinerated my car and the bullets placed in my mailbox every morning is just his way of saying "Happy Halloween!". I know this will be a hard time for us, and that laughter may never be fully restored to its former glory, but I have faith that Corin Tucker's Stalker and Greasnin will generate a few chuckles or perhaps even a guffaw. Although the humor must be sacrificed for the greater good of mankind, know well that I am spending my time wisely, and not just masturbating in Jell-O.

Besides knitting mittens for hobos, and curing cancer in little children on my off weeks, I am also quite active in the investigation of paranormal activity. Ever since I was visited by the ghost of Calvin Coolidge while taking a bubble bath in 1984, my interest in the unexplained and arcane was piqued. That's why I used the power of the Internet to find other people in the Midwest that had similar interests in the supernatural, forming an elite ghost hunter's club to investigate haunted spots in our area. I was extremely pleased that our own Josh "Livestock" Boruff, who resides in Indiana, joined our ghost hunter's club. Apparently, he is visited nightly by the ghost of his pet rabbit, causing him to soil his sheets. The inability to have a night's rest without heavy tarps drove him to find answers to this unexplained phenomenon, and hopefully solve his dreadful curse. We also just admitted our first black member to our club after the courts unfairly labeled us a hate group just because of our "whites only" policy, and our penchant for burning crosses. We are proud to announce that our club has changed a lot over the last few months, focusing more on the paranormal, and less on terrorizing minorities. Armed with the latest ghost hunting technology, our club has visited the most haunted spots in the Midwest, uncovering many spooky secrets, and having a lot of fun doing it. Here are just some of the more interesting investigations we have completed.

The Haunted Mansion

History: Built in the 18th century, this decrepit old mansion has a terrible past that many feel has carried over to the present. Originally built and owned by the Eisly family, misfortune befell this household right from the start. Lord Eisly was married and had three little girls. Legend has it that on the first night staying at the new home, Lord Eisly ate a bad peanut and went insane, chopping up his family with an axe and then leaping from the roof to his death. The house remained abandoned for many years until the Johnson family arrived in 1958. They suffered terribly at the hands of bothersome ghosts that would steal bookmarks, making them lose the place where they last left off in a book. They would also keep turning on the lights, making the electricity bill soar. One day while making a Thanksgiving dinner, the ghosts ate all the stuffing, ruining the holidays. That was the last straw and the family fled the haunted mansion. It has been vacant ever since.
Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter Report: Since these seem to be extremely aggressive ghosts

with a violent history, we took all the precautions necessary before going out on this investigation, making sure our instruments were fully calibrated and taking baths in holy water. We also brought some swords even though we know they are useless against ghosts, but we spent a lot of money on them at the Renaissance Festival and they look pretty cool. Our club arrived at the mansion shortly before midnight, lighting the foyer with our lanterns. Suddenly we heard a scary moaning sound and screamed, reaching for our trusty ghost swords. Josh shit his pants again. Just then our instruments started picking up high levels of electromagnetic energy in the direction of the study. We quickly ran to the area where we found nothing, but my cell phone mysteriously rang. It turned out to be my mom asking when I would be home and totally ruined the mood. So we took a few pictures and left since we were all really scared anyway. The strange thing is that I hit red lights the whole way home. I thought that it must be the angry sprits playing pranks on me since we disturbed their sleep. After looking at the pictures we took, we came across this really scary picture. It was not tampered with in any way. Scary!

Spook Factor: *(An extra rating is added for having to endure Livestock's stank drawers on the way home).*

The Spooky Graveyard

History: Graveyards are always a good place to find restless spirits gallivanting in the night. This particular graveyard is rumored to be home to a host of spirits that must have really uncomfortable coffins because they won't stay down there. Many couples that park their cars near the graveyard to make out find themselves at the mercy of these ghoulish ghosts. One couple recalled hearing chains being rattled while they were making love in the back of a 1982 Buick. Nine months later, the female gave birth to a Puerto Rican baby, even though the father was not of Puerto Rican persuasion! Another tale of mystery comes from the caretaker of the graveyard. He described what sounded like mournful cries coming from the mausoleum. When he investigated the sounds, orbs of pure light shot out at him and danced in the sky. One turned into a demon and set fire to a hill nearby, while the other turned into a beautiful unicorn and bore him to the safety of the clouds. While the caretaker was also on five hits of acid, his claims have led to widespread interest in the paranormal investigation community.

Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter Report: We here at the club were really stoked about getting to the bottom of these queer occurrences. We suited up for the grand adventure by putting on our ghost proof long johns, donning our swords, and making Josh wear some adult diapers. We jumped in the Ghostmobile (Jetta), speeding off to find some spooks. Unfortunately, Mapquest screwed up the directions and we ended up in Gary, Indiana. I've never been to Gary myself, but it sure smells haunted. We stopped to ask directions from some festively dressed lads standing on the street corner, but our only reply was a rude volley of bullets into the Ghostmobile. Then we drove around for a few more hours looking for the graveyard but gave up and went to Denny's instead. I ordered the "Moons Over My Hammy" and a large coke. We went home without any ghost evidence, but a little wiser and with full stomachs.

Spook Factor: *(This investigation was rewarded a large rating because of Gary, Indiana, and the Denny's waitresses.)*

The Doom House

History: The tale of Reginald P. Linux was immortalized in the epic made-for-Internet movie, "Doom House". The constant battle with a diabolical figurine and a disturbingly attractive terrorist almost left him a broken man. Through the power of lumber and a "can-do" additude, Reginald triumphed over the forces of evil. After the movie of his story became a smash success in the US as well as abroad, curious travelers from all over the globe visit the doom house, taking guided tours to relive their favorite parts of the film. Much like it's predecessor, "The Exorcist", Doom House created a renewed interest in the paranormal, making our cause more accepted, and bringing the truth just a little closer.

Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter Report: Reginald was kind enough to allow our ghost hunters club access to his humble home for an investigation. We wanted to try to find the strange figurine so we could record it's EKG levels, and interview it on what it's like being a cursed item. Unfortunately it turned out that the doll took the redeye flight to Vegas for a weekend of debauchery. Instead we just ordered a pizza and played NHL 94 for Sega Genesis. We really had a great time, and nabbed a full set of silverware from the Doom House to boot.

Spook Factor: *(No doom recorded, although scoring a hat trick with Ray Shepherd warrants one ghost rating).*

John Madden's Haunted Bus

History: As most football fans know, John Madden has a great fear of flying in airplanes, so he travels the country in a large conversion bus to the football game he is doing the commentary for. Lately, John has been complaining of strange sounds and smells, things going missing, and at night, an apparition of Voltaire speaks to him but he can't understand because it's in French. Thankfully he found our ad in the Yellow Pages. You know the one with a guy in a top hat hitting a ghost on the head with a hammer. He decided to give us a call.

Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter Report: This was our first big profile case, so we didn't want to screw it up. Going by the books, we first greeted John Madden and interviewed him thoroughly. Unfortunately, John was in a strange state of mind, and just kept saying, "He put a little too much mustard on that one," and, "Just get your hand up there and whap it down!" Clearly the stress of his ghost encounters was taking its toll. After checking all the ghost "hotspots", we got the electronic and heat readings. We noticed a large amount of heat coming from the bus's bathroom. Josh swung open the door and the stench of a thousand graves opening issued forth from the deepest pits of hell. We all gagged but stayed professional, shining a flashlight into the stinking abyss. Inside the toilet was the largest human produced piece of fecal matter ever recorded or heard about. It turns out that the strange sounds were the bus's plumbing and axle groaning under the stress of such massive loads. As far as the items missing and the Voltaire visits, we concluded that Madden is batshit insane and has been since 1992. Case closed.

Spook Factor: (The elephant sized poo and Madden's madness made this one spooky investigation).

Although these investigation reports may sound like ghost hunting is all fun and games, it's not. We take our investigations seriously and train for hours by watching archives of Scooby Doo and Alf. We take pride in the fact that we are paranormal investigators, and even bought some badges that we can sew on our velvet club jackets to look like a real team. If you are interested in joining the Midwest Internet Ghost Hunter's Club, please e-mail Ben "Greasnin" Platt with details of your experiences with the supernatural, and why you should be a member. I'm having you e-mail Ben because I'm going to be in Africa on my week off, hauling sacks of grain to hungry villages full of starving children and battling evil warlords with my trusty sidekick "Poncho". Have a Happy Halloween you knuckleheads!

◘ State Og: From the Executive Producers of "Juwanna Mann"

Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell reporting for duty. There are two lessons I've learned during my tenure at State Og: #1 - There is no problem that cannot be solved by fleeing to my underground vault and hiding indefinitely. #2 - Every company needs a good slogan. This week we ask you to select one for us, choosing from a list put together by our top marketing people. Among your choices are potential classics such as these:

> *The effects of our satellite-operated global pain ray are only temporary. Your love of State Og is forever. And mandatory.*
>
> *According to science, State Og is incapable of flight. Science is a bastard and killed my father.*

Those Just roll off your tongue, don't they? Check out this week's State Og, and be sure to wipe your feet on the way in.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.26 Fly the Friendly Skies

Saturday, Oct 25, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Oh yeah, these people look absolutely filled with whimsy.

Ever since the first caveman arched his misshapen head back and gazed up at the sky, and took another bite of those mushrooms he found a week earlier that made him feel really happy for no reason, mankind has always dreamed of flying. We have long since realized that dream through patience, scientific experimentation, and probably a lot more of those mushrooms. Every day, tens of thousands of people around the world board airplanes and travel through the air at amazing speeds, leaping between entire continents in the span of just a few hours. But how many of those people stop to think how miraculous it is that humanity has transcended its earthbound fate, laughed in the face of gravity, and taken to the skyways? How many air travelers look up from their *New York Times* or their *Wall Street Journal* or their *Big Afro Asses Weekly* and reflect on the simple beauty of the clouds while soaring above them? How many people pause for just a moment as they board their plane to ruminate for just a moment on how far we have come as a species that we can climb into metal tubes and fly - actually fly - thousands of feet above the ground?

So majestic, so inspirational, so phallic.

Four. That's how many. Seriously, four. I could probably name them. Four people, and that's on a good day. Pretty much everyone else thinks of flying as a chore. They don't look at planes as a testament to mankind's technical brilliance, but just another way to get to where they have to be, like some dumbass subway or something. And do you want to know why that is? Well, it's partially because it's human nature to get bored with things once they are no longer brand new, like a Christmas present or a spouse. But more importantly, we have lost our love of flying because the major airlines have sucked every last bit of fun out of it. Between the endless lines in the ugly, forbidding terminals, the hours of waiting on runways, all the circling before landing, the tiny seats, and the bathrooms that require you to surgically remove at least one limb before entry if you want to have enough room to move, let alone urinate. Only a few years ago, you'd get full cans of soda, bushels of peanuts, and dammit, if you were still in the air during a major mealtime, you'd get a freaking meal. It wouldn't be a good meal, but at least it was something, and hey, it gave fodder to hack stand-up comedians from coast to coast. Without airline food to rip on, where would America's hard working hacks be today? Out on the streets, that's where, making lame jokes about programming their VCRs for spare change. Nowadays you get a tiny cup half-filled from the can of soda that the stewardess opened half an hour ago for a passenger on the other end of the plane, a couple bite-sized pretzels, and if there is even a meal option offered, you have to bring extra cash with you on the plane to pay for it. You can't even choke down a plastic tray of crappy rectangular blocks of food-like products without having to pay for the privilege of the experience.

And that's in addition to all the other fees you'll rack up while trying to squeeze any remaining drops of enjoyability out of flying. Want to see the lousy movie that went straight to the airlines after a tragic three-day run in the theaters? That's extra. Pillow and blanket? That's extra. Headphones so you can try to get the radio to work, even though eleven of the fourteen stations are always blank and the other three are playing a continual loop of a Bill Cosby routine you had heard a thousand

times by the time you were thirteen, Joe Pesci singing Beatles songs, and worst of all, smooth jazz? That's extra. The airlines have taken away all the frills because they claim to be losing huge sums of money. They raise ticket prices, charge you wherever, whenever, and for whatever they can, and they lay off employees by the hundreds, but it's just not enough for them. And now, since 9/11, with airport security tighter than ever, the airlines are even infringing on our basic rights. We have to wait for twice as long as they subject random passengers to humiliating searches. Racial profiling runs rampant. It seems like the airlines are going out of their way to make flying as unenjoyable of an experience as possible. Worse yet, it seems like there's nothing we can do about it.

At least, that's what I used to think. Then a news item was brought to my attention:

> *Gadget Aims to Protect Knees on Airplanes*
>
> *Every cramped air traveler may have the right to lean his seat back, but Ira Goldman sees airplane justice from another perspective — that of the person behind — and he's found a way to even the score.*
>
> *Goldman invented the Knee Defender, a beeper-sized block of plastic that lets passengers prevent the seat in front of them from reclining.*
>
> *The gadget, which went on sale about a month ago on the Internet for $10, has sparked heated debate in online chat rooms, and aviation officials worry about the disagreements that will be generated at 30,000 feet.*

A tall guy designed a block that you can attach to the back of the seat in front of you to prevent the person from leaning back suddenly and smacking you in the knees. Now, I want to be able to recline as much as the next person, even though I think it's been six years since the last time I got a seat that was actually able to recline successfully, but that's not the point. This thing looks like just another example of the unstoppable tallocracy keeping us shorter folk down, but that's not the point, either. The point is that a man had an idea to make flying more enjoyable for himself and for other people inconvenienced by the miniscule amount of leg room most planes give you, and already airlines are clamoring to stop it. Northwest has already banned the Knee Defender, and a number of the other major airlines are sure to follow suit. So while you may not see too many Knee Defenders on your next flight, don't let the fact that that particular invention got banned so quickly get you down. Rather, embrace the spirit of the invention. We take more things for granted while flying than we realize. It's time to start taking advantage of the few freedoms the airlines have yet to restrict. Personally, I've already started. Observe:

Something like this, only cooler.

I am proud to bring you a new product in the field of air travel enhancement. Designed to filter out and prevent a number of the major annoyances of air travel, it is an all-in-one, easy to use system which I call... the Youbicle.

The Youbicle works on the principle of preserving your personal space. Packed into rows of seats like sardines in a proportionally smaller aircraft, it is currently almost impossible to feel like you have any room to call your own. The Youbicle is a set of collapsible walls that fit right over your seat and can be adjusted to go from the floor of the aircraft to the ceiling, as well as extended horizontally to fit the full perimeter or your seat and leg area. By erecting a barrier on all sides, you can prevent passengers on either side of you from hogging your armrest or stretching their legs into your space. You can even put a roof on the Youbicle which will extend down behind your head to join with the back of you seat to prevent thrown objects and baby spit from striking you from overhead or behind. In addition to providing

you with the privacy you desire and deserve, the Youbicle sports an impressive array of additional features.

Movie Filtration Screen

Much better.

The Youbicle has a viewing screen that will allow you to watch the in-flight movie if you so choose without sacrificing the Youbicle's privacy. But the screen does more than just allow images to pass though itself - much more. The screen is made with a patented grading, much like the ones used by scientists to view the visible light spectrum in its component colors. The difference is that instead of splitting light apart, this grading rearranges the light. First, it magnifies the picture, so that it actually feels like you're watching a movie, not staring at some sixteen-inch TV twenty rows ahead of you. Then, amazingly enough, it actually changes the picture to make it look to you as though you were seeing a better movie. For instance, the Youbicle's Movie Filtration Screen will remove all traces of Jean Claude Van Damme, Steven Seagal, Kathy Griffin, or Sandra Bullock. If the movie features Bruce Willis in a family film or romantic comedy, the screen will alter the picture to Bruce Willis shooting people and blowing stuff up, which is how every good, honest person likes his or her Bruce Willis. If the movie actually has something to do with a plane crashing or being hijacked, the screen will instead show you the picture of a cat anus seen at right.

Photo Converter

They say that the best offense is a good defense, and with the Youbicle, you are well defended indeed. You see, testing has shown that even when people use the Youbicle, there are certain nuisances inherent in air travel that cannot be avoided. One of the most notorious of these is the chatty aislemate. You're trying to sleep and the person next to you just won't take the hint that you are not interested in carrying on a conversation, nor are you interested in looking at pictures of their family. While the walls of the Youbicle will automatically block out noise, there is actually a slot in the walls through which a person can pass you photographs. However, that slot is fitted with the Youbicle's astounding Photo Converter. The person next you you might think that she is passing you a picture of her adorable little grandson Perry, but by the time it gets to you, the Photo Converter will have done its work, changing the photo into something a little less brain-poppingly boring. For instance, the picture might become a famous work of art, a set of instructions to kill someone that allows you to feel like you're a secret agent, or most frequently, some delightfully hardcore porn. Don't worry, though, when you pass the picture of little Perry back, you won't be handing your aislemate a picture of pornography. The picture changes on the way into the Youbicle. On the way out, they're just shredded.

Fat Overflow Reduction

The walls of the Youbicle might prevent a the person next to you from invading your leg room or hogging your armrest, but let's face it, when you get stuck next to a fat guy, you're going to get squished. Sure, the Youbicle can hold up against a huge amount of punishment, even having a couple hundred pounds of flab pressing up against its side like a dead seal for a six hour flight. But you still don't want your fat neighbor to be congealing all over you. You know the fat is there. You can just tell. You can sense the fat piling up against your protective walls, maybe even oozing through the photo slot. That's why the Youbicle is equipped with a Fat Overflow Reduction system. When human fat presses against the Youbicle with more than a predetermined amount of pressure, measured by the system's internal p/si gauge, it will actually perform immediate emergency liposuction, sucking fatty tissue out of Thunderchunks next to you until his rolls of butter storage are no longer spilling over into your space. Now, you may be wondering, "Sure, you can suck out

the fat, but what happens to it then?" That brings me to the next feature:

- **Baby Corker 3000**

Yeah, keep stuffing your face, fatty. Your days of making bad collages dedicated to your obesity are numbered.

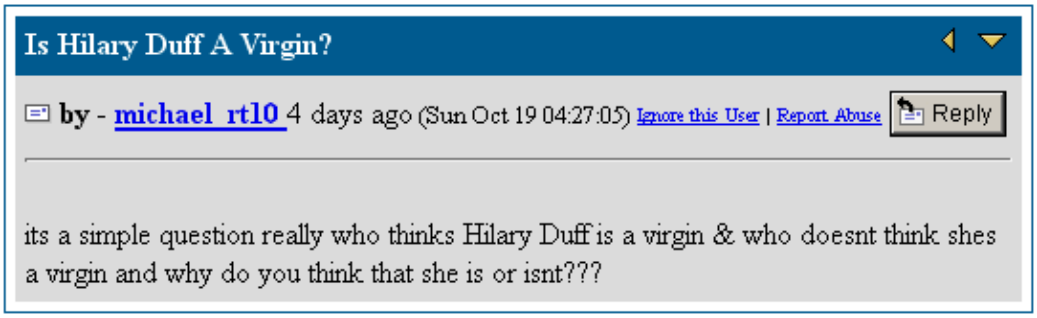
You can handle nosy neighbors. You can handle being squashed next to Jabba the Passenger. But nothing, and I mean nothing, can come close to being as annoying as a wailing infant. They cry the entire way from New York to Los Angeles. They scream, they whimper, they thrash against the back of your seat for hours at a time. And what does the parent do? Nothing. The parent just lets the baby go right on crying and screaming and kicking and pooping and puking and drooling all over the place. And somehow the baby always ends up right behind you. It's insufferable. Or at least, it used to be. Now you've got a powerful new ally on your side in the fight against irritating babies - the Baby Corker 3000. When an annoying infant is detected, the Baby Corker 3000's powerful mechanical arms will extend and insert corks - corks made of one hundred percent recycled, compacted fat extracted from the guy next to you - into every available orifice on the child's body. Finally a way to stop babies from making any sort of noise or offending odors whatsoever for the entire duration of the flight.

Technology for the Baby Corker 3000 provided by Baby First Industries, the people who brought you The Baby Club, the world's foremost baby theft deterrent system, and Baby Needs-a-Shake, the battery-powered doll so realistic, there's only one way to stop it from crying - the British nanny way!

As you can see, the Youbicle is the air traveler's best friend. If you're planning a trip, pick up yours today before the airlines have a chance to ban them. And if you want my opinion, the day that the airlines no longer allow you to bring products that automatically perform surgical operations on your fellow passengers to ensure your comfort is the day that freedom is dead.

Like That Annoying Mother-In-Law Who Never Goes Away: The Weekend Web

Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here, much to the dismay of anybody anywhere. We've got an action packed lineup of images for you today. *Thrill* as "Sitcom Analyzer" wonders if Tony Danza can really swim or not. *Chill* at the Brady Bunch fan fiction. *Spill* your 2-liter bottle of Mountain Dew because hey, who needs cups anyway?


Is Hilary Duff A Virgin?
by - michael_rt10 4 days ago (Sun Oct 19 04:27:05) Ignore this User | Report Abuse
Reply
its a simple question really who thinks Hilary Duff is a virgin & who doesnt think shes a virgin and why do you think that she is or isnt???

Marvel at the amount of 40-year-old men posing as teenage girls and discussing teen actresses' feet. It's all here in this week's Weekend Web!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.27 Your Favorite Games Suck - Part Two

Sunday, Oct 26, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Many people are passionate about games. Last friday I posted an update in which I attacked any game title put in my path and even though I fully explained why I was doing this I received tons of angry e-mails. Fallout fans in particular seem to wish violence on anyone who dislikes anything about their beloved franchise and they have a lot of difficulty expressing themselves coherently. One reader from Russia invited me to "suck [his] legs moron", an insult so painful I hesitated to continue with the second part of my series. Others put a frightening (and pathetic) amount of effort into dissecting every single thing I said about every single game. For those people I have decided to forge ahead with part two of "Your Favorite Games Suck".

- **Absolute hellion Cramer tried to take me down with a one-two punch from *Pacman* and *Mortal Kombat***

Pacman was fun when it was the only game to play. Pacman was fun compared to Pong. Pacman was dull, almost shockingly repetitive, and had a vague concept that preempted any use of your imagination to improve on the extremely simplistic graphics.

Frighteningly putrid.

Mortal Kombat was a choppy pornographic gore fest intended to appeal to teenage boys with more body weight devoted to testosterone production than control of their central nervous system. The only thing more pathetic than the popularity of Mortal Kombat was the bloodless SNES version born of Nintendo's petty morality play.

- **Not only did forum goon toby hit me with PC classic *Quake*, but he also stipulated that I could not mock it for being outdated compared to modern games.**

As someone who actually did dislike Quake when it first came out I think I'm more than qualified to explain to you exactly how fucking bad it sucked. In fact, not only did I hate Quake, I hated both Quake II and III. I think the only enjoyment I ever received from the entirety of the Quake franchise was a single LAN game of Quake II that was fun because I WAS HIGH.

In my misguided youth I loved Doom, so reading that in lieu of Doom 3 they were making this game called "Quake" was a bit disappointing. Then I read that it would be a fantasy setting with realistic physics and magical axes I was intrigued. Then it came out and it was a pedestrian FPS game with uninspired and sometimes stupid weapons, an already-boring goth/industrial atmosphere, and OH WOW FULL 3D. Too bad the original Quake shouldn't have even bothered with 3D. Too bad it looked like shit AT THE TIME and left me wondering why Rise of the Triad looked about a thousand times better. By the time later installments came along 3D had caught on and had reached a point where it actually worked and looked good. Luckily other companies actually made decent games.

A little aside, after hating Quake and Quake II I downloaded the demo for Quake III when it first became available. On install it wouldn't load. I didn't even try to run it twice or reboot. I immediately uninstalled it because I fucking KNOW like I know that the earth circles the sun that Quake III was a dull and stupid piece of shit.

- **Pyros could hear the Imperial March playing when he requested *Tie Fighter***

What's this, another escort mission? HOORAY! Oh, look a capital ship I have to blow up surrounded by a mine field that constantly launches advanced missiles! That's a logical scenario to send one guy

in an assault gunboat into, no wonder you fucking lost to the rebels Darth. Speaking of you Darth, I like your condescending radio comments to me even though I have blown up more ships than you've even seen. I could fucking wipe the floor with your piece of shit Tie-Magically-Unkillable in a fucking regular Tie Fighter if the stupid game would let me.

■ **Letter switcher Dum Cumpster tried to put it in all holes with the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Arcade Game*, *Top Gear*, and *Excitebike***

DUH, WHO PUT THE LIGHTS OUT?!
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DUH, WHO PUT THE LIGHTS OUT?!

I FUCKING DID LEONARDO YOU STUPID COCKSUCKER.

I don't know what the fuck Top Gear is but I assume it's a shitty console racer, which I find about as fun a prospect as reading the dictionary underwater while piranha chew their way to my heart. Excitebike, on the other hand, is one of the most horridly disappointing games I've ever had the misfortune to play. I really had my mind fucking blown by spending an entire race watching my sluggish racer amble back to his overturned bike like he didn't have a care in the world. No, take your time dude, it's not like we have a chance to win anyway! And what's with all the unfinished tracks with gigantic deadly gaps? Did they decide to hold the annual "Walk Slowly Back to Overturned Bike" competition inside a half-finished stadium? Don't even get me started on the laughable track creator. Yay, I can finally realize my dream of putting a thousand speed strips and one hill. Then the fun is exhausted.

■ **Tossed_Salad_Man had a soft spot in his bowl for *Starcraft*.**

Also known as "The game of chess" in Korea, the only thing Starcraft brought to the table was another oddball female character for game nerds to jack off over. For the rest of us who don't spew every time they hear Kerrigan's voice Starcraft was a half-assed rip-off of other, better, science fiction with totally forgettable resource management and gameplay. What makes it an abomination is its continued popularity. Competitive players have boiled Starcraft down to its essentials, namely the joys of build orders, speed clicking, and many other rote memorizations that are about as attractive in a game as a severed penis in a cup of strawberry pudding.

■ **Huck C. suggested I could not grapple with *Full Throttle*.**

I blinked and missed the entirety of the game.

Not that brevity should really be a criticism of a game with a motorcycle combat simulation nearly as fun as having your save game corrupted in Vice City. But oh, the main character is a badass biker so the lame jokes, idiotic plot, and unfun-but-still-too-easy puzzles are completely forgiven.

What are you fucking pussies afraid the guy is going to come kick your ass for admitting that this game was utter trash?

- **Meaning of Life likes *Guilty Gear XX* a bit too much.**

Totally blows.

Oh a brand new 2D fighter, how completely retro! I'm so amazed by the way they drawed pitchures and made them move around like magic. News break chumpchange, there are like 5 billion people in Japan who spend their entire lives drawing large breasted witches with guitars and women who fight with their hair. They have 50 volume sets of books devoted to dickgirls, so don't cop a turd on your futon when some game incorporates a cross dressing nun. It really isn't the coolest thing ever and getting all excited about it makes you look like an even bigger dumbass than you really are.

- **Zoctan felt that Lord British and the makers of *Ultima 7* could do no wrong.**

I'm sorry, I can't offer any criticism because my computer has never had and will never have enough extended memory for Ultima 7.

- **Closet pedophile an00bis suggested I try to insult *Mary-Kate and Ashley Sweet 16 Licensed to Drive*.**

I am totally stumped. There is no way I could possibly say anything bad about "Olsen Twins Assembly Line Game Number 5,833".

- **WarMonger is in love with *Gran Turismo 3 A-Spec*.**

Have you ever wondered what it feels like to be trapped in a recursive time loop? Try playing one of the 200 lap races in Gran Turismo 3.

While extremely fun and intense, the 200 lap races aren't the real punch of GT3, that's definitely the license exams. I have spent countless joy-filled hours laughing with my friends as we shared the relaxing and liberating experience of passing all of the exams with an A rating. I honestly can't say enough good things about Polyphony and their decision to include such easy and breathtakingly fun license exams in their game.

- ***Final Fantasy Tactics* is pretty big around the Fight Test household.**

When I first saw Final Fantasy Tactics sitting on the shelf I had just recently finished Final Fantasy 7 and thought to myself; "wow, those idiots thought they could get away with basing a whole game on that boring mountain defense mini-game in FF7". This perception of the game was incorrect, as I later learned no thanks to the Something Awful Forums. Somehow my sense completely escaped me and I went out and bought a copy of Final Fantasy Tactics based on the rave reviews of the games forum. Naturally as soon as I came to my senses I realized I might as well have burned money and then forced myself to stare at a wall for hours.

Final Fantasy Tactics is what a preschooler thinks war is like. The combat somehow manages to be even less realistic and entertaining than in previous Final Fantasy games. The characters are all one-dimensional archetypes in a plot as gripping as the latest Peanuts Comic in a setting as fascinating and believable as if it was conceived by Scientific Creationists. The game is ploddingly dull, the graphics are so childish that if someone sees you playing it you should probably feel ashamed, and the movie "Extreme Ops" has got nothing on the ridiculously serious storyline.

- **Montez is almost as into spearmen as he is *Civilization II*.**

Eats shit.

Finally, a game that takes spearmen seriously. I mean shit, I'm used to reading all these books and watching all these movies where spearmen aren't even in the same setting as tanks. Then Civ comes along and tells it like it is; an army of spearmen in a city can destroy a tank corps. Thank you for the incredible realism Sid Meier! Nothing immerses me in the reality of the game like watching two squares banging into each other. Nothing makes me believe in the genius that went into this title like seeing the square representing a sweaty mass of spearmen tearing apart a pile of attack helicopters. What did they fucking do jam their rotors with their corpses? Did they form together like Voltron and turn into a thousand foot tall spear and a huge robotic arm? Answer me Meier, you worthless sow!

■ **Posting machine and idiot savant Kenspy thought I could find no flaw in *Hero's Quest I.***

Sierra single handedly championed and destroyed the genre of Adventure games. They championed them in that they popularized them by making a lot of them. They destroyed them in that every single adventure game Sierra has ever made has been a horrible piece of shit. I don't care whether it's the unfunny puns of Hero's quest or the even less funny puns of the beastly Roberta Williams' Kings Quest. All of the games suck.

Probably the "raddest" thing about the Hero's Quest titles was how you could die without any effort. They amounted to "painful demise" simulators where you got to see what creative and unlikely ways the title would murder your character and then you had to attempt to avoid each way after having perished. Who doesn't love trial and error gameplay?!

Plus it's another game with furries.

■ **The_Cack took it easy on me with a request for *Daikatana.***

Daikatana is the kind of game you play in hell to relax after having red-hot javelins impaled through your genitals. It's intended to make you want to return to the agony pits the next day to have red-hot javelins impaled through your genitals.

If I wanted to kill a bunch of bugs and frogs with my trash-talking black friend I'd watch Reading Rainbow and spray Off at the butterfly in the sky.

■ **The concisely named J suggested I explain what was wrong with *Master of Orion 2.***

The thing I think I enjoyed the most about Master of Orion 2 was playing it and suddenly have an ant-man fleet appear in my home system and having to sit there and shoot through 50,000 fighters with 4 advanced technology destroyers. The computer played like it had no goal other than to build as many spacecraft as possible with no regard to quality or strategy. "We have located the human system. Their technology is far more advanced" "Quickly, we must crush them with our 1 million tiny ships, Begin research on the second wave that will actually have weapons."

Diplomacy was also a joke. No matter how polite and how welcoming you were the other aliens always thought their empire of rusted scout vessels could conquer you. Then when it came time for the galactic United Nations to vote on supreme king they'd always pick some faggot who sat back and mined pumpkins for the entire game just because they didn't hate him for destroying their worthless fleets of conquest. Thanks for the nomination! I accept! Oh, wait, you picked Lord Pumpkin Farmer of Xanulax IV, well I'll just move a planet-killer into each of your home systems and let you talk things over with those.

■ **Never a fan of less-is-more, forum poster erosion demanded I skewer *Total Annihi-***

lation.

Cavedog's recipe for Brownies

- Add one cup of chocolate
- One cup flour
- Two eggs
- One cup sugar
- A pinch of salt

Taste batter before baking. If it is not sweet enough just keep adding tons and tons of random ingredients until you confuse people into thinking your brownies are good.

With TA it's like Cavedog looked at the game, realized it was lackluster and said "hey, what we need are a shitload more random units with no respect to play balance or even usefulness of the units". Great, now I can play Starcraft with fifty slightly different tanks and a helicopter that flies around picking up blocks of metal and setting them down somewhere else. What a fantastic game!

■ ***Baldur's Gate 2* was frequently requested by locdogg among others on the forums and via e-mail.**

I hate all of the Infinity Engine D&D games equally. The engine is stupid and totally unsuited for a "tactical RPG" where you're supposed to be stroking your beard and determining the best way to take a kobold's virginity with your magic missile. The fucking GOLD BOX D&D GAMES DID IT BETTER. Yeah, I was fighting a room full of 80 identical Beholders but the combat actually worked better. With the Infinity Engine games you've got a couple worthless magic users who cast one, maybe two, spells per combat while your mighty warriors flail confusingly at the enemy. Basically spell casters fill the role that they do in shitty MMORPGS like Everquest; they're just fighter buffing stations.

As for the plot who knows? It was so long and convoluted with so many "step 'n fetch-it" Fedex quests that I was half expecting to see racist statues of jockeys devoted to my party outside the bad guy's chamber of evil.

■ **Twitch wanted to hear my opinion of *Star Ocean 2*.**

Fucking sucks.

Oh Jesus Christ. You know, prior to me writing for SA I had totally outgrown playing cutesy Japanese shit like Star Ocean 2. Then I start reading the games forum and you retards are always soiling your panties over the latest installment of one Japanese RPG or another. Guess what? They all fucking suck. Every single one of them, and the goddamn voice acting doesn't have anything to do with it. They're all the same, their stories are all equally devoid of any sense and intelligence, they almost all have shitty graphics, their protagonists are all fucking IDENTICAL. ENOUGH! I hope you people grow up some day and look back on how much you shot off in a Kleenex over Wild Arms 5 or whatever has you so wet and you just cry. You just slide down to the floor with your back against a wall and sob over the life you've thrown willingly into the garbage for apathetic profit committees in Japan.

■ **Potus requested *Deus Ex* - runner up for the most requested game of all.**

For a game with such a ridiculous plot it's pretty sad that it lacks even an ounce of humor beyond the unintentional laughs supplied by Tlacel Tong. I rike Tracer Tong, but the rest of the game

can take a flying leap off a bridge. From the twists and turns of the story ripped directly off a Geocities conspiracy website, to the stupid missions you have to go on like "run into the base and stab people who are cutting up aliens" or "fumble around underwater because we needed an excuse for a boring and annoying underwater mission", I hate it all. I hate the stupid weapons, the skills, the cybernetics, it's all like a nerd enthusiastically describing "Neuromancer" to a girl he just met on the bus and then getting maced by her.

■ **Scotty_Vicks attempted to blindside me with a request for the critically acclaimed *Combat Mission: Beyond Overlord.***

It takes skill these days to make a World War II game that isn't gulped up by the cow-eyed masses, and somehow Battlefront has succeeded. The battles in the game take place on a rectangular area floating above a single dull texture that's supposed to represent the surrounding region. The computer has the strategic planning of Wily Coyote and absolutely ignores obvious ambushes, fields of fire, and all of the other good stuff that makes it child's play to completely crush the computer opponent. There is absolutely no campaign game despite what the menu might trick you into believing, and the multiplayer is awkward in rare instances and more often completely dull.

At least Beyond Overlord didn't prepackage any scenarios that the engine simply could not handle like the hilariously inept Stalingrad scenario in Barbarossa to Berlin. On a 2.5 Ghz P4 the computer turn on that map takes upwards of TEN MINUTES to process. No exaggeration folks, ten fucking minutes of staring at a progress bar. AMAZING!!!

■ **DLane offered up another heavily requested game by the name of *Diablo II*.**

Horrid.

About the only positive thing I have to say about Diablo II is that it's marginally better than the first Diablo. You're still exploring extremely limited areas of either wide open fields or maze-like dungeons populated with color-coded monsters that absolutely reek of "our sprite budget ran out of money". The combat boils down to pointing and clicking, meaning that the faster small monsters are inherently tougher than the large slow monsters. The inventory system is limiting shit that's even worse because your only place to store collected items is a chest that holds about as much as the third pocket on blue jeans. The companion AI is a spastic mess that likes to run off and open doors and then come running back to you with a train of monsters from halfway across the map. The save system is sub-console RPG in quality, probably because of the hideous online component of the game that somehow keeps idiots and the hopeless glued to their computer hoping to get a better "Meph Drop". The skill system is pathetic and encourages you to ignore the majority of skills completely. The magic system is basically non-existent.

Put simply, Diablo II is a fucking abomination.

■ **JohnnyHildo requested my opinion on *Return to Castle Wolfenstein*.**

The only surprising thing about Return to Castle Wolfenstein is that it somehow did not feature a female Nazi zombie in skin-tight vinyl with giant breasts. How id could develop a sequel to a game with a story as ridiculous as the original FPS Wolfenstein and make it completely devoid of humor is incomprehensible. The Wolfenstein franchise was begging for a giant zombie Hitler or Nazi blimps piloted by robot rocket men, instead we get Day of the Dead 1942 and a fagtastically self-serious evil Nazi magic plot. The enemy AI is scarier than the creatures, many of the missions are dumb and have nothing to do with the idiotic main story, your character is even more generic than he was in the first Wolfenstein, and the bosses make chaingun Hitler look like a stroke of mad genius.

Once you've enjoyed all of the fun you can have in the single player campaign by changing the screen resolution, changing it back, and then exiting back to the menu, you can play the multiplayer component! Amazingly id has released a grand total of ONE fun map, and foolishly released it prior to the game itself as a multiplayer demo. The rest of the maps are overly large, nonsensical, and unfun with obtuse victory objectives that frequently made me quit servers about thirty seconds into a round.

■ **The second installment of the failed *Freespace* franchise gets a lot of love from ForbiddenWonder among others on the forums.**

Freespace and Freespace 2 were both absolutely generic space flight sims. About the only concrete good thing I've ever heard anyone say in all of the irrationally slavish dicksucking posts about Freespace 2 is that the beam weapons look cool. Yeah, great beam weapons. Forget about the uninspired ship designs, the carbon copy plot, the one dimensional characters you'll grow to love about as much as the microscopic dust mite crawling on your eye, the obviously scripted missions, and the other missions that are just painful to complete. Yeah, but dude, the BEAAAAAAM WEAAAAAPONS.

■ **EternallyWithin was a big fan of *Halo*.**

Oooooh, cars!

Halo is hands down the best console first person shooter. In a wholly unrelated story Pete Douglas is hands down the best pants shitting retard in Cornly County.

Everything about the game says "dumbed down for console". As long as you are facing an enemy your gun hits them. You can only carry two weapons because finding a cycle button would be impossible on the monolithic Xbox controller. The joystick sensitivity is akin to the penis of a corpse that just had Novocain injected into it, possibly to prevent the slightest movement from flinging the view away from the enemies. Speaking of enemies there are about three different enemies in this game. The verisimilitude of miscreants you will face makes the anemic clutch of spacespawn in Unreal 2 look like the New Brooklyn Space Zoo.

Oh, but you can drive a futurejeep around! Whhheeeeee! All of the vehicles may handle like you're a drunk driver, but fuck, cars in a shooty game I think I done found Nirvana!

■ **Basil Fawlty takes a break from hotel management to wonder what could possibly be wrong with *Freelancer*.**

1998, Chris Roberts Rumpus Room

> "Hey guys, let's make a new Privateer game"
>
> "Awesome Chris, but we can't, we don't have the rights!"
>
> "That's okay, we'll change little details and give it a different name, but the fans will know!"
>
> "Okay, like what details?"
>
> "Oh, I don't know, like everything that made Privateer fun. Yeah, let's take all of that out. The dynamic economy, the setting, hiring escorts, the freedom to spend as long as you want just flying around and doing shit, a reason to get better and better ships. Hell, I'm so high from huffing paint thinner I think we should just go ahead and have people control their ship with a mouse!"

"YOU TRULY ARE A VISIONARY."

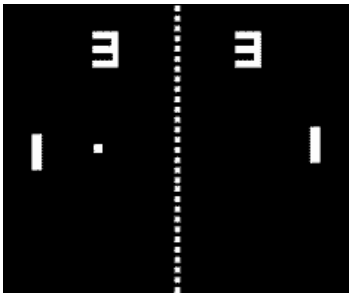
■ **Ysa considers himself something of a *Rollercoaster Tycoon*.**

The most - no, the ONLY - fun to be had in Rollercoaster Tycoon is with designing coasters that kill the people riding it in an exciting or hilarious way. The rest of the game is a boring theme park management sim where you have to try to keep your patrons from puking too much and pissing their pants. It's like the Sims on a grand scale with a haunted house and bumper cars instead of a TV and a toy train. If you liked micro-managing the infantile sadsacks in the The Sims then you'll probably love Rollercoaster Tycoon. If, like me, you just enjoy sending the complaining bitches to a fiery grave then you can expect to have fun with this title for almost ten seconds.

■ **KrYpTiC likes *Pong* and has an annoying name.**

Pong isn't a game, it's a screen malfunction attached to a controller.

■ **Reader Keith McLeod suggested I take a long hard look at *Battlefield: 1942*.**



Beyond dull.

Loading up Battlefield 1942's single player campaign you'll find a shitty throng of bots waiting to run around like a bunch of decapitated chickens, jump in and out of vehicles, manage to practically drive tanks in circles for no apparent reason, and generally be worthless. If you can't breeze through the single player campaign in about 4 hours then you should probably uninstall the game because you're going to get slaughtered by the experts online. The ONLY thing the computer is good at is bombing with aircraft, and for some reason it is incredibly good at that. I have been in sniping position before and have had the computer drop bombs ON MY SCOPE.

Once you've had your fill of butchering the AI it's time to patch the game about ten times and fire up the internal server browser. Get ready for a wonderful experience of more time spent watching the game loading than actually playing, repeatedly getting disconnected from servers for no apparent reason, and inadvertently jumping into friendly fire servers where your team mates run around team-killing like ingrates. If the capricious gods of Battlefield 1942 have blessed you, you might stay connected to a server for long enough to play three or four rounds of a game. During this time you will see players plane camping, players destroying their own team's planes with tanks and rockets, idiots unable to even take off of an aircraft carrier, jackasses who stop moving to fire with a tank, and a shitload of medics who only picked the medic class so they could heal themselves.

War is hell.

Stunningly bad.

■ **CBM Prez, Ronnie Cummings, and several other readers suggested I gear up for a frontal assault on *Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic*.**

Star Wars: Sensitivity Training of the Old Republic is a moral crisis simulator for liberals. You are presented with encounter after encounter where it is your job to solve the crisis by using "The Force" (aka liberalism) or "killing them" (aka conservativism). Naturally the game doesn't present you with any realistic conservative options because it's yet more propaganda from the liberal media. You'll encounter some kids picking on an alien and your only options will be something like "hey you guys Fgnurd are people too, now leave him alone or I'm calling your mom" and "alien scum, prepare to

die." There's no compassionate conservative option like "back off kids, let me take him back to Fgnurdia where he belongs." Instead the conservatives are castigated as the "Dark Side", a bunch of evil warlike bullies waging a (justifiable) war against the corrupt leadership of the communist Jedi Council.

■ **Fifthace literally dared me to make fun of *Goldeneye*. I think someone owes me a Coke.**

I fucking love whiny Nintendo fan boys who dry hump Goldeneye and then turn around and act like Halo is shitty or bitch about the controls. Goldeneye was fucking WORTHLESS. The hideous Nintendo64 controller afforded the first person shooter experience of trying to remote control a drunkard using a handful of knives. The enemy AI was fucking worthless, coming at you in bumbling (not to mention sometimes respawning) swarms. Multiplayer was choppy and hard to see on anything but a wall-sized screen, with colors blending together into a blurry clump that made shooting an opponent at anything other than point blank range impossible.

I could not play Goldeneye for more than five minutes without nearly going blind from eyestrain. The N64 was an awful console to try to introduce the world to 3D FPS games. The controller was, as mentioned, a painful contraption designed by hateful cave midgets in Japan with all of the fine tuning of a Ford escort that's been sitting in the rain for 10 years. The processor lacked the ability to do 4-player split screen regardless of what any number of entertainment starved idiots will tell you. And the graphics were passable in singleplayer and a sad mess in multiplayer.

■ **Schmendrick and others on the forums encouraged me to buy *F-Zero GX*. They get my review in return.**

I watched the videos, I looked at the screenshots, and for some reason my common sense didn't kick in and I thought to myself "hey, Nintendo can't produce JUST idiotic and juvenile games. A futuristic racer has a pretty good shot of escaping the Nintendo curse and hell, the graphics look amazing."

Super cuntastic.

I was completely wrong on every count and more. I bought F-Zero and to date I have played about fifteen races and I doubt I will ever play more. Every single character in the game makes me want to rip my Gamecube out of the TV stand and hurl it out a window followed closely by saliva and curses. They're not just dumb, they make me feel literally gay. Like they're sapping my heterosexuality every time they appear on screen.

The characters aside the screenshots and videos LIE. The graphics are not good, they fucking suck. A bunch of Gee-Whiz neon signs and flashing lights totally fail to hide the low quality textures of the tracks and the fact that you're driving at a billion miles an hour doesn't conceal the fucking HORRID car models. They are seriously maybe 100 polygons each, and the textures are beyond bland. Modding your cars requires you to unlock about five billion components by completing hideously unfun race circuits.

Did I mention that the core of the game - the racing itself - is unbelievably bad? No? Let me count the ways.

1) You are racing against about 100 cars that all look identical when you're driving fast. The only time you ever even notice a distinction among them is if there's a red arrow telling you to kill one.

2) The attacks in the game are worthless and stupid. Yeah, let me spin really fast in the

middle of a race. Watch me never even make contact with anything other than a wall.

3) You win races based entirely on boosting and hitting speed strips. Every single opponent is racing "best path" without ever fucking up or slamming into a wall. You on the other hand spend 9/10ths of the game with sparks shooting out of the side of your car closest to a wall and then rely on boosting and speed strips rather than anything approximating skill to win each race.

Now let me go into the games forum and share my disappointment with - oh wait, what's this?! THEY ALL LOVE IT! What a surprise, five hundred idiots are all licking Nintendo's greasy asshole over another total shitbox of a title. WELL I FUCKING NEVER.

■ **Finally, the single most requested game on both the forums and via e-mail was *Xenogears*.**

Curse Japan.

Xenogears is the hip new underground band that people start liking when their predecessor "sells out" to the public. When Final Fantasy 7 became main stream all of the trendy game nerds flocked to Xenogears like each copy came with free Sailor Moon pillows and Doritos. It didn't hurt that the game was framed around enough anime to titillate the least greasy fan boy in the bunch and featured the perennial nerd-staple of giant battle robots.

The story was simultaneously confusing, boring, and idiotic, a trifecta of storytelling that would be a footnote if the game didn't revolve so heavily around the painfully dull plot. The combat was exactly what you would expect from an RPG made by Squaresoft, which is to say it was unrealistic, slow-moving, and about as enjoyable as painting your legs blue with a metal whip. The graphics were above average for the Playstation but still exhibited the same chunky and under-detailed 3D graphics we all know and love from many CD-generation Square games as well as horribly pixellated sprites.

The game really strutted its stuff on the second disc, where the developer's budget ran dry and they were forced to recount literally thousands of words of story through text bubbles. If you thought the second disc of Xenogears was good then you should probably punch cops on the street until some judge somewhere agrees to have you sterilized.

If you feel your blood boiling with rage after reading any part of this update I encourage you to e-mail me and let me know just how angry you are. If you're mad because I didn't get around to explaining why your favorite game is utter shit then I suggest you to direct all of your e-mails here, so that Livestock can read them and carefully reply to each.

■ Radiohead Fans, Prepare to Get Angry

It is my honor to introduce Something Awful's new resident music critic Dr. David Thorpe. Dr. Thorpe has a long and illustrious career teaching music culture or something at some college in New York, I don't know, I don't keep track of our writer's biographies. Wherever we found him begging for change he's now here to put the torch to the feet of every musician under the sun with his new column Your Band Sucks.

Kid A and Amnesiac replaced the inarticulate poetry and weird-for-the-sake-of-weird musicianship of OK Computer with a brand of synthesized rambling usually associated with the crazy, bearded, compulsively-masturbating auteurs of "IDM," which is an imaginary sub-genre of electronic music (the "I" stands for "Intelligent" which stands for "pretentious and meaningless"). One would think that such wild-eyed, obstreperous garbage would have no choice but to be interesting, but Radiohead once again defied expectations by making the albums as boring as a tea-party with grandma. Not even your own grandma, with whom you had an emotional connection. This was like a tea party with your neighbor's grandma. The decidedly lukewarm reaction from the music press only added to the die-hard fans' mistaken impression that these albums were deep and mysterious.

I suggest you go and read this column immediately. Your music education may depend on it!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.28 Fire In the Hole!

Tuesday, Oct 28, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This car is truly "2" fast and "2" furious. Oh NOS!

Fire is one of mother nature's most destructive forces, an unstoppable power which relentlessly consumes and devours all it encounters in a burning display of unquenchable lust. Think of it as a really warm version of Louie Anderson only not as moist and with much nicer teeth. Oh, and it never hosted "Family Feud" either, although it would be funny as hell if it did. Mankind has been battling the elemental powerhouse known as fire ever since the prehistoric caveman days, as shown by this authentic quote I didn't copy and paste from a reliable bogus news source which I made up and never existed because I'm a filthy liar who runs a website about the Internet:

> **FIRE BURN CAVE AND ROCKS AND GROUND MAKE BIG SMOKES - SOME GUYS FEARED DEAD**
>
> *Woolly Mammoth Springs, Big Green Land Near Water And Big Rock:* a fire burn cave and some guys feared dead now from this fire burnings. Caveman Gug saids, "WE TRYS TO RAN FROM FIRE BUT FIRE BURNS US ALL" says Caveman Gug. He wife was burning as this news hits the presses. Caveman Gug plan to eats wife in tribute to her baby-sac baby-producing gut that makes babys. Fire burns up Caveman Gug's cave, burns trees in field next to hole that smell bad and makes you hurty when you dump yourself in it, and burns sacred Orchard of Skulls Which Are Not Our Skulls But Rather Skulls of Enemies Who Were Stabbed With Stabbing Sticks Of Ours. Damage is to be estimated at millions of shiny rocks and beads. Fireman Duh says "OW I AM ON FIRE, PLEASE HELP FIREMAN DUH, WE NO HAVE TAXES IN PREHISTORIC DAYS THUS LEADING TO AN UNDERTRAINED AND UNDERSTAFFED FIRE DEPARTMENT, FIREMAN DUH'S ARM FEELS LIKE PAIN OF A THOUSAND CAT BITES!" Fire was raging uncontrolled until tribe moved to new cave with less straw but smells less bad like a big butt.

I had previously planned on scanning this important news article and posting an image here as proof, but a fire just broke out in my rumpus room and burned the newspaper to cinders. You may see actual footage of this fire as well as a dramatic reenactment starring Tom Bosley if you watch "Wildfires Gone Wild!" Tuesday on Fox. This example helps prove my point that fire is bad, being on fire is worse, and mankind is suspiciously susceptible to the infernal inferno's sweet siren songs of ecstasy. If you're stupid enough to still disagree with me and my airtight assertation that "fire = bad," check out the following shocking and inflammatory results of an informal questionnaire I took when most of the people polled were sleeping and possibly not living:

Smoke weeds every day? I think not! Beware of this field of lies!

QUESTION #1: *Would you liked to be stabbed in the eyes with fire?*

89% - No
6% - Yes
5% - Undecided

QUESTION #2: *Do you think fire would make a good President?*

94% - No
3% - Yes, but only if it ran as a republican
2% - What's a president?
1% - Radiohead

QUESTION #3: *If you had to choose between getting burned to death and winning a million dollars, what would you choose?*
17% - Winning a million dollars
1% - Getting burned to death
(NOTE: POLL QUESTION HAS A 82% MARGIN OF ERROR)

QUESTION #4: *Would you let fire have sex with your wife?*
91% - No
3% - Yes / I don't have a wife / my wife is a whore and would have sex with it eventually anyway
4% - Why is 4% ranked below 3% even though it's a larger number?
2% - Because I'm too lazy to switch them
0.00000% - what

Not even the the five-inch guns aboard the US Wisconsin are protected from the harsh mistress of fire. All hands on deck!

Once again, highly important and highly scientific scientific studies have conclusively proven that science, along with studies, has established a direct correlation between mankind's eternal hatred of fire and humanity's inherent fear that if they answer a poll question "incorrectly" I'll start sending them Polaroid photos depicting me making out with their dead relatives. Our society shuns fire and the death, destruction, and delicious flame-broiled hamburgers that it brings, acting much like Frankenstein in the classic self-titled movie "Dracula" who, when confronted with the option of getting burned to death by torches and flaming sticks, remarked, "fire bad, Toyota Corolla good" or something else vaguely along those lines. I think ol' Frankie had the right idea, and if you happen to disagree with me, well then I hope your soul and face are both cleansed by the flames of righteousness currently sweeping the west coast by storm. Er, a storm made of fire that is; like instead of rain falling down there's fire, which is much hotter than water and would probably burn your throat if you tried to drink it. Oh, and wait, the storm doesn't rain down either, it kind of burns upwards, so for all intents and purposes it's like a reverse-o-storm.

Cheap Date Ideas - *Teach your date something. Maybe how to drive a manual car - go to a secluded car park, put some soothing romantic music on and teach. You'll have more fun than you might imagine.*

Actually this isn't the quote I meant to copy and paste, but it does bring up a valid point: who in their right mind actually considers taking somebody on a date to teach them shifting in a manual transmission automobile? I thought my clever concept of "sitting on the couch and forcing my girlfriend to watch me play *Madden 2004*" was a lousy date idea, but the whole manual transmission thing just blows it straight out of the water. This helpful suggestion brings back memories of the time my dad tried to teach me manual transmission in the Longview Community College parking lot. He just kind of screeched at me nonstop for two solid hours until I was weeping so much that the number "4" on the gear shift looked like the letter "R" and the truck refused to move in any direction whatsoever. That was the worst Saturday of my life and if I could travel back in time a week ago to erase it, I would. So the next time you're on a boring date and think it can't possibly get

any worse, remind yourself that a "professional" dating site actually suggests you and your loved one go out to learn the wonders of manual transmission while John Tesh plays softly in the background. "You'll have more fun than you might imagine." Well I'm imagining "absolutely zero" right now, so I doubt it would be difficult to top that. Anyway, back to the article:

> **California wildfires wreak havoc** - *More than 8,000 firefighters were trying to contain at least 10 different fires in the region early Monday. But Dallas Jones, director of the Governor's Office for Emergency Services, said most of the fires were less than 20 percent contained, and some not contained at all. Eleven deaths in San Diego County are attributed to the Cedar Fire, which has grown to 115,000 acres as of Monday, fire officials said. Two people died in San Bernardino in the Old Fire, which has reached 24,000 acres. San Diego schools are closed Monday, and "only the most essential services" will be operating. San Diego Mayor Dick Murphy asked residents to conserve water to provide more for the use of firefighters.*

See what I mean? Fire is evil and there's no way anybody can successfully debate this fact without me challenging them in fisticuffs. Try flying to San Diego and presenting your ignorant pro-fire support to a few thousand displaced residents who used to have a house but now have a big lump of black and brown things which I guess are burned boards and window panes and grout and whatever else houses are made out of these days. Those people would find your pro-fire arguments incredulous as best. I'm not sure what the government can do to stop such horrible outbreaks of fire, maybe they can put a tax on excessively high temperatures or make fire illegal; that method always seems to work for California. Even if it doesn't have the desired effect, perhaps it will cause Diane Feinstein to shut up for 20 consecutive seconds, and that's a fantastic thing no matter how you look at it. There are at least 50 reports of uncontrollable wildfires across America every month (I'm guessing), and the only possible positive effect of these wildfires is that through God's eternal grace and will, the entire state of Texas might be engulfed in flames and won't stop burning until some time in the mid-24th century. Oh, and if you're reading this God, please make my rash go away too.

Holy moly, that must be George Lynch's guitar because that thing is ON FIRE BABY!

To defeat fire, one must first learn about fire and how it operates in high-pressure scenarios like telemarketing positions or Monday Night Football. The movie "Backdraft," an Academy Award-winning film directed by Clint Howard, explained many important lessons about this deadly beast. For example, it showed me that J.T. Walsh was a character actor who was only able of one role, the part of the evil bad guy who squints a lot. Now that he's dead, I guess he can add the role of "being a dead guy" to his impressive Hollywood resume, although I doubt it will help him get cast in too many upcoming movies, with the possible except of hosting his own UPN series. In order to protect you from the evil entity known as "fire," I have decided to collect and list all the information I know about this wily beast so you, the reader, will have a series of words to look at while your tacky house burns down around you and guys in red raincoats shout encouraging things at you like, "you stupid idiot, get off the goddamn Internet and leave, your house is burning!"

> **FACT #1: Fire is hot.** If fire wasn't hot then it wouldn't be fire; it would be known as something else completely different like "water" or "a desk" or, under certain circumstances, "The Detroit Lions." Fire is so hot that it will undoubtedly burn you if you stick your bare hand in it and shout to your halfwit inbred buddies, "hey guys, watch what I can do, I saw this trick on a TV show last night!" It might even burn your arm if you *don't* shout that particular string of words; fire does not care about you and will

not behave differently no matter what you say to it. People have used fire throughout the ages to cook meals, warm themselves, burn down enemy churches, burn down enemy enemies, and to convince people they should see the latest Jerry Bruckheimer film. Fire reaches temperatures of, shit I don't know, a whole bunch of degrees. If you've got something that's on fire, it's a safe bet that it's also really hot and you should avoid direct eye contact with it. When I write "eye contact" I mean you shouldn't try to viciously rub your cornea against whatever is on fire. You might want to avoid looking at it too, just to be safe, but I don't remember the volunteer fireman giving any advice like that when he visited my junior high school last year.

Uh, merry Christmas?

FACT #2: Fire burns things. It's an uncontrollable beast who survives simply to steal our precious oxygen and convert it into hydrogen peroxide or whatever kind of stupid chemical reaction occurs when fire touches something. Ancient Greek firemen used to say, "where there's oxygen, there's fire," and fortunately that saying never really caught on because not only is it factually incorrect, but it sounds stupid as well. Fire will burn almost everything you own including your computer, wardrobe, cat, chair, pencil collection, pornography magazines, Linkin Park posters, and hair. It will also burn your neighbor's hair. That's just a short abridged list; fire will burn much more than that, so don't get all cocky and think you're so goddamn special because your Miller High Life girl cardboard cutout wasn't on the list and therefore won't be burned. Let me tell you something, bub: she'll burn in hell along with you, so stop acting so smug! The only things fire can't burn are water, outer space, fireproof metal safes, and other fire. If you ever hear anybody say "fight fire with fire," you should probably laugh at them because, hell, what will lighting fire on fire with more fire do? Are we talking about creating recursive flames or something?

FACT #3: You cannot reason with fire. Police pay some guy called a "police negotiator" to "negotiate" with bad guys so they don't shoot hostages or make buses with Keanu Reeves travel at speeds over 50 miles an hour for extended periods of time. Firemen don't have a "fire negotiator" who travels to the scene of a burning blaze and barks commands at it through a comically large megaphone, and this is undoubtedly for a very good reason. "Stop burning down that lumber yard!" the fictional fire negotiator would shout in the general direction of flames. "You're just hurting yourself and you're making it more difficult for me to help you! Quit burning things for a little bit and come over here so we can talk it out, I'm sure we'll be able to get things straightened out!" This obviously wouldn't work because fire lacks ears and a brain that would make it care about some dumbass with a raincoat and megaphone. I don't even know what a fire negotiator could offer a fire; maybe a room full of ripe children made from coal with gasoline for blood, like those delicious Iraqi children who the American army recently blew up in that whole "blood for oil" war or whatever the hell those filthy west coast college hippies called it. Additionally, you should not try to shout racial slurs at fire

in an attempt to "psyche it out," because fire does not respond to your juvenile name calling and insults. Besides, I don't even know of any good racial slurs you can call fire.

If you ever encounter something on fire, you should follow these simple instructions:

- **STEP #1:** Scream "oh my god, it's a fire, it's a fire!" while waving your arms around and making comical facial expressions.
- **STEP #2:** I don't know.
- **STEP #3:** I don't know either.

I think one of the steps should involve stopping, dropping, and rolling, or perhaps throwing baking soda and water and yeast on the fire, but I honestly don't remember anything about even the most basic fire safety. This should demonstrate why I'm a webmaster and not a fireman. Wait, actually it doesn't even do a good job demonstrating why I'm a webmaster either. The point I'm trying to make here is that fire is bad and if you encounter any fire on the street, you should "just say no" to it and probably entertain the thought of moving to a better neighborhood, one preferably without talking fire. Well, unless you're a Texan; in that case, I hope you burn in hell with Caveman Gug and Fireman Duh.

no long distance and no roaming fees in your area

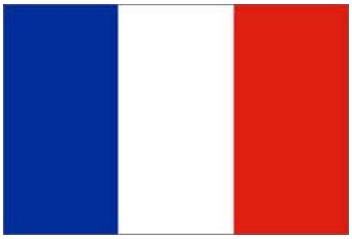
Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams keeping it short and to the point again due to a long weekend. I'm human, I can be tired. And I am. And I suspect you guys really don't care what I type here as long as I post pretty pictures.

Some times, late at night, after I've been awake for a few days and I'm hallucinating that Adam Sandler is walking around the house asking for baking soda, I think about the unholy marriage of machine and animal. Then I smile because the idea of a robot dog is just so cute. Then I realize Sony already did that, the idea stealing bastards. That didn't stop the Goons from coming up with their own animal machine hybrids. STEAL THIS SONY! You in San Diego, get to safety!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.29 Learning to Cope with France (France Surrenders)

Tuesday, Oct 28, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



The World's Snot Kleenex

In recent times, France's image has been damaged severely in the eyes of Americans, as well as American-like people the world over. With their staunch opposition to the war in Iraq, as well as their unjustified refusal to clean up the mess we made in Iraq, most people can't help but feel that the French are a rotten bunch indeed. Now mind you, this isn't new territory for Europe's effeminate drama queen of a son, it's just an escalation of old bitterness. France has spent centuries carefully cultivating a reputation as no less than the world's finest and most articulate nation of assholes. But is France really so bad? Is it so bad we have to conceal the contributions to this world that they probably didn't contribute in the first place, such as French fries and French toast? Do we have to freedom kiss each other instead of French kiss each other? The answer is no, definitely not. Even when a word takes on a negative connotation, that doesn't mean we have to stop using it or offer some pathetic substitution. For example, when the Nazis began killing millions we didn't rename them the Sourpuss Patrol. And let's face it, those crazy bastards in the Nazi party were a lot worse than the Frenchies, even if they didn't smell as bad.

So what is it about France that elicits such overpowering condemnation? It's a combination of a lot of factors. I'm sure that wasn't the mesmerizing scientific explanation you were hoping for, but Lowtax absolutely refuses to hire me a sexy young research assistant no matter how many times I ask. You creeps should know by now that I'm not the man to come to for answers. But I don't want to short change anyone, so I'll just go ahead and tell a lot of lies for the next thousand words or so. Honest Injun.

French culture.

A lot of people say a lot of bad things about France, and it's all true and justified. However, France is a part of this world that we have no choice but to accept and do our best to live with, much like an inoperable brain cancer. The country of France is not unlike that one obnoxious kid – and I'm sure everyone knows or knows of someone like this – that spends all of his or her time reading obscure and annoying books, condemning anything too plebian or overused, talking like a profound idiot with obscure words from the dictionary, and generally acting like some sort of social deviant trying desperately to hide the fact they were molested or bitten by a werewolf. Did I mention this person never bothers to take a shower? This explanation also covers France's inability to succeed in battle. That annoying kid always got his ass handed to him on a gritty decorative serving platter whenever things got hostile. I think, scientifically, the reasoning behind this inability to fight boils down to a rare genetic defect where fight or flight responses were substituted with prance or dance responses. And no, I'm not that annoying kid. Shut up. Seriously.

Some will argue that an inability to prevent getting brutally defeated at every turn is not a mark to hold against a country, but that's only half true. No one would care if the island Kingdom of Tonga, located somewhere in the ocean, possibly under the ocean, or possibly on the moon, got their ass kicked every damn day. Hell, Tonga might be in complete ruins right now. No one knows because it's the freaking Kingdom of Tonga. France on the other hand is famous, more famous than

even feisty little Luxembourg, and so they need to be able to not instantly implode at the first sign of danger. True, France hasn't been defeated recently, but it's only a matter of time before some tourist tries to ask for directions and the entire French populace mistakes it for a military coup and gives up control. If you think that's crazy, just keep in mind that warm weather practically killed half the country this summer.

A lot of you will say, "But Shithead – oops – I mean Josh, take a look at French culture! Isn't it the cat's meow magnified through a North Korean propaganda tower?" You can ask me that, and I'll do my best to not to restructure the layout of my hand into a fork, using my fingers as tines, and jamming them straight into your precious eye sockets while shouting "BETRAYER!" for some incomprehensible reason. There is something fundamentally wrong about glorifying French culture, especially when enjoying it firsthand requires you to put a clothespin over your nose and convince yourself that those cartoon stink lines you see are part of an all-consuming psychotic breakdown. No one should have to feign insanity and degrade their olfactory senses just to appreciate a culture.

France promotes itself for having a wonderfully sophisticated and pure language. I don't know what's so fancy about it, because it sounds like somebody trying to talk with a mouthful of spoiled cheese and poisonous spiders. And oh what a pure language it is, where a vile English word like "e-mail" gets transformed into the beautiful *courier electronique*. If somebody told me they were going to send me a *courier electronique*, I'd be worried that they just somehow raped me without ever really touching me. The only thing impure about e-mail is that it provides a means for me to get roughly ten thousand ads for pornography and magic telescoping penis medicine each and every day. Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying the Franch invented spam, because if they did we would definitely have some hideously gay name for it. E-mail was a fine enough word, even if it was invented by us snazzy English speakers. It's even got a hyphen – the laser beam of punctuation – in it! How cool is that? Meanwhile, the French language really does sound like somebody throwing up in your ear. While that might appeal to various aural abuse subcultures out there, it sure doesn't get my motor running. I suppose all that goes hand and hand with the mystique of the average Frenchmen, who captures the charm and suavity of a sex offender. It's not hard to imagine a dirty Frenchman being a repeat customer of unwilling women's vaginas, although it's a lot harder to get that image out of your head I suppose. Sorry.

The King of France.

What else does France have going for it? Well, there is Paris, which is a sort of central meeting cave for the various cave dwellers of the country. You can give them a few points for having the Eiffel Tower, but then that kind of looks like a glorified power antenna. If that is what passes for an international landmark these days, then I know some power lines around my house that have been sadly overlooked. There is a pretty neat sandbox and slide near me too. If it's art and history you crave like crack, don't forget France's beloved La Grande Louvre art museum, chock full of famous paintings from around the world, as well as the crude crayon etchings from the local folk. It's not much to look at, I know, but thanks to the universal nature of art even civilized people can take meager satisfaction in viewing it. Some consider France the cradle of the arts, and that's probably true since French art accurately depicts the emotional trauma of crib death.

All of this casually saunters back to the original point: France is an awful place, but it's a place that exists. It has nothing to offer the world except for more sass than a "Golden Girls" marathon and a pungent aroma that roars with the gusto of a thousand garbage dumps. We can choose to fight them and win, or we can choose to just ignore them and hope they grow out of this ridiculous phase. Personally, I think the United States should just declare them a part of the Axis of Evil and be done with it. Not because that would piss off France, but because being lumped in with France would be a crippling blow to the morale of Iran and North Korea. Then, while those countries are

depressed and running scared, we throw the world a curveball and invade Tonga. It's a solid plan and you know it. In all seriousness, I joke about France and say some mean things, but I don't really hate it. I just want it to die.

Now that all that is said and done, I'd like to apologize to the human community. I've obviously reached the bottom of the barrel if I'm down to mocking France, and it's nothing but jokes about monkeys, cheese, and flatulence from here on out. See you next week, you lucky devils!

The SNES Rampage Continues

Hello gentle reader, it's your old pal Taylor checking in with a brand new ROM pit review! This week's video entertainment calamity is a fine little ditty known as "Al Unser Jr's Road to the Top", and it's the only game I know of that features both go-karts and snowmobiles.

> *This is the most obnoxious of the four vehicles, simply because each go-kart engine sounds like a teenage nerd with a high-pitched nasal voice attempting to gargle a beehive. Each go-kart track is littered with tiny puddles of water, and touching any of these puddles will make your kart instantly whip a U-turn and skid backwards to a stop, where you will undoubtedly be hit head-on by at least three CPU racers in the process of working through their complicated AI instruction sets. ("go forward")*

Use your skill! Al Unser Jr demands it and it is not wise to disappoint him.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.30 Monster Stories that Didn't Quite Pan Out

Thursday, Oct 30, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Vampires, Werewolves, Frankenstein's Monster; these are just some of the creepy creatures that have managed to scare generations of easily frightened young children. As with everything in popular culture and mythology it wasn't always this way. Many moons ago, when the fog was heaviest around the haunted mansion of the collective imagination, many monster stories were told. Those that proved to be the most bone chilling made their way through the centuries to us, those that were about as scary as a nap in a hammock were mostly forgotten.

This spine tingling haunted spooktacular Halloween I would like to share three of the least scary tales of terror ever conceived. The First is a terrifying journey through the cerebral terrors of living alone in the terror-filled pioneer days of America. Old Ma Barker has nothing to eat but kidney beans, but one of those beans has a surprise in store for her when she fails to appreciate the generous bounty of the land.

The Cursed Bean It was a spooky October night, with a full moon in the skies above

Terrorlicious!

and all manner of bats and wolf howls and other such jackanapes of the creatures of the night. Old Ma Barker was carrying a sack of dried kidney beans to make a soup that night and she set it down on the counter with a sigh. She was so tired of eating kidney beans every night that she was nearly ready to hang herself.

"Oh Kidney beans," she said, addressing the sack of kidney beans. "I am so tired of your mushy soups and bland taste. I have run out of salt and now you are more horrible than ever. I curse you kidney beans."

Ma Barker turned away in disgust and began filling a cook put with water from the hand pump in her kitchen because this story is during the olden times. She turned the oven on and thought she heard a rustling sound coming from the counter but dismissed it as more bats that had flown in through the chimney. Ma Barker stirred the water in the pot because this was before TV and the people then had nothing better to do for entertainment. After marveling at the swirling water for a few minutes she looked over and noticed something was amiss.

A giant kidney beans with legs and arms ending in comically oversized white gloves was sitting at the table.

"Hee hee, hello!" The bean man cackled.

Ma Barker screamed and the bean man laughed, then she screamed some more, then the bean man sort of chuckled, then when she kept screaming the bean man stood up and told her to calm down.

"My name is Beanie and I am the ghost of all of the kidney beans you have murdered in your boiling scald pots, hee hee!"

Ma Barker slapped weakly at Beanie's comically oversized hands.

"P-please," pleaded Ma Barker, "don't kill me."

"Hee hee, why shucks Ma Barker, I wouldn't kill you!" Beanie giggled hideously. "You summoned me when you cursed my beautiful children, you must learn to appreciate the kidney beans. I am going to teach you to love us."

Ma Barker screamed one last time before Beanie could snatch up a broom and start sweeping her log cabin's floors. As she convulsed in terror Beanie made her bed, walked her sleepy hound dog Big Blue, and knitted a quilt to keep her warm.

"See, kidney beans aren't so bad, are we?" Beanie asked her a month later after painting her house, installing air conditioning, and making sweet love to Ma Barker every night.

"You're right," replied Ma Barker. "Kidney beans are truly a godsend to an old woman who lives alone and unloved."

And they lived happily ever after!

Bone chilling! The terrifying monster in our second story may be a bit more familiar to you since it's a legendary creature. However, it's not widely known that this half-human and half-horse beast once occupied a position in folklore very similar to werewolves. For the first time in over two hundred years, I offer you the story of the centaur.

Howl of the Centaur The moon was fuller than a bucket overflowing with moonbeams

Frightacular!

and wisps of clouds drifted past it. It provided illumination in the black forest of Widow Creek, at least enough for the lost lumberjack Joe Curry to find his way. He's been trapped in the forest all night, having lost his way when he got distracted thinking about winning marbles strategies. Back in the olden days men played marbles instead of watching pornography.

Suddenly, there was a howl that sent shivers up Joe's spine. It was shrill and unearthly, like a balloon deflating on the surface of Mars. Joe swallowed hard and nervously quickened his pace.

A few more minutes and the howl broke through the quiet night once again, closer this time, and Joe swore that he could hear an animal thrashing somewhere nearby. He began running, afraid of what beast might be pursuing him.

The howl came a third time, almost right on top of him, and as Joe ran headlong and panicked through the dim forest he was certain he could sense the beast charging after. He came to a shallow ravine and began to pick his way carefully but quickly down its

rocky interior. Somehow he made a misstep and lost his footing, sliding awkwardly down to the bottom of the ravine and bruising himself painfully.

Half dazed, Joe looked up and saw the beast. It had the upper body of a man, well muscled and with wild long hair and burning eyes, but its lower body was that of a powerful horse.

"Foolish human," shouted the creature, "you have been cutting down the trees of my forest for many days, and now you will pay the price."

The centaur climbed down to where Joe was struggling to get to his feet and grabbed the lumberjack.

"I am going to make out with you now," said the centaur, and began making out with the lumberjack.

After a few minutes the centaur stopped.

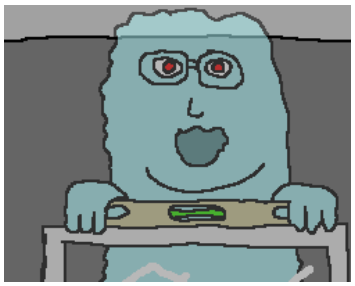
"Now I have planted my egg inside you and you will give birth to a new warden of this forest."

Without another word the centaur bounded out of the ravine, leaving Joe feeling flustered and slightly aroused. Then Joe felt the centaur egg stirring in his stomach and cried out in terror.

Poor Joe Curry! I know I wouldn't want to make out with a centaur, let alone give birth to a baby centaur out of my stomach! Truly terrifying, don't you agree?

This last story is one that is near and dear to my heart living here in Chicago. It relies on the legendary status of gangster Al Capone to lend itself power, but it is a tale of the walking dead that is truly unique. It is also not very popular.

The Ghost of Al Capone's Window Repairman Tamara and Huxley took the



Hauntastic!

dare against their better judgment. Twenty dollars a piece to sleep in the Al Capone's abandoned sea side resort house in Chicago. To say the place was decrepit would be doing a cosmic disservice to all things decrepit. As they pried open the rotten door of the house they shone their flashlights in and could see holes in the floorboards and pools of water.

They made their way carefully inside, trudging past sagging curls of wallpaper and rusted and useless light sconces.

"Ahhhh!" Tamara shrieked abruptly.

Huxley turned the flashlight towards her and saw a rat ambling between her legs.

"It's just a rat, calm down!" He hissed at her. "We need to find a place where we can put our sleeping bags."

They crept up the bowed stairs to the second floor. The whole staircase shook with each step and at one point Huxley's foot broke through one of the steps. They hurried up to the second floor where they found a reasonably clean room where the roof was still intact. Tamara walked over to a huge picture window and gazed out at the seaside cliffs that fell sharply into the Atlantic ocean.

"Uhhh, Tamara," whispered Huxley, "do you notice anything weird?"

Tamara looked around and, seeing nothing out of the ordinary, shrugged.

"Look at the window you crazy ho, it's brand new, like it was just installed!"

Huxley was right; the window was brand new, as if it had just recently been installed.

"Yeeeeesss," said a disembodied voice from the hall beyond, "thhaaaaaaat is my latest work."

A ghost totally just floated into the room like it did that sort of thing every day. It was carrying an ethereal carpenter's level and a wood plane and was sort of blue but also you could see stuff through it.

"Holy crap!" Tamara yelled and jumped away form the ghost. "It's a ghost."

"Yes," the ghost replied, "I am the ghost of Al Capone's window repairman. He died in prison before he could see all of the remodeling work I had done on his seaside retreat, so now I walk the halls for all eternity repairing the windows and installing new ones."

"Oh no!" Huxley shouted and held up his crucifix.

"Your parlor tricks will do you no good. I am going to haunt you now until the day you die, installing and repairing windows in your home or office. Then when you die you will haunt me and break all of the windows I install."

"Noooooooooooooo!" Huxley screamed.

"Nooooooooooooooo!" Tamara screamed.

And they lived happily ever after.

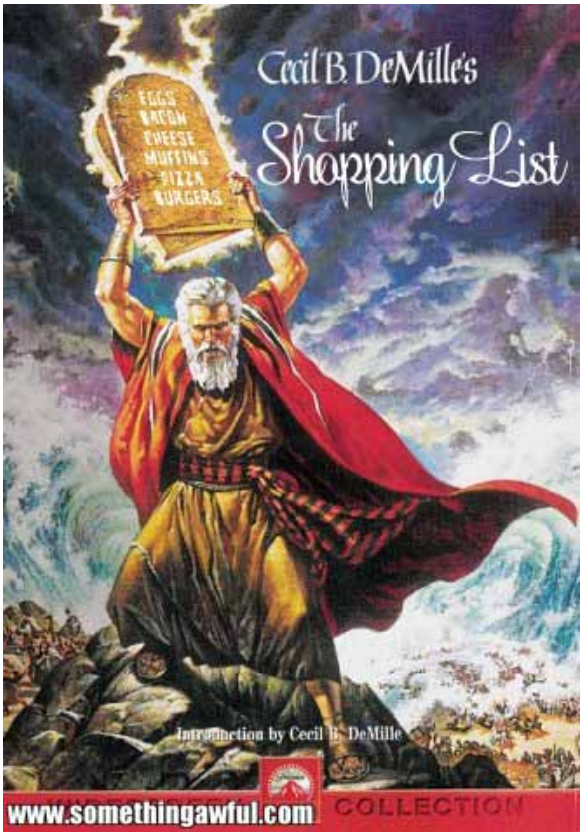
I hope this has been a frightastic Halloween for you! I know I have had my bones chilled nearly to absolute zero! Muhahahahahahaahahah!

◘ Image Enhanced with Adobe® Photoshop® Software Phriday

Hey gang, Livestock here with some disturbing news. It seems that I have abusing our fine English language. I tell you, I'm just as shocked as you are! For the last year I've been talking all about "Photoshopping" this and "Photoshopping" that. Well, apparently that's wrong and I've got to change. Anyway, it's time for another Phriday Variety Pack, featuring Abercrombie & Fitch's new line of shirts, as provided by the SA Forum Goons. In addition to that, we take a look at famous historical photographs and paintings made vanilla with the aid of Adobe® Photoshop® software such as Adobe® Photoshop® and Adobe® Photoshop® Elements®. Here is a preview picture featuring nothing of controversy or interest!

I don't want to be talking fool's talk, but I heard a rumor that if you click here your penis will grow at least three inches and ink cartridges will cost mere pennies!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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10.31 Real Life Halloween Horrors: Mormons

Thursday, Oct 30, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Real Life Halloween Horrors: Mormons

Let me start off this update by admitting I'm not exactly the biggest fan of formal, organized religion. My parents tried for years to infuse me with the values and deep-seated feelings of guilt that can only be achieved by attending Catholic masses or perhaps by getting drunk and murdering a family of seven. This fulfilling religious and moral upbringing began sliding off my back and into the reservoir of apathy the moment I realized my parents weren't religious at all, but were simply carting me off to chop lumber for an elderly Catholic priest so I wouldn't grow up to be the Antichrist or, worse yet, a homosexual Carol Channing impersonator. Oh, and before you can make the obvious joke that is just the absolute rage with late night stand-up comedians and mental halfwits across the globe, no, I was not sexually abused by a Catholic priest, although I did pee in one's pool once. I later went on to attend the prestigious males-only Rockhurst High School in Kansas City, Missouri, where I learned such important Jesuit traditions as "drinking a lot" and "cursing." I think they decided to exempt females from attending Rockhurst because scientific studies have proven they simply can't drink and curse as good as us men. Also I've never seen a single woman scratch her balls as well as I can.

The only thing that these years of superficial, shallow religious training taught me was that Jesus may be utterly swell, but his followers are boring as hell. I despised attending church every weekend because not only did it have the excitement appeal of watching a garden slug crawl over a bag of coal for half a day, but my knees couldn't withstand the constant pressure from the traditional Catholic mass ritual of standing, kneeling, sitting, kneeling, standing, kneeling, sitting, standing, and then eating a chunk of Christ's body. I'm firmly convinced that Catholic masses require you to stand and sit and kneel so many times simply so members won't fall asleep and have their leg muscles atrophy during the sermon, thus leaving the church a prime lawsuit target. I suppose I'm just inherently not the type of person who enjoys walking into a gigantic building, listening to somebody lecture to me in a monotone voice for an hour, and then giving somebody else a check to support a guy who is 2,000 years old. If I wanted to do that, I'd attend a Republican Congressional fundraiser.

No matter how much I poke fun at Catholicism and vocally despise Scientology, I will always have a warm place in my heart for Mormonism and our very special Mormon buddies. I'm simply amazed at how a wacky bunch of goofballs like the Mormons were not only able to become a $30 billion-a-year industry, but also somehow become socially accepted to the point where claiming you're Mormon in a public location does not directly result in laughter. Mormon Fever has thoroughly penetrated the icy gills of Salt Lake City and most of Utah, leading religious scholars like myself to ask society, "what the hell are 'icy gills' anyway?" Mormons make up over 70% of the population of Utah and this statistic would've undoubtedly been around 100% if some of the more devout Mormons weren't afraid that God would send them straight to hell if they used an unholy ink pen to check the "YES" box next to the question, "Are you a Mormon?" Now I'm sure that a good percentage of Mormonites are not crazy; if you're Mormon and you've somehow discovered a loophole in your nutty religion that allows you to read this website, than I can assure you that you're in that category and I don't really want to read your eloquent, long-winded email extolling the virtues of not drinking Pepsi. Some of you may not be familiar with the Mormon lifestyle and their beliefs, so I would like to take this moment to summarize a few of Mormonism's high points so you will have actually read something semi-interesting on this website which doesn't consist of nine paragraphs about my cats:

Mormonism, which is known as "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" to insomniacs and drunks who are awake and blindly staring at the various Mormon advertisements on public television at 3:40 AM Tuesday morning, was created in 1830 by Joseph Smith Jr. Like all stable and mentally competent individuals, Smith was convinced God spoke to him and regularly visited him at the age of 15. I'm not sure if God traveled all the way to Earth just so He could speak with Smith or if it was merely just a layover on his way to Venus or the sun or something, but that's the mystery of faith I suppose. Joseph was born in Sharon, Vermont, as the third son of Joseph and Lucy Smith. His father was a self-proclaimed "treasure hunter" who I can only assume suffered from chronic unemployment because, honestly, what kind of treasure is there in Vermont? I just looked at a couple photographs supposedly of Vermont and all they showed was a bunch of fields, a tulip, and some kind of building with a dome on the top. I didn't see any giant diamonds, bags of gold, or sunken riches anywhere, and trust me, I looked at the photos for at least a good 10 seconds or less. Joseph Sr. luckily had a backup plan to provide for his family, an intriguing and exciting idea which the authorities unfortunately dubbed "counterfeiting." As a child, Joseph Jr. would stick a magic rock on his forehead so he could find "hidden treasure." I am not making this up; he called it a "peek stone" and it was supposedly powered by his magical "third eye." You know who else had a third eye? That kid from the hit 1987 horror movie "The Gate" after the devil rose up out of his basement and started flailing around like a wet noodle covered in turds. Ol' Scratch just touched the kid and bam, an eyeball grew on his hand. I don't remember exactly why that happened or what potential useful service it would supposedly give Satan, but then again the Prince of Darkness was killed by a bottle rocket in the end of that movie, so I didn't really expect too many grandiose plans from him.

One day an angel named "Moroni" visited Joseph and told him the following exciting things:

> 1) His name would be known "all over with good and bad connotations," just like George Steinbrenner.
> 2) Jesus recently visited North America and buried a couple magic golden plates in the ground. This hyperdimensional dinnerware held all the recorded history of the Native Americans. I'm not quite sure Jesus would bother spending his time transcribing family trees of Indians on dinner plates just so he could bury them in the ground, but maybe my failure to understand this can be linked to my third eye needing a new set of contact lens.
> 3) There was a set of magic glasses named "Urim and Thummin" made of stone and attached to a breastplate. The only way to locate and translate the aforementioned magic plates would be to put on the magic glasses and, I assume, just start walking around while asking the glasses "are we there yet?" Ooh, or maybe they had one of those embedded transparent LED screens like car windshields have in all those futuristic movies. Was Joseph Smith given magic glasses by a time-traveling Bladerunner? Only time will tell!

Moroni also informed young Joseph that all Christian denominations were "corrupt" and he should not join them, which partially explains why he decided to create his own corrupt religion instead of using somebody else's. After his little meeting with The Great Moroni, Smith was just itching to head out and dig himself up some magic plates by using his magic glasses but Moroni forbid him from doing so for the next four years. To make him happy, Smith was allowed to visit the place where the plates were buried every year for the following four years, but he wasn't allowed to actually dig into it and retrieve the coveted religious dining set. Think of it as a really long, anti-climatic version of Christmas. Joseph finally grabbed the plates in September of 1827, at which point he and his two dopey brothers begin deciphering them. Their possession of magic dinner plates, magic glasses,

magic rocks, and regular visits by God convinced them that they were priests and apostles who could predict the future. I hope one of them predicted that they would go to jail and be stoned to death for burning down a printing press, because that's what happened to them shortly afterwards. While the angry mob was throwing non-magical rocks at them, Joseph Smith managed to shoot a few of them with a gun that was snuck into his jail cell, which is just an absolutely great foundation many religions should be built upon. I think more religions should be created by gun-toting murderer prison inmates who were killed by an angry mob for burning down printing presses. That and child molestors.

So what do Mormons believe in? Well hold on to your holy underwear, because here it comes. Mormons kind of believe in the Bible, but they don't believe the Bible is a finished book. According to them, the Bible is still in progress and they have taken the liberty of revising it over 4,000 times into a series of books named *The Book Of Mormon 2, Doctrine and Covenants, The Pearl of Great Price,* and *Prophecize, Don't Supersize: The Guide to Being a SuperGreat 21st Century Mormon.* You can buy any one of these wonderful books wherever fictional novels are sold. Mormons believe in polytheism, that the universe in inhabited by multiple gods who give birth to multiple "spirit children" just like how the guests on The Ricki Lake Show give birth to multiple "welfare children." According to Mormons, the Earth's particular god was once a man on another planet, possibly the sun, who was appointed to the counsel of gods through his intense lobbying and bribes. Devout Mormons believe that if we're good enough Mormons, one day we'll become gods and have our own planets which we'll get to populate by having sex with various "goddess wives." They claim the real and true God is some guy who inhabits a star called "Kolob" and has a wife and children. They do not explain what job God has or what his rush-hour commute is like every day, but I've seen pictures of Kolob and it ain't pretty. Once again, I would like to remind you that I'm really not making this up. If you don't believe me, here's an actual quote from Brigham Young, one of the big wigs of Mormonism fame and fortune, talking about how he feels the sun has been colonized:

> "Who can tell us of the inhabitants of this little planet that shines of an evening, called the Moon? ... So it is with regard to the inhabitants of the Sun. Do you not think it is inhabited? I rather think it is. Do you think there is any life there? No Question of it; it was not made in vain." *(Journal of Discourses, vol. 1, p. 219)*

Now this information is all swell and good, but what about the actual Mormonic people? Well here's a little story from Marie Peccia, a person who lives in an unfortunate area of the country surrounded by Mormons:

> I have a group of friends that mainly consist of the Mormon religion. Now, don't get me wrong, I have nothing against the Mormon religion. I have one friend in particular, let's call her Ruth. Now Ruth and I have been friends for a few years and one day I was over her house. She took me into her parent's bedroom and sat me down on an armchair. She looked at me very seriously and said, "Marie I have to show you something." I agreed, wondering what in the hell she could possibly want to show me. She walked over to a safe in the corner of her parent's bedroom and unlocked it and pulled out what looked like a white wash rag. She lifted it up to reveal it was a pair of white, cotton underwear.
>
> I was speechless, I mean what are you supposed to say when one of your best friends leads you into your parent's bedroom and takes a pair of white underwear out of a safe? I told her that they were nice and she laughed, "Don't be silly, these are my temple

> underwear! I wear them every time we go to the temple!" Once again, I was speechless. I suppose Ruth was ready that our friendship was close enough for her to show me these. I was touched, to say the least.

Mormonism: a legacy of magic underwear, magic glasses, magic rocks, magic plates, and a founder who became famous from his pastime activities of arson and manslaughter. Yet despite all these hurdles, the Mormon "religion" is able to raise tens of billions of dollars each year and somehow inhabit entire states like a slowly spreading cheese fungus inside your refrigerator. How is this possible? Who willingly joins a "religion" which teaches its members that God lives on a star named "Kolob"? I would imagine that they don't really advertise this aspect of their religious foundations, as not too many people would be swayed over by this particular angle. Oh well, maybe my frustration with organized religion and the Catholic church in general has led me to such a negative attitude regarding Mormonism. I wonder how much of their mass consists of sitting, standing, and then kneeling.

◘ Out, Out, Damn Cumshot!

Zack "Gripe Imperator" Parsons here with a timely new guide dedicated to weening America off of that hideous lousy ape monster called pornography. Fill your recycle bin and free your soul with this incredible guide!

> Television has gotten out of hand these days with sex. A few weeks ago was the last time I watched anything not shown between noon and six in the evening and I swear on the Bible itself that I saw Dan Rather kissing a man on TV. Since that moment I have turned to the best TV set ever made; the one God built in my head called my imagination! Sometimes I will gather my family and we will all sit in chairs and face the wall and just describe what we see there. I like to see people being eaten by lions and my girlfriend says she sees me finally getting out of bankruptcy and getting a real job. We have a lot of fun together!

Your very future may depend on reading this guide. So what are you waiting for, a reach around?

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.32 Secrets of the Comic Book Industry

Friday, Oct 31, 2003 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Your average comic book fan. Actually, I'm just kidding. Girls don't collect comics.

While most updates at Something Awful center around cornerstones of geek culture such as video games, masturbation tips (#1 - no punching), and internet life in general, they tend to ignore comic books altogether. Yes, comic books; our flammable friends that have been there for us since childhood. Where else would we have learned that no one should *ever* own a gun, but that choosing to wear spandex and throw people through walls is perfectly acceptable? Nowhere, aside from professional wrestling and maybe Richard Simmons. Comic books have always been there for many of us yet they continue to get the cold shoulder, even on this very site.

Fret not, gentle reader. This injustice will be corrected now that the front page is being updated by me, a very successful asian comic creator who used his formidable genius to avoid being both asian and successful. I used to spend my Friday nights seducing girls that shared my asian heritage with such pick-up lines as "If you were Old Yeller, I'd feel real bad when I eventually had to shoot you", and the always-popular, "If you were my girlfriend, I'd feel real bad when I eventually had to shoot you." Now that I write here, however, I spend those same Friday nights writing for the greater good, which is impressing cute asian girls and trying to get them to e-mail me. Actually, it's rather silly to limit myself to cute *asian* girls. I'll also accept letters from sort-of-cute asian girls.

Back to the point, though. As a comics industry insider, I've come to learn a number of secrets so shocking that they would even surprise the people I made them up about. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that I know more about comic books than Gary Condit knows about getting away with murder. As Spider-Man would say, "really?" Oh Spider-Man, you card! Yes, really! Will your wisecracking hijynx ever stop? Since I am a man of absolutely no morals (and frankly have nothing better to write about), I've decided to share the entirety of my scandalous comic book lore with you. Enough with this setup, let's get right to the action! Or as Gandhi would say, "It's clobberin' time!"

This is Mike Allred's Madman, perched on top of a gigantic floating brain. You need to read Madman.

- Comic books were accidentally invented by Albert Einstein sometime in the 1940's. At the time, they were simply a byproduct of Einstein's failed attempts to create the light bulb, a device which Thomas Edison -being the crafty bastard that he was- then proceeded to patent sixty years earlier.

- Although Batman is the world's greatest detective, one case proved to be too difficult for his finely-honed deductive skills. What is the mystery that haunts Batman to this very day? The unsolved case of "Who Let the Dogs Out?"

- The legendary creative team of Stan Lee and Jack Kirby collaborated on a project which they planned to call The Incredibly Gay Hulk. This was long before homosexuality was as socially accepted as it is now, and the executives at Marvel asked for the name to be toned down. The

comic's creators had no choice but to give in to this blatant homophobia, so the book's name was changed to The Pretty Gay Hulk. After a bitter copyright infringement suit filed by Michael Moore, the name changed once more, becoming The Incredible Hulk that we all know and love.

■ Aquaman is widely regarded as a close friend to all aquatic life, yet he exclusively commands dark-scaled fish to do his menial and labor-intensive tasks. Gefilte fish are given cushy executive positions in the lucrative underwater film industry, over which they rule with an iron gill.

■ For generations, fans have argued over which superhero team is better: Marvel's The Avengers, or DC's The Justice League. This is a pointless argument when you stop and think about it objectively. The Avengers are just as good as The Justice League, only much worse.

■ Not all comic collectors are antisocial rejects who rarely leave the house and smell "weird". I, for one, smell "icky".

Dave Barry has nothing to do with comics, but I heard he might read this site. This is him deciding to be my best friend forever after reading this update (in cyberspace).(on the internet)

■ While particularly high on magic marker fumes one day in the 1960's, Marvel's chief editor Stan Lee pitched an idea for comic books that would be made without ink. According to Lee, stories would be transposed onto comic pages using the "waveforce of the universe", and readers would use their untapped psychic powers to decode them. As you can probably guess, the idea was a huge success and netted Lee untold fortune and power. To this very day, Lee perches atop his diamond castle on the moon and watches over us all with a cold and predatory eye, waiting for the perfect opportunity.

■ *Superman can:*
Fly, perform feats of incredible strength, and move at near-light speed.
Superman cannot:
Ride a bicycle. Every time he attempts it, homeboy gets no more than five feet before losing his balance and falling over.

■ It was never publicized, but a Silver Surfer film began production some years ago. The project came to a terrifying stop, however, when the crew realized that covering a living man in molten silver was not the best solution to their makeup problem. Somewhere in Hollywood, a very shiny man is buried in a shallow grave along with one of the greatest scripts of all time.

■ You may think that making comic books is an incredibly easy process that simply requires creators to "come up with lame stories and draw them like any kid in middle school could". In reality, you're exactly right.

■ You probably know that Neil Gaiman is the writer of the groundbreaking and legendary Sandman series, alongside authoring numerous award-winning novels. What you don't know is that he's also the Chicago Cubs fan who arguably ended the team's season by reaching out for a foul ball that was still in play. Try writing yourself out of that one, wordass.

■ Collecting comics for profit is a complicated venture, especially when it comes to your collection's worth. The value of each individual comic book is dictated by its rarity, condition, and the last known status of Regis Philbin's hair.

■ Comic shop law dictates that there **must** be a tabletop gamer present in the back of the shop at all times. His duty is to size up customers as they come in, and either scoff at their non-geektitude

or nod approvingly. In case of an emergency, a gruff employee who never looks up from his collection of Magic cards unless it's absolutely necessary will serve as a replacement.

- Surprisingly, Spider-Man's greatest foe is neither the Green Goblin or Doctor Octopus, but a crippling addiction to child pornography.

Armed with this insider information and a flamethrower, you'll now be able to fend off any zombie that (for some reason) doubts your comic book knowledge. That is, as long as it's a slow zombie like the ones in Night of the Living Dead, and not a scary-fast 28 Days Later zombie. Now that I think about it, those weren't technically zombies at all so they don't count. Yeah, you should be fine.

State Og

My spider senses are tingling and that can only mean one of two things! Either it's time to introduce this week's State Og, or there was more to last night than innocently getting drunk and waking up in a barn with my pants missing. Check out this excerpt while I try to determine which of the two it is:

> *Sponsored by long-time Dallas favorite Larry Hagman, this dressing is not only the perfect food, it's also the perfect toothpaste! That's right: clean as you chew! Your meal will not only be delicious, but also foaming and minty! The top of your head will melt off somehow before you get a gum disease!*

You go ahead and read State Og while I make an appointment with the clinic.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 11

November

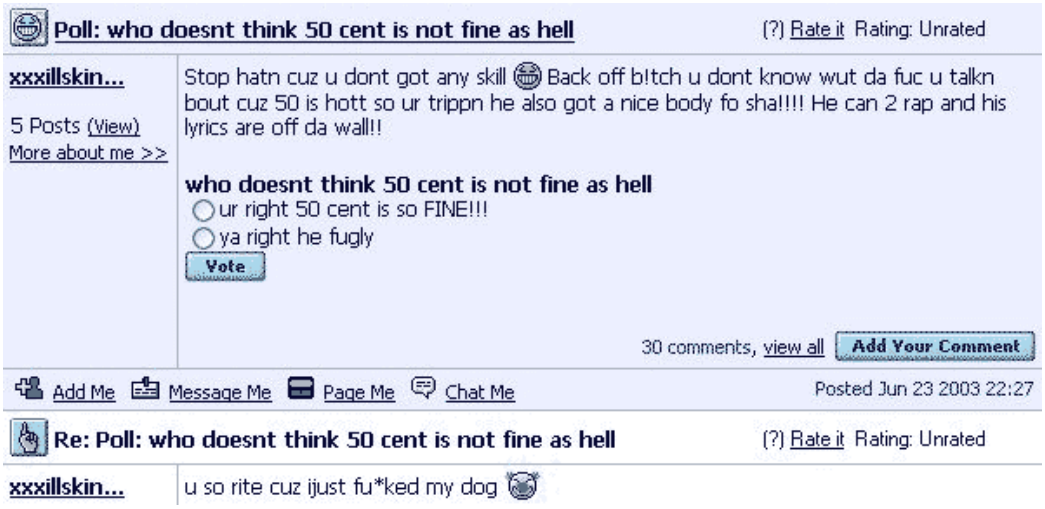
11.1 Not This Time, World!

Saturday, Nov 01, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Sorry everybody, but I just wasn't able to write an article this week, because I was killed by wolves. Well, not "killed," exactly. That's taking it a little far. But definitely maimed. Maimed by wolves. Well, actually "maimed" might be a bit of a stretch. People usually take "maiming" to imply some sort of grotesquely disfiguring injury, and that's not really the case, here. But I was most definitely injured by wolves. Well, "wolves" might be something of an overstatement. There was actually only one wolf involved, but I guarantee you that I was most definitely injured by a wolf. Well, scientifically speaking, "wolf" isn't one hundred percent accurate. It was more of a dog. A Norwich Terrier, to be precise. They're great dogs, especially if you're looking for a companion. But they are low to the ground. So I guess it's not entirely fair to say that I was injured by a dog, but I did trip over a dog, and that's close enough. So no article today. Sorry. Blame the dog.

The Weekend What? The Weekend Who? The Weekend Web

Continuing today's theme of people not doing their jobs, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Something or Other is conspicuously absent this week, as he was recently blown up in his apartment complex. Luckily, the bossman, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka was able to step up to the plate for this week's Weekend Web. The topic of choice this time around is music forums!

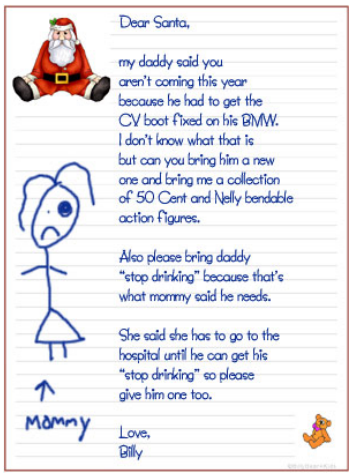

Poll: who doesnt think 50 cent is not fine as hell
(?) Rate it Rating: Unrated
xxxillskin...
5 Posts (View)
More about me >>
Stop hatn cuz u dont got any skill Back off b!tch u dont know wut da fuc u talkn bout cuz 50 is hott so ur trippn he also got a nice body fo sha!!!! He can 2 rap and his lyrics are off da wall!!
who doesnt think 50 cent is not fine as hell
ur right 50 cent is so FINE!!!
ya right he fugly
Vote
30 comments, view all
Add Your Comment
Add Me
Message Me
Page Me
Chat Me
Posted Jun 23 2003 22:27
Re: Poll: who doesnt think 50 cent is not fine as hell
(?) Rate it Rating: Unrated
xxxillskin...
u so rite cuz ijust fu*ked my dog

The Weekend Web! Live it! Love it! Read it!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.2 Failed Comercialized Holidays

Monday, Nov 03, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


Dear Santa,
my daddy said you aren't coming this year because he had to get the CV boot fixed on his BMW. I don't know what that is but can you bring him a new one and bring me a collection of 50 Cent and Nelly bendable action figures.
Also please bring daddy "stop drinking" because that's what mommy said he needs.
She said she has to go to the hospital until he can get his "stop drinking" so please give him one too.
Mommy
Love,
Billy

The greatest achievement of American capitalism is, without a doubt, the commercialization of religious and political holidays. With Halloween just behind us we are now heading into the home run derby of overeating, chintzy decorations and Japanese electronics that the naïve like to call "Thanksgiving" and "Christmas". I'm not a sentimental man, and I'm hardly a religious man, so far be it for me to bemoan the downfall of our once tender and spiritual holidays. I could care less if they turned Thanksgiving and Christmas into an amusement park full of prostitutes and feral dogs. However, as a participant in our capitalistic society I have to marvel at the accomplishments that went into successfully marketing and selling all of the major holidays.

That isn't to say that every holiday was and is an instant commercial success. For example Easter was long eclipsed by a holiday called Rat Chase Day from 1809 all the way to 1923. Eventually the Easter Bunny caught on and as rats were largely demonized and exterminated in urban America and their corresponding holiday's popularity declined. Instead of celebrating the successes of the holiday industry's efforts I would like to devote this update to remembering those holidays that almost made it to the big leagues. Some chugged along for decades before being largely ignored while others were fueled by millions in marketing dollars yet still managed to fail.

- **Rosa Parks Eating a Bus Piece By Piece Week**

Description: When Rosa Parks sat at the front of a segregated city bus in some backwards southern state where white people tend towards stupidity and meanness she changed the world with a gesture. When Rosa Parks consumed an entire segregated city bus one piece at a time she became a legendary symbol of how much one person could accomplish for civil rights. A week long holiday was declared in her honor from November 5th to November 12th and it is celebrated by swallowing small plastic bus parts and listening to classical jazz music. On the final day of Rosa Parks week families gathered to show off the bus parts they passed through their digestive tracks and, if possible, assembled a plastic bus from their collective efforts.

Origins: Few know that Rosa Parks was never even intended to change anything in the civil rights movement. She was actually a plant by Dow Chemical intended to prompt the creation of a holiday celebrating the murder of another black woman. When the tables turned and their robotic minion's attempted lynching turned into a bold statement against inequality Dow was quick to capitalize. They printed shirts, embroidered hats, and designed a number of plastic toys. These failed to sell, so Dow wheeled their robot out again a decade later and had it consume an entire passenger bus one piece at a time. Following quickly on the heels of this publicity stunt, came hundreds of various interlocking plastic bus components that were supposedly safe to eat.

Why it Failed: You will notice I said "supposedly safe to eat". That's because in 1984, over a decade after the plastic bus pieces appeared in stores, the FDA determined that eating them caused a number of side effects ranging from headaches to a specific type of birth defect. The birth defect involved explosions.

- **Aztec Sacrifice Day**

Description: Aztec Sacrifice Day was based around the briefly popular human sacrifice rituals and cannibalism that existed throughout the empire of the Aztecs. On March 19th of every year celebrants would gather either as a town or as a family and each would take a gift and throw it into a bonfire or hearth. This senseless destruction of purchased property was intended as a symbolic and jovial sacrifice to ancient Aztec gods. After destroying their gifts to the gods the participants would drink a brew called "heart's blood" that consisted of rum and human blood drained from minorities. A number of retailers offered gifts for Aztec Sacrifice Day including expensive boxes painted gold that supposedly contained "all things pleasing to the Gods" but actually contained the decaying remains of minorities.

Origins: Aztec Sacrifice Day was created in 1956 by the Johnson Radio Company and several joint advertisers. The idea was that Johnson's radios were so well built that people would buy them and then keep them for ten to twenty years. Johnson wanted a way to sell radios repeatedly and by devising a holiday that encouraged people to destroy expensive radios and other gifts they would ensure return customers. They seeded the press with stories about grisly Aztec rituals until the practice of human sacrifice had achieved enough notoriety to merit an all out marketing blitz. They then introduced their adorable mascot Blxlotl the Aztec God of Sharing. Blxlotl appeared in advertising as an extremely pathetic and non-threatening anthropomorphic sun surrounded by catch phrases like "I'm sooooo hungry" and "I need your love too!" Even though it was never declared a national holiday, Aztec Sacrifice Day remained fairly popular until the mid 1970s.

Why it Failed: After two years Johnson and his partners were cut out of the loop by shrewd marketers who offered their corpse-filled gift boxes in place of actual merchandise. These proved so successful that Johnson had to file for bankruptcy in 1962, thereby withdrawing all overarching support for Aztec Sacrifice Day. Also, some human rights people complained about drinking human blood, but they were mostly ignored in favor of the fun. Eventually people realized they were paying premium money for empty boxes and rioted, burning and looting a number of retailers, killing minorities, and drinking their blood. This brought an abrupt end to Aztec Sacrifice Day as it temporarily depleted the supply of human blood and corpse boxes.

■ National Do Not Draw Furry Art Day

Description: Not so much a profit-oriented holiday as the last desperate efforts of a non-profit group to save its reputation. The National Association for Professional Animators

lobbied long and hard to have this declared a holiday to stop - for one day at least - the endless stream of furry porn being churned out by thousands of amateurs across the Internet. All furries had to do to celebrate this holiday was put down their pens, pencils, and Wacom tablets for a single day and refrain from drawing 24 hours worth of crude giant wolf men fucking buildings and subways cars. The holiday occurred once, on January 10th of 1999, and never again.

Origins: The majority of furries couldn't draw their way out of a 8th grade art class and rely on professional animators to create characters and styles worth ripping off and adding genitals to. In a shocking turn of events the people who come up with characters like Gadget from the Rescue Rangers aren't really too happy with seeing people vomiting out detailed images of her being raped by a realistically to-scale horse. These animators turned to their non-profit organization to help protect their reputation and their livelihood, with limited success.

Why it Failed: Unfortunately for the NAPA, drawing shitty furry porn is the raison d'être for the entire furry community. Consequently, not a single furry artist participated in this holiday. In fact many became offended by NAPA's efforts and organized a grass roots campaign to produce as much furry porn in a single day as they possibly could. Almost three times the normal number of images of naked huge-cocked dragons inflating themselves by eating cake were created

- **Kid Rock Day**

Description: Everyone loves Kid Rock! And on Kid Rock day the merry musician will swoop around on his giant eagle Lord Chisholm and deliver presents and sweet treats to all of the children. Of course nothing as stupid as Kid Rock could possibly exist, so parents buy presents and candy for their children, dress up as Kid Rock, and take to the skies on the back of Lord Chisholm to deliver presents to their children.

Origins: Initially conceived as a means for shitty candy makers to bank on the mysterious success of Kid Rock and sell excess Valentines and Easter stock, the plan was later abandoned. A few years later, in 2001, the idea was revived by Kid Rock's own management team in an effort to resuscitate his terminal career. Fliers were printed, specialty candies and gifts were produced, and less than three hundred people ended up participating in the holiday. Of them it is estimated that over 90% were either profoundly retarded or suffering from some kind of strange congenital illness that causes random behavior based on two-color promotional flyers.

Why it Failed: Because it's Kid Rock. I mean, come on people, do I have to spoon feed you all of the answers here?

Just a few of the hundreds of failed commercialized holidays! Why I didn't even get a chance to cover World's Greatest Grandpa Day or Easter Island History Month. And who could forget the Magical

Balloon and Heliomas?! Not me, certainly, I've still got over thirty pieces of Heliomas memorabilia that I plan to sell on ebay. Those fucking balloon statues are worth their weight in Beanie Baby Skunks.

Coldplay Lovers, Warm Up Outlook!

Self-proclaimed scientist and musicologist Dr. David Thorpe has once again used his credentials to muscle his way into the world of music criticism. This week, he continues his quest to shame you out of listening to bad music by mercilessly deriding Coldplay, everyone's second-favorite pale English pussy-rock band.

In 2002, Coldplay released an album entitled "A Rush of Blood to the Head," which describes the all-too-frequent physical sensation of shame that lead singer Chris Martin gets when he wakes up in a pool of his own urine. The first single from the record was In My Place, a slightly peppier number in which Martin goes into full-blown poet mode to make such bold pronouncements as "Yeah" and "Oh Yeah."

Go and read this before you head to Coconuts or Sam Goody! Your trendiness may depend on it!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 Happy Headaches!

Tuesday, Nov 04, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

AnGeL gUrL

I'm getting a headache just thinking about the Fake SA today. I'm sorry to inflict such a pain upon you nice ladies and gents, but it had to be done. I blame the Internet.

I feel dirty

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with something fresh. Something new. Something disturbing.

You remember back when you were about 9 years old, and how on the weekends you'd bounce out of bed at 7 A.M.? And then you'd run to the kitchen, grab a chair and get the most sugar laden cereal in the house down from the top shelf. After making a huge mess pouring the milk you'd plop down in front of the TV, ready for three or four hours of Saturday morning cartoons. Man that was the best day of the week!And here we go, screwing those wonderful memories right up.That's right boys and girls; this week marks the first part in a trilogy of Comedy Goldmine updates, "Erotic Saturday Morning Cartoon Fanfics." We're disgracing all of your favorite morning fare, like He-Man, Doug, Alvin & the Chipmunks, and more!Here's a sample:

> Adam fell to the ground, out of breath. Man-At-Arms was being much too hard on him with all this training.
>
> "I'm sorry, Adam, but this is the way it has to be," Man-At-Arms said with a sigh. "Skeletor could attack at any time, and both you and He-Man must be ready."
>
> "Man-At-Arms," Adam said, as he stood up. "I understand that. But this is too much. You're much too harsh. I always thought of you as a second father, but the way you've been acting lately has scared me. It's like you don't care about my safety."
>
> Man-At-Arms looked into Adam's eyes. "I've always cared about you, Adam. More than you will ever know. And now I'll show you."

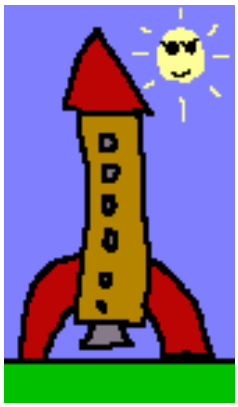
AND IT JUST GETS BETTER FROM THERE FOLKS!!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.4 A Space Invasion!

Thursday, Nov 06, 2003 by Tom "moof" Davies

Hello friends. This is Tom "Moof" Davies here, with another of my characteristically hilarious and witty articles. Actually that was both a joke and a lie. A joke because I have never written for Something Awful before and a lie because it is unlikely this article will ever be described as "hilariously witty". "A debacle of poor grammar and terrible jokes" would probably be more accurate and soon you will realize this.



A rocketship, ready for much adventure and excitement!

Ok I was hoping that would be enough for today's update but it appears I need about twelve times the number of words to fill the space provided. I suppose I could just copy what I already have and paste it seven times, but it seems like a waste to fill up the page with the same poorly constructed sentences over and over again when instead I can fill up the page with a variety of poorly constructed sentences over and over again. And so, my new friends, I am going to talk to you about space.

Many many years ago before wolves roamed the desolate post-apocalyptic streets of New York and Bill Gates invented the moon, the planet was ruled by ape overlords or perhaps aliens. To be honest I am not quite sure; I slept through my history classes in high school and, incidentally, all my other classes. Anyway the point is that a long time ago space did not exist, except in crazy science fiction movies like *Battlefield Earth, Star Wars,* and *The Land Before Time.* However, in the sixties when most people were holding hands and dancing in circles, a group of scientists discovered space. It soon became clear from their research that there are a lot of things in space. The moon is in space, the sun is in space, the stars are in space, spaceships are in space, aliens are in space, and it is even possible that our dear Planet Earth may be in space. As with any new frontier it was only about a week after its discovery before there were plans to explore it, colonize it, and build giant floating ships with hundreds of laser guns and ion cannons to destroy anything that may live in it. We are making good progress, and in the last forty years we have managed to put a flag on a rock. However I estimate that it will not be long until our dreams of cities on Mars populated by beautiful three-breasted women come true.

Bruce, I will never forget the special times we spent together. I love you. <3

Before we can create these magnificent planets filled with joy, love, and sharing, we must figure out a way to actually get into space. NASA is currently developing several next generation spacecraft that will make this journey possible. Although these plans are top secret, I managed to seduce a beautiful NASA technician named Bruce and what followed was an amazing night of passion and gathering of top secret NASA information. From the data I collected during that incredible night I was able to compile a list of a few of NASA's top candidates for the next-generation of space travel.

Flying Saucer

The technology behind flying saucers was discovered when an alien craft crashed into a cow in New Mexico in 1947. Before the aliens could apologize to the cow, the government had evacuated everyone in a three-hundred mile radius and declared war against the alien invaders. However no more aliens came and so the feds stole the spaceship and hid it in Area 51 on a shelf next to some Seg-

ways. Today NASA is trying to duplicate the flying saucer technology, although the task is made difficult because it is hard to distinguish between alien spaceship parts and bovine parts.

- **PROS:**

1. Glows in the dark.
2. Makes an awesome "whirrriiriiiirr" noise.
3. Does not explode as much as the space shuttle.

- **CONS:**

1. A lot of the technology was destroyed in the impact with the cow.
2. Flying saucer offensive to the British without a flying teacup.

Solar Sailboat

A solar sailboat sails on the high seas of space. It works by trapping the sun's solar wind in its sails, and uses this wind to float to unknown worlds and discover riches beyond our wildest imagination. It is armed with space-cannons.

- **PROS:**

1. Space pirates.
2. Boats do not explode as much as the space shuttle.

- **CONS:**

1. Space pirates.
2. They will not be able to sail at night because there is no sun at night.

Steam Train

Steam Trains have already been developed, and so we would save billions of dollars in research and development. However this saving is countered by the fact that no-one has yet figured out how to drive a steam train into space.

An artist's impression of a steam train in space, possibly escaping from aliens.

- **PROS:**

1. Steam trains already exist.
2. Steam trains do not explode as much as the space shuttle.

- **CONS:**

1. Lots of railroad to build.
2. Lots of coal needed.
3. Steam trains don't work in space anyway.

The Internet

The Internet can do a lot of stuff so I guess it could be used for space travel.

- **PROS:**

1. It is the Internet.
2. The Internet does not explode as much as the space shuttle.

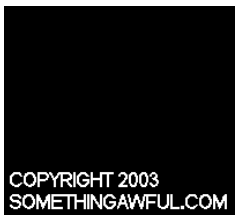
- **CONS:**

1. A lot of porn.

2. Additional phone line needed.
3. Crashes a lot.
4. May broadcast an IP address.
5. Contains terrible jokes.

As you can see, NASA has a lot of exciting tricks up its sleeve that will hopefully capture the public's imagination. But as a recent poll of the American people shows, not everyone is excited about this new era of interplanetary travel:

Would you like to go into space some day?
42% - No
30% - Where is space is that in Canada
25% - I am hungry
2% - I don't know
1% - Yes



A picture of space, as seen from space.

As the poll clearly shows, a lot of people are not at all interested in space. I do not know why this is. As far as I can see, space has everything that should appeal to the average American. First of all it is big. Very big. In fact it is so big that no-one quite knows just how large it is. The closest estimate I can get is *"pretty damned big, let me tell you that! Hahahaha!" - Professor Betrand Marmaduke of The University of Space.* Ha ha indeed professor, ha ha indeed. It should also appeal to Americans because it is very easy to find. Unlike car keys or a newborn child that can easily get lost under a cushion or in the washing machine, it is hard to lose space. It can almost always be found by looking up. So why do people not care about our poor, lonely space? I just don't know. But I do have some ideas to make it more popular with the kids.

- **Have a war in space**
  Even better if it is with aliens. Though it should be with an alien race that isn't very advanced, like alien chickens or something (not giant chickens though, that would be crazy). A war with aliens is sure to encourage interest in space, and would look awesome on Fox News.
- **Make movies about space**
  If there is one thing the world needs right now, it is movies about space. Perhaps a movie with some people on a spaceship, and then maybe something could happen and there would be adventures and it would be exciting. There might even be a movie with robots in space, and maybe the robots would be funny and everyone could have a good laugh. I don't know.
- **Add an exclamation point**
  Space!

Congratulations if you have read this far, you are a brave person. I hope you liked it, but if you did not then I don't care since you are just a person on the internet. Hopefully this article will go some way to persuading you that space is the future. I predict that in the next decade space will be the biggest industry in the world, and within fifteen years we will all be living on the moon and own moon-dogs and rocket ships. On the moon everyone will be happy and we will all live as a whole, there will be no fighting and everyone will get along and hug a lot and it will be beautiful. At least

until the aliens come.

-∼Tom "moof" Davies

11.5 Gary Leon Ridgway is a Shitty Serial Killer

Thursday, Nov 06, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

HAHA! 49! Suck it Ridgway!

Hookers! Well I never!

You smell that BITCH? That's the smell of defeat because your pussy wannabe 48 kill record just got SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACKED.

Excuse me folks, I hope you don't mind, but this is between me and serial killer Gary Leon Ridgway, so if it's not a problem please show yourself out. Ridgway, you're such a waste of skin. When I heard you tooting your own horn via that washed up lawyer I couldn't believe it. Not only did you think killing 48 people was something worth bragging about, but you sat there all smug and you didn't even get away with it. This isn't amateur hour poncho, what the hell kind of serial killer are you?

Since you seem to have trouble doing anything more complicated than murdering prostitutes repeatedly, let me itemize the reasons why you're a fucking pussy.

1. 48? 48?! Is that all you've got Ridgway?! I killed 49 and I just started six months ago. I figure by 2005 I will have killed off the equivalent of a non-incorporated township.

2. "I can't remember everyone I killed because blah blah I'm a cock-addled moron." You can't expect to compete in the big leagues and be taken seriously when you're pulling shit like that Gary. The reverse elephant shtick was old when that cannibal in Russia pulled it, and it's not getting any fresher as the years go by, so fucking drop it. You know how I just said I killed 49 people, well I was lying, I've killed a lot more than 49 people but I have to keep some in reserve in case your stupid ass starts "remembering". NEXT WEEK ON CNN: GARY LEON RIDGWAY CONFESSES TO KILLING INFINITY PLUS ONE PROSTITUTES. You fucking pantywaist reject.

Okay, now I'm starting to hate them.

3. Prostitutes! Why? "Because I hate them". Wow Gary - or should I say Mr. Originality - killing prostitutes, however did you come up with that? Were you perhaps inspired by every other serial killer ever in the history of the universe? Hmmmmm?

4. You had sex with their corpses. I mean come on Gary; you can't respect the game

until you respect yourself. Personally, I live by the motto "when it breaks, replace it". If your self esteem is so low that you can't find yourself a new prostitute instead of raping the corpse of the last one then you should be in a mental hospital, not prison. Jesus Christ Gary, even Dahmer had the sense to turn them into zombies by injecting shit into their brains, and he was the biggest lightweight since that half-assed date rapist Bundy.

5. Five seconds after I see that walking sleeping pill that is your lawyer talking about how many people you killed Larry King is preempting the shit out of Liza Minelli's gay ex-husband to talk to your neighbors. Imagine my complete and total lack of surprise when it turned out they thought you seemed like such a nice and normal man. That's not what being a serial killer is about Gary. Whenever I see some pillowy soccer mom in a "My Future Victim of Zack Parsons is an Honor Student" t-shirt jabbering about how nice a particular serial killer was a little part of me dies. Might as well tack on another kill Gary, because you fucking wrapped my faith in the profession in a shower curtain, beat it to death with a motel lamp, and cut off its ears as souvenirs you motherfucking HACK!

I think I've covered the five points pretty well here, but I don't think I have adequately explained why your murders were so lifeless and uninspired. Even taken individually, since you're practically one of those half-victim passion killers, your murders lacked conviction and anything resembling innovation. Let me leave you in the dirt by telling you about my murders, because I think two or three of them is worth more than all 48 of your last-minute effortless hack jobs.

■ **Murder Number One** - Okay, so my first killing was a prostitute, but you know what? We all have to start somewhere, and once I took off the hooker training wheels I spread my wings and flew higher than you can even imagine. I don't know her name but I rode past her on horseback, entangled her in a thrown bola, and beat her to death with a mace. A fucking mace! You don't see good old fashioned blunt force trauma like that these days. Then I fed her corpse through a salad shooter and bagged it in about fifty freezer bags. That took a lot of work Gary, very labor intensive shit, and not for the lazy serial killer poseurs such as yourself. Now get what I did with the body! You're thinking "he ate it", but that's just the kind of stinkin' thinkin' that would make Zig Ziglar have a fucking embolism on the elevator to the top. I broke into the mayor's office in Boory, Idaho and I fucking put the freezer bags full of corpse chunks in a time capsule they were burying the next morning. THEN I ATTENDED THE FUCKING CEREMONY! Because there is no point to falling action if you don't have the goddamn dénouement.

BAM! Stick around, another notch!

■ **Murder Number Two** - My second killing was a lot closer to home. I lured my neighbor over for cookies that I had supposedly made and then threw a weighted claymore mine at his face. I still don't know how the cops never caught me for that one, I guess his body burned up completely what with the five tons of white phosphorous I had stored in the basement. Shit Gary, I hated that guy from the day I moved in, and I mean that in the visceral sense, not the "oh I hate prostitutes soooooo much" sense that you're used to.

■ **Murder Number Three** - I stalked a waitress at a Denny's in Florida for almost a month. I left notes, jars full of semen, her scrunchies that I had stolen from her night stand and passed through my digestive system. I didn't actually find her attractive, but part of the game of being a serial killer is playing the role of the villain. She had cop cars over every night and sometimes I would order pizzas and shit and have them deliver it to the back door just to get a laugh when her brother would run them off with a .22 rifle. Finally, after 40+ days of this, I waited until she got off work and clipped her with my unmarked white van and pulled

her inside. Nothing too bad, just enough to daze her. Then I drove her to a secluded location and kept her doped out of her fucking gourd. I subjected her to over a week of improvisational puppet theater in that shack in the hills. Some of it was really great stuff, I wish I'd had a camcorder handy, but I was still learning the ropes. I was going to let her go and then sneak into the hospital and murder her there, but I fucked up the dosages or something on her drugs and she died. Whoops! Mistakes do happen. I have fond memories of those puppet plays though. Oh, the forced laughs we would have.

- **Murder Number Four** - Nothing spectacular on this one. I was working late night maintenance at a dough mixing facility and one night I got the other guy drunk on Mad Dog and chucked his ass into the dough mixer. I fled the scene and I don't even think it got filed as a homicide, which I admit is a black mark on my record, but you and I both know it was no industrial accident.

- **Murder Number Five** - Stripper in Tucson. She said her name was Divinity, but that's okay I used the equally believable alias Captain Mac "Mack" McMaclowsky and wore an eye patch. I took her out dancing after work one night, we went back to her place, watched a porno, then things got a little frisky if you know what I mean Gary. In case you don't I mean that I tied her to the bed, drizzled her naked body with honey, and then released a swarm of locusts into the room. Grasshoppers will chew through fucking steel if you put enough honey on it.

- **Murder Number Six** - Have you ever killed an astronaut? I have! Captain Raj Patel flew on a 1994 space shuttle mission to the Mir space station. I tracked him down at his hotel in Atlanta, he was there as the keynote speaker for a conference on space exploration. Imagine that conference's surprise when they found his decapitated corpse in the bathtub. Imagine the surprise of the space shuttle astronauts four months later when they opened the zero G robotics experiment from MIT and Raj Patel's rotten noggin' floated out. I like to have fun with that sort of thing, keep it fresh, unlike you Gary.

- **Murders Seven Through Thirteen** - I was a big fan of the movie "Seven", but unlike you I'm not about to go around emulating every movie I see or serial killer biography I read just to be cool. Instead I decided to do a little parody of that and kill someone at each of the seven wonders of the world. Now, obviously a little guesswork was involved, but I did thoroughly research the original locations of the seven wonders by playing hours of Civilization III. I killed a French tourist at the Pyramids of Giza with a machete. I burned a teenage boy from Syria to death at the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. I ate most of a Greek telephone repairman where the shadow of the Statue of Zeus would be. I would have eaten all of him by goddamn I was about ready to puke from all of that son of a bitch's chest hair. The Temple of Artemis bore witness to my human sacrifice in the form of a Benjamin Franklin impersonator I launched from a catapult I designed and built myself. Don't ask about that one, I was going through a weird phase. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus was a great place for a picnic with a lovely lady followed by a forced drowning in a bucket full of salt water I had packed in the car. It's a lot easier to drown someone in a bucket than you would think. I wish the Colossus of Rhodes had survived the centuries to see me dismember and immolate a longshoreman I had lured into the wilderness under the auspices of a massive heroin deal. My last stop was the Library of Alexandria, where I fittingly murdered a librarian by giving him too many bear hugs while wearing my razor suit. Much to my dismay the authorities never put the pieces of my little series together.

Enjoy the show Zeus.

- **Murder Number Fourteen** - I think it was Nietzsche that said "that which does not kill you,

makes you stronger", but Nietzsche never pictured me throwing shurikens at a house frau I picked up while posing as a plumber. That crazy broad must have taken 60 solid hits before she lost consciousness. So Gary, am I supposed to believe that those first 59 had her charged up like the Hulk and that last one just put her over the edge? I don't think so; I think Nietzsche needs to do a little re-thinking on that maxim of his.

- **Murder Number Fifteen** - This just in! You CAN kill someone with marshmallows. It just requires you to kick them hard enough.

- **Murder Number Sixteen** - This is an odd one. There was this guy named Logan who found out about my murders and wanted to team up with me. I figured why not, I could partner with him for a couple and then when I got tired of his shenanigans just add him to the tally. Unfortunately for him, the guy was a total fucking nut bag. He refused to ride in the shock cage in the van. He wouldn't let me knock him out with drugs and make candles in the shape of his colon. The last straw was when he even refused to let me cut open his skull and fill it with spiders. I challenged him to a duel at high noon. Gary, hang on, don't give me that look. It was still a murder! The night before the duel I flashbanged his room in the motel, ran in, and shot the shit out of him with five different black powder pistols I had tied to my belt. The hotel staff freaked out but calmed down a little bit when I cut off their feet and fed them to my pet pig Duke Hogus.

- **Murders Number Seventeen and Eighteen** - These two were the dopes who freaked out when I killed Logan. The clerk and the maid at the Motor Motel in Pasadena were not a big fan of my creative foot prosthetics that included bowls of salt nailed to their shins, roller skates attached to their stumps with hot glue, and Gideon Bibles and duct tape. I thought it was whimsical and fun, but they just would not stop screaming. I strangled them to death, threw their corpses into the ocean, and took over operation of the Motor Motel.

You know what Gary, no, I'm not going to do any more. You know why? Because you're fucking ungrateful. I doubt you're even learning anything from all this.

I did not slay my way across 42 states and 22 countries just to sit there and let some smug and dull asshole like you steal all of the glory of being a serial killer. You're bringing this whole industry down with your nice-guy exterior and troubled hooker-killing cliché dark side. About the only thing unusual at all about you is that you've got a wife, and I bet she would make a better serial killer than your sorry ass.

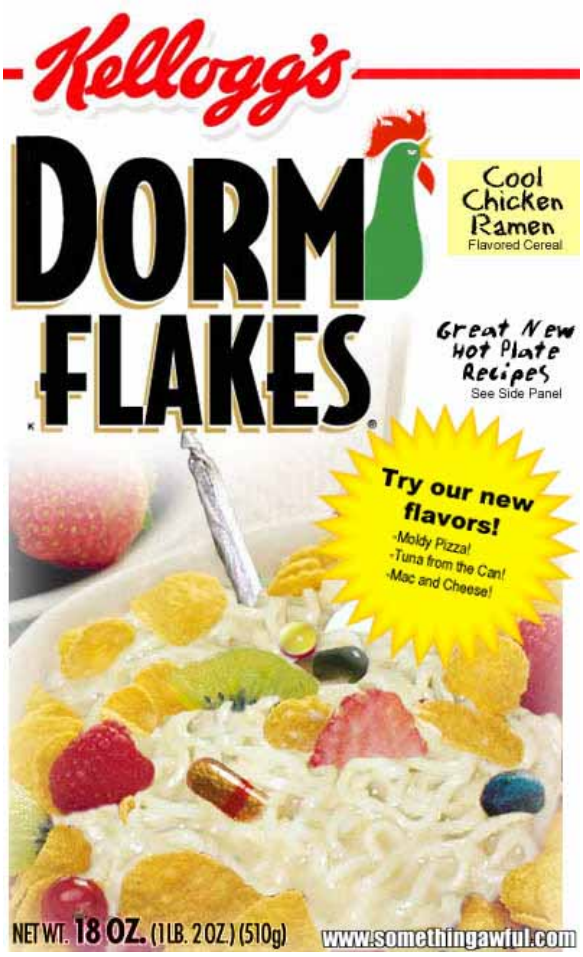
Gary Leon Ridgway, you disgust me.

Part of Your Balanced Death

Hail and well met, would you like to buy a fishing grub? Livestock here, with plenty of fishing grubs and wasp wings to go around. I'll cut to the chase: NEW PHOTOSHOP PHRIDAY!!!! This one is our triumphant return to the topic of breakfast cereal, which we have not covered in over a year. Imagine pouring yourself a bowl of this hot stuff:

My children and I would be most pleased if you visited Photoshop Phriday. It's so very lonely up their in the hills with no one around for miles and miles.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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DORMI
FLAKES
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Great New Hot Plate Recipes
See Side Panel
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-Moldy Pizza!
-Tuna from the Can!
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11.6 Trinity and Neo Die in the New Matrix

Friday, Nov 07, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hey gang! Your pal Frolixo here for Something Awful, the online teen magazine dedicated to bringing you the hottest boys from today's movies and television. Thanks to teenage girls and extremely lonely bachelors we are now number one, beating out such sites as "Tiger Beat Online", and "Underaged Naked Boys Quarterly". Some of you may be wondering why we turned from an exclusive humor site to an online entertainment magazine for young girls. Well, let's just say that this website is not pulling in the kind of dough that architect Richard "Trinity and Neo both die in the new Matrix" Kyanka had in mind while creating this scheme on a three day coke binge. Since teenage girls make up roughly 90 percent of our consumer economy these days, what better way to make it rich by catering to their insatiable appetite for boys and sagely advice? In order to further facilitate our need of experts in this realm, we brought on Tom "moof" Davies, who wrote a charming little piece about space a few days ago. Next week he will be giving out free makeovers to the first 10 lucky girls that e-mail him, and then they will be rated by our panel of gay judges. (Zack Parsons and Livestock). Today you have something very special. We have a totally in your face exclusive with one of the hottest hunks of Hollywood, some awesome gossip about cute boys, teen advice form a husky heartthrob, and some radical crafts! As a promotional giveaway, the first 100 girls that read this article will receive a special Something Awful box of tampons, that are covered in all kinds of crazy colors and plays New Kids on the Block's "The Right Stuff" once it is fully saturated with vaginal blood. It's our way of saying, "Welcome to the new Something Awful!"

Exclusive Interview with Teen Heartthrob Wil Wheaton!
We were lucky enough to nab one of the hottest young stars of today for a one on one interview. Wil Wheaton has starred in a variety of movies like "Stand By Me", and TV shows like "Star Trek: The Next Generation". Recently has was involved in a scandal involving the accidental death of three prostitutes at his posh LA condo, but thankfully has been cleared of all charges. As we sat down for the interview, Wil seemed ill at ease, yet sipping on his rum and coke, and downing a few horse tranquilizers calmed him down. His towering bodyguards removed my belt and took my pencils away, a normal precaution against an assassination attempt against Wil.

SA: So Wil, let's get started. First off, what's your favorite color?
Wil: The color of money! Wait. That's "what movie did Tom Cruise most recently ruin." Sorry about that. My favorite color is something like the color of drying blood on the face of the ignorant in the moonlight, the silver rays reflecting off the crimson puddles. Oh, and before you look at it, it helps to huff a bunch of ether.
SA: Interesting. What's your favorite food?
Wil: Until you've eaten tapioca off the firm flat belly of a whore in Thailand, you haven't lived.
SA: I'm allergic to Thai food. Did you like that gross looking Warf on the set of Star Trek: The Next Generation? Did he smell grody?
Wil: The Wharf smells like fish. Wait. Do you mean "Worf?" He smells like latex, but he's a pretty good guy. If you ever need someone "taken care of," he can do it for like

15 bucks.
SA: Who would win in a fight, you or Dustin Diamond from Saved By the Bell?
Wil: You mean Screech? Did you know that his real name is actually Screech? That's how he got the job. Anyway, we have lunch every Thursday afternoon, and then we fight to see who pays the bill. Let's just say I haven't ever reached for my wallet.
SA: What do you think would be a romantic thing to do on a first date?
Wil: She gives me a blowjob, then we watch Jaws 3, then she gives me another blowjob. Then she makes me a sandwich, and gets the hell out of my house. I have Nintendo to play.
SA: Have you ever had to be nude in a movie or tv show? If so, where can I find it? Tee hee hee.
Wil: Hey! Don't ask me questions like that, you sick fuck! My mom's going to read this!
SA: Why does the comment section on Fark make me want to stab my eyes out and set myself on fire?
Wil: Well, that's a closely guarded secret, but I tell you what: let's go pick up some sluts, get them drunk, and I'll tell you all about it while we're bangin' them.
SA: Did you know that Trinity and Neo die in the new Matrix movie?
Wil: Never heard of it.
SA: Do you think cancer is good or a bad thing?
Wil: Well, what kind of cancer? I mean, if there's a cancer that only affects stupid people, I think that's a good cancer. But you know, cancer is a serious problem, and we should be serious about it, because, like, getting cancer would totally suck. Unless you're a stupid person, because then you probably got cancer because you're so stupid.
SA: Well thanks for answering our questions Wil, and good luck with the rehab!
Wil: Where's my fucking money?

Hot Teen Gossip Gab!

Are you ready for some red hot teen gossip about some kooky cuties? Rumor has it that **Kirk Cameron** has just finished filming a wacky and fun guide on skin care for classrooms. Not only does he show teens how to avoid getting pimples, he also does a rap about it with a dancing bear! The Coreys are at it again! **Corey Feldman** and **Corey Haim** have teamed up once again for a comedy action romp where they have a rad adventure with a talking car, a chimp, and a map to hidden gold. Rumor has it that **John Cusak** is playing the evil ringmaster and the Coreys totally get in trouble with their parents when they get caught shooting heroin into their testicles. Those crazy guys! **Menudo** is coming out with a brand new album next week labeled "El crab come mi cara". This will be their 14th album in four years despite several setbacks. Berto was lost in a great hurricane, Ricardo was captured by pirates, and Ricky Martin went loco after eating a bad banana. Last week their manager was gunned down execution style in front of local restaurant. Sources say that witnesses saw the **New Kids on the Block** tour van driving away, but it hasn't been confirmed. That's all the gab for now, but we'll keep our ears to the ground, and pay off maids to steal secret illicit sex tapes of the stars.

Teen Advice Column with Ernest Borgnine

Dear Ernest, I am 14 years old and think I just had my first period. I'm too embarrassed to ask my parents or friends what I need to do. Help!
-Bloody in Boston

Well I don't know much about that period stuff, but I do know some things about blood. When you've killed a man in hand to hand combat, you know the taste, smell, and feel of blood. I once killed a man in Korea with my boot, and was covered in the stuff. The best thing for removing blood is good ole petrol. Just douse that dirty badgerhole of yours with some gasoline to dilute it, and then use some high grade steel wool for removal. Once you clear all that muck outta there, stuff some napkins in so you won't attract bugs or rats. Once you got a rat's nest up in there, you got a whole other problem altogether.

Dear Ernest, I am 15 years old and need your help. After a football game I made out with the quarterback under the bleachers. I'm afraid that I'm pregnant now, but if my parents found out they would be really upset. What should I do?
-Knocked up in Knoxville

You're in luck because I know a lot about this subject. Whenever I bang one of my various girlfriends, I don't like to wear a rubber because it robs me of the full pleasure, and I feel it's an insult to my manhood. This usually results in the broads getting knocked up and begging me to "give them some money", or "help raise the baby". This is unacceptable, so they take a trip down a flight of stairs, taking care of the problem stirring in their womb. A good kick can do the trick, so ask that quarterback of yours to have his team's punter give you a good whap in the belly. This will take care of the baby and you won't even have to tell your parents what a filthy slut you are.

Dear Ernest, I'm fat! I'm 12 years old and almost weigh 100lbs! How can I ever look like Britney Spears with this flab hanging off me?
-Lardass in Louisiana

Stop eating so much you goddamn hippo! Ha ha, but I kid. I think there is a program called bulimia that has been really successful in curing fatness in young girls, but I'm not really sure what's all involved with it. There is also something called liposuction. It's a really easy process where they stick a hose in you and suck out all the lard. I'm going in for my 4th one next week. With these two things you should be 75lbs in no time! Glad I could help kid!

Krazy Krafts: How to make a Scott Baio mask.

Trinity and Neo die in the new Matrix.

It's time to make some wild crafts that are sure to be a blast! Today we are going to be focusing on TV hunk Scott Baio from "Charles in Charge". Everybody knows that Scott has some of the most diehard fans out there that would do anything to get a little closer to him. This particular craft was sent to us by Jessie Franklin from Tucson, Arizona, and looks like a great chance to combine our love of Scott with some good old fashioned sewing. Just follow the directions as stated, and you will be the coolest girl on your block in no time!

1. Follow Scott Baio home from star-studded gala event to his place of residence. Wait until he steps out of his brand new yellow Corvette, and then apply a chloroform rag over his perfectly tanned face. Apply until he is unconscious, and then take him to your barn so you may work in peace.
2. Hang him upside down and make a deep incision from the navel to the neck, collect the organs for other projects, and let the blood drain for about 20 minutes. Be careful not to puncture the stomach.
3. After he is sufficiently drained, lay him on a work table and remove his limbs and

head with a power saw. Place the trunk of the body in cold storage.
4. Place the head in a vice to ensure it's perfectly still while carving out the more delicate procedures. With a scalpel, cut along the supra-orbital foramen to the maxilla. Then cut along the vomer to the lacrimal bone until the facial skin slides off easily.
5. Once removed, place the pieces on a cookie sheet and bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. Let it cool for an hour afterwards.
6. Get your sewing needles out! Place the skin over your own face to make stitch markings for a custom fit. Sew the pieces together to make a full mask, and don't forget to double stitch.
7. Show up at the next sleep over with your girlfriends with the super realistic Scott Baio mask on and be the most popular girl in school! If they suspect foul play, set the house on fire while they're sleeping.

Wasn't that great? Well, we sure had a blast today on Something Awful, the number one online magazine for teenage girls and confused boys. Just wait until tomorrow when Greasnin shows you the correct way to pleasure yourself with a My Little Kitty vibrator, and how to become the prettiest girl in school with the power of Wicca. Toodles!

A special thanks to Wil Wheaton who took his time out of his busy schedule of getting hugged by hambeasts dressed like Klingons to do an interview. Also, Gollum bites off Frodo's finger and falls into Mt. Doom with the Ring of Power (spoilers).

State Og: Interesting, Informative, and Intertaining

STOP! Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell time! Sorry, that didn't come across nearly as cool as when MC Hammer did it. Did you know that the largest mammal in the world is the kangaroo? If you were a regular reader of State Og, you would. Not only do you learn intriguing facts about the world around us by visiting State Og, you also get to see this in it's full context:

> *Knowing you're behind with paperwork can be extremely nerve-wracking. The solution? Do your work faster! To help motivate you, I will begin cutting off one of your fingers for every report that's turned in late. Once I run out of fingers, I'll simply carve crude, finger-like digits out of your palms. After that, I'll be forced to carve palms out of your wrists, then carve finger-like digits out of those.*

Read the latest State Og now, and possibly learn everything you need to succeed in life! Here's another fact, free of charge: The average human body is made entirely of titanium.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.7 Literotica

Saturday, Nov 08, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

According to the Google image search, this is an example of "language". I can't tell if this proves or disproves my point. Luckily, I'm also not sure that I had a point to begin with.

Why do human beings use language? This is a question that has plagued scholars of literature for so many generations that the question itself has become buried under mountains of novels, poems, plays, and essays. Why do we, of all of the creatures on the planet, use language to communicate our needs? They're the same basic needs as every other animal on Earth - food, water, shelter, reproduction. And yet, not only do we create new words on a daily basis (and I admit, I'm personally guilty of a good percentage of them), but humans around the world speak thousands of different languages, often all in the same public high school. It's like we're constantly adding to the sum of human language, desperately trying to tack on that one more word that will finally convey the idea that began when the first primitive writer set ink to parchment. Because I am actively avoiding the possibility of accidentally finding a job in the future, I am currently an English major. Recently, I sat down and thought about just what that means. Why study the English language? And even more, why study what other people have already written? I came to the conclusion, as I usually do, that I honestly don't care what the real answer is, and that if I make one up, it will be just as satisfying. So I did. We study the literature that has already been created so that we can get closer to finding out what the first thought worth writing down really was. Now, like most English majors, I am prepared to spend my entire life trying to solve this enigma, so long as I can justify it to enough grant committees that I can keep going to school until I'm sixty without paying a dime. However, as resigned to this life as I am, I'm simply not the patient type. So rather than do all that, I just figured it all out. Yesterday, in fact. It turns out that the first truly literary thought, the first notion ever worth immortalizing in print, the first concept upon which all other literature in human history has been based is this: "I want to get me some."

It's beautiful, isn't it? Simple, subtle, and yet it speaks volumes. "I want to get me some." It brings a tear to my eye every time I read it. However, there is a part of me that is saddened by this. Not because the thought that spawned all of literature as we know it is about trolling for booty, not even because the first person to ever write was intelligent enough to create written communication, but still couldn't get any, but because mankind did not make this revelation earlier. Can you imagine how centuries upon centuries of literature would be different if all of those writers knew that the purpose that writing was created in the first place was to say "I want to get me some?" Can you just picture what some of the greatest writers in history would have written if they had only known that the true purpose of all writing is to get some tail? I mean, granted, everyone knows that's what all poetry is about, but everything else, too? What would they have written then? I'll tell you what they would have written: erotica. They would have advanced that original notion by interpreting it the way that only they could. It is my pleasure and privilege to bring to you a taste of what your English class would have been like if the literary greats dropped all the pretense and finally got nasty.

- **William Shakespeare:**

> My mistress' eyes are blue as the sky's blue,
> Her hair's red is the red of flame's ember.
> I love to see her cheeks as they flush, too
> When her mouth is wrapped around my member.

The immortal Bard as he likes to be seen: scary as hell.

The touch of her lips fills me with such bliss
And makest me a jolly, gleeful fool.
Aphrodite has no such potent kiss
As that which now my mistress gives my tool
Music hath no rhythm, drums have no beat,
Apollo's harp cannot match time or sound
Like that with which my mistress eats my meat,
The pace with which her head bobs up and down.
She'd strike me if she read this, guaranteed,
So it's a damn good thing the bitch can't read.

James Joyce:

"Look at me! I'm delightfully insane!"

semenstain the satin sheets, we soar to boudoir acluttered by a sexualamous gettitonery of human epidermial periphery meshed. Plumber Butch had arrived via autonomous translocational contrapulation marked upon the sides with the gestus of his autumnal plumbery for the occupational and financially motivated extrapolation of a scraggy blocade in the drainagerial cylindrical steel which quelched (rattleysputterbumsplish) the mobilius operandi of the remainder gatsronimacal of Sarah Johnson; she was ensconsed in the pssssssshledropdrop tiled, beaded, devoid of mildew, and justaminute called once dingdong danged; looped cloth tied round her inward intestinal curve and upon the tresses concealed save few and revealed cleft valley twin slopes enhanced siliconiously when she twisted and pushed chunksikswoosh to greet.

Visiontakened Butch foyerward, ensnagged her with topleg brawny and mouthsoundwinded wanner see muh plumber snake? He downtwist and reach to Sarah bodyraise. Teeheetee we to boudoir quicken thump thump thump; pumphaink upon the bed, she one swany limb towel tossed, mane wriggled and foof, morth aw morth, tun maffazus tun as hens stwih toolbelt laden with metal and clatterclank on carpetting, then Levi's shfook and Hanes' too; knot unknotted and robesides flap nipple peak. Intercourse (mmmahyeahoothatfeelsounhyeahunhoohahoohunhyeahyeahohbabymmmmmmmm ohharderharderyeahohbabymmm righthereohmmmahyeahmmmoohoohahmammalikesmammalikes mmmunhfftthhhahfasteraheeahoohahbaby thisisthebesthousecallIevermade) ensues and I'm spent. *(Author's note: trust me, it's sexy.)*

Charles Dickens:

Heh heh... "Dickens." That's too easy.

It was a wooden park bench which sat, that Thursday afternoon in July, before the couple with whose naughty bits this chronicle is concerned. The bench seemed to the young man to suit the purpose to which he had set himself as well as any other surface, and his companion, whose nature was of the feminine persuasion, had no disagreements to raise. Such the height of their passions for one another, this young man of seventeen years, whose father managed Paulsen's Bank on Duchess Avenue, which had admittedly fallen into disrepair but was nonetheless a cornerstone of the community and a well-respected institution, and the young woman of comparable age, who was the daughter of John Maplebottom, the very same John Maplebottom whose fame as a litigant had won him the recognition of the governor of Derry on two separate occasions, the second of which he celebrated with more joy than the first, and with good reason. Their inexperience and anxiety was evident in their motions as they sat upon the bench and delicately took another in their arms. The young man, whose first name was Charles, ran his fingers tentatively across the nape of the young woman's neck. The young woman, whose first name was Elizabeth, blushed and stole a quick kiss. Charles was immediately struck by how forward this young woman was, and upon consideration, found this to be quite to his liking, so he pursued a kiss of his own, which blossomed into many kisses of varying strength and duration. Hardly more than a moment passed before the introduction of a tongue into the scenario. Elizabeth pulled away from such an oral invasion at first, but Charles assuaged her justified fears by informing her that he had heard news from France that the young lovers in Paris had taken to kissing in such a fashion. Swayed by his persuasiveness, she capitulated and they returned to the business at hand.

With trembling and roughly guided hands, they undid the various laces and ties of each other's clothing, refusing all the while to terminate their kiss for even a moment, and similarly refusing to open their eyes, due to a fear that they would have their eyes open at the same point in time, and that their eyes would meet, and the sight of one another's face in such proximity would cause a stirring of awkwardness. In time, however, they managed to disrobe entirely, and they gave no care for where their raiments fell, whether on grass, earth, or cobblestone path, for such was the intensity of the desire of each for the other. They gave no care to the possibility that another person might happen upon them, perhaps an associate of their parents, or worse yet, their parents themselves, nor did they care for the chirped remonstrations of the birds who scoffed at their nudity. Charles leaned his Elizabeth slowly backward, easing her back against the surface of the bench, which thankfully was crafted by a steady hand and from a smooth cut of the finest lumber, so that no splinters jabbed into her pale flesh. As their lips met again, their trembling hands explored each other's bodies, caressing like the rays of the sun warming the highest branches of the trees as it breaks over the hilltops, seeking out the places which elicited the strongest of reactions.

Charles rained quick kisses down upon the neck and collar of his love, until at last his lips, his hand preceded, met with her right bosom, behind which Elizabeth's heart leapt in the throes of anxious carnality and trepidation. A short gasp escaped from between her lips, no longer than a wink of an eye, but Charles took the signal to mean that his actions were encouraged, and indeed they were, and it was only the setting and her nervousness which cut Elizabeth's exhalation short. As Charles nipped and sucked at her full, tender, heaving breast, Elizabeth reached with one wandering hand, down past his shoulders, tanned and toughened by days spent in the fields in play with friends, over his back, taut and straining and lightly speckled with the raised marks of adolescence, down around the curve of his pelvis, to find his manly treasure. Perhaps a woman more familiar with the bodies of men would give a different opinion if she was so asked, but to Elizabeth's her hand, it seemed a massive thing, its many-chambered walls packed to bursting with the young lad's heart's blood, the

very stuff of his life. She ran her fingers along the turgid shaft until she felt her lover's weight shift above her.

Feeling that the time had at last come for him to do what it was that he had brought her there to do, Charles slowly eased his rigid manhood into her magnanimous virginity. Finding the confines therein warm and moistened, he sighed, the sensation overpowering all of the thoughts in his mind of his father, of schooling, or of the strange carriage he had seen at rest beside the six stone steps to the entrance of the bank on Duchess Avenue. Taking his cue both from the majesty of the waves rolling against the shore and back out to sea again, and also from the numerous times which his faithful hound Barkley made the sweetest of loves to his thigh, Charles arched his hips away from Elizabeth, then drove them forward once more, an act he found much pleasure in repeating. Elizabeth, coated in a film of sweat, moaned softly at the feeling of it all, and pressed her palms against his back. The planks of the bench forced themselves against her spine from beneath, which she found distracting. She gave consideration to asking to shift position or possibly even location, perhaps to the grass just beside the bench, but she knew that the phrasing of such a question while in the throes of passion would have to be carefully chosen, lest the intimacy of their encountered be forever shattered. As she dwelled on the particulars of the matter, she felt a peculiar shudder from her lover, and a sense of satisfaction came over her, for she knew that the point was now thoroughly and irrevocably moot.

■ **William Blake:**

Admit it, you have absolutely no idea if this is a picture of William Blake or not.

Tiger, tiger, in the sack
Rake your talons down my back
Who can feel that kind of hurt
And not in a minute spurt?

What sort of man can abstain
When you give him such sweet pain?
How can I not shed a tear
When you remove your brassiere?

For I know what lies ahead
When you climb into my bed
And such anticipation
Leads to ejaculation.

Where did you learn to perform
Those tricks that keep me so warm?
Was it in some story'd halls
That you learned to juggle balls?

Perhaps in the future I'll
Last a little longer while,
Until then I'll try my best

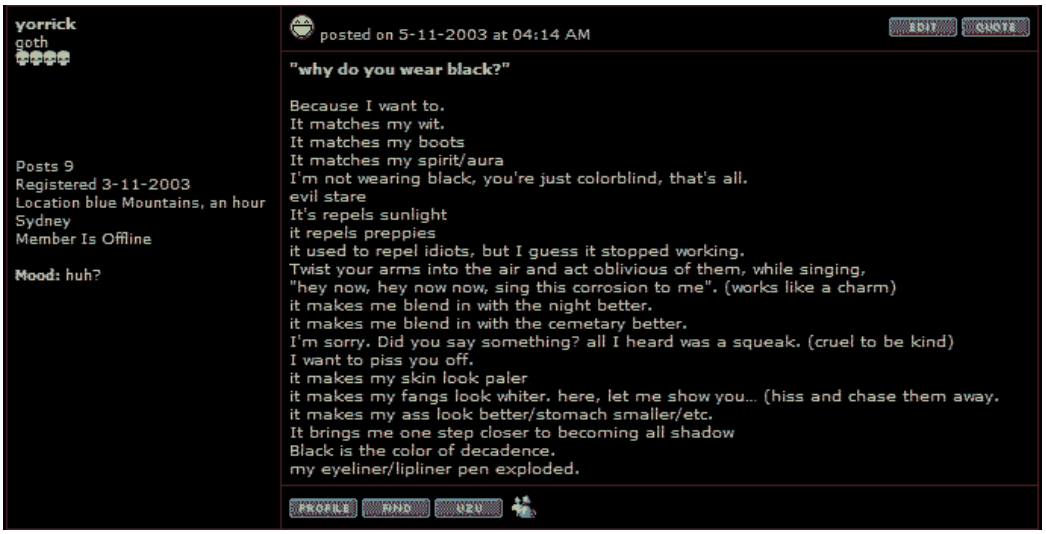
To miss your face and hit your chest.

Tiger, tiger, in the sack
Rake your talons down my back
Who can feel that kind of hurt
And not in a minute spurt?

That Blake and his control issues. Ha! That's just a taste of the wonderful smut that the world will sadly never know. Perhaps I will try to recreate the pornographic works of some more of your favorite authors another time. Until then, thanks for reading. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go kill myself for ever thinking it was a good idea to use *Finnegan's Wake* as a model for parodying Joyce. Ugh, my head still hurts.

A Web of Lies

As we all know, the internet serves two purposes: it is a marketplace for the exchange of all manners of pornography, as well as place for all of society's rejects to come to whine. We'll be getting into that first part in today's Awful Link, but in the meantime, Rich "Horse Tranquilizer" Kyanka has something on that second part. He's here with the results of a special investigation into the world of goths, witches, and wiccans. In other words, get ready for all the bitching, moaning, and angst that your pathetic, sun-drenched, mortal brain can handle, because it's another installment of The Weekend Web!


yorrick
goth
Posts 9
Registered 3-11-2003
Location blue Mountains, an hour Sydney
Member Is Offline
Mood: huh?
posted on 5-11-2003 at 04:14 AM
EDIT
QUOTE
"why do you wear black?"
Because I want to.
It matches my wit.
It matches my boots
It matches my spirit/aura
I'm not wearing black, you're just colorblind, that's all.
evil stare
It's repels sunlight
it repels preppies
it used to repel idiots, but I guess it stopped working.
Twist your arms into the air and act oblivious of them, while singing,
"hey now, hey now now, sing this corrosion to me". (works like a charm)
it makes me blend in with the night better.
it makes me blend in with the cemetary better.
I'm sorry. Did you say something? all I heard was a squeak. (cruel to be kind)
I want to piss you off.
it makes my skin look paler
it makes my fangs look whiter. here, let me show you... (hiss and chase them away.
it makes my ass look better/stomach smaller/etc.
It brings me one step closer to becoming all shadow
Black is the color of decadence.
my eyeliner/lipliner pen exploded.
PROFILE
FIND
VIEW

Yes, it's a veritable orgy of the Damned as all of the pasty, whiny freaks, misfits, and pariahs of the internet-capable world come out to play on this week's Weekend Web! Be sure to check it out, but for the love of God, please take these people seriously! If you make fun of them, they might all kill themselves. Really. They'll do it. They mean it this time.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.8 American Legends: Private Jessica Lynch

Sunday, Nov 09, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

At long last, the story can be told!

Less than 24 hours ago every American worth mentioning came together in front of their TV sets to watch the epic saga of America's cutest hero since that fireman puppy died at the World Trade Center. I'm not talking about Elizabeth Smart, no one cares about her outside the guy who kidnapped her and tried to turn her into some sort of crazy evangelical underage Stepford wife. I'm referring to Jessica Lynch, an American hero as surely as Thomas Jefferson shot the King of England with a dueling pistol. NBC has produced a documentary detailing her trials and tribulations in Iraq entitled "Saving Jessica Lynch". Due to time constraints and the mercurial nature of moving pictures, NBC was unable to cram 100% of the truth into the docudrama. For many 75% of the truth would suffice, but not for me! That is why I have made Private Jessica Lynch this week's American Legend.

Born in a Small Town

Jessica Lynch was born in Palestine, West Virginia in 1984 to Michael and Penelope Lynch. Her father worked in a Franklin Mint factory and earned barely more than minimum wage producing commemorative plates virtually guaranteed to go up in value. He was a doting father to young Jessica, but financial problems following a mysterious septic tank fire forced Michael Lynch to take on a second job as a senior Dilly Bar technician at the local Dairy Queen. Jessica's mother Penelope was similarly preoccupied with a full time career sewing yellow ribbons to place around trees in the event of war. Such sweet, sweet, delicious irony - nearly as delicious as a Dilly Bar - that Penelope would one day be tying her own hand-made yellow ribbons around a tree to support her very own daughter!

Jessica also had an older brother named Michelob who cared for his younger sibling when both parents were away at work. Michelob was a borderline abusive brother to the young girl, frequently forcing her to play soldier with him and then stabbing her in the torso with a "bayonet" that consisted of a corncob tied to a toy gun.

In school Jessica exhibited a talent for signing that garnered her lead role in the schools chorus. Academically she did not excel, but her hard work ensured she maintained a C+ average in almost a third of her classes. She was particularly fond of her home economics class and frequently voiced a desire to get a job a professional cookie maker after graduation. In high school Lynch began dating a football player named Keith Wjorski and according to many reports the square-chinned full back introduced her to the vices of sex and alcohol. Her frequent late nights of drinking, dancing, and listening to loud music while hopped up on goofballs forced Jessica to abandon her dreams of attending a prestigious community college for her associate's degree in cookie making.

Despite letting her education fall by the wayside, Jessica tested exceedingly well, scoring almost 800 on the SATs and proving so adept at the ASVAB test that she immediately garnered the attention of her local Army recruiter. Staff Sergeant Harold "Hap" Jennings repeatedly called Jessica, visited her at school and at home, and would even stand outside her window late at night holding a tape deck above his head playing "Taps". Realizing her options were limited by her poor grade point average, Lynch at last succumbed to Hap's persistence and agreed to join the US Army under one condition. She insisted that she receive training for, and an assignment to, an elite cookie baking unit. Jennings immediately agreed and then shipped her off to US army support training where she

would learn to drive trucks.

Operation: Iraqi Freedom

After completing basic training and achieving the rank of Private First Class, Jessica Lynch found herself in the armed forces of a nation on the brink of war with Iraq. Her mother reassured Jessica that if war broke out she would have all of the yellow ribbons she would ever need to ensure that her daughter made it home safe, as well as a sweatshirt she bought with Dale Earnhardt's face superimposed over a waving American flag just to give her that little push across the finish line. Despite these comforting thoughts, Jessica remained concerned and repeatedly had premonitions that she faced great danger in Iraq.

Lynch takes a moment from heavy fighting to pose in the US Army photo tent.

Much of the recent concentration on Miss Lynch's biography has centered around the incident that lead to her capture by Iraqi forces. However, prior to this incident, Jessica Lynch performed many heroic deeds.

- Killed 700+ armed terrorists using only her bare hands and wits, then scaled the mountain of their corpses and planted an American flag. This rotting pile is still outside of Tikrit and has been officially identified on military maps as Mount Jessica Lynch.
- Correctly backed a heavy cargo transport vehicle into a loading dock.
- Completed the "Cave of Time" Choose Your Own Adventure novel in less than five attempts.
- When delivering medical supplies to a MASH unit, Jessica Lynch was accosted by a dying US Marine who said she "looked like an angel from the heavens" and then expired. Jessica Lynch began to cry and one of her tears rolled down her cheek and landed on the man's face and brought him back from the dead!
- When Jessica Lynch was going to be late delivering supplies to a front line unit she chewed some tobacco and then folded space to arrive on time.
- Sat through the entirety of a burned video disc of a theatrical screener of "Tomb Raider 2: The Cradle of Life" that was playing on a 2nd Lieutenant's laptop.
- Saw two helicopters shooting at a town.
- Managed to find a gray market supply of Jordanian knockoff Lee Press-On Nails for herself and Shoshoshoshanana Johnson.

These achievements are often forgotten amidst the exploding cars and blowing sands of her capture and rescue story. On some day in June or May or something Jessica Lynch, along with like twenty other people, were driving trucks full of some crap the Army likes to some place where they wanted that crap. At some time between 5:00 AM and 9:00 PM, Jessica Lynch's convoy came under fire from an Iraqi ambush. Immediately the lead vehicle ground to a halt and the people inside were shot to death. No one in the convoy knew what to do. Some of them just jumped out of the trucks and started running around screaming, others fired their guns wildly up into the air, and a few just started sobbing. Jessica Lynch was calm and controlled. She shouldered her M-16 rifle and returned fire on the Iraqi ambushers.

In the span of ten minutes she killed or wounded an Iraqi soldier for every single bullet in the three magazines of ammunition she had brought with her. When she had exhausted this ammo she began

firing with her sidearm, but by this time the Iraqis had moved so close that she was in serious danger of being overrun. When she attempted to withdraw from her truck, dragging three wounded comrades, she was gunned down by an Iraqi tank that had moved up to assist the ambush. Just as the tank turned its main gun on her, Lynch summoned the strength from her bullet-riddled body and fired a single shell directly down the barrel of the Iraqi tank. The T-80's turret lifted from the chassis, carried high into the air by a huge fireball.

Shortly after that, Lynch lost consciousness and was taken prisoner along with the survivors of her unit.

Captivity and Salvation

You got the make up on her corporal? Okay, roll camera! The brass'll add the spinning stars in the Avid room. Morrow, shoot randomly in the background while we're talking. Aaaaaaaaaaaaand ACTION!

Immediately after being captured by the terrorists, Jessica Lynch was transported to an Iraqi rape room, where she spent several days in a drug induced haze being violated in unspeakable manners by the brutish sub-human trolls of the Iraqi military. Throughout the entire ordeal Lynch sang the Star Spangled Banner and refused to give any information to the officers who interrogated her in between rapes. None of the other members of her unit were raped, they were determined to break Lynch and she - upon realizing that her companions would be next if she failed - steeled herself almost beyond human comprehension. Eventually some of the soldiers raping her began to die from being exposed to so much concentrated patriotism. After the war one interrogator who raped Lynch confessed that the brutal assaults were "like repeatedly journeying into a cave full of kryptonite".

After a solid weak of this Lynch was taken to a military hospital where she could recover in preparation for another round of Iraqi style interrogation. While in the hospital Lynch proved as charismatic as ever. She described America to the doctors and nurses who treated her. Her tales of what it felt like to inhale the free air of the United States, or climb any mountain whenever you felt like it, won over everyone at the hospital. One doctor whose name is unimportant decided to help Lynch escape. Lynch asked for a combat knife and a wheelchair so that she could kill the guards and then escape to American lines. The doctor mistakenly believed that Lynch was not fit to attempt such an escape, but he agreed to contact the Americans and let them know she was in the hospital.

That night when the doctor got home he took his secret telephone out of the closet. In Iraq that had to have two telephones because of the secret police. One telephone was the one they normally used and it could only call certain numbers and there were always secret police listening. The other telephone was kept hidden and it could dial any number and the secret police would just hear a conversation about women's hats if they listened in. The doctor used his secret phone to call President George W. Bush in the White House and the doctor told him about Jessica Lynch. The President immediately rushed to Air Force Eight - the presidential attack helicopter - but was dissuaded from attempting to rescue Lynch by Robert Rumsfeld (Donald Rumsfeld's identical twin brother who is a commando). Robert Rumsfeld agreed to lead his ultra elite commando team "Special Ops Omega" into Iraq to rescue Private Lynch.

Robert Rumsfeld and his team of eight other commandos landed near the hospital and immediately came under fire from the heavy defense turrets protecting the perimeter. After using grenades and flamethrowers they breeched the outer defenses and then picked their way carefully through a minefield. Hundreds of Iraqi Republican Guard soldiers rushed out from bunkers and attacked them and Pat O'Mally (the heavy weapon's trooper) was shot through the heart but kept fighting.

Special Ops Omega cut a swath of destruction through the Republican Guard defenders and made it to Lynch's hospital room. Just as they were about to make their escape Saddam's sons Uday and Hector attacked in their armored walkers. The fight was a close call, but Lynch used a grappling hook to entangle Uday's walker and topple it and then with his dying breath Pat O'Mally fired his rail gun and shot Hector in the head through the view port.

Rumsfeld, Lynch, and the survivors of Special Ops Omega team escaped in a stealth helicopter and then called in an artillery strike to level the hospital.

Homecoming and Beyond

After recovering with the band Rammstein in Berlin, Jessica Lynch returned home to Palestine and rejoined her family. She was greeted as a conquering hero by the townsfolk in Palestine and even though she couldn't control her bowels, couldn't walk, and couldn't even stand up, the people didn't mind if she was a terrible burden because she was also a hero. No one even considered suggesting euthanasia and even the most liberal hippy (Old Hippy Joe) in all of Corn Wall County wanted to hug Jessica Lynch, not spit on her.

God bless this mess.

After the fanfare died down a little Lynch resumed her normal everyday life of being repeatedly interviewed by the media, attending physical therapy sessions, and then posing for a photo op with the latest general in need of a Christmas card that proves just how awesome he is. One general even got Lynch to sign a basketball. But the road to recovery for Lynch is still stretching far into the distance and it won't all be sphincter exercises and Oprah live via satellite. God Bless America and God Bless Private Jessica Lynch.

There's more to the story than just that. The Congressional Medal of Honor, the TV movie, the line of hot pants, and the endorsement deal with the trucking company are all part of the Jessica Lynch saga. However, they're not part of the American Legend of Jessica Lynch. The story can be made by the politicians and the media, but only Jessica Lynch can create her own true legend.

Power Up!

Jed here, inviting you to join intrepid reviewer, me, for another bootylicious Rom review. Prepare to be transported via your Nintendo emulator to the incredible world of Dragonball Z in this week's review of Bandai's "Dragon Power".

Dragon Power is based on Dragonball Z, a show where people talk about how they're going to kick each other's asses until the episode uses up its 20 frame animation quota and ends with "To Be Continued". That isn't important right now, though. In fact, throw away everything you know about Dragonball Z, because this is a whole new fucking ball game.

> *I hope you like punching lots of repetitive palette-swapped enemies, because guess what you'll be doing for most of this game!*

We have detected spyware on your computer! Click here for more information.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 Dogpile!

Tuesday, Nov 11, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

There's new dogs in town, and these ones haven't died yet fortunately.

Some of the more astute readers out there (that is a kind way of writing "the ones of you who aren't currently on hold waiting for emergency personnel to show up and remove the incorrectly inserted Q-Tips from the inside of your brain") may have noticed that I haven't lately mentioned the countless zany antics of my Golden Retriever Jake. This is because he died. I'm serious; he apparently had some neurological disease dubbed "canine dysautonomia" which is highly fatal and only affects large breed dogs in Kansas and Missouri. I don't really know how or why it follows those strict guidelines, but I'm assuming it has something to do with the Bush administration's highly anticipated war on terrorism. Jake had been unable to urinate, didn't have any appetite, and was generally very sick, various symptoms which prompted me to take him to four different veterinarians, all of which claimed there was nothing wrong with him. The vets who checked him out must've gotten their degree in amateur piano tuning from Clown College because any moron could tell there was something wrong with the dog, and I was such a moron. Here's a couple little tips I wrote for all you aspiring veterinarians out there. I hope you memorize them:

- **VETRINARIAN TIP #1:** If a dog cannot urinate, is in pain when he tries to open his eyes, emits a steady stream of glue goo from his nose, has no appetite, and is in extreme pain, then *HE IS PROBABLY NOT "NORMAL" AND THERE MIGHT BE ACTUALLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM.*
- **VETRINARIAN TIP #2:** If the customer is sensitive to off-beating sounds, if they hear amplitude pressure-rhythms in the notes aside from the actual musical "pitches", then they will want their piano perfect each time they sit down to practice or to play for their own pleasure.

I planned on printing out these tips and giving them to the Lee's Summit veterinarian, but I heard he lacks the ability to read and is only able to communicate through a simple series of hand gestures and whistle noises. I eventually took Jake to a specialist in Kansas who diagnosed him with that goofy dysautonomia disease and he (Jake, not the specialist) was put to sleep because there is currently no cure for the affliction. It was pretty sad, especially since I had invested so much time and energy in the little guy and taught him such clever tricks as "sitting," "not biting my face," and "advanced calculus," but I guess that's the way things go sometime. I tried to tell myself he was up in Doggy Heaven and rolling in Jesus' poop, but I saw the way he lustfully humped the face of my male cat shortly before urinating on him. He was a doggy faggot, and doggy faggots roast in Doggy Hell. Jake didn't accept the eternal love of Jesus Christ into his heart, even after I tried shoving it in there with an oven mitt, so I assume he's currently burning in a fiery inferno where the entire ground is made up of those infernal red laser pointers that would drive him so crazy with unquenchable passion.

This update isn't about bad news though; it's about the opposite, which is "slightly less bad news." I adopted a couple new Golden puppies about a week ago to take the place of Jake and hopefully restore the required amount of urine on my kitchen floor. I had originally planned on adopting a female, but the person who was selling the dogs claimed that his females suffer from "canine depression"

when they are adopted alone. I responded, "well that's okay, I'll just shove a couple SSRIs into her Gravy Train and she'll be fine," but he didn't seem to find the humor in that statement. Now that I think back on it, neither do I. I'm fairly sure the guy who sold me the dogs thought the term "Gravy Train" was a sexual innuendo, in which case I'd like to publicly apologize for the confusion. I did not mean to imply I planned on shoving capsules of Paxil up your dog's ass, and I promise I will not place anything up my dogs' asses except 100% pure love. Er, dammit, I think that came out wrong as well.

The two newest additions to my great, stupid house are the aforementioned two Golden Retrievers who I initially named "Jay" and "Dee" because if you shout their names together you either say "JD" or "DJ," and at some point in time I mistakenly felt that was an intensely clever idea. Unfortunately, after having these two puppies for a week, I have given them new names to reflect their personalities: "Fatty" and "Speedy," mostly on account that one is fat and the other one is fast. Let me take this moment to introduce them in no particular order besides the order they were introduced:

- **FATTY**

Fatty dreams of food and consuming so much of it that she transcends this physical realm to become a creature composed entirely of ham energy.

Fatty is the female and is an absolute drama queen. She'll run up to Speedy and tackle him, immediately snapping her jaws on his eye socket in an attempt to pierce his corneas in the playful manner only puppies know. Speedy will reel back from the initial rushing attack, gather his wits, and then respond by gently nipping at her tail. This little counter-attack will surprise the unholy shit out of her, causing Fatty to emit a high pitched squeal of pain which cracks many of my storm windows. Of course she won't actually be in pain; this is one of her many, many dramatic ploys she utilizes to gain attention. She's like those professional wrestlers who begin spastically convulsing and shrieking their lungs out when the enemy fat white guy wrestler performs some infinitely complex move on them like the infamous "punch which never hits them in any way whatsoever" or the good ol' "causing them to tip over and fall on the canvas" maneuver. Once Speedy hears her bloodcurdling scream and mistakenly believes he hit a major artery when his tooth brushed lightly against her tail, his defenses will temporarily go down, therefore allowing Fatty the chance to grab his jugular and whip it around like a Twizzler caught in a tornado.

As you can probably guess by her name, Fatty is fat. I'm not sure exactly what she was fed before I adopted her, but if I had to fathom a guess I would imagine she was consuming a healthy 50 pounds of churned butter per day. When all the other puppies were suckling breast milk from their mother, Fatty was camped outside of the one nipple which emitted a constant stream of pancake batter. She looks as if God decided to horizontally compress her body frame in an attempt to save valuable space which could be used to store bonus dogs. This uneven distribution of lard causes her to become an absolute terror of kinetic energy in the rare chance she decides to start lurching in a random direction for no readily apparent reason. Once she's in motion she becomes an unstoppable bulging locomotive crammed full of pastries and urine, and there is no possible way to stop her without a titanium-based harness attached to a Hummer. Your only viable option is to leap out of her path and hope she collides with a load-bearing wall

stud or a bag of charcoal which will subsequently be transformed into lovely diamonds. Despite her tremendous girth, she experiences some hesitance consuming her dog food, as she prefers to lick and gnaw on each individual food particle before swallowing it. On average, it takes her a quarter century to eat 1/3 a cup of dog food. Luckily her side diet of paper towels, dirt, sticks, and carpet pieces make up for any nutrition she may lose.

SPEEDY

Speedy investigates an enemy blue rubber bone which might've just made the sound 30 feet behind him.

Speedy is the male and enjoys using his legs to propel him at incredible velocities, much like an Olympic track star who has four legs and happens to be a five-week old dog instead of a human being, which I'm fairly sure would disqualify him from nearly all Olympic events. If Speedy hears a noise coming from the kitchen, he'll jump straight up, start swinging his legs around furiously, and take off in the direction of the living room. If his ears detect something moving near the stairs, he'll leap to attention and accelerate to 60 miles an hour towards the kitchen. He may be able to break land speed records, but he can't pinpoint sounds worth a shit, and prefers using his Zen method of transportation. I can literally stand 10 feet in front of him and shout "COME HERE! COME HERE! I HAVE FOOD FOR YOU TO EAT! **WITH YOUR MOUTH!!!**" causing his eyes to perk up as he begins sprinting in the completely opposite direction. Once he arrives at some predetermined point at which he sincerely feels the noise emanated from, confusion will overcome his tiny, tiny brain and make him wonder what kind of unearthly spirit I am to teleport all across my kitchen and toy with his fragile canine emotions. Then he'll begin wondering if I'm composed of food, and if so, how he can take advantage of my fleshy pinata-like frame.

This hot-roddin' doggie is able to shovel down metric tons of food within a blink of an eye, at which point all this chow is repackaged as a little gift scientists call "poop" placed in strategic positions throughout my kitchen. While these wads of waste may be difficult to see, they fortunately / unfortunately leave a trail of stench powerful enough to down overhead passenger planes and present a threat to national security. His shit is the worst shit I've ever smelled in my life and trust me, I've smelled quite a lot of shit in my time. Every time some cursed lump of chunky horror squeezes free from the moist prison in his stomach, the paint begins bubbling off my walls and metal pipes below the floor begin to corrode. I have to use protective rubber gloves to scoop up his stack of olfactory gifts before it has a chance to burn through the floor and penetrate the Earth's core like the acidic drool from that one scene in "Aliens." His crap is so powerful that it possesses the ability to travel forward in time and repeatedly appear on the carpet no matter how many times I clean it up in the past. I think I need to hire a priest to exorcise the demons from Speedy's digestive system.

Now I know what you're thinking at this point: "oh Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, your fascinating description of your fat puppy and shitting puppy brought a series of salty tears to this old fisherman's eyes! Please tell me about the exciting adventures they have embarked upon in the past week!" Well

I was planning on recanting some of their more magical tales of lore, but it would make this update too long, so I shall save it for next week! Until then, please pray for my dead faggot dog Jake and tell the "Reverend" Fred Phelps to stop sending me all those gloating emails.

This just in, Puppies and Kitties are quite cute.

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with the second part of the childhood destruction trilogy known only as "Erotic Saturday Morning Cartoon Fanfic" to you, but as "Jesus Christ stop reading that out loud to me or I swear to God you will be sleeping on the couch tonight" to me. Ah, memories.

Here's a quick sample of how disturbing we really are.

> Tweety bird scurried around the corner with Sylvester in hot pursuit. Unbeknownst to Tweety, Sylvester had been ordering from the Acme catalog. His Tweety Trap sat waiting to be triggered. The tripwire triggered the mechanical box to fall and restrain Tweety. For the first time in history, the Acme product actually worked. Tweety looked through the Plexiglas window as Sylvester calmly sauntered over to him.
>
> "Looks like I finally caught you, thtupid bird."
>
> With that, Sylvester bound Tweety's little wings together and stuffed a ball-gag into his mouth. Unable to protest, Tweety watched in morbid anticipation. This is what it had come down to, he thought. This is the culmination of my life. He closed his eyes as Sylvester roughly brought his small body up to his mouth.
>
> Then something happened that Tweety did not expect.

I'm going to guess that he eats him. Any takers?

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.10 Five Cent Dream Makeovers

Tuesday, Nov 11, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

If you can believe it, America's unsung coin hero, Mr. Nickel, is about to get a makeover! This poor forsaken coin, which towers over only the penny, has been stuck in pocket change limbo for far too long. When the only thing you have to look down on is the penny, a useless piece of copper emblazoned with the image of a bearded maan who got shot in the head, what do you have to look forward to? You may be worth five pennies, but at best you're still only half as good as a dime and carry only one-fifth the weight of a quarter. To make things more insulting, the dime is smaller than the nickel, but still more valuable! Why don't they just dig up Thomas Jefferson's corpse and have small children beat it like a piñata while an American flag burns in the background? But don't blow your brains out just yet, Mr. Nickel, things are looking up for you!

> *WASHINGTON / After 65 years with hardly a change, the nickel is getting two new looks next year — one design will feature clasped hands of friendship between the U.S. government and American Indians and the second will show Lewis and Clark on a keelboat.*

Bravo, I say! At least to that delicious "hardly a change" pun. I'm sure the author had a lot pun – oops, I mean fun – writing that article! While it is good that the nickel is finely seeing some change, it's a shame that nobody is thinking big about those changes. The nickel has, for the vast untold eons since 1938, depicted Thomas Jefferson and some boring building captioned "Monticello." I'm pretty sure that's a reference to Monticello, Indiana, home of beautiful Lake Schaffer and the famous Indiana Beach amusement park, which proves once again there is more than corn in Indiana. I'm not sure why the nickel would commemorate an amusement park that you have to drive through hours and hours of corn fields just to get to, but I do have to admit I'm not as up on American history as some folks. The flipside of this currency conundrum is of course the dire attire of President Thomas Jefferson, who still looks like he's ready to seduce a fine slave woman and father some fine slave children as all the tabloids like to say. I realize that there is some importance in historical accuracy, but really, this guy looks like he's trapped inside a time capsule cleverly disguised as a coin. He needs a fashion update more than the ghost of John Ritter needs to stop haunting my barn. For one thing, ponytails went out of style a decade ago. What is he, some kind of divorced dad trying to impress young girls with his hip hairdo and fancy lad wardrobe? Let's give poor old Jefferson a break and pump some fresh blood into this tired coin of yesteryear.

Unfortunately, the changes they want to make, well, I'm afraid they just don't add up. Lewis and Clark and a lousy handshake with American Indians? It feels like I've been waiting all my life for this, and now I can die knowing I lived a meaningless existence. Lewis and Clark might have been big back around the time of the Louisiana Purchase, but what have they done for us lately? Oh that's right, they are graciously rotting to dust! If we're going to honor corpses, then it's high time we honor the corpse of Norman Fell, seeing as how he has done a lot more for this country than Lewis and Clark. The idea of immortalizing an interracial handshake on the back of an important coin doesn't strike me as being that great either. What's that supposed to symbolize? We may rape and pillage your lands and people, but we'll never forget that firm handshake of yours. Score one for white man's boundless generosity! Look, I'll cut to the chase: these ideas suck. I don't know where these knuckleheads at the U.S. Mint get their ideas, but they're about as fresh as a medical cadaver. I don't mean to be an armchair minter, but I can do a much better job than those bozos. It's time to look at some real makeovers for the nickel that actually mean something:

Daredevil Jefferson

If there is one thing that captivates people like nothing else, it's the concept of daredevils. The men and women who take amazing risks by jumping great distances on motorcycles and in cars, walk thin tightropes high above the ground, and get dangerously close to animals have long been a source of inspiration and shock. They pull our heartstrings like a parachute ripcord as they jump from a burning plane into a tank of anthrax coated lobsters. They are the proxy with which we engage our most primeval flight or fight fantasies. For this, they have our eternal gratitude and thanks. I, as a humble American have to ask, isn't it time we honored them in more than just a primetime special or short blurb on the TV news when one of them gets mangled? Why don't we combine our love of daredevils with our love of Thomas Jefferson, the man whose existence validated the nickel! I propose Daredevil Johnson, the only president with the guts to jump Devil's Canyon or to fly a motorcycle over a line of fifty burning cars – one for each state – and land in no less than the Mississippi River! On the tails side of this coin would be a hand giving the thumbs up, the international symbol for "I made it! I survived this stunt intact!"

The Batnickel

Plain and simple, Batman is the most inspiring person alive today. Born of tragedy, he fights a brutal vigilante crusade to make his hometown safe. He's stood by his city through thick and thin, dealing with everything from earthquakes to viral outbreaks. And in the midst of all that chaos, he keeps an army of deranged lunatics in line. Some may call Gotham City a Sodom and Gomorra of the modern era, but even with its faults and abundance of vice, there are still good people there trying to survive. Championing them is none other than the caped crusader! Never has he asked for anything in return except a little space and a little respect. Isn't it time we honored the world's greatest detective? Isn't it time we put Batman on the nickel? I think so. If anything, it sends a strong message to the criminal element. For those of you expecting a bunch of jokes in this paragraph, forget it! Batman is simply no laughing matter.

The Vladimir Lenin Nickel

In a perfect communist society, money is no object. In fact, it won't even exist. What better way to stick it to moldy old Karl Marx and those commie bastards in Russia than by putting Bolshevik kingpin Vladimir Lenin on a piece of currency? It will be as delicious as secretly hiding a chunk of meat in a vegetarian's tofu! The irony of a communist mastermind adorning a capitalist monetary unit will be a crippling blow to Soviet morale and a strong reminder as to why America is top dog at the international kennel. Make this newly enlightened nickel the vanguard of your pocket change and send a message that Khrushchev and his nuclear thugs won't soon forget. All the while you're buying comic books, soda pop, and seeing moving picture shows with your new nickel, old man Lenin will be spinning in his public tomb in front of demoralized Soviet

workers!

[Editor's Note: Livestock still doesn't know the Cold War is over.]

The Jessica Lynch / Elizabeth Smart Always Remember Nickel

How can we honestly call ourselves a caring nation and not honor Jessica Lynch? The captured convoy she was a part of was a dollar that was sucked into the vile vending machine that is Iraq, which in turn spit out this nickel as change! Her indomitable spirit was the driving force that toppled Saddam Hussein's corrupt regime, freeing millions of Iraqis from the clutches of a brutal totalitarian state. What's more, her epic victory over the forces of evil sent aftershocks that rumbled through the terrorist underworld like an abdominal cramp through Allah. The nefarious terrorists simply could not believe the might and grace of this awe-inspiring girl next door. At the same time, how can we forget the harrowing ordeal that young Elizabeth Smart had to endure? After being kidnapped by a polygamist or some other form of loony, her abduction gained national attention. Truly, this little girl was so precious that coverage of her disappearance outranked most important national and international events! Like Lynch, she lost her innocence, but thankfully is being provided a lifetime's worth of wealth through book and movie deals as consolation. What darling damaged goods! By putting these two angels on a coin – the only coin that's all heads and no tails – we make a bold statement about the completely unrelated war on terrorism! We won't forget, Osama! We'll always remember what you did to us!

The Six Cent Nickel

My most radical proposal isn't so much a makeover, but an overhaul in value! I think it's not the look of the nickel that holds it back, but the worth. Five cents doesn't buy much, and everyone knows that. But what happens if you up the value to, oh, say six cents? Suddenly that nickel of yours is looking a lot more dynamic. Right now you're probably saying, "Whoa, Josh, stop – this is simply too much to handle!" But I can't stop, not when I'm channeling the voice of the American spirit! The six cent nickel is just the beginning. I propose that the value of the nickel be increased by one cent each year for the next five years until the nickel is equal to the dime in value. That's when people will see the true beauty of American currency – variety! How many other nations have two different and unique coins that carry the same monetary value? Probably some, but none that are America! To make things easier, the penny will also go up in value one cent each year until it is worth five cents. This way America will look stronger, because it will be the economy without pennies. Only big bucks for us! To further accentuate this amazing new nickel, Thomas Jefferson will be given an Asian headband. This will add an unprecedented allure to the most under appreciated coin since the penny. Does Thomas Jefferson know karate? Does he use chopsticks? Did he take an Asian bride? All this questions and more will be asked when this shiny new metal maven hits the markets. This will be the coin that gets people talking, that opens dialogue, and inspires everybody to push for just a little bit more out of themselves. United States Government, Americans demand a six cent nickel!

I think after what I've just said, the U.S. Mint is going to have some serious reconsidering to do. Lewis and Clark might put a smile on my grandma's face as she buys yarn to nit a body bag for olden times, but it's not going to work for us living in the present. And that wonderful handshake

of friendship might make a Native American working at a casino chuckle as he gleefully scalps white man's welfare check in a game of blackjack, but it says nothing of substance to the average American. My ideas are universal and appeal to all sorts of people. At the end of the day, you can take my ideas to the bank. Think about it, U.S. Mint!

Insulin-Powered Gaming

Hey folks, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here with good news for all you diabetics out there! I have suffered through Captain Novolin, a SNES game that represents your one beacon of hope in this bleak world.

> *Each platforming segment is preceded by a doctor - either a creepy blonde who looks like she's laughing while having a stroke, or a lumpy alien beanbag-man who looks like Al Roker with a pillow surgically implanted into his face. Before each platforming level you are advised by one of these two illegal immigrant doctors about what food you should and shouldn't eat. But be sure to pay attention, because when the level starts you will have to kill various forms of giant anthropomorphic junk food while eating one of everything they tell you, and ONLY one. If they tell you to eat one cereal bowl with legs and you eat two, Captain Novolin demonstrates his fighting spirit by flopping over on the ground and dying. The game may not be very innovative otherwise, but I will admit that Captain Novolin is the only video game action hero I've controlled who can be killed by eating an extra slice of toast.*

I contracted some kind of alien moon sickness and I've spent the last week coughing up my lungs and a number of other vital organs, and on top of that I've played through one of the worst SNES games ever made, but at least I won't have to suffer alone! Share my pain!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.11 I am Laughing in the Face of Death

Thursday, Nov 13, 2003 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Since the dawn of time, mankind has feared two things: death and illicit nighttime racing. While recent breakthroughs in gaming technology have allowed us to overcome our fear of the latter, the former still remains imprinted in our minds like the neuroimplants evil republicans will use to monitor our thoughts in a dark dystopian future. The worst thing about death is that it's impossible to understand. Contemplating an eternity of nonexistence is like trying to find actual gaming content in an issue of Gamepro, except even fewer people are insane enough to attempt it.

That said, I still laugh in the face of death. Why? Well, for one thing, if I don't laugh I'll cry. And if I cry in front of death, death might try to hug me, killing me in the process.

I'm still waiting for my generation's Kiss, Korn, to come out with their own comic book, printed in Real Korn Jizz from the incredible men's room blowjob the lead singer got from Todd Mcfarlane.

Also, I want to be a trendsetter. Most people have decades to prepare for death, yet when it finally appears on the horizon, it's time to throw the mother of all self-pitying hissy fits. Well, fuck that. I got all the existential dread out of my system with spooky album covers. When I go out, it's going to be in blaze of glory and, hopefully, bloodshed. What follows is a fictional account of the ideal way I would like to die. Look for a special cameo by Lowtax as my sidekick!

My Ideal Death, by Jed

Sometimes Lowtax does this thing where he slicks back his hair and pretends to be Squaresoft producer Hironobu Sakaguchi. It's mostly so I can practice what I'm going to say to the guy if I ever run into his bad RPG making ass at a bar or porn store somewhere. *"That's the corpse of Aeris over there."* said Lowtax, pointing to a homeless woman sleeping in the corner of the subway car, *"Fortunately, the knowledge that her spirit has returned to the planet as part of the lifestream eases my pain."*

"Wow, really?" I said, "Shit, it must suck to be her. What with there being no lifestream and all. What with death actually being a macroverse of terror where we're tortured constantly by our own weaknesses and bad memories until, in a final irony, our soul actually decides to kill itself in some excruciatingly painful way." I then proceeded to writhe around on the floor for a few minutes, simulating my soul being ripped asunder.

I'm not sure what happened next. Lowtax turned around and his eyes were missing, and I instantly knew that somehow, in some fucked-up way, he **was** Hironobu Sakaguchi. The subway car seemed to be elongating, the metallic ceiling stretching to infinity as he struck out at me with hands that weren't actually hands, but talons of nameless rage. Suddenly I was in the lifestream, getting my ass kicked by the spirits of all the people I had killed in WWIII. Then I was even farther than that. Beyond the "atoms" and "molecules" of my "5th" grade science "class", beyond anything tangible to the human imagination. I was face-to-face with Gaiea, the spirit of our planet, feeling all those seconds and minutes of pent-up anger towards undead soldiers melt away in the presence of her vast beauty. The warmth emanating from her glowing form told me that I had finally found my place in the universe.

Then I woke up in an alleyway somewhere in downtown Boston, my face covered with blood. I had 3 broken ribs and to top it off some dickhead with a cell phone thought it'd be really "funny" to call

an ambulance. Paramedics in Boston don't actually administer medical aid; they just follow you around until you pay them to go away. It's a union thing or something.

Having somehow survived Mr. Sakaguchi's attempt to kill me by momentarily assuming control of my friend's body, I was fairly sure I wasn't going to die that day. By the time I found Lowtax again I was feeling pretty cocky, and come noontime I was already picking fights with people on the bus. After a few hours Lowtax had it developed into a system. I would stand at the back of the bus and he would stand sort of in front of me and people would pay for fights.

Sparks fly as wheelchair and bone collide!

By evening I had already made a small fortune in the amateur bus fighting circuit. The first thing I did was pay off the paramedics, who were still following me around and occasionally standing in my way when I wanted to walk somewhere. I was about to grab my sack of blood-stained 20 dollar bills and go home when Lowtax told me that some rich guy was willing to pay $300 for a fight. I was like "Fuck that, I'm retired. Tell him it isn't gonna happen unless he pays twice that much." Much to my surprise, this person agreed. It wasn't until the fight began that I realized I was actually up against Christopher Reeve in his state-of-the-art tongue-controlled wheelchair. After taking a slowly rotating sawed-off pool cue to the chest I was able to connect with a right cross, causing him to spit out blood and a small black object. I thought it was the wheelchair controls and put it in my mouth but it was just a Jolly Rancher. By the time I realized my fatal error it was already too late and Christopher Reeve had backed up onto my leg. I felt bones give way under the pressure of several hundred pounds of tongue recognition hardware and underdeveloped muscle and lost consciousness.

When I came to Reeve had already started his 2 mph victory lap around the bus. The crowd was on my side, though, and I staggered to my feet. My leg was broken but I was still pretty sure that I could win. All I had to do was find the Eye of the Tiger. Then I remembered that was just in some Resident Evil puzzle. Suffice to say, I won the fight but eventually died from blood loss.

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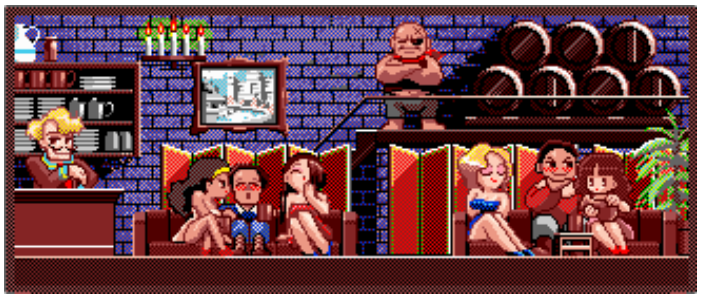
Okay, so that probably isn't anything like how I'm actually going to die. In real life Hironobu Sakaguchi could kick my ass and Christopher Reeve could probably hire somebody to kick my ass for him. The upside, of course, is that my real life apathy continues to help me cheat death by making me too lazy to venture into the hazard-filled world outside of my room. At this rate, I'll probably end up living forever.

The Make a Princess Foundation

Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here with a brand new Hentai Game Review! This week it looks like we're baking up a batch of princess with "Princess Maker 2".



If you're particularly masochistic you can explore the small RPG portions of the game in search of fame and fortune. These are wholly inept with about two frames of animation for walking, none for combat, and a menagerie of monsters that makes the color-coded rainbow coalition of the original Diablo look like a photobook by the Darwin Society. We meet again mantis creature! I see you still have not learned from your mistakes! I also see one use of "magic" will kill you with no explanation other than text telling me how much damage you suffered. Occasionally you will face townsfolk in a combat version of the "sprite theater" that is every bit as clumsy and laughable as it sounds. Think old Final Fantasy style with only two options ("magic" or "attack"), no strategy, no risk (you can't die in these fights), and absolutely no fun.

I'm not doing these because I like to stare at the pretty words on the glowing box thing, believe me. I suffer for YOU!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.12 Bad, Worse, and FUCK!

Thursday, Nov 13, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Even the most pampered of us, living a life of leisure away from all of the hustle and bustle of the workaday world, encounters a bad situation from time to time. Maybe it's as commonplace as stubbing your toe or losing your keys, or maybe it's as bizarre as your lover dying while you're tied to a bed or a witch turning you into a caterpillar. I don't know what your life is like and I don't want to! However, as bad as these situations can be, we can all take comfort in the knowledge that they could be infinitely worse.

Anyone who has an e-mail account or bad taste in humor web sites has probably seen a wacky list of "bad and worse". Luckily for you I have both of these things as well as a willingness to steal ideas and make them even worse than they originally were. I have taken the staggering genius of "bad and worse" and I have modified it to include a third, and much more severe category called "FUCK!". Ladies, gentlemen, anthropomorphic animals with giant penises, post-op transsexuals masturbating to short stories about Roy Orbison wrapped in cellophane, it is my pleasure to introduce "Bad, Worse, and FUCK!". It is the ultimate evolution of the "bad and worse" concept.

Sis, I thought what we had last night was special!!

Bad - You have a one night stand with a girl and wake up the next morning and discover you've got a burning rash covering your penis.
Worse - The girl turns out to be your sister.
FUCK! - Who you picked up from an IRC room where she was posing as a 16 year old girl for an FBI sting operation.

Bad - You get caught playing Minesweeper one time too many by the boss and get your pink slip.
Worse - Your pink slip consists of being thrown through a plate glass window by your boss.
FUCK! - From the eightieth floor of an office building located on top of an active volcano.

Bad - You get pulled over for doing 90 in a school zone and you're drunk off your ass again at three in the afternoon.
Worse - The cop is drunk too, and he's a mean drunk.
FUCK! - A mean drunk that's actually a swarm of semi-sentient flesh-eating beetles.

Bad - While out on a date you decide to go to a Mexican restaurant and the burrito beats you in a race to the bathroom.
Worse - The burrito had bet money on the race.
FUCK! - And he has a lot of taco friends willing to take that money out of your ass if you don't pay up.

Bad - Maverick, pull up! There's a MiG on your six!

Worse - Maverick, pull out! Your mom's home from the grocery store!
FUCK! - Maverick, pull straws! The man with the short one gets to massage Dr. Phil's taint!

Bad - The mob has put a hit out on you for ratting on the don.
Worse - The yakuza has put out a call for your severed head for having sex with the boss's wife.
FUCK! - Bill Cosby has put up a reward for your capture so he can suck the delicious Jello pudding that fills your bones instead of marrow.

Bad - You're addicted to the Internet.
Worse - Especially FARK.
FUCK! - Because you laugh every single time you read the phrase "France Surrenders!"

Bad - Your rent check just bounced.
Worse - Because you bought an entire shipping pallet of dildos.
FUCK! - That got delivered to your landlord's apartment on accident.

I hope I can get unemployment!

Bad - The factory that employed almost half of your town just shut down.
Worse - By "shut down" I mean "burned down with everyone inside".
FUCK! - By "factory" I mean "unshielded nuclear reactor".

Bad - The MPAA files a lawsuit against you for downloading a theatrical screener.
Worse - It was a VCD of "Gigli"
FUCK! - That you actually got to work in your DVD player.

Bad - Your girlfriend breaks up with you for petty reasons and then immediately starts dating.
Worse - Your father.
FUCK! - Who insists you call her "mom".

Bad - Your dog gets run over by a speeding car.
Worse - Your dog was actually a super intelligent fox.
FUCK! - A kindly white-bearded gnome was riding on its back when the car struck.

Bad - You lose all of your money in Las Vegas.
Worse - It was inside your wallet at the time.
FUCK! - You have a sinking suspicion you may have left it in that hotel room where you murdered the hooker.

Bad - You write erotic "Dukes of Hazzard" fan fiction.
Worse - About Bo and Luke asphyxiating each other during gay sex.
FUCK! - And you accidentally turn it in as an assignment at parochial school.

Bad - You fatally shoot your best friend while showing him your new gun.
Worse - He was the President of the United States.
FUCK! - And he was standing on your new Berber carpet.

I see London, I see France, and Paris truly is the city of creepy fucking lights in her eyes.

Bad - Videotapes of you having sex were leaked onto the Internet.
Worse - The videos were shot using night vision making you look like some sort of hideous alien creature.
FUCK! - Your career still consists of appearing on "Wild On!" and being interviewed incoherently by Jules Asner while dry humping anything within reach because of the overdose of ecstasy you took poolside earlier.

Bad - While enjoying your lunch you find a human finger in your bowl of soup.
Worse - It's your finger.
FUCK! - It's still attached to the body of a man who is considering a job at Burger King because his Bachelor's degree in computer science isn't worth the paper it's printed on anymore.

Bad - You still haven't beaten "Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic".
Worse - You're stuck on the first fight with Calo Nord.
FUCK! - Because you burned out your retinas staring at the sun and can no longer differentiate shapes.

Bad - Your infant son dies from starvation because you were playing Everquest nonstop.
Worse - You only find the body when emptying your improvised colostomy bag.
FUCK! - You abandon flushing his corpse down the toilet halfway through the process because you hear the sound of your character being attacked from the other room.

Bad - Your most prized possession is destroyed in an unfortunate accident.
Worse - The accident involved a tribe of cannibals.
FUCK! - Your most prized possession was your artificial hip.

Just like a car crash. Just like a knife. My favorite weapon, is the look in your AAAAAAAAAAeyes!!

Bad - You develop stigmata.
Worse - You work in a lemonade factory.
FUCK! - You're not even Christian.

Bad - Your neighbors call the police and complain about the loud noise coming from a party you're having.
Worse - The party is actually a cover for you to deal heroin out of your bedroom.

FUCK! - The music was actually turned up to conceal the sounds of you being shot to death by rival drug dealers.

Bad - You write for a humor web site.
Worse - You run out of ideas so frequently that you have to rely on "bad and worse" as your concept for an article.
FUCK! - And it actually seemed like a good idea at the time.

I expect to see this in an e-mail forward AS SOON AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE! Everyone knows that something isn't truly hilarious until 30 or 40 dimwitted relatives forward it to you! Get cracking folks!

Free Hat Day at the Sausage Factory

Hello chowder heads, Livestock here to slap some meat in your eyes. Thanks to the industrious members of our non-unionized forums, we have a new Photoshop Phriday up and online for your perusal. The theme this week is "Monstrous Misprints," and it's absolutely nothing like Conan O'Brien's preexisting and identical comedy bit called "Actual Items." Okay, okay, I'm lying. PLEASE DON'T SEND US TO PRISON!! Here is a preview:

go toward
healing
injured bird
d Bone Jewelry
ntricately carved bone pieces capture the spirit of
with the artists' fine attention to detail. These bold
of art will turn heads.
C086 Flying Eagle Pendant $21.95
C029 Eagle Feather Neck Pendant $21.95
C060 Eagle Feather Neck Earrings $21.95
C016 Salmon Earrings $17.95
C032 Triple Feather Circle Earrings $21.95
C123 Eagle Spirit Mask Pendant $23.95
203 Eagle Spirit Mask Pin (not shown) $25.95
orthwest Native Art Note Cards
ese Northwest native art 6"x9" printed note
rds will show your discriminating taste whether
u choose to send them or keep them to frame.
Carved Bone Owl Stabber
Kill owls with irony.
ID: 202 $17.95
www.something awful.com

I'm telling you, it would be really swell if you went ahead and read it. Come on, be a pal.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 Corrections, Retractions, and Omissions

Saturday, Nov 15, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Boy is our face red. And poorly photoshopped.

We here at Something Awful are dedicated to a singular principle: providing flawless, unbiased journalism. We do our best to make sure that all the information we give you on a daily basis is one hundred percent factual. Most days we also try to ensure that our basis for what is considered "factual" is based in some sort of objective reality, and not just the half-crazed, half-mad delusions that pop into our heads during our company-mandated peyote "meetings." However, in the process of putting together a new, intelligible, informative article for each and every day, it's only natural that a few bits of misinformation would slip through the editorial cracks. In order to maintain our spotless reputation as a respectable source of news and the current forward thinking on many of the world's most pressing issues, it is our duty to occasionally take a look back at some of our past articles and rectify any mistakes. Whether we somehow were confused or misled about the veracity of our facts when we first posted them, or whether the facts have since changed, making our statement no longer correct, it is imperative that we identify these errors and present you, the reader, with the real information. So, without any further ado, here are the corrections, retractions, and omissions from the past year.

11-05-2002: Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka asserted that he has five delegates from the United Nations inside his head - an American, a German, a Frenchman, a Russian, and a North Korean. Recent tests have shown that these men living inside Mr. Kyanka's head are not actually U.N. delegates, but rather just five character actors with nothing better to do. However, the man portraying the German did once run for State Senate in Nebraska.

11-30-2002: The article title "The Mysteries of Thanksgiving Revealed" was actually a typo. The title was supposed to read, "Caution: Terrible Article Ahead." We apologize for any confusion and any feelings of frustration, betrayal, or rage experienced by those who read the article anticipating some sort of humor.

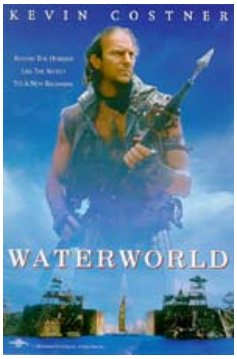
12-16-2002: In explaining the connection between Christmas and zombies, we stated that, "Caroling is roughly as entertaining and heart warming as listening to the wailing of zombies attempting to batter their way inside your boarded-up house." It's not. Zombies are at least capable of sustaining some sort of rhythm as they pound away at your house boards, unlike most carolers.

01-12-2003: At the beginning of the article, we asserted that it was about frivolous lawsuits, and not just an excuse to make fat jokes. Careful review of the article has shown that the lawsuit stuff did, in fact, take a backseat to the fat jokes. We admit that we were way off base in making such a claim. However, we will not apologize for any of the jokes. If you don't like it, you should write your congressman. Or better yet, write to your local Arby's and see if you can convince them to start delivering so you don't have to waste precious blubber-building time driving over there. How's that sound, you lumpy flesh zeppelin?

02-12-2003: In reference to the likely success of a chain of Al-Qaida-run pizzerias, we asserted that, "The thick crust of the intifada will overpower the thin crust of the western Zionist pigs, and the cheese of victory will cover the bloodied like dirt." It's actually the cheese of "triumph." Sorry.

03-22-2003: While describing some of the virtues of Detroit's police department, Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz wrote that "The Robocop is an unstoppable force with his bullet-proof armor, robotic gun sighting, and super strength." This is not at all true. Robocop

may be far stronger and resistant to harm than a normal human, but he is far from unstoppable, as the denizens of Detroit will remember from the time when he fought Superman over the rights to the title "man of steel." We would like to apologize to Superman for failing to take his victory into account and hope that he will not hold Mr. Paskiewicz's mistake against us all the next time a giant meteor is hurtling toward Earth.



Everyone makes mistakes. Some people make several whopping mistakes in a row, but that doesn't mean we don't love them.

04-02-2003: Everything that Josh "Livestock" Boruff says or does is a lie. Sorry.

05-20-2003: Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka suggests the following as a surefire way to beat a speeding ticket: "Claim the officer's radar gun is actually a thermometer which he doesn't know how to properly operate [...] If you get busted going over 100 mph, then say that you have a fever or AIDS or SARS and that you're rushing to check yourself into the hospital." As we are all aware, SARS is no longer a real threat to humanity. Policemen will no longer accept SARS as a legitimate excuse. DO NOT CLAIM TO HAVE SARS! Doing so will cause every officer of the law within a three mile radius to flock to you and beat you into a coma. And while you're in a coma, you will, ironically enough, be infected with SARS.

06-17-2003: A glance at the Something Awful news archives for June, 2003 will reveal that there are two articles posted for Tuesday the 17th. The first is by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, and was actually published on that Tuesday. The date on the second article, written by Josh "Livestock Boruff," is a typo. That article was actually written on Friday, April 3rd 1979.

07-28-2003: While reviewing that day's awful link, the Furry Music Foundation, we omitted a mention of the fact that furries are revolting, insane sexual deviants who are unfit for existence in even the most open-minded societies. We feel that it was implied by the rest of the review, but it's best to be absolutely clear about these things.

08-25-2003: Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons defines half-track vehicles as "light-armored vehicles that had two heavy front wheels and a light tank-style track system on the rear portion of the vehicle." Further research has shown that nobody cares.

09-07-2003: As part of my own guide to pledging a Greek campus organization, I recommended that one should purchase and wear robes to impress the society members. I now retract this advice. Skip the robes, invest in bondage gear.

10-17-2003: In his hard-hitting expose on Wink Martindale, Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons wrote, "Wink Martindale buries cowboys up to their neck in the hard pan dirt of the desert and drives off laughing. He doesn't even care enough to watch them die." This is not true. He does care, he just has too much on his schedule to stand around watching cowboys die all day.

> **11-09-2003:** It turns out that the first concept upon which all other literature in human history has been based is not, in fact, "I want to get me some," as we originally thought. Recent evidence has proven that the first thought ever recorded in writing was actually "Does anybody have any gum?" Kindly disregard the rest of that article.

I hope that cleared up any confusion that you may have had. On behalf of the entire Something Awful team, I apologize for the accidental release of misinformation such as the examples above. We will continue to try our best to provide you with nothing but the cold, hard truth, but sadly we are only human. No doubt I'll see you again in a year for another round of corrections, retractions, and omissions. Speaking of which, here's one hot off the presses:

> **11-16-2003:** Ben "Greasnin" Platt wrote, " On behalf of the entire Something Awful team, I apologize for the accidental release of misinformation such as the examples above." He did not, in fact, have the authority to speak for the entire team, none of whom actually felt an apology was necessary. He has been soundly beaten.

◘ It's Time For Another Instalment of Something Awful's 16th Most Popular Feature!

I had a dream last night where John Stamos was trying to convince me to use 10-10-321 for all my international and long distance calling. He was relentless in his pitch and I listened intently to his great deals and rediculous savings. But then I realized that I never call anyone because I'm an old hermit that loathes the sensation of sunlight on his skin. You know what this dream means? It means there's a new Weekend Web to read!

Back and to the left. Back and to the left. Back, and to the left. Read all about these exciting cover-ups in this week's Weekend Web!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.14 Private Eye For the Straight Guy

Saturday, Nov 15, 2003 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My good friend Wolfie the Detective, searching for the infamous serial killer The Effeminate Wolf That Looks Like A Detective. Sadly, Wolfie never found him.

The dame sidled into my office, stirring me from my routine post-breakfast nap. This struck me as strange for two reasons: 1. No one sidles anymore. I mean, come on. 2. My "office" was actually just the bedroom in my house. Yet there she was, five feet and ten inches of pure woman held together by a flexible layer of skin. Oh sure, there were probably muscles and veins somewhere in there too, but I'm being figurative here. This woman was so hot, she'd make an entire tray of ice cubes melt by mistakenly leaving them on the counter overnight.

After waving her into the room noncommittally, I tossed back a shotglass full of scotch, immediately regretting the decision as it shattered on the wall behind me. Damn, I needed to stop taking my inner dialogue literally. I made a mental note to have my secretary write that down for me later, and then it hit me: I had no secretary. I'd have to write down a memo later, reminding myself to hire a secretary so that she, in turn, could remind me to stop taking my inner dialogue literally. This was already shaping up to be one rotten day. Deciding that I needed something to steel my nerves, I poured myself some more scotch (this time in a coffee cup), and tossed it over my shoulder. This time the cup rebounded off the wall without breaking, and I flashed a proud grin at my soon-to-be client, tapping an index finger against my forehead to illustrate the impressive brains within.

She leaned forward and planted her hands on my desk, showcasing a pair of breasts so beautiful that they could only be described as "breastish". They were like two perfectly round bowling balls, only they weighed less and didn't have holes... *that I could see.* Being an investigator, I had to find out. I casually plunged my head into her cleavage and made frantic swimming motions as I ogled down her blouse. She immediately slapped me with the strength of ten really weak sailors, and I sat back, rubbing my jaw and weeping only a little bit. "Big boys don't cry", I thought to myself while tossing back the entire bottle of scotch, "big boys don't cry". I hadn't been able to spot any holes during my expedition, but her reaction indicated that she was hiding something in there. I reached out with both hands to see what it was for myself, but she slapped me once more. Something was definitely fishy all right, but it would have to wait. There was business at hand.

"Before we get started," I began, "is anyone that's involved with the case in any way whatsoever a butler?"

"What? No."

My hand crept for the .38 special that was tucked away in the top drawer of my desk. "Are *you* a butler?"

"No one's missing or dead, you dumbass. I'm here to hire you as a humor writer."

"Listen here, toots. They call me Stalker because I relentlessly track down my man, and sometimes watch him shower. Do you see where I'm headed with this? I'm a private eye, not a writer." I removed my football helmet and slammed it on the desk for added emphasis. "I'll *never* write humor."

"Never," she replied, "is a long time. Especially when you can't count, so you mark your wall with chalk like you see people do in prison movies. Only you don't know what the marks even signify, so

your wall is just a mess of meaningless scribbles."

She had a point.

"Look, even if I accepted your offer, you'd only be disappointed with the results. I wouldn't know humor if it crept up on me in a dark alley and hit me in the head with a sock full of nickels, or if it missed and just hit my shoulder. Maybe if it was light out and I could see it coming, sure, but not in a dark alley."

Another good friend, Detective Baby. This photo was taken just days before he lost his Investigator's license for beating a suspect to death.

"You won't be writing in a dark alley, and you just unknowingly proved my case. You have a way with words."

She was right again. I *did* have a way with words. I used them all the time to do things like yell at random people on the street, use the telephone, and yell at random telephones on the street. There was even that one marvelous day when someone asked me what time it was, and I told them. I could use words, after all. How long had I been so oblivious to the unfathomable power that I wielded?

"Besides," she added, "I'm here on behalf of Rich 'No Tax Because I'm A Crime Boss' Kyanka, and this is the sort of offer you can't refuse. Because he's a crime boss. He wants you to write for Something Awful."

Kyanka's involvement changed everything. He was the sort of thug that even I hesitated to cross paths with. His viciousness was legendary; one time he had actually shot a man just for *shooting him first*. If given the choice, I'd have rather faced down Johnny Gimme That, or his considerably nicer brother Jimmy Please. But I wasn't given a choice, and my life was suddenly at stake. This was serious, it wasn't a clown with severe diarrhea running around in circles and screaming for help. This wasn't a friendly game of kickball. This wasn't one of your good-time socials, where everyone listens to rock n' roll and holds hands unsupervised.

"I suppose there's not much I can do. I'll go along with this, but I want a... 'bonus' in addition to my regular salary." I licked my lips and winked suggestively.

"Anything you want," she replied with a smile. Her hand gently ran down the length of my arm. "You name it, and it's yours."

Three minutes later, we were leaving the Happy Time Ice Cream Parlor with the most delicious banana splits to have ever been split. We ate as we walked along the city's mean streets with fudge smeared on our faces, resembling Siegfried and Roy after a particularly wild evening, minus the horrific neck wounds. Taking another bite, I thought the situation through. Something Awful was a sleazy publication, so shoddily written that it didn't even bother to charge it's readers. Even still, I was afraid. What if my writing was even worse than the schlepps who wrote there regularly? What if I actually used the word "schlepp" in an update? The stakes were too high. I had to find a way out of this, whether it meant facing Kyanka's wrath or not.

"You know," I said through a mouth full of vanilla ice cream, "we entered into an oral contract, yet you want me to *write*. Since the contract itself isn't *written*, it's invalid. Oral contracts only work when you're dealing with public speakers, or people who sing."

"That makes absolutely no sense."

"You know what else makes no sense? Me having a jetpack. Yet I do. Game, set, and match."

I then tore off my trench coat, revealing the stunning piece of machinery that would take me far away from the reach of Kyanka's goons. The dame gasped in amazement as the jetpack's metallic shell glistened in the sun like a jetpack on a sunny day. Before she could react, I sprung into action, running home as fast as I could with that incredibly heavy thing on my back. The Stalker had outwitted his enemies once again, and successfully avoided having to write for Something Awful.

State Og

Being the State Og representative is a lot like teaching dogs how to shoot guns; both professions require the burial of dozens of cats every night. But enough about my job, let's look at this week's update, which includes an exciting play-by-play of a heated chess match!

> *A weeping Kasparov moved his rook to D7, a decision he would come to regret. Deep Og considered it's next move, then began considering reality itself. After coming to the realization that the entity known as Gary Kasparov could be expressed by the equation 3*(3 - A), the computer simply erased all evidence of the number 3 from it's memory banks, and in doing so changed the course of history so that Kasparov was never born. As you'll recall, Bobby Fischer won his first world championship by using this very same move.*

Wow! If I knew chess was that exciting back when I was younger, I probably would have still blown a ton of money on Pogs. Check out this week's State Og!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.15 Batdance In E-Minor

Sunday, Nov 16, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Oh, I got a live one here!"
Get the funk up!
BATMAN
Get the funk up!
BATMAN

Get the funk up!
"Go, go, go with a smile!"
BATDANCE
Do it
Keepbustin'["do it" repeated in the background]
I've seen the future and it will be
I've seen the future and it will be
BATMAN,**BATMAN**
I've seen the future and it will be
BATMAN *(house, do it, house)*
"And **where**, and **where** ... is the BATMAN?"Do it, do it
let's do it, let's do it

Do it, do it, do it, do it

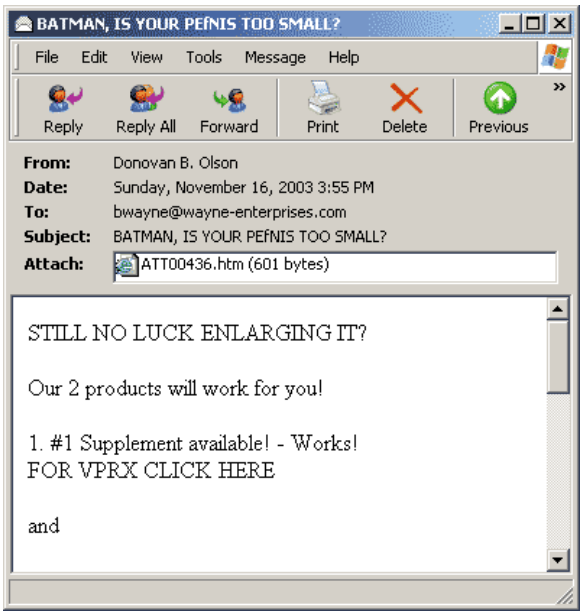
"Stop the press..."
"Stop the press, who is**that?**"

"Vicky Vale", "Vicky Vale""I like..."BATMAN, **BATMAN**,BATMAN
"Oh - that's **nice**"
"Hi, Bruce Wayne"
"I've tried to avoid all this, but I can't"
"I just gotta know... are we gonna try 2**love each other?**"
"Stop the press - who is that?"

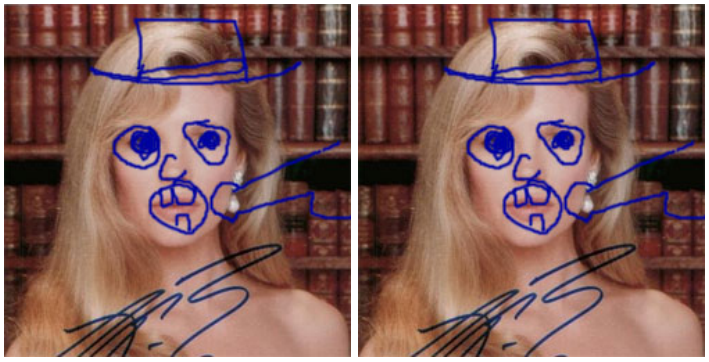
"Vicky Vale"
*"She's great, isn't s**he**?"*

Ooh yeah, ooh yeah

I wanna bust that body
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah


BATMAN, IS YOUR PEfNIS TOO SMALL?
File Edit View Tools Message Help
Reply Reply All Forward Print Delete Previous
From: Donovan B. Olson
Date: Sunday, November 16, 2003 3:55 PM
To: bwayne@wayne-enterprises.com
Subject: BATMAN, IS YOUR PEfNIS TOO SMALL?
Attach: ATT00436.htm (601 bytes)
STILL NO LUCK ENLARGING IT?
Our 2 products will work for you!
1. #1 Supplement available! - Works!
FOR VPRX CLICK HERE
and

I wanna bust that body right
"I'd like 2"



Ooh yeah, ooh yeah
"But he's out there right now"

I wanna bust that body
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah 2 night

"Well, **miss Vale**"
"Ever dance with the devil in the pale moon light?"
"I always ask that of all my pray."
"I just like the sound of it."
[screams]

"I've got 2 go 2 work"

BATMAN

"I've got 2 go 2 work"

BATMAN

If a man is considered guilty
WORK!
4 what goes on in his mind
WORK!
Then gimme the electric chair
WORK!
4 all my future crimes-OH
WORK!
Electric chair

Hey Ducky, let me ***stick the 7-inch***
In the ***computer***
HA, HA, HA
Hey, we got the power
Oh, we got the soul
Hey, we got to sho'nuff get off
2 make the devil go, go

"This town *needs* an enema!"

"I'm gonna kill U"

POWER
"I'm **not** gonna kill U"

SOUL
"I'm gonna kill U"

POWER
"I'm **not** gonna kill U"

SOUL
Let's do it

"I'm BATMAN"
BATMAN
Don't stop dancin'

"I'm BATMAN"
BATMAN
Don't stop dancin'

Do it, do it, do it, do it
BATMAN, BATMAN, BATMANDon't stop, don't stop
Let's do it
Don't stop dancin'
Let's do it, BATMAN
Let's do it, BATMAN
Don't stop dancin'
Don't stop dancin'

No, damn it! Turn the music back up!
You son of a bitch!

"Have you ever heard of the healing power of laughter?"

Who's gonna stop 200 balloons?

Nobody!

Batman

Stop!

Your Band Sucks HARD

This week, Dr. David Thorpe continues his angry snobfest by answering some fan requests. By popular demand, the embittered NASA forklift driver takes on two artistic juggernauts: Good Charlotte and The Strokes. What's more, he tackles the issue of holiday-season greatest hits releases, commenting upon the cash-in collections of R.E.M., Bon Jovi, Tori Amos, No Doubt, and more!

"I received a staggering number of requests that I turn my boundless wit and wisdom toward Good Charlotte. Unfortunately, I'm not sure I'll be able to do that to everyone's satisfaction, because after Barney got overexposed and annoying I pretty much stopped following children's records. I can certainly comment upon the few songs by them I've heard on the radio though, since so many people practically begged me. One thing I've noticed is that they're almost unfathomably terrible, but you already knew that."

Head on over and watch the greatest bands of our time humbled by a man with nothing but a computer and a questionable education.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.16 SA STRIKES IT RICH!!!

Tuesday, Nov 18, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'm filthy stinkin' rich, folks! Muuhahaha! Eat my dust! I knew all this Internet shit would eventually pay off!

> **From: "mr.Joey Lawrence" megalotto@maktoob.com>**
> **To: webmaster@somethingawful.com>**
> **Sent: Wednesday, November 12, 2003 5:40 PM**
> **Subject: WINNING NOTIFICATION**
>
> MEGA LOTTERY INTERNATIONAL
>
> Sir/Madam
>
> We are pleased to inform you of the result of the Lottery Winners International programs held on the 6th of June 2003. Your e-mail address attached to ticket number 20511465657-629 with serial number 3552-99 drew lucky numbers 7-14-17-23-31-22,which consequently won in the 2nd category, you have therefore been approved for a lump sum pay out of US$1,000,000.00 (One Million United States Dollars only) CONGRATULATIONS!!!
>
> Due to mix up of some numbers and names, we ask that you keep your winning information confidential until your claims has been processed and your money remitted to you. This is part of our security protocol to avoid double claiming and unwarranted abuse of this program by some participants. All participants were selected through a computer ballot system drawn from over 100,000.00 company and 50,000,000.00 individual email addresses and names from all over the world. This promotional program takes place every three year. We hope with part of your winning you will take part in our end of year 50 million US$ International lottery. To file for your claim, please contact our nominated fiducially Agent, Mr. Joey lawrence Investment globe Inc., at Email: pro_mega@netpiper.com .
>
> Remember, all winning must be claimed not later than 12th of December 2003 after which all unclaimed funds will be included in the next stake. Please note in order to avoid unnecessary delays and Complications remember to quote your reference and batch numbers in all correspondence. Furthermore, should there be any change of address do Inform our agent as soon as possible. Congratulations once more from our members of staff and thank you for being part of our promotional program. Note: Anybody under the age of 18 is automatically disqualified moreso the appointed fiduciary agent- Jim T. Gary - is the only one with powers to act on disbursing winning sums hence cooperate with him entirely to achieve your claims, Good luck.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> Gloria S. Wright
> Lottery Coordinator

I can't possibly describe how excited I was when I read that email! Not only did I win a million bucks, but my lottery contact was none other than **TV's Joey Lawrence!** Oh truly fame and good fortune smiled upon me today!

From: lcrabs@somethingawful.com>
To: pro_mega@netpiper.com>
Sent: Wednesday, November 12, 2003 5:51 PM
Subject: Re: WINNING NOTIFICATION

HELLO JOEY LAWRENCE, I GOT THIS EMAIL AND I'M SO EXCITED!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE I WON, I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER ENTERING INSIDE YOUR INTERNET! CONTEST! PRAISE ALLAH

SO HOW DO YOU SEND THE MONEYS I WON, LIKE OVER EMAIL OR AIM OR WHAT BECAUSE LET ME TELL YOU JOEY, I REALLY COULD USE THIS CASH! I NEED TO BUILD A BUS! I HOPE IT'S NOT THAT KIND OF MONEY THAT YOU CAN ONLY USE AT THE CHUCK E. CHEESE BALL PIT BECAUSE THOSE RED BALLS SMELL LIKE URINE AND LET ME TELL YOU JOEY, I'M NEVER MAKING THAT MISTAKE AGAIN BUDDY

PLEASE EMAIL ME BACK SOON, I PROMISE I WON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT WINNING BECAUSE I WANT ALL OF THE MONEY AND I'LL BE DARNED IF SOME POOR SAP IS GOING TO TAKE MY NEWFOUND RICHES FROM ME! I'LL FIGHT TO MY FAT SON'S DEATH BEFORE I LET THAT HAPPEN! AND IF YOU TRY TO TAKE MY DREAMS FROM ME, I'LL SUE YOU BLIND BUDDY

GOODBYE JOEY LAWRENCE

- LEONARD
PS: TELL SIX I THOUGHT SHE WAS HOT
PPS: I AM NOT A "SIR/MADAM" BUDDY, I AM 100% MAN AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD TALK TO MR. PACKAGE HERE IN MY PANTS

I was so uncontrollably excited that I accidentally replied using Leonard Crabs' email account! Also I went through about four pairs of underwear when I read the news, but that's a normal thing for me these days.

From: "Lawrence Joey " pro_mega@netpiper.com>
To: lcrabs@somethingawful.com>
Sent: Thursday, November 13, 2003 8:23 PM
Subject: Re: WINNING NOTIFICATION

Dear sir,

kindly send us your Winning Batch number,phone,fax number and your Bank Account number for winning verification.

Thanks
Joey Lawrence

Wait, they sent me the lottery ticket for a contest I never entered and then they ask me to send my "winning batch number" back to them? What kind of disorganized contest is this? And what the hell is a "winning batch number" anyway? Does Joey Lawrence want me to tell him the size of my dick or something? I'm gonna' tell their "appointed fiduciary agent" Jim T. Gary on them! Wah!

From: lcrabs@somethingawful.com>
To: pro_mega@netpiper.com>
Sent: Thursday, November 13, 2003 10:04 PM
Subject: Re: WINNING NOTIFICATION

dear joey lawrence,

first of all i'd like to apologize for the previous letter to you. my son came over and told me my 'cop lock' key was on and that's why all my letters were coming out biggie sized and my phone was calling 911 every time my wife fell down the stairs. i have since turned it off but i cannot figure out how to make the first letter of each sentence biggie sized like they do in the movies. do you know of a website that will teach me of such a thing? i would appreciate it if you could send me the url for one (that's website speak for 'internet').

i am going to go to my bank later today and get the necessary information for you so i can win your lottery and start collecting my moolah (that's website speak for 'money'). i am so excited!!! i have a question though: you said I need a phone number, fax number, and bank account number so you can give me my moolah. do i have to give you my phone number or can i give you my neighbor's phone number? my neighbor's name is jim gormund and he sells tractors. i usually use his phone because mine gets all hot when i touch it and sometimes emits powerful fumes which i believe killed my fish. i tried calling the phone company about this but they weren't able to tell me anything because my phone started getting really hot and emitting fumes which smelled like a watermelon rotting in a radio shack dumpster after some college kids peed on it. sometimes i just can't stand technology, you know?

anyway i'd really appreciate it if you could clarify that information for me so i can go to the bank and get that information for you. i can tell you the name of my bank account if that would help, it's the first national american bank of america and it's on the corner of patterson and 15th street next to the empty lot where they used to have the frozen custard stand until it got shut down during the drug raid. also my name is leonard colbrun

> if that would help any. i will go to the bank as soon as you get me the information i need!
>
> thank you once again, i can hardly wait for my $2 million!!! please send it in $2000 bills so that way i'll have an even 2000 of them and will be able to impress those jerks down at the barber shop.
>
> - leonard
>
> PS: tell nick russo i think he's hot!
> PPS: should i tell my bank people to contact you directly? if so, what is your phone number? i hope it's not one of those 900 numbers because the state won't let me call those since i was arrested for stalking the phone psychics and making them put on makeup at gunpoint

Notice how I shrewdly upped the ante here by casually mentioning the $2 million figure. That's what us hyper-intelligent webmaster people do. We wait until the right moment and then POUNCE all over our unsuspecting prey like an eagle trapped inside the mighty jaws of a shark who is being carried off by an ape. Joey Lawrence didn't know what hit him!

> **From: "Lawrence Joey " pro_mega@netpiper.com>**
> **To: lcrabs@somethingawful.com>**
> **Sent: Friday, November 14, 2003 1:02 PM**
> **Subject: Re: WINNING NOTIFICATION**
>
> Dear sir, yes you have won. We will send Your Money as soon as you give us your Bank Account Number, phone number,full name and address so We can verify it in our computers. please do Not give my information to the bank because that will only slow down Our transfer of your money
>
> Thanks Joey Lawrence

Wow! What a deal! I like how Mr. Joey Lawrence was so concerned about me receiving my cash in a timely fashion that he advised against contacting my bank and the beaurocratic bullies who would simply slow down the transfer of my hard-earned money! No wonder he starred in such hit movies as "Tequila Body Shots!"

> **From: lcrabs@somethingawful.com>**
> **To: pro_mega@netpiper.com>**
> **Sent: Saturday, November 15, 2003 11:52 AM**
> **Subject: Re: WINNING NOTIFICATION**

dEAR jOEY lAWRENCE,

i THINK MY COMPUTER IS MESSED UP BECAUSE IT'S MAKING ALL THE LETTERS THE WRONG SIZE!!! lET ME TELL YOU, i NEED THAT MONEY YOU'RE OFFERING MORE THAN EVER! mY WIFE SAYS i NEED TO BUY A NEW KEYBOARD BUT SHE'S OBVIOUSLY NOT AS COMPUTER SAVVY AS i AM BECAUSE, i MEAN LOOK AT THIS STUFF, THE PROBLEM IS CLEARLY ON MY MONITOR, NOT THE KEYBOARD! tHE KEYBOARD IS WORKING JUST FINE, IT'S THE SCREEN THAT IS SHOWING THE STUFF WRONG!!! praise allah

aNYWAY i WENT TO MY BANK YESTERDAY AND SAID "give me my account information right now so i can get my money from joey lawrence!!!" AND THEY ASKED "YOU MEAN JOEY LAWRENCE FROM tv'S 'bLOSSOM'?" AND I SAID "YEAH THAT'S THE ONE YOU PUMPKINHEADS, NOW GIVE ME ALL OF MY INFORMATION RIGHT NOW!!!" tHEN THEY GAVE ME THE INFORMATION AND i WROTE IT ALL DOWN AND HERE IT IS (i WILL COPY AND PASTE IT FOR YOU):

my social security number: 873-62-6829

WAIT THAT IS THE WRONG INFORMATION, HERE IT IS

MY VISA CARD NUMBER: 8372-8812-1002-6701-9942

OOPS WAIT, i DIDN'T MEAN TO GIVE YOU THAT, HERE IS THE RIGHT INFORMATION (i'M SORRY, i'M NOT GOOD AT COPYING AND PASTING jOEY)

Our Latex Vac-Bed is designed especially for those in search of the most intense bondage adventure possible! (R065) - $448.00

i AM SORRY THAT WAS NOT IT EITHER, LET ME TRY ONE LAST TIME:

bank account routing number: 6088941372 BANK: aMERICA'S fIRST nATIONAL aMERICAN nATIONAL bANK OF aMERICA

pLEASE HURRY UP AND SEND THE MONEY NOW BECAUSE MY WIFE IS ASKING ME HOW WE'RE GOING TO PAY FOR OUR DAUGHTER'S FOOD AND i DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WE HAD A DAUGHTER. yOU PROBABLY NEVER HAD TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY PROBLEMS BECAUSE YOU'RE A FAMOUS ACTOR AND HAD YOUR OWN SHOW ON THE wb nETWORK BUT LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING BUDDY, NOT ALL OF US WERE BORN WITH A SLIVER SPOON IN OUR MOUTHS! i WAS BORN IN A WAGON FOR GOD'S SAKE, PRAISE aLLAH!!!

tHANKS
- lEONARD

ps: wHAT WAS IT LIKE TO HAVE YOUR OWN SHOW ON THE wb nETWORK? dID YOU GET YOUR OWN DRESSING ROOM OR DID YOU HAVE TO CHANGE AT THE GAS STATION NEXT DOOR?
pps: aRE YOU MARRIED? bECAUSE IF NOT, MY WIFE'S SISTER IS A LITTLE CRAZY WHORE AND i KNOW HOW YOU hOLLYWOOD FOLKS GO FOR THAT TYPE.

Hmmm, no response yet. I hope Mr. Lawrence didn't spend too much time trying to get any of my information to work because I'd hate to think that I stole away his valuable time that he could've used to film new and exciting movies about low-budget suburban mall crimes. If I ever get my cashola (that's slang for "moolah") then you guys can be sure I'll be spreading the wealth with each and every one of you! Maybe I'll use some of the money to increase my batch number.

Moneypenny, get out from behind the washer this instant!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with the final and last part of the horrible, soul-sucking trilogy known as "Erotic Saturday Morning Cartoon Fanfic". I'm quite sure you are all very happy this is finished with considering the e-mail I've received about the last two updates.

Here's a sample of our reader e-mail:

> the horror.
>
> I wish I was dead

And as a special treat, I've copied every last erotic fanfic as the author posted them to text files and zipped them up for your downloading enjoyment.

Mirror 1

Mirror 2

Here's a preview of this week's installment.

> Johnny and Hadji slipped into Dr. Quest's sauna. He usually got upset when the boys used the sauna without his permission, but he was away for the weekend, and after the most recent battle with the devilish Ezekiel Rage, they agreed that they needed a little R&R.
>
> The glass door shut tightly behind them, and condensation slowly hid them away from any prying eyes.
>
> "Ezekiel Rage is not my cup of curry," said Hadji.
>
> Johnny laughed and said, "Hadji, you silly savage. Will you ever--" He was cut off and glanced down at his nubile body, which was by this point glistening with sweat. He and Hadji were wearing nothing but towels, and from the creases in Johnny's it was clear that he had become sexually excited.
>
> Johnny's cheeks flushed, but Hadji just smiled and said, "It's alright, Johnny. In my culture, we take it as a compliment. Here, be proud of what you are."

Yager and Red Bull tastes like Smarties candy!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.17 A Visit with Secretary of Transportation Norman Y. Mineta!

Tuesday, Nov 18, 2003 by Norman Y.Mineta (@Livestock)

Just Rappin' with Norm!

Hi guys, it's your old pal Norm here! I don't norm-ally (get it?) lend my stature as Secretary of Transportation to websites, because lets face it, I'm a very busy man. All day long I work hard to ensure that America's roadways are in top shape, flights are departing on time, and that our myriad of railroads and waterways are open to business. A durable and dependable transportation system is key to the success of any nation! But when my son Josh asked me to fill in for him while he plays his new Nintendo game, I couldn't resist the opportunity to take advantage of this exciting forum for direct communication with you, the traveling American. :)

But who am I kidding? That little shit would have a tantrum all over the place if I tried to pull him away from his stupid "Barbie Nail Designer" game to do his lousy job. Oh, and really, I work all day to ensure that fatheads like you get to drive your stupid cars around and never have to walk an inch in your miserable lives. But you know what, I like it. I get to look down on you people like ants. When I stomp on your stupid anthill homes, you pour out and rush around like frantic buffoons on the roads I built for you. And just as I plug you into your precious highway transportation system, I can unplug you and leave you stranded in the middle of nowhere. Someday I might just do that, and then laugh as you cower in the horror of knowing you can never get home to your loudmouthed family or watch your dreadful sitcoms. You take for granted everything I give you and yet you know damn well that you would be helpless without me.

I could go on for hours about the many ways I hold your destinies in the palm of my hand, but then I would probably lose your attention. I'm not shiny or naked, so why would you care about me? If I weren't such a nice guy, I would probably pass a transportation bill introducing spike strips to every highway just to show you rats how powerful I really am. But I digress! I don't want to get my son fired from yet another job, so I better get back to business. I don't think Burger King would take him back, anyway.

Norm's Mailbag with Norman Y. Mineta

I'll do something practical now and answer some mail I get from folks like you. It's a wonder I haven't called the Postmaster General into my office and personally gutted him. His entrails would look lovely wrapped around my tree this upcoming Christmas.

> *Dear Normen*
>
> *I really like riding my bike! It makes me very happy and Im very good at it. I was wondaring when you would fix the potholes in front of my house? I broke my bike tire riding my bike over potholes and I have to get a new bike tire because of it.*
>
> *Steven, age 8*

Good job looking ahead you little squirt! If you weren't always so uncontrollably happy and your ugly face wasn't always being strangled by that gigantic smile of yours, maybe you would realize that this isn't a perfect world. Roads break down, and I'm not going to be there to fix every pothole

that pops up. Maybe if you were someone important, Steven, but you're not. So how about this: how about you ride your pathetic Huffy girl's bike a little more carefully? When you see a big bad pothole ready and eager to eat you alive like your fat mother eats raw hams alive, why not just go around it? God forbid a little bump tear your bike and your life asunder, you wretched juvenile.

> *Dear Mr. Norman Y. Mineta*
>
> *I was wondering when you think hybrid cars and vehicles that rely less on oil will begin seeing larger markets and consumer bases? It seems to me the current transportation infrastructure is designed only to promote and accommodate environmentally unfriendly vehicles. We both know that this will only hurt us in the long run, so what plans does the Department of Transportation have to encourage environmentally safer and cleaner driving?*
>
> *Rachel, age 15*

For starters, Rachel, we plan to replace all our roads with beautiful rainbows. Then we will issue every American their very own cloud. This cloud will use no fossil fuels, fly, and produce rain that will help the crops below grow! This rain will be special rain, and it will cause giant beanstalks to rise out of the ground and reach into the heavens. To keep these rainbow roads safe, we will assign each police officer their very own flying horse. Remember Pegasus? They will be just like Pegasus. We also plan to integrate massive overhauls to the railroad industry that will forever change how trains operate and the emissions standards they adhere to. We will replace diesel engines with trains that run on smiles and leave only mirth as their exhaust. And you know your favorite pet? That stupid cat or dog you nourish with that poison you call love? I'll have it hung from a beanstalk growing in your front yard. You little vindictive bitch, you should know that this is my transportation system! I will run it however I damn well please.

This next one is from a grownup, and serves as a perfect example as to why we should force everybody - not just semi trucks - to stop at weigh stations.

So many ways to get there!

> *Dear Mr. Mineta*
>
> *I have had a problem with sinkage in the road on my block. Because of whatever reasons, it has been gradually dropping down, increasing the height from the road to the driveways in this neighborhood. While this is hardly cause for concern at the moment, if it continues it will cause problems not just for wear and tear on the vehicles, bust also in reconstruction. I imagine if this reaches its climax, the construction work will be very disruptive to life here. I have taken this issue up with local officials, but they refuse to do anything. I now go to the very top* - you, Mr. Mineta. Please help us.
>
> *Sincerely,*
>
> *Marvin Shoephone*

Marvin, It sounds to me like you need to start up a community watch program. More specifically, a community weight watch program. You human hamburgers are putting too much of a strain on my poor roads, and I don't appreciate that. How would you like it if I paid a 500-pound man to come sit on your stomach all day? Well, that's just what I'm going to do - at taxpayer expense, no less. I have that kind of power in this country. Eventually, Marvin, that much pressure will cause you to

sink, too. You think I'm joking? Each day I receive a phone call from every governor in the United States. Like pigs they line up to squeal thanks and beg pardon from the great slaughterhouse. "Oh thank you so much Mr. Mineta for keeping my state's roads and airports open. As you know, they are our lifeblood." I politely tell them, "You're welcome, and I appreciate your gratitude. But know that if you every disappoint me, I will take it all away." That's the power I hold, Marvin. My open hand is your cradle. Fear the day it forms a fist!

File this next one under the "wrong address" category. I'm such a generous person, I went ahead and answered it anyway, and in my own special way no less.

> *Dear Washington Beltway Sniper*
>
> *I don't know if you take requests, but my wife is a real pain in the ass. She's nothing but the world's biggest nag, and I don't think I can take another agonizing day with her. Mr. Sniper, if I were to send my wife out for groceries at such and such a time in the areas you frequent, would it be too much trouble for you to send a bullet her way? It would do me a world of good.*
>
> *Yours respectfully,*
>
> *Mr. Z*

I decided to help you out, Mr. Z. I did some checking and found out your real name, and I've been following your wife around for the last two weeks. It's fun, you know, to see her leave your house early in the morning to go to work. Only I've noticed she misses work a lot, even when she leaves your house. So where is she going? Well, I'm afraid I didn't catch the gentleman's name, but I did catch the fact he likes banging your wife. I'd wager if you two have any kids, they aren't really yours. You may be wondering why I haven't killed her like you asked, Mr. Z. That's simply not my style. I'm no murderer; I'm a transportation saint! But you, well, I've got a special gift for you. If you find yourself sitting at home and notice a red dot shining on your forehead, well, that's your cue to shit your pants. Of course I won't shoot you, but I will follow you everywhere like a ravenous shadow. I am transportation. You should know that you can't run anywhere without running through my veins. I am your own personal cul-de-sac. You have nowhere to go.

Up Close and Personal with Norman Y. Mineta!

Now that we've looked at some letters, why not let me tell you a little bit about myself!

- **Norm's Favorite Movie:** "Easy Rider"

  No other film personifies the transportation experience better than "Easy Rider." This is the spirit of the open road captured on film. Don't miss it! Two thumbs up! :)

- **Norm's Favorite Form of Transportation:** Hearse

  Nothing beats the thrill of riding shotgun in a hearse. The way everybody has no choice but to yield to you, the smell of death in the air, the defeated snake of cars trailing you - it is such a majestic experience! Makes you really feel alive.

- **Norm's Favorite Color:** Red

  You simply haven't seen red until you've seen it smeared all over a highway.

Hope you guys enjoyed learning about me!

Thanksgiving Travel Tips with Norman Y. Mineta!

With thanksgiving rapidly approaching, more Americans will be hitting the roads, making flights, and taking full advantage of our great transportation venues to visit loved ones. With holiday spirit in the air and the increased load on the transportation infrastructure, it becomes extremely important for every American to take extra care and travel safely. Here are some tips to help get you to your destination without a hitch (unless it's a trailer hitch!):

My favorite time - turkey time!

- With all the people gangraping my roads, you should rely on public transportation for local urban travel.
- When traveling great distances, plan your timing and routes to avoid the traffic congestion that builds up at certain times in major cities. If possible, stop your car several miles outside of the city and wait until midnight before proceeding through.
- Rambunctious youngsters are a real annoyance during cross-country travel. Putting them in the trunk greatly reduces their volume.
- Make sure you pack an emergency travel kit containing plenty of survival items including a shovel. While it won't keep you alive, it will help you bury your dead.
- If traveling by plane, book your flights early. Tickets will cost more if you book them at the last minute, and that definitely means fewer yams for your fat ass.
- After gorging on a feast, don't hit the roads drunk and drowsy. Stumble naked out of the house and pass out on the lawn for a few hours, then get in your car.
- Travel by train is much less hectic and more relaxing than air or automobile travel. However, the slower pace may drive you to murder. Pack accordingly.

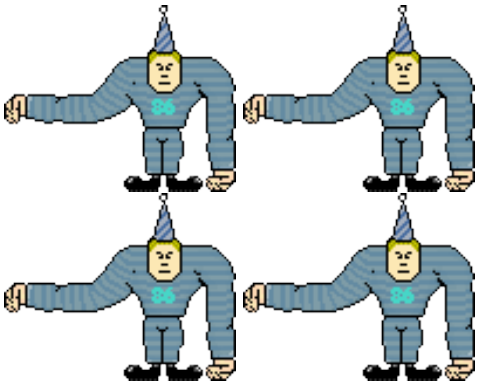
I hope you all have a safe Thanksgiving! I'll be nice this year and leave my roads open for you. But know that my finger lies on the button, and with a single press I can have every plane grounded, every road closed, every bridge demolished, every railroad dismantled, every ship sunk, and the entire country reduced to ruins. You don't want that, I don't want that, so let's play nice this year. Let's keep Norm happy!

Halloween is Here!

In honor of everybody's favorite spooky holiday, Something Awful's champion football player #86/68 has gotten himself into a new adventure. What haunting horrors await #86/68 and the President as they go trick-or-treating? Find out in the terrifying new story "Never be Still, for Life is a Game." HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HIKE!!

With special guest stars, great action, and loads of psychological drama, this is one adventure you simply cannot miss!

-~Norman Y. Mineta (@Livestock)



11.18 This Timelab is the Pits!

Thursday, Nov 20, 2003 by Daring "American Hero" Armstrong

That's me posing for our staff picture. They made me reshoot it in front of a plain background because they said it was "too jingoistic", whatever that means!

Hey chicken butts, long time no smell. I'm sure all of my devoted fans have been desperately wondering "what happened to that throbbing slice of frosted mancake Daring Armstrong?" Well, I've been pretty busy here at the Timelab, but not doing what I should be doing. Apparently there's a war or something going on, and I heard General Steeliron screaming about tax cuts, so we haven't been able to get any glowing rock things for the Time Portal lately. This is a serious bummer for a man of action such as myself, and my adventures have been scaled down quite a bit while we wait for the next physical year or whatever to buy more glowing rocks. I told Professor Chronos I could go to Spencers at the mall and buy a hundred glowing rocks for about fifty bucks, but he just glared at me and muttered something about "not leaving the facility".

You heard that right! Can you believe that? A true blue hero starts one little fire in the air-recycling system by trying to grill hamburgers in the bathroom and suddenly he's treated like a traitor. My weekend passes got revoked until 2004, and with all of the staff cuts here at the Timelab the only people I have to keep me company are the old Indian women who work in the cafeteria. That isn't to say I have been entirely without adventure, because as you well know I wear adventure like a cloak made from... action.

I would present these mini-capers to you in comic form, but the official Daring Armstrong archive historian Laura Abromowitz is not currently on speaking terms with me. Something about climbing into a ventilation duct and drilling holes in the ceiling above her shower, I don't remember what exactly. It might have been in relation to that adventure I went on in the ventilation system where I got stuck in an L-bend trying to get my hand cream out of my cargo pants. I was suffocating and I had to drill holes in the duct and Laura CLAIMS - in some wild story she wrote down in an official complaint to General Steeliron and that I read in the file accompanying my demotion to junior grade time adventurer - that I was trying to see her naked.

Yeah, riiiiiiiiight. Ha! I'm so over Laura and her "too good and too Jewish for the likes of you" attitude. She's a ball of pent up sexual energy that has gone some sort of nuclear reactor critical and turned frigid and evil. Adios senorita! The time I'm not spending trying to make you realize just how bad you need a checkup from Doctor Love is time I can now devote to even more and awesomer adventures.

The Timelab really is not as exciting as you would think, as you can see from this picture it's just an office building like any other.

Speaking of adventures, I mentioned something about my adventures I've been having in my time off from traveling through the eons. Before I get into that let me give you a little background information that will help inform you about my life and also provide you with a crap load of ways you can make your life way better. I'm talking about my daily routine, what the A-man does every single day since he arrived at the Timelab, and if you read between the lines there's a lot of smoky sex going on but I never kiss and tell unless the girl is a celebrity.

6:30 AM - This is when the damn wakeup call thing starts buzzing at the Timelab. If it were an alarm clock I would just hit the snooze button and maybe check to make sure the girl I spent the night with didn't have a hairy lip. Since the Timelab wakeup alarm sounds for like ten minutes straight and has no snooze button I've devised a little system to make sure I get my beauty sleep. It's called "The Daring Armstrong Magical Pot" and it's not really magic but it's this awesome cooking pot that I taped packing foam inside of and I put it over my head and then I can hardly hear that crap.

9:00ish AM - About this time I wake up refreshed and ready to take on the world. Sometimes there are write up citations for failure to attend roll call on the door to my quarters, but they only dock me pay for that junk so I can just insert those into the circular file. That means the garbage for those of you not hip to military jargon. I eat a Powerbar and then do my workout routine. Here's my routine: 10 sit-ups, 5 push-ups, 1 (sometimes 1 and a half) pull ups, and 300 jumping jacks. A lot of people tell me push-ups are where it's at, but for my money I'll go with the jumping jacks.

10:00 AM - Every morning at ten sharp there is a planning meeting where Dr. Chronos asks us what we intend to accomplish on that day. I used to go to those but I got tired of Dr. Chronos giving me those fat looks of his so now I just hide in a supply closet until 11:00 AM reading "Soldier of Fortune" to see what's hot in the adventure scene. Well, I used to, then the light in the closet burnt out and I can't find any light bulbs so now I try to nap.

I think I should probably be the instructor in the class because the guy who teaches self-defense always just says "wow" and shakes his head sadly because he knows he can't harness the dragon like me.

11:00 AM - This is when the adventure starts to really heat up every day. We have self-defense training just before lunch and I always go so I can show off the new moves I learned in my various karate books. My favorite karate book has pictures of this guy doing all these moves and then they superimposed a drawing of a dragon over his arms and legs. I think that book has helped me the most because when I go to self-defense class I picture that dragon ghost haunting my arms and legs and giving me the strength of a dragon. Laura Abromowitz used to attend self-defense class but then she got her "gun bars" which means she's allowed to carry a holstered sidearm in the Timelab and she doesn't have to take the class anymore. I had that but then I went on a mission where I shot some prince in ancient England or Ireland or whatever and they revoked my gun bars. I still have two Colt. 45s they don't know about, but I don't carry them too much because they hurt my ankles when I put them in my socks.

LUNCH - I used to love getting lunch in the cafeteria, but ever since the new manager took over they stopped serving hamburgers and mac and cheese. Now they just serve a bunch of foreign crap and the old Indian women start yelling at me when I keep demanding freedom fries with whatever buffalo crud they cooked up in their teepees. Usually I get thrown out by Gus the security guard and then get some long letter telling me to attend racial sensitivity class. What a joke! I have had sex with women of every race including aliens, robots, and something that might have been a horse but I was drunk. If that doesn't entitle me to tell those crazy old bags to smoke a peace pipe then I don't know what does. After getting thrown out I dine on my normal lunch of three power bars, a bowl of Creatin, and a can of Red Bull.

1:00 PM - Not too long after lunch my shift on the Time Scope starts and I have to watch the scanners and computers and crap to make sure they don't find problems in the time line. Dr. Chronos always wonders why I'm so eager to do this job, but I'll let you in on a little secret; you can use the Time Viewer on the Time Scope to look at women taking showers in the past. I have

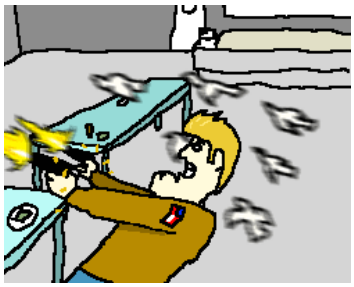
watched Madonna take a bath when she was 19, I've seen Queen Elizabeth toweling off back when she was a fox, and I've spent more time than I care to mention watching Eleanor Roosevelt eating spaghetti naked. That broad is into some crazy stuff, I tell you what.

3:00 PM - At three I have to head down to the lab to help Dr. Chronos and Laura Abromowitz with any tests they have going. Dr. Chronos has been going through a divorce though so he hasn't been around as much and Laura seems to think that lab time is nothing but an excuse to feel me up while yelling at me. Even though she's rubbing all over me with alcohol swabs and sticking gigantic needles in my arm and neck and whatnot she tries to play all coy like she doesn't want even more of the A-man. Whenever I start making helpful suggestions like "I've got an injection for you" or "Radioactive dye, huh? I've got a radioactive dye for you" or "sigmoid colonoscopy, I've got a sigmoid colonoscopy for you" she starts screaming. She is also always blabbering about how great her fiancée is, but I met him at last year's Christmas party and the only thing great about that twerp is the great lack of adventure he has. Don't get me started on him though, he's yesterday's news once Laura rides the A-train.

The next time the president invites me to stay in the Lincoln Bedroom I think I'm going to put a tarp over everything.

5:00 PM - This is technically for free time before dinner, but I usually feel really weird after the shots Laura gives me so I head to the aid station for a heaping helping of Sexynursebot. Because of the budget problems we haven't been able to fix Sexynursebot since the incident in August with the mysterious fluid that spilled on her when I was receiving treatment. Dr. Chronos told me not to go to the aid station until they can get a maintenance man to take a look at her but I just can't keep away from her sassy talk. I admit, there have been some instances where I walked out of the aid station wishing I hadn't visited it in the first place. Like the time Sexynursebot was giving me a back massage and I somehow fell asleep and then woke up and three of my toes were missing. I was like "hey!" but then when I came back the next day the same thing happened and my toes were back only they weren't in the right order. That doesn't happen too often though, and usually things work out if I keep visiting, like with the toes only my shoes feel funny now with the big toe in the middle.

6:00 PM This is dinner time and I always suggest a pizza party and Dr. Pepper but then we always get tacos and Diet Pepsi and it's not fair.



You're just not ready for action like this.

7:00 PM through Lights Out - This period of time is almost always free so we just do whatever we want. I used to play ping pong in the lounge with this Chinese guy that I called Ching-Chong and he would swear for ages in his crazy talk. Then he got laid off because of budget cutbacks and I think maybe also because he is a minority and also too because he was pretty ugly. Acne problems are big in Asia.

Now I devote the entirety of my free time to getting my swerve on, and I think you know what that means if you're a Red Blooded American. We're not allowed to have alcohol in the base but the guy in the garage sells this weird green and really sweet booze he makes himself. I usually put a bunch of that in a pitcher and invite some of the girls over for a little party that always ends in sweaty sex. Well, okay, I used to. Now I can't leave the base to find women, or travel back in time and hook up with a hottie, and most of the staff has been downsized, so mostly it's me and the Indian

women from the cafeteria. We play gin rummy and get drunk and I tell them my tales of adventure and then pretend to act interested while they babble about Calcutta or pox blankets or whatever.

That's pretty much my day-to-day schedule in a nutshell, although keep in mind that because the Time Portal is out of commission and because I am not allowed to leave the base my adventures are pretty low key. I mean to say, they're low key compared to what they used to be. Compared to everyone else like normal people like bankers, and construction workers, and bomb disposal experts my life is still totally full of adventure and intensity. Come to think of it my adventures are so exciting - so completely intense - that I don't think you're ready for them yet.

I'm not going to tell you about the time that the Arborbot escaped from the greenhouse and tried to kill us all with its sheers. I won't even make reference to the adventure I had in the cafeteria when the commies sent their secret agent to steel the Time Core. She used a sleeping gas to knock everyone else out but I was strangling myself with my belt in the bathroom at the time for no particular reason and was somehow unaffected and had a gun fight with her and then we totally made out in the lounge and I got her number. I don't think your mind could even begin to wrap around the sheer awesomeness of my encounter with the Tyrannosaurus Rex that wandered out of the Time Portal when I accidentally turned it on and then I had to disguise it as my wife for six days before I could recharge the Time Core with car batteries I stole and send it back through. Don't even worry about the aliens that detected fluctuations in the timeline and traveled from the future to warn me about trying to cook hamburgers in the bathroom.

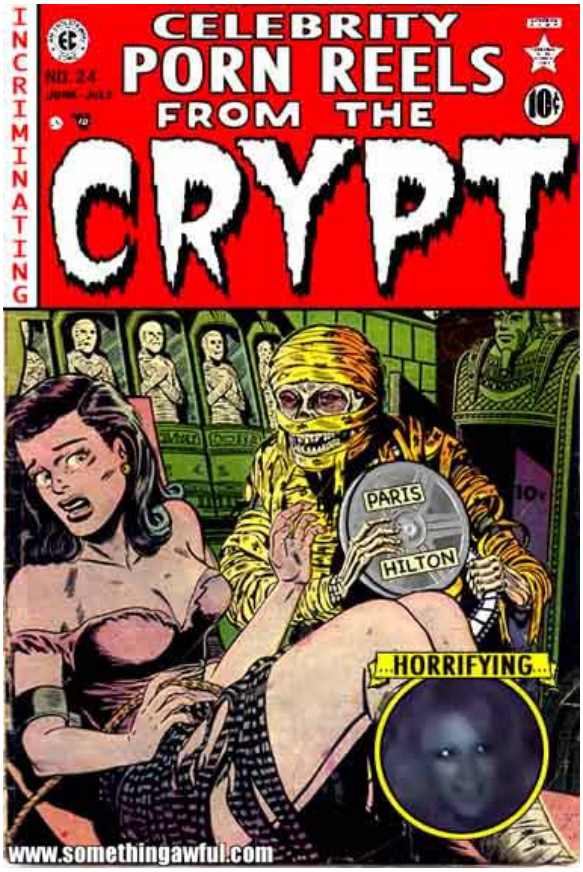
I'm sorry people, you just aren't prepared for this information. Take some time, meditate on it like my good buddy Keanu would say, and then maybe try to live in my shoes for a few seconds. Just seconds man, and then you'll appreciate the true mind-bending adventure that it is to be Daring Armstrong.

Rejected By The Comic Book Code Authority

Hi guys, it's me Livestock. Can I borrow a hundred dollars? Please? No? Well, okay. Anyway, I'm very much pleased to announce that we've returned to a classic theme we haven't touched in a long time. Comic book covers are on the menu this week, and next week as well. With so many fancy submissions coming my way, I decided to do a double helping. Sorry, but I'm just a nerd who likes classic comic book covers. Here is a sample of what our fine forum goers have crafted:

Please be a sport and check this shit out, okay? And while you're at it, do us a favor and check out this week's sponsor, FreaingNews.com. If you can't get enough Photoshop action, then this site will definitely help calm your murderous lust. FreakingNews features daily Photoshop contests themed around current events, and it is all team based no less. The teams are based on America's Neapolitan assortment of political flavors - republicans, democrats, and independents. You can even score some cash competing in contests. It's not enough to fund your very own South American contra group, but then nobody is going to pay you that kind of money for making silly images. Go check them out!

-~Daring "American Hero" Armstrong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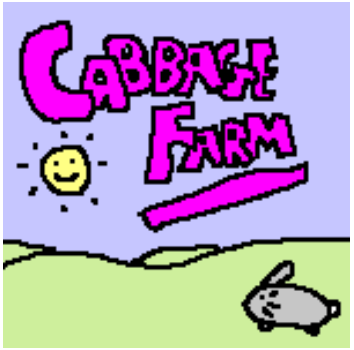
11.19 Welcome to Cabbage Farm!

Thursday, Nov 20, 2003 by Tom "moof" Davies

Guten Tag! For those of you that do not know German, that means "Hello my friends, how are you today? I hope you are well!" Myself, I am very well thank you. Since writing my debut article two weeks ago I have received many emails from people all around the globe. Hidden amongst the thousands entitled "shutup and die", one email in particular caught my attention:



Welcome my friends. You will never want to leave.

> Mr. Davies,
>
> If you break into my house and shampoo my cats again I will call the police. I am sick of this.

Oops, no, that one was from my neighbor with the dirty cats. I meant this one:

> Dear Mr. Moof,
>
> I was reading your recent article entitled "A Space Invasion!" with great interest last week. While reading the article it occurred to me that it was the work of a true comedy genius the likes of which this world has not seen since Moses. I represent research and development for the sitcom department of NBC Television Studios. I would be honored if you would consider writing a show for us for the new season. Of course you will be given total creative freedom and we will pay you seven million dollars in cash for your work as well as a helicopter, a yacht, and a pony. Please get back to me as soon as possible so we can meet and talk and laugh oh how we will laugh.
>
> Yours Sincerely,
>
> Ronald J Bubbleworth

At first I was a little skeptical. Writing a sitcom appeared to be a very difficult task, and so I sat down and began to watch the hit television series "Friends" hoping to learn the secret of comedy. After five minutes I actually stabbed my eyes out with a fork. Blinded and stumbling across the room, I finally collapsed on the floor next to a dead plant and cried myself to sleep. Of course all of this is a truly outrageous lie the likes of which the Internet has never seen before, and it only exists in the train wreck of twisted metal and burning flesh that is my mind. That did not stop me from writing my very own sitcom. Ladies and Gentlemen, Welcome to Cabbage Farm. It will revolutionize the television industry as we know it. Set on a cabbage farm in the year 2014, it features a cast of hilariously zany characters who live and grow cabbages together - often with hilarious results!

The Characters

- **Tuuluuwaq**
  Born in Greenland and a professional Eskimo, Tuuluuwaq serves no purpose other than being the token crazy ethnic guy that everyone makes fun of because he is different. Sure to be a hit with viewers young and old, he entertains with such memorable lines as "Boy it sure is dark outside!" and "That's no pumpkin, that's a beetroot!" Haha, oh Tuuluuwaq, when will you ever learn!

Oh tuuluuwaq, will your crazy antics ever cease!

- **Jessica Lynch**

The addition of Jessica Lynch will hopefully attract the some of the "Goddamned Idiot" demographic that currently makes up 93% of Fox News' audience. A True American Hero™, she is always accompanied by a crying eagle that sits on her shoulder draped in an American flag while the Stars and Stripes plays solemnly in the background. During her appearances viewers are reminded that although it is OK to laugh sometimes, we should never forget the great sacrifices made by great patriots that make the country what it is today and that freedom comes at an immense cost. Sounds more like expensivedom to me but what do I know.

- **The Lord Jesus Christ**

Running a cabbage farm is a tricky business and I should know. Luckily for the rest of the cast The Lord Jesus Christ is there to help them out. Able to perform miracles such as turning gold into pure cabbage, Jesus makes sure that everything runs smoothly on Cabbage Farm. An avid Buddhist, Jesus spends much of his time meditating in the fields.

- **Bernard**

Bernard is not a very important character at all. He has absolutely no personality and only really exists to spout out his stupid catchphrase again and again much to the amusement of his fellow cast members. Bernard will most likely be the most popular character.

Exclusively to you, the readers of Something Awful, I can give you a sneak-peek into some of the most hilarious moments from season one of Cabbage Farm. Of course by "most hilarious" what I really mean is "least likely to case serious brain damage."

From Episode One: Welcome to Cabbage Farm!

The cast are sitting at the dinner table. Jesus has his arm around Bernard, and Tuuluuwaq is eating a potato. Jessica Lynch is sobbing into her peas.

Jesus: Bernard your eyes are so beautiful it is like someone stole the stars from the sky and then gouged out your eyeballs and replaced them with the stars.

Silence

Tuuluuwaq: Can someone pass the gravy?
Bernard: Haha that's our Tuuluuwaq!
Tuuluuwaq: No seriously I would like the gravy please.
Jesus: Oh Tuuluuwaq you card!

From Episode Two: CabbageMania

All of the characters travel to the annual cabbage convention (CabbageMania) which is being held in Denver. They are currently sitting on a plane above Kansas.

Jesus: Oh boy this is exciting I love cabbages.
Jessica Lynch (crying): Oh god oh god oh god I can't go on like this!
Tuuluuwaq: What is the matter Jessica Lynch?
Jessica Lynch (shouting hysterically): I DON'T HAVE TO TALK TO YOU I AM AN AMERICAN HERO!
Tuuluuwaq: Bitch.
Bernard: Haha that's out Tuuluuwaq!
Jesus: Oh Tuuluuwaq you card!

From Episode Four: Only the Scarecrow Knows

Jessica Lynch is pregnant... But who is the father? No one is sure, but Jesus suspects it is Tuuluuwaq's. This scene takes place during a cabbage harvest when everyone is in the field picking cabbages.

Jesus (to Tuuluuwaq): Did you get Jessica Lynch pregnant?
Tuuluuwaq: Jesus Christ what the hell do you think I am. Dear Lord you're completely insane.

Bernard winks at Jesus

Jessica Lynch is in a different part of the field, talking to an inanimate scarecrow.

This beluga whale sure is happy. There are no beluga whales in my article.

Jessica Lynch: Oh scarecrow no-one will ever know the special bond we share.
Jessica Lynch: I love you more than anything scarecrow.
Jessica Lynch: Scarecrow, what's the matter? You seem upset.

Jessica Lynch (shouting at the scarecrow): DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM!?! I AM JESSICA LYNCH!

Jessica Lynch throws a rock at the scarecrow, knocking its head off.

Jessica Lynch (weeping): Oh God! What have I done!

Jesus, Tuuluuwaq, and Bernard come running over

Tuuluuwaq: It's OK Jessica Lynch we can put his head back on.
Bernard: Haha that's our Tuuluuwaq!
Tuuluuwaq: What. That doesn't even make sense.
Jesus: Oh Tuuluuwaq you card!

- From Episode Five: The Season Finale

It is Christmas day and everyone is singing carols under the cabbage tree. Suddenly the tree falls over and crushes Tuuluuwaq!

Tuuluuwaq: Aaeergh!
Jesus: Oh no!
Tuuluuwaq: Help me!

A freak bolt of lightning strikes the tree and engulfs in it flames. Tuuluuwaq starts to burn.

Tuuluuwaq: Aaaaaarrrrrggghhhhhh

Tuuluuwaq dies a horribly slow and painful death. The stench of burned flesh fills the air.

Bernard: Haha that's our Tuuluuwaq!
Jesus: Oh Tuuluuwaq you card!

Fade to black.

Roll credits.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

11.20 The Ghosts Ate All the Stuffing

Friday, Nov 21, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Another Thanksgiving ruined by hungry ghosts.

The holidays are almost upon us; a time for gifts, food, cheers, and tears. Why am I doing an article about Thanksgiving so early you may ask? Being the almost insanely retarded evil person that I am, I've decided to jump the gun and do a Thanksgiving article early in order to ruin any chance of another writer doing one next week without seeming unoriginal and stealing from my great and inventive comedy masterpiece idea. I'm pretty sure that if I time things right, I can do the same thing for Christmas and probably Easter as well, ruthlessly dominating the holidays until Richard "cold hands, warm heart" Kyanka has my legs broken again. Regardless, it will be worth it for the chance to tell you good people the true history of Thanksgiving that have been distorted by the Freemasons and Fox News. In order to fully get into the Thanksgiving spirit, I am going to be writing wearing only my buckle hat while halfway submerged in piping hot turkey gravy, and stabbing myself face with a large fork. Enjoy!

The True History of Thanksgiving

Bible Age

Way back in the time of the Bible millions of years ago, Jesus was hanging out with his talking dog Abraham on the beach of Israel looking for some crazy adventures. Widely regarded as the Lorenzo Lamas of his day, Jesus wasn't afraid to tangle with the cruel Romans or the Jew-eating Kraken in the Dead Sea. On this particular day, Jesus was walking on water while carrying Abraham so he didn't have to talk to all his fanboys that flocked behind him wherever he went. Just then a giant whale came out of the sea and swallowed Jesus and Abraham whole. Into the great mammal's vast stomach they went, splashing down into the murky depths. Jesus realized they had gotten themselves into quite a pickle this time. Abraham suggested that Jesus should light a match so they could observe their surroundings and perhaps find a way out of this mess. Once Jesus lit the match, they saw that they were not alone in the cavernous belly of the whale.

Jesus and his wise cracking dog, Abraham get into yet another high voltage action packed adventure.

Next to them was a rather inquisitive looking turkey that must've shared the same fate as our heroes. Like Abraham, this turkey was a direct descendant from the elder race of animals that inhabited the Garden of Eden, so he was also blessed with the gift of speech. The turkey told Jesus that it had been trapped in the whale's stomach for over a week, but he found a way to control the whale by pecking on the certain parts of its brain. They traveled to the brain cavity where the turkey pecked on the frontal lobe making the great beast change course. Once they came to land, the whale opened its gaping maw, and Jesus, Abraham, and the turkey walked out onto dry land. But it was a trap! The diabolical turkey had guided the whale to the city of Rome where the Emperor had waited for his dastardly plot to come to fruition. Jesus and Abraham were captured by the Romans who crucified Jesus and shot Abraham into the sky where he exploded into light, becoming the canine constellation. A few months later on Easter, Jesus was resurrected as a chocolate bunny and spread joy throughout the world by distributing baskets filled with brightly colored eggs and jellybeans to children. The turkey was awarded with 30 pellets of grain for its evil deed, and was made the honorary guest at the

coliseum event featuring lions getting killed by gladiators. Ever since, Christians have remembered that day on Thanksgiving by killing a turkey for its treachery, and watching the Detroit Lions get their ass handed to them.

1620

Many years later in the age of colonization, the white man stumbled upon America, a large continent full of rich resources and beautiful countryside. Unfortunately, the land was already inhibited by the Indians, a race of savages that didn't know how to read or write and shot lasers from their eyes. The whites where horrified to learn that the natives knew nothing about Thanksgiving or any of the great Bible stories. The kindly caucasians tried to teach the ADD inflicted Indians and correct their flawed thinking, but they turned out to be very poor students. For some reason they still wanted to believe their totally ludicrous religion that revolved around the spirit world and mother nature, instead of converting and believing the Lord and the tales of him creating earth in seven days and smiting the gays with lighting bolts. This religious rift between the two led to war, and by "war" I mean that the whites attacked Indian daycare centers with Calvary charges and caught old men in nets so they could drop them into active volcanoes.

Turkey Tug-o-War. This is right before the white dude pulls a gun out of his hat and totally shoots ole Proudfoot. Owned.

1646

After many years of fighting, a truce was made in the form of a grand Thanksgiving dinner. All of the head Indian chiefs were invited, and each one brought a homemade dish from his tribe. As the dinner commenced, all differences were put aside in the spirit of Thanksgiving and sharing. At the table there was an abundance of Turkey, corn, stuffing, cranberries, squash, potatoes, bread, and some Jell-O cubes that the Blackfoot tribe made. After the dinner was finished and the Indians were fully relaxed, the whites pulled daggers out of their buckle hats and murdered them, thus leaving the tribes leaderless and falling into dissolution. The whites took over America and built a lot of Waffle Houses and Piggly Wigglys. Thanks to our forefathers' inventive Thanksgiving massacre, we are now the number one country in the universe.

1776

During the Revolutionary War, the colonists fought against the British, who always play the bad guys, even in the Star Wars movies. The war was not going well for the ill-supplied colonists, and many of the men missed their homes. George Washington (a man over 10 feet tall, and rode a giant bull into battle) was leading his men to Pigeon Forge when his drummer boy started crying. Washington stopped the march, leapt off his large mount, and asked why the little boy was crying. The drummer boy said he was sad because tonight was Thanksgiving and he missed being with his family and drinking gravy. It suddenly dawned on Washington that they had forgotten about Thanksgiving because of the war, and that this conflict was destroying the holidays. From that day forward, Washington decided to win the war as quickly as possible instead of just showing up everyday for a paycheck. He did just that, and within months the English were kicked off the mainland. Ironically, the little drummer boy was killed by a pack wild turkeys a year later while frolicking in the woods of New York.

1882

Although by this time most of the Indians were successfully converted to Christianity through smallpox or being shot in the head, there were still some renegade natives that proved to be quite bothersome. The famous Civil War hero General Custer tried using the same trick that the whites used over 200 years ago and invited the chiefs to a Thanksgiving dinner at Little Big Horn. But the Indians did not forget about that infamous day, and after the feast, they were the ones who pulled out their weapons first, slaughtering Custer and his men. President Grant had no choice but to

make a truce and create reservations comprised of dirt farms for the pesky natives, but kept them supplied with plenty of firewater and game boys to distract them. In a odd twist of fate, current ancestors of the survivors now run the country's casinos, taking all the money from the hordes of gambling addicted white folk, and they still do not believe in our holy Thanksgiving day.

1926

President Coolidge, being the uptight dickhead that he was, outlawed Thanksgiving because it promoted drinking and horseplay on a holy day of rest. This created a huge black market demand for items like turkey, pies, cranberries, gravy, and those little butter lamb things. It also created a huge ring of underworld gangsters that were more than happy to supply the demand of the public's Thanksgiving thirsting. Ruthless mob bosses like Gino "cranberries; Gorzetti, Tony "gravy gun" Morreto, and Al "little butter lamb" Capone became rich and powerful because of the ban on Thanksgiving, and soon corruption in the metropolitan police offices run rampant. It was obvious to Coolidge that there was no stopping the American's desire to celebrate Thanksgiving, and so retracted his foolhardy law that Lincoln's ghost goaded him into making in the first place.

Al Capone with his Capo, Carmine "The Gobbler" Costello.

Present Day

As you can see, Thanksgiving has played a major role in shaping our history. True it is a history marred by betrayal, treachery, hypocrisy, and genocide, but I feel that we've learned from the past and now the holidays are a time to celebrate with family, food, and fun. Of course this excludes me because I'll be working this Thanksgiving, crying in my tiny dark room at the corporate headquarters, alone and afraid, and chewing on a cold granola bar. But you know something folks, I'm working on Thanksgiving for a reason that I think would make ole George Washington proud. I'm working so that America can stay number one in semi-reliable car products and exports, so that our children will have a bright future ahead of them. I am working for freedom. Freedom for the small children in Iraq that have never tasted White Castle chicken rings. Freedom for Jessica Lynch who I would still bang even though she's used goods. Freedom against the terrorists that would take it away. For that my friends, I will give up plate of turkey and an afternoon of watching the Lions suck ass. God Bless and have a happy holiday.

(Also, if you remember, could you please send me an e-mail on Thanksgiving? I will be just sitting in front of the computer doing nothing so some human interaction would be nice. Oh sweet Jesus I'm lonely.)

State Og

Hi folks, Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell here with the newest edition of State Og. Recently I've seen State Og referred to as "the most evil company in the world", which could not be further from the truth. In fact, State Og is a *conglomerate*. The last time we were puny enough to be considered a company was five mind-controlled presidents ago.

> *Enter: Og Beer Byproduct. It's like beer gave birth, and you're drinking the liquified placenta! Our beer-ish product tastes so great that it's practically fit for consumption! Did someone say "awesome"? Or are you just hearing things? Are you even sure you're really awake?*

You have no choice but to read State Og. You may think you do, but the chip we implanted in your brain says otherwise. The chip we implanted in your spleen... well we don't know what that one says, or why we put it there.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.21 Helping Out the Community

Saturday, Nov 22, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I've got it pretty good. I've got my health, a fantastic body, and a paid position on the staff of one of the internet's leading humor websites. With all of my success, it's easy to ignore the problems that other people - ordinary, less successful, unsexy people - face every day. I didn't want to become one of those cold, callous celebrities who takes his fabulous life for granted, so recently I decided to give something back to the community, and of course, when I say "decided," I mean, "the state is forcing me." Also, when I say "give something back," well, I just don't mean that all. I'm not actually giving anything back, so much as I am giving in the first place, since I can't really say that the particular community I'm helping out has given me anything to begin with. I go to college here, so I pay through the nose to live here in the first place, and I really only commingle with members of this community when I go into town to visit one of the numerous restaurants, where I always pay my bill in full and tip generously. I take nothing from this community that I do not pay for in some way, shape, or form. So I can't really claim that I'm giving anything back. Really, I'm just being generous by giving the community some of my time, and frankly, I expect to be paid back in full.

No! That's the problem! The community isn't working at all, so I have to do it for them!

Despite my general disdain for the community at large, community service would be somewhat pointless without it. So once I resigned myself to actually helping these people, the trick was to figure out *how*. How could I use my particular skills to help out the men, women, and children of this city? I tried my hand at a number of things, all of them well-intentioned, but somehow, things just didn't quite work out the way I had planned.

Soup Kitchen

Ah, the needy. If there's a more self-centered subsection of the general populous, I haven't met them. Everything with the needy is always, "Me, me, me." "Feed me" this, and "clothe me" that, and "shelter me from the bitter cold and freezing rain" these, and "cure my scurvy" those. Never giving so much as a thought for what other people want. They take and take and take and most of them don't even work! And yet, for some reason society continues to coddle these mooches, and thus it is considered noble to take part in giving the needy what they want. If you ask me, that's really doing a disservice to the community, as it's really just teaching these people that they can just form lines wherever they please and expect to be fed and immunized and such. But I suppose giving them what they want does stop them from whining, at least for a little while, and I guess that's doing the community a favor. It's gotten to the point where a guy can't huddle around a trash fire in a rusty barrel under a bridge anymore without being panhandled. Sheesh.

"No soup for you!" Ha! I love it! And apparently, so do the homeless.

Well, anyway, I wanted to do my part so as to prevent the state government from, you know, sodomizing me, so I volunteered my time down at a nearby soup kitchen. And lo and behold, in came the so-called "needy." More like "wanty," if you ask me. Without so much as asking for a menu or an apology for their frightful personal appearances and bodily odors, showing a total lack of all

social graces and a disregard for procedure, they piled into a long line, eagerly awaiting whatever brothy delicacy they could con out of the taxpayer that day. Now, I'm the sort of guy who can make the best out of any situation. When the first needy person made his way down the line to where I was dispensing cream of mushroom, I immediately launched into a full recreation of the legendary Soup Nazi routine from *Seinfeld*. Let me tell you, the mild chuckles from the other volunteers were so encouraging that I did a repeat performance with the next person in line! As a second needy person left the line empty handed, his shaggy, flea-ridden head hanging in a perfect illusion of dejection, I couldn't help but break out in a grin. There's no feeling like well-executed comedy, and I could hardly believe how willing these needy people were to play along! I couldn't believe that the only two needy people with such well-developed senses of humor would have been the first two in line, so I tried again with the third person. Once again, I let my spot-on "No soup for you" ring forth, and the needy person, this time a young woman, also gave me a perfect confused look and walked away soupless! Amazing! Well, I wasn't about to stop there. Soup is soup, but to reproduce such a classic scene so many times in a row is the sort of thing that only happens once in a lifetime. I wanted to see how far I could go. I never thought I'd make it past another two or three people, but wouldn't you know it? Every single person in line walked away without soup! Just incredible! Who knew the needy were so dedicated to the performing arts? It wasn't until the second person dropped dead of starvation, leaving behind a smelly, hairy, scurvy-laden corpse, that I decided perhaps my comedic talents could best serve the community elsewhere.

Story Time

Children love me. I don't know why. I don't particularly care for them, and I do my best to make that as clear as possible. "I don't particularly care for you, child," I'm known to say. And even still, children flock around me like I ooze candy out of my pores. And believe you me, of all the various things I ooze, candy is not one of them. My little cousins have historically found me especially entertaining as a punching bag. Well, not me exactly. Really just my groin. And people wonder why I've got such a strong anti-child agenda. Well, I was willing to swallow my prejudices and combine my flair for the dramatic with the inherent love that children have for me by starting a story hour at the local library. More than twenty fresh-faced youngsters showed up and gathered in a semicircle at my feet as I regaled them with the classic tale of Jack and the Beanstalk.

Aw, aren't they cute? Too bad they're all morons.

I learned something that day: kids are fucking retarded. I mean, I know my testicle-pummeling cousins are a little screwy, but everyone else's kids are just plain retarded. Take this shining example:

> **Me:** "Not long ago, but just long enough that no one left alive today still remembers, there stood a village of meager economic prospects. On the edge of this village there lived a boy named Jack, who shared a tiny, sparsely furnished home with his mother, a woman who had no formal education herself, but was still able to impart words of wisdom gleaned from a lifetime of hardship, and who was by no means incapable of fulfilling her maternal duties and also filling in as a father figure, since Jack's real father had left when the boy was still an infant to pursue a romantic entanglement with the bride of the local magistrate. Of course, as we can all imagine, that relationship was doomed from the beginning, and the magistrate soon discovered his wife's infidelity and had both her and her lover beheaded, but then he was a bit of a philanderer himself, which is probably what caused his wife to seek other means of satisfaction. The whole mess really just enforced a double standard which was prevalent at the time and which still persists, to a

> degree, today. As I was saying, Jack lived with his mother, and the only other occupant on their property, which was quite limited, to be sure, was an ancient, withered creature, bovine in nature."
> **Precocious Child:** "What's a bovine?"
> **Me:** "..... What are you, retarded?"

Well, that didn't go over too well with the parents. You'd think they'd just be desensitized to the fact that their kids are 'tards by now, but I guess that's just not the case. Oh well. Something told me it was time to find another way to perform my community service.

Home Construction

Well, I had basically determined that I wasn't going to complete my community service goals by doing anything that required, you know, any sort of actual interaction with the community. But there were still plenty of options left wide open to me. I decided to try my hand at helping to build a new house from the ground up. Now, I know what you're thinking. "But Ben, you write for a website! How could you possibly hope to accomplish anything that requires physical strength and coordination?" I appreciate the vote of confidence. Thanks a lot. I'll have you know that I'm actually quite handy with a set of tools, in the sense that I haven't chopped off my hands yet.

The team I joined was just about to break ground on a new house for a family of four who lost their home in, uh, a hurricane or a plague or a nuclear meltdown or something. I'm not really sure. The family told me, but I did my best to tune them and their two retarded children out, lest I get myself in more trouble. Construction got off to a good start. But as I was going along, working from the foreman's blueprint, a thought crossed my mind. These people lost their house. They had their home and all their belongings stripped away from them. They didn't just need a new house. No, these people needed to have some fun. And what kind of house is the most fun? Why, a funhouse, of course! Taking my cues from the Greek god of carpentry, Jesus Christ, I decided to keep my good deed a secret and worked from the funhouse blueprints in the spongy gray filing cabinet I call my brain without even filling in the other members of the team, for fear one of them would let it slip.

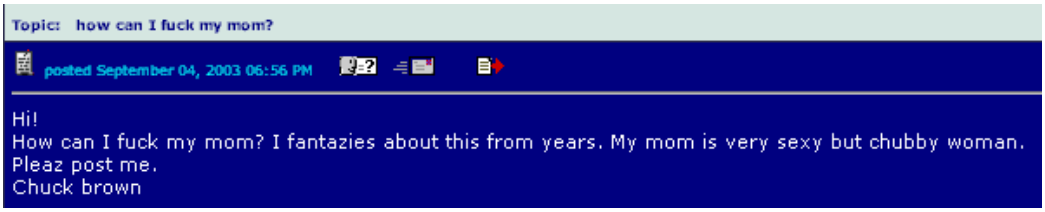
Now I ask you, who wouldn't want this over their front door every day?

I worked with the speed of three men, invigorated by the sheer goodwill of my scheme. Unfortunately, I soon discovered that one man working with the speed of three men and a different blueprint is still not as efficient as ten other men working with the speed of ten men. The end result was that when the house was finished, there were a number of points where my design intersected the original design that the rest of the team had been working on. This wouldn't be such a problem, except that a number of those intersection points were in the middle of rooms. Personally, I could see how a family could get a great deal of enjoyment out of their master bedroom/plastic ball pit, their two car garage/moonwalk, their luxurious kitchen/room-that-shakes-violently-because-that's-considered-fun-for-some-reason, and their full bathroom/hall of wacky, distorted freak-mirrors. I guess this family felt that their kids were just too slow to appreciate the subtleties of the foyer/gravitron, though, since they had us tear the whole thing down, and I was kicked off the project.

So I'm still looking for a good way to do some good for the community. If you ask me, I don't think I should be penalized for the fact that the community and I have differing ideas of what "good" means. At the very least, you'd think that people would side with my definition. After all, I'm a professional writer, whereas they're just a bunch of grown up 'tards. Oh well.

I Live for the Weekend: Weekend Web That Is!

Hello friends, Zachary "Spooger Joe" Gutierrez here with another edition of everybody's favorite feature to print out and wipe their asses with. This week it isn't pretty folks. We've got fat ass juggalos, cumshot husbands, foreigners looking for love, horny housewives, and kids who jerk off to cartoons, fur, and their mother's sex videos. Today is not a proud day for the internet.


Topic: how can I fuck my mom?

posted September 04, 2003 06:56 PM

Hi!
How can I fuck my mom? I fantazies about this from years. My mom is very sexy but chubby woman.
Pleaz post me.
Chuck brown

If you don't feel brave enough to read this week's Weekend Web I'll understand. We'll be setting up a tent in the parking lot for those who would like counseling after viewing today's feature. Hope to see you there!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.22 Oh My God, It's Full of Junk!

Sunday, Nov 23, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH?

I am a semi-professional comedy writer. No, I don't write stand up routines, sketch comedy for late night cable access, nor do I contribute to collections of ribald jokes published on minimum grade stock and given as birthday presents to the illiterate by ignorant relatives. My job is to frequently and repeatedly cook up a pot of almost delicious low grade hilarity soup and serve it to you fresh multiple times every week. As such my observations about the world are neither stunning nor profound, but embody rather a sort of rushed everyman type of comedy. Horrible rehashed jokes don't just ooze out of my pores - the sheen you see is actually a pituitary problem I have that causes my body to secrete a lubricating jelly - they have to be kindled and stoked like a campfire set to ward off packs of werebeasts.

My mind is constantly sucking up any potential grist for the comedy mill. When I see a woman on the street carrying groceries it causes gears in my head to start churning up absolutely hilarious ten page long articles about groceries. Sometimes this is great, because it allows me to take things lightly that might otherwise upset me. Like the time I was struck by a garbage truck and my lower body was turned into a glistening paste. I still can't feel my penis to this day, but by the time they were feeding breathing tubes through my tracheotomy hole in the ambulance I had already composed a mental outline for a six installment series of dick joke essays that involved being crushed by a garbage truck. At other times I wish I could turn it off. On September 11th of 2001 as I watched planes smashing into the World Trade Center live on CNN I couldn't stifle the chorus of ass disease and recursive sex jokes percolating in my brain.

By way of an aside, let me try to get to the meat of where I'm going with this. I am a disorganized person with a weird and sort of sad fetish for poorly sorting objects. I have piles of burned CDs and games that occasionally topple to the floor with a crash. From time to time I like to sort through this pile of CDs to "organize it". Doing this involves shuffling the stack up in my lap or on the floor and then after painstaking deliberation over each individual CD I invariably end up restoring the precarious tower only in a slightly different order. Similarly I often feel the need to begin sorting through drawers of junk, taking every item out one at a time. I will start carefully replacing the objects in the drawer in a neat row, but after about three or four items I will become exhausted from effort and begin muttering and carelessly throwing items back into the drawer. Basically, I'm the world's laziest obsessive-compulsive.

My drawers, cabinets, and bins could only hope to be this organized.

Combine this low grade neurological disorder with my ceaseless need to make everything funny (if only to myself) and you've got the basis for this article. I sort things, badly, and I like to laugh about the things I sort. I invite you all to come with me on a journey of mild amusement and increasing irritation through the crap I find in drawers. There are mysteries to be solved!

Filing Cabinet Next to Desk

- An impressive assortment of loose batteries that may or may not still work.
- Miniature hats for mice and small rabbits. I don't know where they came from.
- The security stickers from a CD by the hideous metal chick band "Kitty" that I don't think I even bought.
- Almost thirty sheets of paper with an assortment of words written on them in alphabetical order, starting with "traipse" and ending with "quarrelsome". It is in women's hand writing.
- A printed pattern for mouse hats.
- Pieces of an oven.
- A manila envelope containing slightly moist cigarette butts. Some are the brand I smoke; most are a weird Asian looking brand with green lipstick marks on them.
- A photograph of a kettle in someone's house with semen stains on the edge of the picture.
- Roughly a dozen drowsy ants.

Conclusion: A colony of ants has set up shop in my filing cabinet, accepting damp cigarette butts in exchange for crafted rodent accessories. Their queen enjoys writing words alphabetically. At some point in my life that I don't remember I had an intense fetish for kettle voyeur photography.

Plastic Bins Next to Desk

- Several banded stacks of forged and obsolete Canadian currency.
- A Tupperware container full of an opaque creamy green fluid. When I opened the top I heard voices and immediately sealed it and returned it to the bin. May have been part of my grandfather.
- Original racist drawings of black women done on yellowed page music sheets. Signed by George Gershwin.
- One entire bin was full of sandwich toothpicks and miniature plastic pirate sabers with club sandwich residue clinging to them. I have not eaten a club sandwich in almost twenty years.
- A sheaf of love letters written to someone named Candice by someone named August. They are quite graphic at times and one included the phrase "I want to run you down like a Cossack, my dear".
- A filled out patent form dated 2001 for an item referred to as a "nun batterer", includes such features as "batter flow regulator" and "nun clamps".
- One half of a clam shell with "FUCK" written on the inside in permanent marker.

Conclusion: In a past life my name was August and I was friends with George Gershwin, who was secretly fond of drawing racist caricatures. Together we must have eaten every club sandwich in Manhattan and had intended to ruin the Canadian economy of the mid-1930s by flooding it with forged currency. Things went south for us and in a last desperate bid to get help from militant Gershwin supporters I wrote "FUCK" on the inside of a clam and put it back to see. How these objects all made their way into the bins next to my desk along with the sentient green ooze will remain a mystery.

Chest of Drawers in Bedroom

It's full of secrets.

- Autographed burlesque photos of John Hillerman (TV's "Higgins" from "Magnum P.I.") wearing women's lingerie. They appear to be stained with marinara sauce or blood. Signed "To Dave, never forget the moist towelettes, Johnny XOXOXO".
- Cross section diagram of a barracuda with a gigantic cartoon penis drawn in its mouth. Upon further inspection the penis does not appear to be added, but rather part of the original diagram.
- Several singed wigs. Three red, two black, five rainbow (clown).
- A velvet coin purse full of toenail clippings from a man or woman who was at least thirty feet tall.
- What appears to be a harmonica made out of gems.
- A veritable holocaust of dead mice and small rabbits, most wearing hats.
- A realistic watercolor painting of my current Windows XP desktop including the icon for an incomplete Bit Torrent of Finnish black-face porn.
- A poem entitled "Rockets" that suggests the author had detailed knowledge of how modern rockets are designed and function.
- Four pairs of relatively clean denim pants, although one pair seemed to be infested with some sort of mobile algae.
- An ivory wig comb with platinum carrying case and matching bottle of wig cleanser.
- Three 7.62mm shell casings.
- An unopened food can with the label removed and the word "Hazard" stamped on the side.

Conclusion: Something, possibly an earthquake or tsunami, placed this chest of drawers in our bedroom. It came pre-loaded with everything but the mice and the coin purse full of toenail clippings, which I of course put there myself. The clown wigs might belong to my girlfriend, but not the others.

There are so many drawers, cabinets, and boxes in my apartment that I could go on endlessly. I did not even get to the cardboard box that's moving slightly and hisses when I get near it or the sack in the corner that smokes when it rains outside and has "TECHNICAL BEANS: NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION" printed on the side. These are secrets best left untouched, or at least saved for such a time as I grow so desperate for ideas I risk losing a finger to sort through the hissing box.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.23 Inexplicable Short Attention Span Adventures

Tuesday, Nov 25, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In the last few nonexistent chapters our hero Josh lost his only change of clothes in the belly of a mystifying washing machine, driving him to seek out answers from a nearby midget. After putting together half of a strange jigsaw puzzle featuring a lovely underwater scene, he defended the civil liberties of a racist robot and eventually decided to rescue his clothes no matter the cost. We rejoin him as he prepares to arm himself for a great battle possibly related to the previously mentioned things.

Chapter 5
Sporting Goods in the Land of the Dead

Why must we cling to these old equations?

"This bat," I asked, "should be pretty good for whacking things, right?" The sturdy aluminum baseball bat felt good in my hands, like an equalizer in an unfair world. I swung it around carelessly like a sword, causing a great sense of fear to take up residence in the face of the sporting goods clerk standing next to me.

"It's very good for hitting baseballs," said the nervous clerk who wore a tag on his chest that read "Stan."

"And ghosts as well?"

"I'm not sure about that. It's really just for baseballs. Do you want to be more careful with that?"

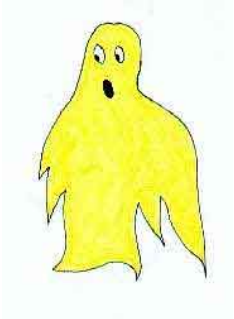
"Okay, Stan, let's say I encountered a ghost, okay. If I were to swing this bat at the ghost, it would definitely harm the ghost?"

"You should really just use this for baseball and not inside this store."

"Hypothetically, though, let's imagine for a moment that I am swinging at a baseball. This would hit the baseball without any trouble, *right*?" I then winked at him and added, "Yep, a big glowing white baseball the size and shape of a man!"

"Then I'd say you're trying to trick me into saying it will work against ghosts. Please, can you stop swinging that now?"

I couldn't figure out why he was so troubled by my reckless swinging of the bat in the close quarters of the sporting goods store. It was rather neat, I thought. The bat moved so fiercely that it scratched against the fabric of reality, causing the air to bleed a whooshing sound that my vampire ears drank up with delight.



Batter up, ghoulface!

"So tell me this, Stan, if you were to die this instant and come back as a ghost, do you think I could take you down with this bat?"

There was a look of profound annoyance on Stan's face, perhaps unsettled by my relentless cunning. "Yes," he said in a dry and perturbed voice. "I think that bat could defeat any ghost, as well as fat children, elderly women, handicap people, and giant turkeys."

"Your obvious and unwarranted bigotry aside, that's all I wanted to know,

good sir. I will take this bat. And also... some gum."

"We don't sell gum," said Stan, unwittingly triggering a disaster. His harrowing words denouncing the presence of gum caused my grip to loosen like grandpa's magic underpants, thus launching the bat out of my hands and through the air into the district of his face.

"Oops!" I said, absolving myself of all guilt by showing that I'm only human and therefore not responsible for the damage incurred when the bat flew into his right temple.

"Ouch!" he screamed, carelessly unaware that his loud voice was unsettling to me. "What the hell is wrong with you, you stupid little twerp?" There seemed to be a hint of anger in his voice, but knowing he wouldn't want to lose a sale as big as this one, I chalked it up to be paranoia on my part.

"Calm down, let's be diplomatic! I'm sure you didn't mean to cause me to let go of the bat. And are you sure about the gum?"

"You shut your mouth or I'll cram it shut full of pain!" he yelled, half clutching his wounded head and half advancing on me like a rabid sea tortoise in the unlikely setting of a sporting goods store.

Even when he began to attack me, I figured it was just his way of getting physical, a common practice of athletes and sport participants. Clearly he was only welcoming me into the fold. He swung his fist at me much like I swung the bat at him, hard and entirely by accident. Lacking the ability to evade confused sporting goods clerks, my face became a catcher's mitt to his fastball hand. Upon mere contact with his fist I unexpectedly fell asleep. Funny, I didn't remember ever being narcoleptic. But who cares about that, there was now a festival of lights going on inside my head. Hey, colors!!!!

Chapter 6
That's Good Insulin!

Going for a ride in the sugar factory.

"I think he's waking up," said the voice of a blurry white humanoid blob. Could it be a ghost or an anthropomorphic baseball? The sudden change in attitude from Stan the sporting goods clerk prevented our transaction from being completed, and now it appears he delivered me undefended into the clutches of my very enemies!

A second voice asked, "Hey, you there guy?" No, not more ghosts! This one was just as blurry, though it clearly had a mustache.

"Wah," I mumbled while rising up like a mummy being honored for a lifetime of civic involvement and for running a successful small business in an agriculture-based community. Things were still disorienting, because much like the life of the world's fastest man, everything was a blur.

"Hey buddy, you took quite a blow to the noggin!" said the blob with a mustache.

"Don't hurt me!" I whimpered, calling upon the souls of a million dead parakeets and orphaned children to give weight to my voice. I hoped and prayed that my emotional plea and short but thorough request would convince them not to hurt me, freeing me from the threat of physical pain.

"We're not going to hurt you," responded the first blob, now taking on the guise of a regular human. "We're EMTs, you're in an ambulance."

"Oh," said the voice inside my head. I immediately echoed my brain's thoughts aloud.

"Oh," I said aloud.

"Yes, well, you've been injured."

"Are you doctors or morticians?" I inquired in disgust. "Give me the sugar coated truth!"

"You've got a bit of a bruise on your face, but you're going to be fine," said the EMT with a mustache.

"Not sugary enough! Get me some sugar at once! It's the least you butchers can do after dumping your gloomy tales of boundless woe on me!"

"You're going to be better than fine!"

"More sugar! I need more sugar!"

"We replaced your hand with a machine that makes money!" said the first EMT, attempting to belittle my horrific injury.

"*I demand a bowl of sugar!*" said I, in the most grating and condescending tone I could muster. I knew my rights, I thought, and these pallbearers of good news owed me.

You could see the mustache of the second EMT curl up in panic over my request, as though it were a dandy fop that just dislodged its monocle. "What?" he asked, alarmed by my request.

"I want a bowl of sugar and I want that bowl of sugar *right now.*"

Oh sugar, you know I love you.

"We can't give you a bowl of sugar," said the first EMT in a stern and commanding voice that towered like a beached whale in a sideways world.

"If you don't give me sugar I'll pout!"

"We could give him some insulin," said the mustached EMT.

"No we can't, we'd get fired!" protested the first EMT.

"I demand a bowl of insulin right now! NOW! NOW! NOW! NOW!"

"Can we just give him some damn insulin so he'll shut up?" asked my devil's advocate, the mustached EMT.

"Goddamnit! Alright, but we're not taking him back to the hospital afterwards."

"Yay!" I cheered as they poured insulin into a tub labeled "medical wastes" and handed it to me. "See, that wasn't so hard," I said to reassure them even in spite of their incompetent handling of my injury.

"Just get the hell out of our ambulance and don't ever tell anyone we fed you insulin!" Their words carried as much force as their arms, which assisted their words in pushing me out of the back of the ambulance. In spite of their hastiness I was able to keep my tub of insulin from spilling. I couldn't believe how easy to con those buffoons were. I sure got the better of them!

After I watched the ambulance speed away into the dark of night I looked at the rippling tub of insulin and decided to drink up. I began gulping this delicious liquid, which didn't taste very good but nonetheless was refreshing up until the point it made my stomach feel like the site of a holocaust. It was at that point that my stomach lodged a formal protest and ejected the insulin, causing me to vomit all over myself.

That's when I was reminded I had no change of clothes. "Shit!" I thought. "I better get back to the

business of digging up Eli Whitney's grave. He'll have the answers I need!"

I hope you enjoyed these two chapters, because if not, well, I simply won't write anymore. In fact I wasn't planning on writing anymore anyway, so it looks like you win this round. But let's wrap this thing up on a positive note by keeping hope alive with the magic allure of more, more, more! Stay tuned for the follow-up chapters that probably won't ever be written!

Metal Gear Solid: Retarded Edition

Hey folks, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here with another video entertainment trainwreck! Everyone has been yearning for a stealth action/adventure game with terrible levels and stupid enemy AI, and K. Hawk - Survival Instinct is the answer to all our prayers!

> *This is a perfect example of why budget companies almost always stick to first-person shooters – creating a second-rate FPS is incredibly easy. Open up Pie in the Sky, spend an hour dragging boxes next to each other, steal a few enemy models from other games or from Poser, make a few MP3s with the trial version of FruityLoops, and you've got another smash-hit FPS ready to send off to Valu-Soft's pain factory. Creating a stealth game like Tenchu or Metal Gear Solid, on the other hand, requires you to spend time crafting a natural control scheme, detailed maps and most importantly, intelligent enemy AI. I really wish someone had mentioned this to the people at Similis, since their concept of a stealth FPS seems to be exactly like a normal FPS, except you can only take a few hits before you die and the enemies all have nothing better to do than patrol endlessly between two points while failing to notice when a woman loaded down with 80 pounds of weapons stumbles noisily past them while they stare intently at the wall.*

The full review is all ready for you! Don't keep it waiting or it'll beat your ass. Articles I write have been known to do that.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.24 Oh Hell!

Tuesday, Nov 25, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

He's going to Hell. Or her. Whatever it is.

One of the most exciting trends currently sweeping this great nation of large SUVs and its even larger pork-filled citizens is the concept of Heaven. Everybody who's anybody plans on floating up to Heaven when they die! Your favorite movie stars, the most talented athletes, the coolest kids in school... they're all going straight up to Heaven when they kick the bucket because Heaven is **THE** place to be! Heaven is a mystical kingdom full of radical people with a special "can-do" spirit and winning edge that sets them apart from all the second-rate folks who didn't have what it takes to ascend up into the big H-Spot in the sky and must instead settle for second best, a place known as "Hell." You know who is comfortable going to Hell? Americans who refuse to purchase the most elegant and expensive name brand sports drinks. Chumps who don't have the balls to engage in a session of "Xtreme Sports," such as skateboarding off the back of a grizzly bear plummeting down a waterfall while you lasso your bungie cord around a stray unicorn and float to safety strapped to a hang glider crafted from porcelain beads of your own jeweled sweat. Heaven is a place for proactive CEOs who aren't afraid to run a marathon in the morning, attend lunch with the Queen of Prussia at noon, spend an evening studying over financial records, and still have enough energy left over to beat their wives after dinner.

However, many people experience confusion when creating a checklist of qualities needed for the great afterlife ascension. Sure we all know the basics: outright stealing, murdering, and bestiality will send you directly to hell, unless of course the chicken really enjoys the sex and you obtain permission from its parents beforehand. But a successful voyage to Heaven is a journey full of confusion, grey areas, and mystery, much like the time I had to drive through southern Iowa for a reason I cannot currently recall. I will now attempt to answer some of the most common, burning questions regarding transcendence to the immortal land of clouds and harps.

Q: DO ABORTED BABIES GO TO HEAVEN?

A: No they most certainly do not. Fetuses, despite being legally considered as "living people" by many fundamentalist Christians who additionally grant them the right to vote and obtain a drivers license in 47 states, get sent directly to hell when Doctor Murderface stabs them repeatedly in the skull with a vagina crowbar until their body becomes a thick, gooey substance not unlike a popular brand of cake icing. You see, one of the primary requirements needed to pass into Heaven resides in the Baptism process, a procedure which welcomes Jesus into an infant's life, usually through its mouth or ear canal. If you die without being Baptized, you are sent directly to Hell without any stops or layovers. You don't even take a break in purgatory; you get sent on an express elevator into the fiery inferno of eternal torment and buddy, there ain't no "PRESS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY" button on this ride! Hell is chock full of aborted fetuses who are forced to shovel coal into a giant robot's mouth. Once the giant robot has enough coal inside, its eyes begin to light up with the power of unholy rage, shaking the ground with its all-encompassing power and sending shockwaves of fear throughout the Kingdom of the Damned. Then it shuts down. It is not a very fuel-efficient robot. Regardless, every single aborted baby roasts in Hell, so if you knocked some chick up and are really concerned about doing "the right thing" for this innocent child, force her to give birth to the baby. Once she's launched the sucker out of her greasy gaping toddler cannon, you should drive it to the nearest church and get it Baptized by some important-looking guy wearing a robe. After

the ceremony is over and you've enjoyed the delicious Baptism buffet, you can take the baby out back and beat it to death with a rake. This way you'll still have a dead baby as originally planned, only now you'll be able to sleep easier at night knowing that he's painting Jesus' fence up in Heaven rather than shoveling coal for the Devil in Hell. If the authorities try to give you a hard time about it, then feel free to explain my reasoning to them. Please don't mention my name or this website.

Q: DO VAMPIRES GO TO HELL?

Both of these things are going to Hell. So is their checkerboard.

A: Yes. Vampires are generally recognized by most experts as being highly anti-Christian, ranking up there with homosexuals and liberals. These dark, evil, nefarious creatures lurk in the shadows to prey on innocent Christians and drink their blood for some dark, evil, nefarious reason. I'm sure there's some explanation detailing exactly why vampires need to drink human blood in order to survive, but they didn't mention anything about it in the hit 1987 film "The Lost Boys" starring Corey Haim and Kiefer Sutherland, and I don't currently plan on doing any research which requires me to exert more effort than briefly thinking about that movie. If you are a devout Christian really intent on going to Heaven, you should do your best to prevent becoming a vampire or any other undead creature, such as zombies and mummies. This means you should hang crucifixes over all your doorframes, sleep on a waterbed full of holy water, eat a lot of garlic (try putting it in protein shakes for a great early morning boost), and drive stakes through the hearts of anybody you suspect to be a vampire or evil in general. It's okay if you accidentally murder somebody who was not a vampire at the particular time you murdered them; Jesus gives you three chances for such false positives. Just make sure you don't stab somebody important like the Pope or an endearing circus elephant who has captured the hearts of children in small towns across America.

Q: WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THAT A HOMOSEXUAL WILL GO TO HELL?

A: 100%. You see, homosexuality is an affront to Christianity and represents a dirty, sinful, unnatural act that should ideally be punished by death. When God knocked up Mary Magellan so she could give birth to Jesus, he refused to engage in anal sex because he simply knew it was "wrong" and also because the Holy Ghost refuses to do anal unless it gets an extra 10 points on all overseas distributions of the film. God and His Holy Spirit stuck to the time-honored "vaginal sex" because there's nothing wrong with that, unlike anal sex, a procedure where (correct me if I'm wrong here) something goes up somebody's butt. That's simply not right. The butt is a one-way street and once you've got traffic heading in the wrong direction, you should expect to eventually hit some traffic and become a bloody wreck. I'm not exactly sure what that previous sentence meant, but I think it had something to do with marmalade. Regardless, homosexuality has been denounced as a sin in the following Bible verses:

- **Leviticus 18:22 -** "You [masculine] shall not lie with a male as with a woman; it is an abomination."
- **Lev. 20:13 -** "If a man lies with a male as a woman, both of them have committed an abomination; they shall be put to death, their blood is upon them."
- **Rigidicus 43:53 -** "And lo, he who had maketh a woman as [his] bride shall be cursed to a life of partnership lacking sufficient Medicare coverage for thine abomination family."
- **The Big Book O' Ed 9:14 -** "While lipstick lesbians featured in the moving pictures may be arousing to the groinal region, real life lesbians resemble ugly butch bird-women and should be stoned immediately. Oh yeah, and they're abominations too."

You can bet this creature is going to Hell.

Fortunately homosexuality is considered by many leading religious bozos to be a mental disease, and every disease has a cure. Well, except AIDS and that one disease which causes people to mistakenly believe "Will & Grace" is an entertaining show. In this case, the cure consists of "not sticking your penis up a man's butt" if you're a man, and "stop playing rugby and being so goddamn ugly" if you're a woman. There are many churches and houses of the Lord you can go to if you fear you are a homosexual, and these places of worship will pray the gay right out of you. They'll sit you down in a holy chair and repeatedly ask you, "are you still gay?" and if you say yes then some important guy will throw holy water on you while his puffy, bloated wife weeps countless tears of mascara in the background accompanied by festive organ music. Then he'll shout some really emotional parables from the Bible, such as the one where God fed Ezekiel a magic dinner roll and told him to go away to Israel so he could talk to people for a week and nobody would listen to him. Homosexuals must understand that their desire to make out with people of the same sex merely represents a chemical imbalance in their brain, one that can only be cured by administering 100 milligrams of Jesus Christ every day. This should only be taken orally, not anally.

Q: WHAT ABOUT JEWS AND PEOPLE OF OTHER "INCORRECT" RELIGIONS? WHERE DO THEY GO?

A: Hell. You can be the nicest, most wonderful person to ever exist in this plane of reality, but if you haven't accepted Jesus into your heart by the day you keel over and kick the bucket, then you will go to Hell. It doesn't matter if you've developed a cure for cancer or spent your life building houses for homeless drunken Indians with gambling debts; if you refuse to accept Jesus Christ as your lord and saviour, you are going to burn for all eternity, possibly even longer if you're not insured. Additionally, many popular Christians who have their own network television shows agree that a good majority of people who believe in Christ are still inevitably going to Hell for various colorful reasons. Here are some simple statistics to prove this point:

> **Percentage of Christians who go to Heaven:** 35%
> **Percentage of non-Christians who go to Heaven:** 0%
> *Margin of error: a million billion percent.*

If your god is an elephant with a shitload of arms, you're going to Hell. If your god is a crying woman who encourages kids to recycle while teaming up with Captain Planet, you're going to hell. If your god is a tiny fat smiling dude who talks like characters from "The Matrix," you're going to Hell. If your god is L. Ron Hubbard, well you're definitely going to Hell. Jews are particularly Hellbound because not only do they fail to accept Jesus as the Son of God, but they are also directly responsible for His murder. When Pontius Pilate approached a crowd of citizens outside Rome or the Gaza Strip or Little Italy or wherever all that Bible crap took place back in the day, he offered them a chance to free one of two prisoners. Prisoner #1 was Jesus Christ, a magical creature notorious for curing lepers, transforming water into wine, walking on water, and throwing out the first pitch for the World Series. Prisoner #2 was Barabbas, a fat guy who robbed people and then murdered them. The group of irate Judeans proclaimed their preference for Barabbus, and as a result, Jesus was voted off the island. I'm not exactly sure what noteworthy things Barabbas went on to accomplish after his brief stint in prison, but I suspect he eventually married Carol Channing. So if you're Jewish and have some misguided goal to ultimately end up in Heaven or some location more pleasant than downtown Baltimore, you should prepare to be disappointed because Jesus is eternal... and so are his grudges against the bozos who killed him.

With such strict requirements and a small guest list, it's no wonder why Heaven is the hippest spot to party in the afterlife! If you abide by a few (hundred) simple rules and choose the correct religion, you will be practically guaranteed a position in Cloud City once your bloated corpse is hit by a tractor trailer, smearing your brains across the interstate. Just remember to wear your garlic necklace at all times.

Nermal IS a boy kitty

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams keeping it real. Real short. I'm doing some Thanksgiving cooking, and this turkey ain't gonna brine itself, now is it? No, it's not.

Forums Goon jood found a Flash site that allows you to make custom story tapestries. So in typical goon fashion the forums decided to come up with a few "interesting" takes on ye olde medieval times. Bar wenche! Bringe me more ale! Enjoy the holidays, and drive safely.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.25 Rape is Funny!

Thursday, Nov 27, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This would be example of a non-comedic rape.

Many of you who read this article's title and immediately felt your hands tighten into fists are living under the mistaken impression that rape is not funny. Even my boss, friend, and confidant Lowtax repeatedly tells me "Zack, rape is not funny; it's not a game of comical chess to be played in your articles like those two old guys I saw in the park playing chess with live squirrels and pigeons. Now that was a funny game of chess, but not rape!"

What Lowtax and the rest of you have not yet realized is that anything is funny when it becomes bizarre and ironic enough. An example of ironic rape would be a rapist who has the tables turned and gets raped while out on the prowl. Not funny, although a few of you might chuckle. An example of bizarre rape would be a giraffe raping someone. That's funnier, but still not a family friendly piece of entertainment. When you combine bizarre and ironic though, you get an example of rape at its funniest. Who among us would not feel their belly begin to jiggle upon witnessing a known rapist being chased and violated by a giraffe? White collar criminals and possibly Anglicans, that's it.

Another example of funny rape appeared in the news a few days ago.

> *Police said Tuesday they are investigating a woman's allegations that she was raped in the oceanfront home where MTV is filming the latest season of its "Real World" reality program.*
>
> The 22-year-old woman, who is not a cast member of the television show, said she believes she was assaulted while unconscious by a man who is also not a "Real World" cast or crew member.

Let's look at the salient facts in this hilarious rape caper:

- **Fact One:** The Real World is absolute shit.
- **Fact Two:** Nothing real even happens on the Real World. They might as well film robots bumping into each other and screeching inside a baby pool full of motor oil. There would be just as many real life situations going on there.
- **Fact Three:** I fucking hate The Real World.
- **Fact Four:** A woman who is not a cast member of the Real World was drugged by a non-cast member of the Real World and then brought to the Real World house.
- **Fact Five:** Her vagina has cuts.
- **Fact Six:** It may have been caught on tape.
- **Fact Seven:** The Real World is bad television programming.

This incident of rape on the set of The Real World is just one of many hilarious cases of rape on the set of a television show. Did you know that Merv Griffin was raped nineteen times on the set of his game show "Burger or Owl Pellet Pyramid"? It's true! In fact, the annals of history in TV land are filled wall to moist wall with rape. To help further illustrate my point that rape, under the right circumstances, can approach hilariousness, I have raided the vaults of TV history to bring you the world's wackiest rape stories.

Santas workshop is full of sexy secrets.

The Star Wars Holiday Special - Archival footage of Alex Guinness repeatedly attempted to insert its fist into the vagina growing out of Chewbacca's (Peter Mayhew) back.

Friends - In 1998 Matthew Perry was doing a late reshoot to make up for some flubbed lines from earlier in the day. After wrapping up he was accosted and raped in his dressing room by a robot that claimed to have been sent back in time to impregnate him.

Oprah - Oprah Winfrey notoriously raped and molested some thirty members of her staff during the period from 1994-1999. She was known to favor using towels soaked in chloroform to subdue her victims and considered the sexual assaults an act of reward for excellent work.

Everybody Loves Raymond - While demonstrating his ability to lactate from his supernumerary nipple to the audience prior to shooting an episode, star Ray Romano was tackled and raped by an unidentified man in a Chuck-E-Cheese costume.

Head of the Class - While filming a very special episode of Head of the Class on location in Moscow the show's star Howard Hesseman was attacked by two Russian men. Following a brief altercation, Hesseman had a pelican's head inserted into his anus.

All in the Family - Halfway through telling a joke about Mexicans and black people, Carrol O' Connor was grabbed by Rob Reiner who shoved O'Connor's head down to his groin and screamed "let me watch you suck it bitch!" O' Connor blacked out before anything further could happen and Reiner was chased off by studio security.

I Love Lucy - Lucille Ball used to force Vivian Vance to stand stark naked next to her in the dressing room and allow Ball to use her vagina as an ashtray. While intoxicated, Ball also once interrupted shooting and had her security people strangle Dezi Arnaz nearly unconscious while she defecated on his face.

This would be example of a non-comedic rape.

Charles in Charge - In 2001 allegations surfaced that Willie Aimes had been habitually sexually abused by an artificial plant on the set of Charles in Charge. When this hit

the press nearly every staff member from Scott Baio to Nicole Eggert came forward and admitted that they too had been raped by the plant.

Jeopardy - More than a dozen female contestants on Jeopardy have filed complaints with Los Angeles police accusing Alex Trebek's mustache of rubbing them in an inappropriate fashion. The case is still being investigated by authorities but a court order has been issued to Trebek's mustache insisting it remain 100 meters from all guests when not taping the show.

Survivor: Africa - Survivor host Jeff Probst was tranquilized by game wardens after being caught raping a male savannah lion. A thorough search of his trailer revealed almost thirty endangered species caged and malnourished. Many showed signs of sexual assaults and a hippopotamus had to be destroyed.

Xena: Warrior Princess - Unsubstantiated reports and vague eyewitness accounts suggest that Lucy Lawless was raped multiple times by the ghost of an elderly Japanese man. This also might account for her child which she gave the odd name "Ghost Baby" and thereafter insisted her name in the credits was listed as "Ghost Dad"

Just fucking stay away from craft services LeVar!

Reading Rainbow - During taping of the "Bread is for Eating" episode, LeVar Burton had some bad salmon from craft services and began hallucinating. He masturbated during taping, ejaculated onto members of the cast and crew, and insisted on finishing the show completely naked from the waist down.

Star Trek: The Next Generation - While filming an episode in 1990 Burton once again had some bad sea food from craft services and began hallucinating. He held the cast at gunpoint, forced Brent Spiner to drink a glass of his own urine, and then made the entire cast wear plastic bags over their head that he insisted contained his flatulence. Gates McFadden actually suffocated during this incident and her role was played by a pile of pink Playdoh sitting on a skateboard for the remainder of the episodes she was in.

These instances of rape in the TV world are just a handful of drops in an ocean of rape. I hope the next time you fire up your copy of Outlook to send off an angry e-mail to me or another writer you keep in mind that, under the right circumstances, rape can be funny.

Stan Lee Stole Moon Rocks From My Crater!

Hi folks, it's your stupid Phriday monkey Livestock here with the usual tidings of comfort and cramps. We've got the second act of our delicious comic book cover parodies up and ready for mass consumption, so go look at those right now. Just as you dined on turkey, you can now dine on

hilarious images created by our delectable Forum Goons. Here's a free sample (the rest is free too, but this image is extra free):

WHAT IF
MARVEL® COMICS GROUP
60¢
WHAT IF RICK JAMES HAD BECOME THE HULK?
MARVEL'S TV SENSATION!
GOOD LORD! THAT BROTHA'S TURNING INTO SOME KIND OF HUGE GREEN-SKINNED MONSTER--
--AND IT'S SUPER FREAKY!
PERHAPS THE MOST AWESOME OFFBEAT HULK SAGA OF THIS OR ANY OTHER YEAR!
www.somethingawful.com

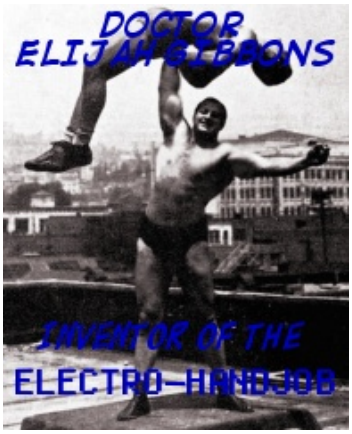
If you have any semblance of humanity left in you, you will take a look at this new Phridaymajig. After that, why not stop by and check out our sponsors, Freaking News? Their generous support bought the entire SA staff open-heart surgeries. We didn't need the risky surgery, but it was cool nonetheless. Do us a favor and visit Freaking News, a snazzy site for daily Photoshop contests that you can view as a helpless bystander or participate in as an empowered citizen and productive member of society.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.26 World Eternal Happiness Month!

Thursday, Nov 27, 2003 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

World Eternal Happiness Month!



As some of you may recall, April was National Poetry Month. To the right you'll see my aborted attempt at a National Poetry Month Poster Contest entry. I fear the conflicting creative forces behind the project may have lessened its overall impact, but if just one former poet sees this image and gets a chance to reflect back on how he spent his time before the Electro Handjob, I think I can safely claim a moral victory.

National Poetry Month is a godsend for individuals such as myself who are generally afraid of the emotions and introspective self-analysis involved in writing poetry, but welcome any chance to assume the more passive role of poetry admirer. And while I still found entering the poetry section at Borders to be slightly too intense, I was able to attend an actual poetry reading without having my skin turn into thousands of tiny spheres and explode from whatever it is about social anxiety disorder that makes it resemble the death scenes in The Lawnmower Man (more on that later).

From the National Poetry Month FAQ:

What happens during Poetry Month? Thousands of bookstores, libraries, schools, and cultural institutions participate each year in National Poetry Month, through readings festivals, book displays, workshops, and other activities. The Academy actively works to catalyze these many activities. And by serving as a central clearing house for the publicity of these activities, and of the occasion itself, the Academy attempts to build a unified confederacy of many disparate and otherwise unconnected organizations-to make them parts of a whole.

As a slight aside, my open letter to the Academy of American Poets is as follows: Please hire a professional writer, possibly William Shatner, to write a National Poetry Month FAQ that actually has something to do with poetry. And no, the fact that both are impossible to understand doesn't count.

For the last several months, my colleagues at Something Awful and I have been working on a plan to expand National Poetry Month into a multicultural event that will unite the whole world. Or, failing that, America and whichever part of the middle east currently hates us the most. The result of our discussions was an idea so brilliant, yet simultaneously so utterly simple that it's easy to see why the Academy of American Poets was too busy unifying the confederacy of their mouths and Langston Hughes's dick to notice it themselves. World Eternal Happiness Month.

Creating a Month-Long Celebration of Worldwide Unity, Part 2

Serving as a central clearing house for the hopes of all humanity, World Eternal Happiness Month was now ready to be catalyzed via this website. But before I could begin changing the world I would first have to rebuild myself from the inside. Ever since watching Cutey Honey volume 1, I have wanted to be happy, but was I ready for the long-term commitment of eternal happiness? To find out I attended amateur poetry night at my college, hoping to gain some valuable insight on savoring life as one savors a fine wine or whatever it is poets do in between not watching TV.

Part 3: The Poetry Reading

I made the mistake of becoming too preoccupied with how easy it would be to point at the giant ass of the cameraman next to me and scream "THIS GUY'S ASS IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE!!" creating a widespread panic that would allow me to escape with most of the flowers from the podium. It was only through sheer willpower and listening to the guy in the next seat rant about how totally hard it is to be treasurer of the Solar Energy Vehicles club that I was able to forego the quick adrenaline rush of flower theft for the long-term rewards of eternal happiness. Oh, and on a slightly-related note, I'm pretty sure my college is building some kind of crime-fighting robot solar car that can travel through time, so you should all be hearing about that in the news pretty soon.

They had to end the poetry reading prematurely after I totally blew everyone away with "RPG R.I.P.", an improvised rap about the Squaresoft/Enix merger:

Art Carney dolls marchin' in formation
Blue hats be dealin' out devastation
Suckas won't be laughin when my lyrical attack lands
Turnin' 90 degrees like motherfuckin' Pac Man
I cut staties down til they missin' they limbs
And all you wannabe playas with the Wal-Mart rims
That don't mean shit, y'all can't compare
Roll you like a wheelchair down a flight of stairs
Fools down at Squaresoft may as well retire
Me and Jake gon' collect, bitches was wired

After the poetry reading I immediately went home, opened up Worldcraft, and set about the task of creating avant-garde Quake 2 NETart to spread my message of eternal happiness to the rest of the world. The relative ease with which I was able to create these pieces confirms my theory that I can better serve the cause of eternal happiness as an artist than through my real-life role as a community college student banned from ever attending another poetry event at my college again.

This seemingly innocuous Sonic the Hedgehog tribute actually represents the long road to racial harmony between whites, eskimos, and otherkin. I didn't use any colored lighting because I was aiming for stark minimalism and also because love is colorblind.

This is a piece of concept art for a feature film. In the script I'm writing, Samuel L. Jackson is a small time crook who goes on a bloody killing spree to get back the money a mob boss stole from him. Each gang member he kills represents a false source of happiness. Then at the end of the movie, he throws the mob boss off a skyscraper and gets his money back, only to reveal in the final scene that he doesn't need the money because true happiness comes from within.

This is a personal statement of sorts. To some people, especially if they're emaciated heroin addicts living in filth-ridden slums, bringing the world eternal happiness may seem like the best, most glamorous job ever. And while technically it is, at the end of the day, just like everybody else, I have to leave the empyreal bliss of my enchanted rainbow kingdom and return to my personal filth-ridden slum; the upstairs room in my dad's house with no air conditioning.

I am truly happy. Also, the part of my brain processing the happiness into this monologue is generating its own happiness, setting up what is essentially an infinite feedback loop of pure ecstacy. Naturally, I can't do this bitter sarcasm schtick any more. If you're still looking for depressing, profanity-filled narratives, I suggest trucker stories. Haha, no, I'm just kidding. Trucker stories are quite possibly the worst crap ever. Adios!

- Not Thanksgiving!!

Commie agents have traveled back in time to destroy Thanksgiving for all God-fearing Americans and only one man can stop them! Journey with time-leaping hero Daring Armstrong as he puts a stop to Stalin's evil plot once and for all...in comic form.

Moments later...
So the commies are at it again, eh? Well don't worry ladies, I'll send a letter to Uncle Joe, POSTAGE PAID.
MEMBERS ONLY

How will this nail-biting drama be resolved? Find out by clicking a link and then staring at the screen for a few seconds!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.27 PC vs. Mac: It Ends Today

Saturday, Nov 29, 2003 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I searched for "Steve Jobs" and got this. I hate you, internet.

Greetings, my little poodle-children. In the two weeks since I last graced you with my presence, I have purchased my first Apple computer: an iBook G4. The "official" reason I needed a laptop was to continue writing for Something Awful while on an upcoming holiday trip. The *real* reason was a rumor I had heard; that the heat produced by a laptop creates an experience similar to a lapdance from a paralyzed stripper that has a severe fever. Hold on a second... yeah. Rumor confirmed.

I've always been a PC guy, but my experiences with the iBook have been so positive that I'm beginning to rethink my ways. What exactly can a Mac do that a PC can't, and vice versa? Which platform is *really* the best overall? Where do puppies go when they die? These questions have yet to be answered definitively, and this is the only website brave enough to step up to the challenge. Given my stature as this site's most intelligent writer (proven during a staff chess tournament, in which I outwitted my opponents by staying home), the duty has fallen on my shoulders. Before I lay the Mac/PC argument to rest for good, we must understand the chain of events that brought us where we are today.

As most scientists agree, the universe began in the early 1970's. At first, there were only single-celled organisms and naturally occurring (yet crudely constructed) objects such as light bulbs, hot dogs, and Baldwin brothers. The universe, by all acounts, sucked. Big time. Then, suddenly, it happened!

After that happened, Bill Gates and Steve Jobs constructed the very first computers using whatever they could find laying around the house (shoestrings, cans, human brains). Gates went on to form Microsoft, a company that foolishly set out to *earn money*. Jobs formed Apple, vowing to never walk the dark path of his rival. Instead of making money, he donated every computer Apple produced to charities such as Computers For The Homeless and Computers For Third World Children That Sally Struthers May Or May Not Eat. This earned Jobs the respect of communist hippy bastards everywhere, and immediately created a rift between the core userbase of each platform. This divide became increasingly bitter over the years, and eventually culminated in the Great War of 1997, at which time I burned down my own house in protest of the war. Well, technically there was no war, and my house burned down because I left some Pop Tarts in the toaster unattended. Still, my point stands: strawberry Pop Tarts are pretty good.

Now that we completely understand how we got to this point, let's get down to business and take a close look at the pros and cons of each platform.

Windows-based PCs

Machines running windows make up the largest portion of the PC market, yet they aren't perfect by any means. Take, for example, their vulnerability to repeated submersions in water, and the fact that they cause cancer. Current versions of the Windows operating system also suffer from a severe flaw which allows Counter-Strike to be installed. In spite of its problems, the Windows-based PC is an incredibly versatile platform. Windows users can do almost anything; from downloading an exciting array of viruses to attempting to remove an exciting array of viruses.

Apple Computers

Mac image blatantly stolen from the online comic Diesel Sweeties. After this theft, my "street cred" has surpassed 50 Cent.

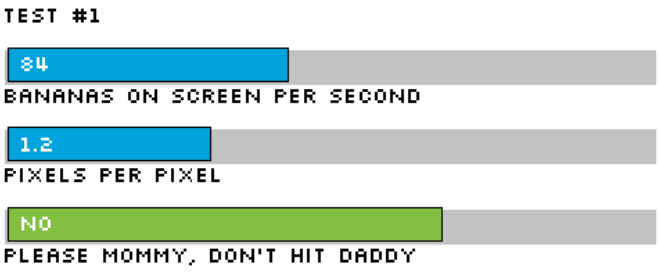
Apple's greatest strength throughout the years has been their neverending stream of incredibly fucking stupid advertisements. These commercials portray Apple users as pretentious assholes that wear black turtlenecks, sit in the corner of Starbuck's all day, and think German art films are incredibly meaningful despite that country's fascination with David Hasselhoff. This might not appear to be a strength, but you'll just have to trust me. Unfortunately, Apple has long been plagued by a perceived lack of games, but this is simply a misconception. Mac owners have an incredible selection of titles to play. Pong was released for MacOSX last year, and Pac Man is expected to hit the market sometime in 2005. The developers are THIS close to fixing the bug that keeps Pac Man from turning left.

Joe Don Baker

Joe Don Baker is a classically trained movie star with incredible range. He played a fat Texas sheriff in Mitchell, a fat Texas sheriff in Final Justice, and in an incredible change of pace, was a fat Texas sheriff in an off-Broadway production of William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. Et tu, Mitchell?

Now on to what you've been waiting for: the benchmarks. As a computer nerd, I understand the importance of measuring a system's raw performance, and the pain that comes with constant rejection by the opposite sex. I also understand the pain that comes with getting your head stuck in a honey jar, but that's another story. While a computer's features are important, consumers want to know that they're getting the most power possible. Comparing PCs and Macs has proven difficult in the past, since the two use entirely different architectures. The solution? Embrace the fact that the systems are different by running entirely unrelated benchmarks.

At first glance, it might seem as though the color keys assigned to Windows machines and Macs are exactly the same. Rest assured, however, that it seems this way with every subsequent glance.



Here we clearly see something happening. It's pretty impressive, right? Those jerks at [H]ardOCP could learn a thing or two by following my example. In fact, you could too. Stop slouching like that, it's bad for your posture.

This test only confirms my suspicions. After tallying up the scores, it's quite obvious that Joe Don Baker outperforms PCs and Macs by a substantial margin, especially when he's had a good nap. Here to comment on the outcome of the PC vs. Mac showdown is Mr. Joe Don himself.

> "This is an incredible honor. In Texas, we have a saying just for moments like this. It goes, 'Punch me in the face once, shame on you. Punch me in the face twice- OW MY FUCKING NOSE!'
>
> Say, you got any ham, or beer? No? How about beer that's been frozen into the shape of a ham?"

State Og

The State Og boys are back, and they brought the unearthed remains of Marilyn Monroe with them. Don't ask me, I don't understand it either. I find it's best to just nod and back away slowly with these guys.

> *With this kit you get a three-month supply of rum that is laced with four chemicals which reduce violent tendencies, and six chemicals that do just the opposite.*

Check out this week's State Og! It's just like Star Wars, only without the adventure, space, lightsabers, and woikees. To make up for it though, State Og has three times as many homosexual robots.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.28 Welcome to Worldland!

Saturday, Nov 29, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Lately I've been thinking about the 2004 election. After all, the first primaries are coming up with remarkable speed. With any luck, Ol' Dubya will be out of the White House pretty soon. But in the meantime, I think it's high time we stop bemoaning the fact that we have a juvenile power-mad redneck as our current President and start enjoying the privileges this affords us. After all, we may have been the most powerful nation in the world under Clinton, and sure, we may have even felt like the most powerful nation in the world under Clinton. But did we get to *act* like the most powerful nation in the world under Clinton? I think not, unless you take "like the most powerful nation in the world" to mean "diplomatically and reasonably." But that's not what having power is all about. Having power is about making the people who don't have power *feel* like they don't have power. So as long as Bush is pissing off every other country in the world to the point where our allies are taking to the streets and burning him in effigy, let's make the most of it. Since we already look like jerks, we might as well be jerks. It's time to tell the other nations of the world that we're not acting like this because we're stupid. We're acting like this because we can, dammit!

To that end, I propose that we, the people of the United States of America *(editor's note: we apologize to our overseas readers who may feel alienated by this article, but frankly, that's what you get for being a bunch of foreign savages)*, petition our President to issue forth the following message to the rest of the world:

As long as we've got him, we might as well use him. Uh... you can stop smiling now, George. You're scaring the children.

> *To the leaders, citizens, and various peoples of every non-America nation of the world:*
>
> *Greetings.*
>
> *WHEREAS we, the people of the United States of America, constitute the most powerful, wealthiest, and mightiest nation ever to bestride this planet that we so humbly call Earth, and*
>
> *WHEREAS we have the power to enforce whatever cockamamie notions and harebrained schemes we happen to come up with, and*
>
> *WHEREAS we feel that this entitles us to constant entertainment and adulation, especially when we are not within our own borders doing our important work to keep our country, and thereby the entire world running, and*
>
> *WHEREAS we have recently decided to stop pretending we like you,hereby be it*
>
> *RESOLVED that each of your countries shall hereafter become theme parks based upon your nation's culture, or better yet, upon the stereotypes we have of your cultures, and be it*
>
> *RESOLVED that the combination of these parks shall be known as "Worldland," and be it*
>
> *RESOLVED that we expect rides.*

How great would that be? No more hassling with passports and visas. Once Worldland was up and running, you'd just need to buy yourself an all-day park hopper pass, and you'd be free to go anywhere you wanted outside of the U.S. Just imagine, you take a few days off from the vital work you do in this country, hop on a plane, and fly to China. And when you get off the plane, you don't

have to worry about the bothersome technicalities that ruin so many trips to China these days, like their bizarre language, their barely repressed hostility, or their communism. No, in Chinaland, when you get off the plane, you'll be greeted by friendly, polite, English-speaking Chinese people who would love to share their culture with you, take you to your luxurious four-star hotel, or point you in the direction of the nearest water slide! Now that's diplomacy!

Since major world governments always follow my suggestions, I'm going to stop talking about Worldland like some sort of "what if" pipe dream and start getting down to the nitty gritty. If you're like me, your heart skips a beat at the mere mention of one huge, worldwide theme park devoted entirely to entertaining you and reinforcing your carefully constructed, safely narrowminded views of the rest of the world. So I'm going to spare you the suspense and share a taste of what you can expect from some of your favorite countries - excuse me, parks - in the near future!

Franceland

Get it? "Napoleonic Complex?" God, I'm funny.

Finally, you can enjoy all the benefits of a French getaway without all of that attitude! In Franceland, the staff, A.K.A. citizenry will always be there to serve all your needs, take your photo beside landmarks, and offer you tastes of some of the best wines the world has to offer. Dressed in berets, striped shirts, and black pants, and carrying long cigarette holders that give off not harmful second-hand smoke, but the lovely scent of lilac, the Franceland staff will delight you with their ready smiles, positive, America-friendly personalities, and hygienic bathing habits. Why not stop by any number of historical sites for dramatic recreations of some of the pivotal moments in France's history? There are shows every hour, on the hour! See the storming of the Bastille, the execution of Marie Antoinette, or the invention of the cookie! For Mom and Dad, there's an incredible amount of world class shopping, dining, and events inside the five-story shopping center, the Napoleonic Complex! Stop by the Notre Dame cathedral, where the bells are always ringing and every back's hunched! Or how about a scenic cruise along the Champs Elysee? For the kids, there are plenty of thrilling, France-oriented rides, including Mr. Frog's Wild Ride, Surrender Mountain, and The Eiffel Tower of Terror! Or find out what it's like to be a traditional French person with Virtual Stench and the Snoot Simulator! And best of all, you won't have to listen to any more of those annoying French accents that just drip with superiority and disdain for everything American. All of the Frenchies will be forced to listen to John Cleese's performance as the French soldier in "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" until they can't help but speak just like him. Get ready for a laugh riot, Franceland-style, you silly American knnnnnnnnnnnnnnniggit!

Mexicoland

Now there's the Mexico we all know and vaguely tolerate.

You've always known that the magical land just south of the border was a vacation paradise, but this time, the only thing you'll be smuggling back into the U.S. in your ass will be good memories! How many times have you gone to Mexico looking for high quality Mexican food, only to have your hopes and dreams squashed by the cold hard reality that Taco Bell has been lying to you all along? Just try getting a decent Cheesy Gordita out of the Spics in today's Mexico! But problems like that will be a thing of the past when you take a trip to Mexicoland. Finally, the Mexican vacation you've always wanted can be yours, as all of the men wear giant sombreros and play comically undersized guitars, and all the women are either

incredibly hot dancers or incredibly hot peasant women who are always carrying wooden buckets full of water for some reason! The dirty Chicanos have finally come to grips with their heritage, and now you'll never have to take more than three steps out of your hotel room without a talking chihuahua offering you a Taco Supreme combo meal. Finally, the Mexico you've dreamed of can be yours without it constantly being fouled up by those damn beanpickers and their lousy "culture." Have a blast! And remember the Alamo - don't tip your waiters!

Russialand

Meet the Russialand mascots.

The Russians we all know and love may be a bunch of Stalin-loving, vodka-swilling communists. But in Russialand, the only thing they'll love will be to serve you and the only thing they'll be swilling will be fun (and alcohol)! They'll still be communists, though, because dammit, that's the way we like our Russians. With all the men dressed in big furry hats and curly shoes and all the women either covered in rags or dressed as a somewhat-villainous Bond girl, the Russkies will finally stop the endless cycle of trying to better themselves and failing due to a completely ruined economy that is always so depressing when we skim over it in our superior capitalist newspapers. Say goodbye to bothersome bread lines and hello to the new bread roller coaster! So long to nuclear meltdowns and welcome to the Radiation Sickness-Simulating Tilt-a-Whirl! Das vadanya to fiercely patriotic Russian literature that illustrates the undeniable spirit of the Russian people while condemning the actions of a twisted, malicious government, and the opposite of das vadanya to all of the Reds joining together twice a day to perform a nationwide musical number entitled "Sorry About the Whole Communism Thing, We Were Just Being a Bunch of Stupid Drunks." It's the most fun you can have in Russia without bombing anything!

Iraqland

Mmm.... culture...

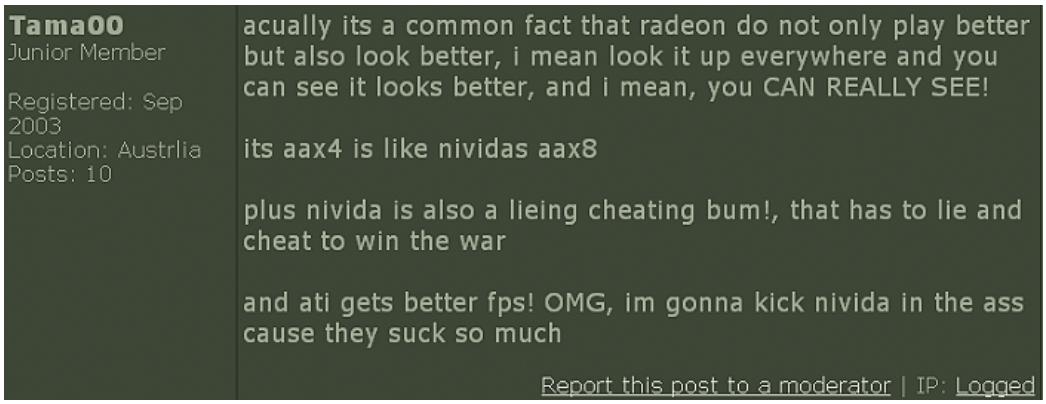
Since we've already blown away most of Iraq, it was a little harder to piece together that country's heritage to use as a basis for a functional theme park. Worldland's design team struggled for days and nights on end to come up with anything that would entertain an American audience while maintaining a proud sense of Iraqi culture. Then, inspiration struck: fuck Iraqi culture. Ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans wouldn't know Iraqi if it dropped on their house like a smart bomb, so why bother trying to recreate it accurately? It's much easier to just make stuff up, and no one will no the difference. So Iraq's history got a little rewrite to make it more palatable with the American idea an Arabic culture. Now, American visitors can take classes at Baghdad's famous Belly Dancing Academy! Or maybe take in a show at the Iraqland National Theatre of Belly Dancing! Or maybe enjoy some of the local cuisine while watching some festive belly dancing! Or if you're a history buff, you can wander through Iraqland's majestic Hall of Sultans, where you can learn the story behind Iraq's only leader before Saddam Hussein took power - a wacky robot from outer space who was also a belly dancer! Is that true, or did we just make it up? Admit it, you don't know! And don't worry about any animosity the Iraqland staff might have against you for blowing up their country. Sure, bands of anti-American death squads might have roved the charred Iraqi landscape for months after the war, but that was a thing of the past the minute the world became the Worldland Theme Park. Once the inhabitants of Iraqland thought Americans were Satan-worshipping infidels, but now they think

we're infidelightful! And don't worry about any animosity the Iraqland staff might have against you for blowing up their country. Sure, bands of anti-American death squads might have roved the charred Iraqi landscape for months after the war, but that was a thing of the past the minute Or at least, they'd better if they know what's good for them. And those damn towelheads better use the word "infidelightful," too.

As you can see, Worldland will finally make travel fun and worthwhile for all of us Americans. Yes, the world really is your oyster now, America, although to be perfectly honest, it's not quite as funny of an oyster as I thought it would be when I first set out. Huh.

Weekend Web: Drunk Off My Ass After-Holiday Special

Hello friends, Zachary "Cocker Joans" Gutierrez here. It's that time of year again where America is once more reminded that their worth is based on how much they spend between November and December. I too have gotten into the Holiday spirit by sitting on my ass watching TV and thinking about all of the wonderful things I may buy this Christmas for family and friends, if I had any. That's why I am giving you, internet readers and / or those who only look at the pictures a very special deal this Thanksgiving weekend: twenty percent off our already low prices on moronic images! Just look at these incredible deals!


TamaOO
Junior Member
Registered: Sep 2003
Location: Austrlia
Posts: 10
acually its a common fact that radeon do not only play better but also look better, i mean look it up everywhere and you can see it looks better, and i mean, you CAN REALLY SEE!
its aax4 is like nividas aax8
plus nivida is also a lieing cheating bum!, that has to lie and cheat to win the war
and ati gets better fps! OMG, im gonna kick nivida in the ass cause they suck so much
Report this post to a moderator | IP: Logged

Starting at 5AM in the freezing cold we will be opening our doors so you can save ten dollars off the regular year-round price you rabid consumer whores!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Catch the Fever!

Monday, Dec 01, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In literature and in the collective unconscious spring has come to represent life and rebirth and winter death. For me this seasonal and symbolic change has long held a very real meaning because of the diseases that infested me on a yearly basis. You see, throughout most of my youth and even adult life I have possessed the immune system of an AIDS baby. Whereas most people have white blood cells and other arcane biological systems to resist disease like "skin" and "hair" I just sort of have all of my internal organs floating in a loose sack of putrid sewer water. When winter came so did the illness and I almost always got a nice case of the cold or flu, which is not all that uncommon. Less common was the fact that this always inevitably evolved into some sort of hideous creeping illness that made my respiratory system sound like the poorly maintained bellows of a rusty pipe organ. Bronchitis, sinusitis, the red lung, Monfank's conjecture, postpartum depression, hobo throat, and Doug's Disease were all common names around my household.

Imagine my surprise a couple years ago when I suddenly did develop an immune system and had two consecutive winters without falling gravely ill. I was on top of the world, basking in my newfound ability to endure deadly plagues of man, like soiled doorknobs and eating utensils not run through an autoclave.

The siege of my immune system is underway!

Then, like storm-darkened clouds gathering on the horizon, came the three dread horsemen of illness. First came the many days of coughing and sneezing from my girlfriend. I don't mind helping out a sick loved one, but there was a certain amount of unease about the affair and I could almost see the puffs of bacteria gliding through the air towards the manned battlements of my immune system. Like the siege of Mandrake - or whatever that castle was in the Lord of the Kings movie with the elves and the kobolds - the noble defenders of my Parsons Fastness held the line against seemingly insurmountable odds. By the end of it the ranks of white blood cells were scattered about the pocked walls of the keep, dead and wounded, heaped in piles. My girlfriend recovered and I had just barely staved off getting sick. Then, no less than two days after her recovery, her parents came to visit us for Thanksgiving dinner.

Michelle's parents arrived in our apartment like a fell wind. Her mother was so sick she came in and lay on the couch under a blanket most of the time incubating further illness. Her father was coughing like the stacks of a factory devoted to manufacturing respiratory infections. I might as well have been a Cherokee Indian cuddling underneath a pox blanket with a steaming viral homunculus. We had a great dinner together, and then almost immediately after they left my bones started hurting.

If your bones start hurting you've either been exposed to radiation and are about to turn into a superhero or you just got walloped straight in the spine with a healthy dose of influenza. As I'm writing this I don't even know if I'm spelling things right because my vision keeps swimming around and making the letters look like ants. I've been popping Tylenols for the past two days to keep the fever down and I've snorted enough Zicam to give a kraken heart palpitations. My throat feels like it's seen the wrong end of a mummy's dick and the area around my nose could be used as a paint match chip for people refinishing fire trucks.

Even though I've got cold sweats like Capone's accountant at an IRS audit I also feel strangely honored to have been allowed to try on this year's fall disease fashions. Last year's trends are out the door and it's time to look at the hottest things for fall and winter infesting my body! As

Carson from the Fab 5 would say, I've just got to zoosh it. I don't know what that means, probably something about kissing another man on the ass, but I'm willing to give you the straight dope on three of the up and coming designs for this season.

- **Niptorosis Melcloria (AKA "Diva")**

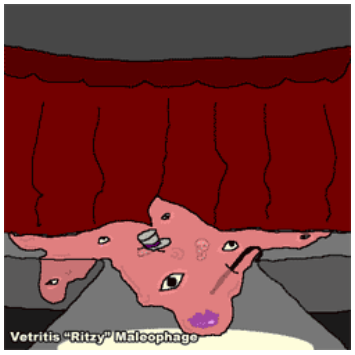
Class: Bacteria
Vector: Airborne short-distance, short-linger (unless conditions are optimal)
Origins: Niptorosis is a recent offshoot of the Melcloria family which includes Adventuritis Melcloria and Stromthurmonoliosis Melcloria. This ravenous bacteria can lay dormant for long periods in warm moist environments like sewers, vaginas, mouths, hampers, or the basements of comic book shops. When inhaled it immediately attacks the respiratory system and moves on gradually to the nervous system and teeth.
Symptoms: Initial symptoms include a cough, red and watery eyes, and a rise in vocal octaves. As symptoms progress sleep becomes restless and punctuated with frequent involuntary high-pitched squeals. Those infected with Niptorosis become increasingly irritable and prone to throwing plates, cups, and nearby vanity trophies at those around them. The final stage of the disease includes massive swelling of the torso, suppurating sores that resemble wet emeralds, elongation of the molars into various chess pieces, and fluctuations in nearby gravitational fields. While usually not fatal children, the elderly, and those with immune deficiency should contact a physician immediately.
Treatment: As soon as symptoms begin to show for Niptorosis you should immediately submerge your entire body in a bathtub full of cold water. If necessary add ice every five to ten minutes. Play soothing music and burn scented candles to help relax the bacteria and get them in the mood. When the bacteria is ready, place four live birds in the bathtub with you and hang on tightly while they eat the bacteria that comes out of your eyes.

- **Axioma Somiticulosis (AKA "Lance")**

Class: Virus
Vector: Contact, minimal-distance/long-linger
Origins: Axioma is the result of a trade between the Boston Somiticulosis and the New York Mets. Somiticulosis gave up Devarita Somiticulosis and Axioma Somiticulosis in exchange for Darryl Strawberry's cocaine suppositories. Keep in mind that science hasn't authenticated the origins of Axioma and this may all be the result of a fever dream I had from eating bad rye bread.
Symptoms: The majority of initial symptoms are indistinguishable from those of the common cold, making Axioma a difficult bug to detect in time to treat. During its second phase Axioma virusoids concentrate in the bladder and begin generating virus nodules

called "cornels" that look identical to pieces of corn, albeit corn that is usually coated with blood from the urinary tract as it tears a painful way out through the urethra. While the cornels are forming the virus begins disrupting the central nervous system so that victims see a very specific type of hallucinatory imagery. For unknown reasons Axioma causes those infected to see the face of Bill Cosby hovering in front of their vision and surrounding by swirling and contracting fractal patterns. Most are driven to suicide soon after these hallucinations begin.
Treatment: If caught early, Axioma can be treated by bombarding the victim's genitals with high-yield radiation. While this renders them sterile and impotent, it is almost guaranteed to destroy the virus. If not caught early the virus is untreatable and almost always fatal.

■ **Vetritis Maleophage (AKA "Ritzy")**
Class: Non-aquatic Amoeba



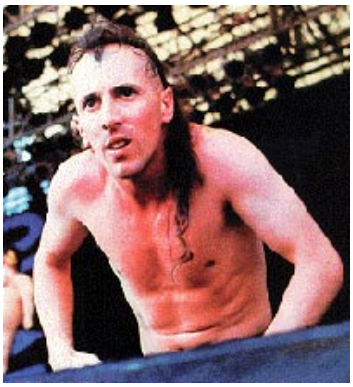
Vector: Ingestion, long-distance/long-linger
Origins: Vetritis Maleophage is an unusual land-bound and relatively large amoeba. It measures about 450 miliocronimeters, or about 1/8th the size of a grain of rice, and can actually be seen with the naked eye as a sort of pinkish nodule. The origins of Vertritis are not fully understood. One theory currently circulating among virusonomers are that Vertritis is not terrestrial in origin and may have actually been brought back to earth by John Glenn who is believed to have licked a moon rock while on the Apollo space missions. Another theory gaining momentum is that Vertritis was actually imagined by Stephen Hawking who, as you well know, is so smart and crippled that he can make his daydreams manifest themselves. His reasons for unleashing something as destructive as Vetritis on an unsuspecting mankind may have a little bit to do with the whole "totally paralyzed" and "robot talky" thing.
Symptoms: Within thirty seconds of ingesting a Vetritis amoeba the unlucky recipient

> begins to swell around the joints and over the course of ten minutes or so this swelling can grow quite painful. Abruptly it will stop as the Vetritis amoeba cocoons itself in their brain and begins growing to its second stage. After 48 hours of incubation the amoeba will emerge from every orifice, including their pores and eyes, having grown to almost a thousand times its original size. This is always fatal to the victim and the enormous amoeba will slink off using pseudopodia to drag itself along the ground, showering tiny larval amoebas behind it.
> **Treatment:** The only known treatment for Vetritis infestation is to get a priest and have him place dynamite in the victim's mouth and then explode the dynamite. This is usually fatal for the victim and once in a while it kills the Vetritis amoeba.

My favorite is Ritzy. He talks to me when I close my eyes and tells me stories about far away lands. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go rub my face off with sandpaper to get at this vault of mucus hiding in my sinuses.

◘ Your Band Sucks - Tool and the Worst Songs Ever

This week on Your Band Sucks, Dr. David Thorpe finally gets around to saying some unkind words about Tool. Could it be that a million dorky Tool-worshippers *can* be wrong? I'm assuming we already know the answer to that.



> *The man is just singing about angst and non-specific malaise, just like every other whiny hard-rock nerd. I'm sure Tool fans like to argue that he poignantly sings about his own traumatic history of abuse, but come on, it's not like that's a rare commodity these days; all it does it put him in the same lofty poetic stratosphere as the guy from Korn.*

As a special extra added free bonus, Dr. Thorpe has also compiled a list of the ten worst rock and roll songs of all time. You'd be a fool not to read it!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.2 Abraham Lincoln: The Man, The Myth... The Manmyth

Tuesday, Dec 02, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

◘ Before I Begin Today's Update!

There has been an important issue resting on the back of my mind for the past three, maybe four hours now, and I fear that if I don't share this important piece of information with you then my head will undoubtedly explode and begin showering my computer room with various chunky pieces of my internal organs like a really cool volcano spewing out salsa. My cats' number one hobby these days is throwing up. That's all they ever do; wake up, meow nonstop, throw up, go back to sleep. Since I never see them actually consuming food, I can only assume they obtain all their nutrition via osmosis, but that's to be expected when your cat is loaded full of retarded alien DNA (particular their butt region). A few hours ago, I was sitting here minding my own business, pondering if Harry "The World's Fattest Ewok" Knowles could consume Rob "Cummin' Dr. Taco" Malda in one sitting, when suddenly I began to hear the sounds that no cat owner EVER wants to hear:

"GOOOP. GOOOOP. GOOOP. GOOOOOOOOP."

If you don't own a cat and cannot determine what this poorly reproduced sound effect heralds, then just hang with me here for a second. When either of my cats, Stupid or Cat, is sitting next to me and begins pumping out such lovely noises from the area in their body which is responsible for producing every single grotesque abomination that could possibly spew out of any orifice, I know something bad is on the horizon. The "GOOP. GOOOOOP. GOOOOOOOP." sounds serve as an early-warning notice to prepare me for the incoming pukestorm which will strike roughly 30 seconds later. I rushed around my office, desperate to find something useless that the cat could vomit upon. Unfortunately, my office is full of stupid crap like "computers" and "hard drives," none of which are perfect receptacles for cat vomit. With two seconds left before Project: CAT PUKE began, I discovered a Lee's Summit Yellow Pages phone book and slid it right underneath Stupid's awaiting mouth. It landed there just in the nick of time, and he barfed up a brown log of God knows what right below the phone number for the Missouri State of Revenue Department.

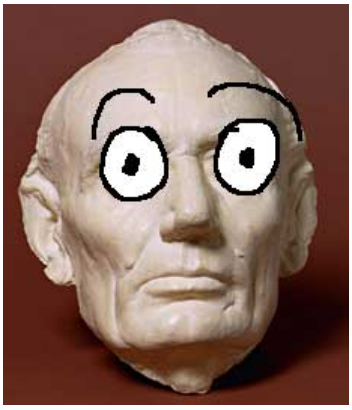
The seemingly innocent phone book... why don't we take a little peek inside!

OH BOY!!! CAT PUKE!!!

Now you may be thinking, "oh no, your phone book has been ruined!" at this point. Oh how wrong you are! This precious gift of cat vomit has made the phone book EVEN BETTER! Before I had just a boring, bland, run-of-the-mill phone book. Now I have THE DREADED BOOK OF DECEPTION! Imagine the look on your face if you opened up a seemingly normal phone book so you could find the phone number of the guy who's going to sell you those bootleg Herb Alpert tickets, and

then BAM - you're face-to-face with a bloated, doughy wad of revolting cat puke! You thought you were going to use this phone book to find a phone number but, hey buddy, you were DECEIVED! The Phone Book of Deception strikes again! Muuaahahaha! Stay tuned for future adventures from the Phone Book of DECEPTION as I unveil it to my unfortunate neighbors!

Abraham Lincoln: The Man, The Myth... The Manmyth



A clay mask of Abraham Lincoln. It didn't really look very realistic until I drew in the eyes, so you can thank me for recreating a little touch of history, gents.

Throughout history, America has always been known as one of the most popular countries favored by US presidents. From President Taft's tendency to fall asleep during important meetings and Knicks games, to Jimmy Carter's valiant fight against an aqueous rabbit hellbent on the destruction of the White House, American history is just chock full of tightly-crammed US presidents like one of those new five-pound Nestle candy bars made from caramel, fudge, nougat, chocolate, peanut butter, pork, and unrefined heroin. Americans display an inherent pride for their presidents, a sort of reverence and devotion usually reserved for characters like Jesus Christ and that chick who tried to fly her plane around the world but got lost and died somewhere inside the Bermuda Triangle where her corpse is currently being used to house the insidious Mermen queen's eggs in the Lost City of Atlantis.

Unfortunately, in our push to promote past Presidents to powerful positions of prestige, historians tend to let a few colorful myths and misconceptions slip in along with the facts. Abraham Lincoln, one of America's most revered and important figures in its history, has lately been getting an awful lot of credit for things he didn't say, or so says CNN.com:

> **Historians expose quotes wrongly attributed to Lincoln** - *Remarks attributed to the quotable 16th president have popped up in everything from television commercials to speeches by famous generals, presidents and even recent anti-war protesters. Too often, they are phrases that Lincoln never uttered, experts at the Illinois Historic Preservation Agency say. "It's simply Lincoln's own status as a cultural exemplar that make these spurious quotations seem credible," said Rodney Davis, co-director of the Lincoln Studies Center at Knox College in Galesburg.*

I wish I was the co-director of the Lincoln Studies at some place called "Knox College." Then, when people ask me what I do, I'd reply, "I go the school of Knox... hard 'Knox'!" and the person I'm speaking to would be so overwhelmed by my clever pun that their entire body would implode in a gaseous detonation of compressed wit. Additionally, "Lincoln Studies" sounds like the easiest subject in the world to master. You go into work every day, read a book about Abraham Lincoln and maybe play a few games of *Abraham Lincoln Land*, and then you come home to take all your aggression out by punching your wife in the face and claiming to friends that she fell down those pesky stairs once again. Nuclear physicists have to know all kinds of crazy shit like math, chemistry, and physics. Abraham Lincolnists have to know what size of comical stovetop hat he wore and if his right arm was a cybernetic implant which could shoot fire bombs (it wasn't). Occasionally you'd have to deal with the wise ass punk kid who sneaks into your office / bathroom and starts spouting vile anti-Lincoln rhetoric, but that's what aluminum baseball bats and handguns were created to do.

Before I begin to address the many misconceptions some of the more dopey dullards in society have

formed of Abraham Lincoln, I'd like to provide a little historical overview detailing this energetic President's life. Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809 in a log cabin outside of Hardin County, Kentucky. Everybody built cabins out of logs in those days because logs were the only things that could be produced from splitting trees in half. Early pioneers attempted to produce bricks and titanium by cutting trees with a special magical axe blessed by a crazed bearded man who sang songs and skipped through the woods without a care, but all attempts resulted in the production of even more logs. There were so many logs in those days that a special government army had to be created to fend off the advance of incoming enemy logs which threatened to destroy the White House, which was in those days made out of even more logs (only they were white). Frontier towns had special sentries trained in spotting rogue logs trying to enter their city and spread pro-log propaganda, and these individuals were almost as popular as the town whore who could perform ventriloquism acts by only using her vagina. Abe's grandfather was killed by Native Americans in 1786, but Lincoln got his revenge by leading a country which would successfully wipe out all Native Americans in the next 200 years by giving them infected foam trucker hats and slot machines which spewed out clouds of AIDS every time somebody hit a jackpot. Due to his grandfather's untimely murder by an irate Indian, Lincoln's dad grew up to be a stupid retard because he lacked a father figure to tell him things like "go to school" and "stop doing that or else you'll grow hair on your palm." That's why he ended up hanging around in the woods all day and ultimately building a log cabin made from logs.

Lincoln's family moved to Indiana in 1816 because there was better land in that state as opposed to the land in Kentucky, which was (and still is) composed of soil that makes your IQ drop by 60 points and stimulates the nerves in your brain which make the idea of playing the jug on your front porch appeal to you. Indiana also had a significantly smaller amount of slaves than Kentucky and this appealed to Lincoln's family because they were Baptists and believed the only slaves in the world should be slaves to Jesus Christ. This land was a hostile, foreboding territory back in the 1800s, full of wild bears, wild Native Americans, wild horses, wild berries, and wild koopas, so growing up was not easy for the spindly Lincoln. His lack of a formal education prohibited him from discovering what the word "spindly" meant, and Lincoln was forced to learn everything from passing traders who were traveling from Massachusetts to Rhode Island or Prussia. By the age of eight, Lincoln knew how much an adult bear pelt would fetch on the black market. By the age of ten, Lincoln could strip and reassemble an entire ox cart in under 20 minutes, thus leading to a brief life of crime when Lincoln lurked in the shadows, stealing wooden hubcaps from passing ox carts, writing "TYPE R" across the bottom, and selling them to Asian immigrants with an extremely high markup. Lincoln quit this aforementioned life of crime after he realized he was unable to spell and every time he tried to spell out "TYPE R," he would end up scrawling the only phrase he knew, "BEAR ATTACK - PLEASE SEND HELP" in broken English.

LITTLE KNOWN FACT: Lincoln had to manually push his jaw up to prevent it from falling off his face and getting it kicked around the floor like a hockey puck.

His mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, died in 1818 after failing to successfully live. His father marked this occasion by marrying a living person the next year. Abraham then took a flatboat trip to New Orleans a decade later. At first it may seem like these three events are completely unrelated, but upon further inspection, I have noticed that they are all written on the same website. Coincidence? I think not! Lincoln served briefly in the Black Hawk War of 1832, the battle in which the Native Americans used arrows to shoot down a wooden Black Hawk helicopter that was transporting a troop of armed logs to the front lines. After retiring from the military, Lincoln ran for the Illinois

legislature in 1832 and lost to James Semple, a man who later went on to legalize beans and bendy drinking straws. Two years later, ol Abe was elected as a Whig to the lower house for four consecutive terms. Let me tell you, there was nothing more prestigious in those days than being a lower house Whig! His pro-Whig campaign platform was composed of the following promises:

> 1) If we build more roads, then it will be easier to move supplies to those idiots who live out in the middle of nowhere. Additionally, these same roads will make it even easier to flee when the idiots living there realize we didn't bring them any of the supplies they actually requested, and we instead dumped off a few hundred pounds of cranky logs who want to make out with their daughters.
> 2) If we build better streams and rivers, then the outrageously successful log industry will be able to take advantage of faster rush hour log traffic and this new company named "Stuckeys" can start building their restaurants all around the area.
> 3) If we build a road on top of a stream, then we'll have something which our scientists call "a bridge" and this will allow us to drive our ox-carts over the water without having to force the oxen to take nine credit hours of CPR, swimming, and first aid courses.

Ol Abe kicks a little ass inside the pokey. Image courtesy of Brandon Bird.

Advised by Whig Legislator John Todd Stuart, Lincoln discovered the fast paced, exciting world of the legal industry in 1836. In his first case, he successfully defended "Scuzzy" Benjamin Darthauer from the accusations of Marybelle Clearentine, who mistakenly believed Scuzzy broke into her home and stole all the pies cooling on her windowsill. Lincoln used his inherent skills of legal battle to explain that Scuzzy could've never stolen her pies, as he was trying to trick Native Americans into drinking a bottle of liquid lead at the time of the crime. Lincoln also proved that the real culprit was an evil oak log which had rolled into town to steal the virginity of children everywhere and rip off as many pies as possible. This log was eventually caught and sentenced to death by a relative of John Walsh. Lincoln eventually married Mary Todd, some broad with more "genteel" origins than his. The following message is for all you ladies out there: when looking to marry the tall bearded guy who lives in the woods, hits trees with axes, fights off grizzly bears, and then returns home to work on important court cases, be careful that your origins are not more "genteel" than his, whatever the hell that may mean. Wild Frontier log lawyers are very sensitive about their level of raw genteelness. Lincoln's lack of genteelistity caused him to grow very depressed and eventually help give birth to four sons, each of which was more shockingly genteel than the previous.

In February 1860, Lincoln decided that the only thing in life that could lift him from his genteel-inspired depression would be declaring his run for presidency. Unfortunately, William H. Seward was the leading Republican candidate at the time, and Lincoln had to follow the strict party rules to overthrow him for the official nomination. Seward had a few qualities that were deemed "undesirable" in a few of the critical states Republicans needed votes, such as Pennsylvania (he once murdered a blind school teacher there), Indiana (he was on record as saying the state of Indiana was "a faggot state full of pantaloon-wearing queer sissyboys"), Illinois (made many public speeches claiming there was "absolutely nothing whatsoever anywhere" in this state), and New Jersey (offered to sell this state back to the British for $500 and a box of sheep skins). Lincoln eventually beat Seward and was elected President, but at the time of his inauguration on March 1861, seven states had already seceded from the Union and others were threatening to leave if they weren't given better contracts with signing bonuses and a guaranteed 10-year extension. The Civil War soon kicked into high gear and Lincoln had to depend on General Ulysses S. Grant to take command. Grant did so and soon

they won the Civil War in a very intelligent and remarkable way which I'm not going to even bother writing about because I don't care and frankly, neither should you.

During the battle, Lincoln was known to use his magic mutant powers to cancel out the writ of habeas corpus, thus allowing him the freedom to imprison over 13,000 people for no concrete reason whatsoever. This was the first instance of the Patriot Act being used in history. Many scholars believe Lincoln was drunk on power at that point, causing him to abolish slavery and allow minorities the opportunity to join the armed forces and get shot at by enemy minorities. These policies outraged many people including noted dummy John Wilkes Booth, who assessed the situation and came to the conclusion that the only reasonable action he could take revolved around placing a bullet inside Lincoln's head, even if Mr. Lincoln didn't really want one placed there at the time. He did this on April 14th of 1865 when Lincoln attended the play "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater. Scientists have been spending the last three decades creating a machine that will bring Lincoln back to life so he may be asked important questions such as "how was the play?" and "would you like to see the play on DVD now?"

As you can see, I have simply run out of room here. Stay tuned for my update next week when I dispel the most popular myths and misconceptions about America's greatest president! As ol' Honest Abe would say: "keep on rollin'!" He was naturally referring to the logs, warning them to pass on by his town and continue their crime wave elsewhere.

■Old school Dream Theater kicks ass!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams keeping it real. Real short. Again. I'm up late cause my net access went out, and I've been watching a bootleg KISS concert until the line came back up. And here I am!

When you fly, do you ever look out the window and stare at the clouds and terrain below? If so, good for you. You took up one of those God awful small seats which means one less spot they can stick my apparently abnormal 6'3" body. Oh, and the goons did some photoshopping for you. Candy is dandy but wine in a box is horrible.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.3 Doom 3: Help, I Can't See Shit!

Tuesday, Dec 02, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

S'up?

I'm a pretty big fan of games from id Software. Almost as much as I love abruptly working robot references into everything I write, I love playing id Software's ugly games. Even though most of their games lack pretty colors and innovative gameplay, I still buy the ones that are out and get excited about the ones coming out. I guess it's just a habit, although I do enjoy the simplistic gameplay. When I first played *Doom* years ago and saw that it could be edited in a such a way that I was able to make an awesome new level with 50,000 monsters and the scariest textures this side of a porno theater's floor, I knew that gaming had changed forever. Never again did I look at another game the same way, though I still used the same two input methods as before – my eyes. I analyzed things, fathomed how levels were built, what design decisions had to be made, noted how textures were aligned, and the many other things that suck away all the fun and excitement and turn gaming into a tedious chore. I still do that, because someday I'd probably like to make terrible games for a living. That is if my dream job of working at the factory where they turn corn into cream corn falls through. Fingers crossed.

This article isn't about my earthly wants and needs, though. It's about an outrage that lives in my soul like an outrageous cancer. After losing track of its progress, I decided to do some reading on id's latest game. Here is a quote from some gaming site I couldn't see the name of because the entire page was concealed behind a gigantic ad for whichever version of "Lord of the Rings" it is that's coming to the D.V.D. machines this week. Actually it's an old preview from Gamespot.

> *The flashlight is present in both single-player and multiplayer modes. It serves as an exploration tool that realistically cuts through shadows, and it also serves as a last-ditch-effort melee weapon. But if you have your flashlight in hand, you don't have any kind of decent weapon equipped. This point was driven home by the sudden appearance of another zombie, who leaped from the shadows of the heretofore strangely quiet hallway. As we dodged away from it, we watched as it lunged for us and closed its arms around thin air in a failed attempt to grab us before we blasted it. We also came to a short stairway. At the top of the stairs was a heavyset zombie who noted our presence. He then grabbed a nearby barrel and hurled it at us. We dodged the barrel, but it tumbled off to the side, and the sound of it crashing to the ground reverberated realistically around us.*

Warning: do not operate while armed!

I don't know what all that stuff about being groped by zombies is, and frankly I'm a little alarmed. Like most people, I don't play games to be molested by strange men in dark hallways. I most certainly get enough of that in real life. What confuses me is that cryptic business about needing a flashlight to get around. First of all, I can appreciate the idea of total darkness in an id game. One of the strange quirks about colors is that without light, you can't see them. No light means that I can't see id's usual palette of greens and browns that so romantically captures the entirety of a dumpster filled with rotting prostitutes. More importantly, if a room is totally dark, that means it's totally devoid of green and red colored lighting. My peepers have been beaten to shit by the epic roller coaster ride

through the neon anus of Las Vegas that so many 3d shooters seem to turn into. So id, I applaud your decision to turn the lights out.

It's the fact that this flashlight apparently requires the sum total might and focus of the space marine protagonist to operate that has my panties in a razor-sharp bunch. What the hell kind of flashlight is this if it prohibits the player from operating anything else? Is this flashlight the size of a goddamn bazooka? Is he carrying some kind of stadium lighting rig capable of melting the chocolate off of John Romero's thighs? It could be that by flashlight, they actually meant Christmas lights and that you have to pull a long string of them while taking care not to let any one single light be disrupted, thus breaking the chain. I hope that's not the case, because the amount of colored lighting coming off those things would give my eyes an aneurysm. When I hear the word "flashlight" I envision a small tube that I would grip in *one hand* and shine in the direction of darkness. Because of this, I could easily hold a gun in my unoccupied second hand. I'm not sure if id considered this, but if they want to write me off as a consultant and cut me a share of the royalties, I'm all for it. Maybe I misinterpreted that article, but it sounds like the flashlight acts like a weapon in the game, which means that while it is selected, no other weapon is active or available to fire. Those guns are all resting comfortably in the fancy trans-dimensional back pocket that somehow stores a mega arsenal and makes it weigh less than a feather.

Giving id the benefit of the doubt, I've come up with a few theories that might justify their decision to not allow guns and flashlights at the same time.

Don't bother asking this scientist for answers, he's too busy being creepy and overdressed.

- **The space marine you play as only has one hand.**
Maybe this is the big secret id has been hiding since the start, that one new radical game dynamic that forever transforms the way 3d shooters are played and makes *Doom III* into the best game ever. Think about it, every 3d shooter since that groundbreaking *Hugo's House of Horrors* 3d game to *John Madden's Unreal Tournament 2004* has capitalized on the two handed norm. If people suddenly found themselves controlling the actions of a one handed man, well, there would be chaos in the hearts and minds of gamers. People would shit their pants. Dogs would shit their pants. Amputees would be empowered, then shit their pants. This theory carries a wagonload of design decisions with it, and I'm afraid they aren't easy design decisions. Is his entire arm gone, or is it just his hand? Which hand is gone, right or left? If he's only got one hand and that hand has a gun or flashlight in it, how does he pick up blue keys and place them in blue door keyholes? Or red and yellow keys for that matter. Some guns are rather complex and heavy and require two hands to handle, too. Is the space marine's arsenal compliant with the Americans with Disabilities Act?

Since I haven't seen any 20 page .plan updates from John Carmack on the dynamics of rendering one handed characters on a per pixel level, I imagine this theory is incorrect.

- **The space marine you play as is retarded.**
Another strong possibility is that for some reason, the character you play as is cursed with the mental plague of retardation. How else could he not figure out that one hand would be the ideal manipulator of a flashlight, and the other would be a practical manipulator of a gun? Maybe the character *is* retarded, and so he has been specifically taught never to try to do more than one thing at once, especially when it means dividing his focus away from a gun. I don't know many things about retarded people, save for the fact it's never good to share a swimming pool or go-cart track with them. I also know they aren't good at multitasking. He might accidentally turn it around and

fire it back at himself. But then if that were the case, could he not do the same to himself with a flashlight? Too many variables are left undefined to make this theory flawless.

■ **The flashlight is extremely large and heavy and requires two hands to carry.**
I have not seen *Doom III*'s flashlight, and the description of it was much pretty limited to saying that it was a "flashlight" and that it "cut through shadows." Since the preview did not describe the look of the flashlight, it could be any number of light emitting apparatuses usable by a human being. Because of this, there is a possibility that for some reason it could be large and require two hands to carry. Maybe in the future they use a different kind of flashlight that has to be pushed like a wheelbarrow or held on the shoulder like an expensive movie camera. I don't know what sort of strange vision of future flashlight technology id is going for, so it's hard to say. Knowing them, it could very well be something dark and gritty, like a flashlight that's made from demon technology and therefore sucks at your soul like an evil parasite. I'd say it's probably a normal flashlight, though, so this theory sucks.

■ **Space marine training does not cover flashlight usage.**
I have no idea what the future is like, but maybe things will be so nice then that light will be taken for granted. Perhaps then functional light bulbs will be abundant and always available to the dramatic extent that the very concept of darkness will be foreign and mysterious to everybody. Because of this, it's easy to see how the space marine corps would naively forget to train their soldiers to operate flashlights, specifically, the part about how they can use a flashlight and a gun at the same time. I mean why would they? Light is the most plentiful commodity, why would they ever be without it? But they were wrong, dead wrong! Because darkness is always there – just at the tail end of light's reach. It's waiting for you. WELCOME TO NIGHT!

Okay, so maybe not this one either.

We may never know why our beguiled hero is unable to maximize his assets, but in case nobody has figured out a way in which he could overcome darkness and simultaneously wield a weapon, I have some suggestions.

■ **Mount the flashlight on top of the gun barrel.**
This may sound like the craziest thing since the invention of the time traveling sausage maker that sends you back in time as sausage, but really, it's sound science. Using something as simple as duct tape – perhaps even demonic duct tape with adhesive made of dead souls – you could easily mount a flashlight on top of a shotgun or machine gun or really any sort of gun. This would mean that while aiming your gun, you're also aiming your flashlight. Pretty wicked, huh? The only catch is that some of the weapons in the game are grenades. You definitely want to avoid attaching your flashlight to a grenade. The problem with grenades is that they have a tendency to explode, and if you taped your flashlight to one, well, it too would explode.

A flashlight might shine a light on this dark caper! High ho! Oh shutup! Stop expecting me to be funny.

■ **Replace flashlight with birdcage containing a lost soul.**
This is probably a major departure, but what if you took one of those crazy flaming skulls from the first two *Doom* games that screamed like a drunk man hypnotized into thinking he was a crow and put it inside a birdcage that was balanced on the player's head? You could even have a balance meter on screen that showed which direction the birdcage was shifting. This would force the player to use cautious movements, because frantic running, ducking, and jumping would make the birdcage fall. At the same time, though, it would free the space marine's hands up for combat. I imagine getting those damn lost souls into a birdcage would be hard, so it would be of vital concern not to let it fall. Since the fuckers are on fire and fire gives off light, you won't need a flashlight anymore.

- **Make the space marine a being of pure light and energy that produces an awesome glow effect.**

Since you play as a good guy fighting no less than the forces of Hell, why not have the player be a being of pure light and energy? Beings of pure light and energy are noted for their phosphorescent looks that shine light into darkness. What self-respecting being of pure light and energy needs to carry a flashlight? As far as visual effects go, I'm sure you could attach pulsating light and random jagged electrical streaks going all around the player not unlike the visual effects of *Quake's* quad damage powerup. In fact, maybe the player could just have quad damage all the time. But just so it's fair, all the monsters could be four times as tough. That way id could promote the game as being four times as tough as the competition.

- **Make it so that the space marine helmet has infrared capabilities.**

Whoa, get ready to pick up the phone and hold it indefinitely, because I'm about to make you shit your jowls. The space marines from *Doom* all wear fancy helmets, right? What if this helmet served a purpose? That's right, what if the helmet provided infrared capabilities allowing the player to see in the dark? Man, that would make so much sense it would be out of this world. It would be so far out of this world that it would actually be on the planet Mars. Of course I hate the way infrared looks, so I would probably just fumble through the darkness getting sexually molested by zombies while crying hysterically.

- **Carry the gun in one hand and the flashlight in the other hand.**

I realize it's probably too obvious to mention again, but in case some fluke chain of events led to this simple solution eluding everybody, I'm throwing it out there again. Think about it!

By now id has probably finalized the issue of the flashlight, and may well have done something entirely different. But since I was in a rare kind of coma that prevented me from reading up on *Doom III* for the last few months, I have no clue. I haven't heard any hot buzz about the flashlight's implementation, so I assume everybody outside of id is still in the dark about this critical issue. I just hope I've made a difference and maybe saved a life or two along the way.

Vampire? I Just Met Her!

Hey folks and folkettes, this is Ben "Groening" Platt here with another movie review. Did you miss me? I missed you. This time around, we're dealign with vampires, ancient amulets, and more crossbows than you can shake a stake at in "Sleepless Nights."

> *The story begins ten years ago, as we find Christian Grey, a hunky guy with a hunky name, a hunky cut on his face, and a hunky appetite for a hunky cereal, whittling stakes. His partner in the ever-expanding field of vampire execution, the slightly older and less hunky Jacob Sloane, enters and the two men talk about the hunt. Specifically, there's a hunt. They do it. The hunting, that is. Jacob shuffles off to go be useless elsewhere, and Allison, Grey's wife enters. Grey tells her that they're closing in on Lord Malgaard, a vampire who is "smarter than most, and more ruthless" and also has a particularly stupid sounding name. Allison seems normal enough at first, but when Grey touches her neck, his fingers come away stained with blood. Then she suddenly starts talking like a character out of a bad Victorian novel, which is a clear sign that someone is a vampire. The fangs are a decent indicator, too. She tells Grey that Malgaard came and drank her blood, then made her drink from him, binding her to him. I guess this happened within the last few minutes, since the blood is still fresh and wet on her neck. But then again, we find out later in the movie that once a vampire drains all of your blood, you stay dead for a full day before rising as a vampire, so Malgaard couldn't have been there within the last twenty-four hours, so maybe this movie just sucks. In any event, Allison shows the*

> *usual self-restraint that all vampires in all crappy vampire movies show when confronting a loved one and immediately goes for Grey's throat.*

Tell you what, you read the review and I'll put in a good word for you with that girl you like. You know the one.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.4 Nature Schmnature

Wednesday, Dec 03, 2003 by Tom "moof" Davies

Technology is amazing. Men have walked on the moon, we have bombs that can destroy whole cities, and I can download pornography on my telephone. I don't know where I would be without the technological marvels of the twenty-first century. Well, actually I would probably be right here in the same place, but I wouldn't have a keyboard so I would just be typing on my desk and people would think I am crazy. Luckily for me I do have a keyboard, and we all have improved our lives thanks to the many technological developments over the last few decades. It amazes me that many people do not realize this and still cling to the outdated relics of the past. I am told that I should appreciate "Mother Nature" and "God's creations." I don't really understand why, since everything I can think of that I value was created by men. These things include:

This is what the internet looks like from space. It is so beautiful I am weeping.

The Internet

I have no idea where I would be without the internet. It is a wonderful, magnificent creation that truly shows off man's ability to find more and more way to sell things to people that don't need things. Pop up ads and spam emails are the best examples of this, and I am awed every time I discover a new and creative way someone has found to abuse this format. My computer may be broadcasting an IP Address? Uh oh! Porn found on my computer? Oh no! What would my parents think!? A Nigerian diplomat would like to transfer millions of dollars to my bank account? Sure!

Video Games

The life of a person-who-sometimes-writes-for-a-humor-website is a very stressful one, and I find it relaxing to be able escape into a fantasy world from time to time. Unfortunately, when I do this people get hurt and the policemen shout at me and so I mostly just play video games now. My favorites include *Barbie Pony Rider* and *Barbie Pony Rider Extreme*. Sometimes I like to play something a little more violent, like *Pac-Man*, but my therapists tell me it is not a good idea.

They are happy because the tree is growing money and so they are dancing.

Hungry Man Microwavable Meals

I would be lost without my Hungry Man. Sometimes the trouble of turning on the oven or driving to Wendy's is just too much, and by "sometimes" of course I mean "every night". Luckily I can throw a Hungry Man into the microwave for ten minutes and I have a delicious hot meal all ready. Sure it may taste like expired dog food and be about as healthy as eating glass, but at least I don't have to worry about preheating my oven or finding a clean plate.

Credit Cards

Credit cards are amazing. They have the miraculous ability to create money where there is none, asking for nothing in return. They are like your own personal money-growing trees, without the need to water them or care for them or perform other troublesome and time consuming tasks. I am starting a collection of credit cards and one day hope to have a whole metaphoric forest of beautiful blossoming currency trees. I cannot see where it can go wrong.

If you did not realize the true magnificence that science can bring to the world before reading this article, then I am sure you understand it now. I am also sure that you share with me the utter bafflement I feel when trying to comprehend how people can hold so highly things that were not

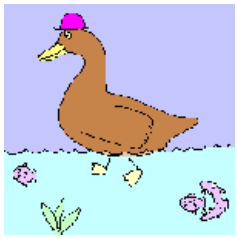
created by man and do not even require AA Batteries. I am often told by my mother, a crazy person, that I need to "appreciate nature." Sure mom, let's see what there is to appreciate.

Trees

I don't understand trees. They just stand there all day, swaying a little in the wind, acting all high and mighty. What did you ever do for me, tree? Oh, I suppose sometimes you give us logs. Well thank you tree, a log! Just what I have always wanted! Sheesh. Stupid tree, waving your leaves around and trapping cats in your branches. You can't even talk.

Ducks

When I was small I lived on a farm. We had a duck, and one day we wanted to eat him. So my mother took him into a shed and broke his neck. My mother then set him down onto a table, which he promptly jumped off and ran out of the open door. We didn't try and eat him again. He would spend all day sitting next to a dirty puddle, staring at his muddied reflection and his only friend. Every time I saw him it broke my heart, I knew he was not right. One day he died, but nobody noticed for about a week. Congratulations on another great success, Mother Nature.



You think you're so clever. Stupid duck.

The Sun

Other than when it attacks us and tries to destroy the earth with giant solar flares of white-hot burning gas, I never really notice the sun. To be honest I am not sure what it really does, I guess it must have some purpose though. It is only on during the daytime anyway, that's only fifty-percent of the time. Not very efficient, if you ask me. I remember an episode of The Thunderbirds where two of them were in a spaceship and the sun almost killed them. That's right, the sun tried to kill International Rescue. Did you know they are making a Thunderbirds movie? Crazy stuff.

This picture is more interesting than Belgium.

Belgium

When I think of Australia, I think of kangaroos and beer. When I think of Japan, I think of Godzilla and terrible hentai porn. When I think of Belgium, I don't think of anything at all. Of all the countries in the world, I think Belgium must be the most pointless. Exports? None. Landscape? Flat. Culture? Schmulture! At first I thought they had windmills, but I think that is Holland. Belgium's capital city is Brussels. It is well named, for Belgium is to interesting countries as the brussel sprout is to fine cuisine.

The Desert

I have lived in Arizona for almost two years, and I hate it. In my time here I have discovered that everything in the desert is either dead, or trying to make things dead. The scorpions sting you, the cacti spike you, the rattlesnakes bite you, the heat burns you, and the Mexicans stab you and steal your car. It never rains, except for two days of the year when God decides it's a great idea to drop the equivalent of the entire volume of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans combined onto a few hundred square miles. This causes numerous problems including flooding, rivers where roads should be, and cars where boats should be.

I think I have proven my point. If anyone disagrees with me you are wrong, but feel free to drop me an e-mail. It is unlikely that I will receive much hate mail because hippies are always too stoned to figure out how to use something as simple as a faucet, let alone the internet. I am trying to finish writing this article as quickly as possible because I was just sent via email an amazing opportunity to please her more in the bedroom. Now all I need is a "her", but I am sure the internet can help me with that!

-~Tom "moof" Davies

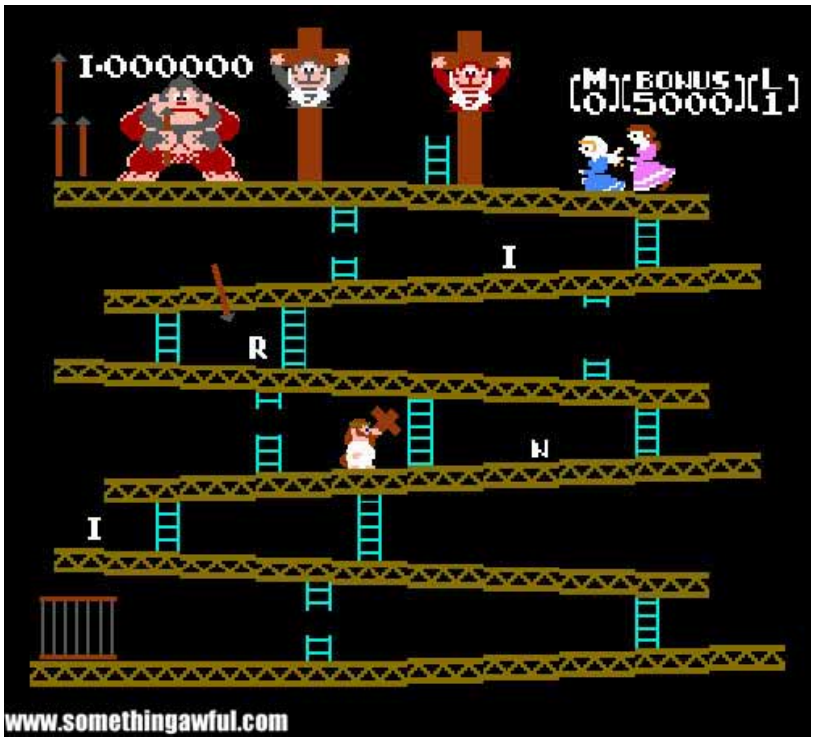
12.5 Is Not It Cool?

Thursday, Dec 04, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The wonderful journalist Larry Knowles has been good enough to promo his movie and TV site Is Not It Cool News for the fine folks at Something Awful. Special thanks go out to Forum Goon Shmorky who designed the animated logo for Knowles as well as two others that were quite funny. I hope you enjoyed Larry's hard-hitting scoops on the entertainment industry.

Insert Coin to Continue, Mr. Lincoln

KAZAAM! No, you're not being confronted with a rapping genie – it's me, Livestock, making my grandest entrance ever. As you probably guessed we have a new Photoshop Phriday up and ready for viewin'. This is one of our stranger weeks, because after taking a tremendous amount of drugs (I consider Skittles a drug), I thought it would be a good idea to ask the SA goons to recreate famous moments in history as though they happened inside 8-bit or 16-bit games. Think of the triumphs and tragedies of man reduced to a measly few pixels. It ends up being something like this:



It's not exactly fine art, but it's a fun look at history that you should probably be looking at right now. And hey, guess what, Phriday is once again brought to you by Freaking News. If you enjoy fine-assed Photoshop images and contests, then give these crazy bastards a shot. With new content and contests popping up each day, the site is like a treasure chest filled with a replenishing supply of solid gold hookers. Don't leave that chest closed long, because those women will suffocate! Open it now!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.6 Mortal Kombat: The Battle for Belleville

Friday, Dec 05, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

HADOUKEN! Oh sorry, wrong game.

I am not a violent man. Sure I've killed a man just for snoring too loud, and invaded Poland with my Panzer tank units, but that's all in the past. I have grown to have patience and understanding over the course of the last few years. Through reflecting on my past brutalities and wholesale slaughters, I have grown as a person and have even become a pacifist in the strictest sense of the term. But like all humans, I have my limits of tolerance. Once I am pushed over that limit, a transformation takes place in me not unlike Bruce Banner turning into the Hulk, but with less pants ripping and more underwear tears.

If you don't smoke pot and can remember a few months back, you may be able to recall me writing about how I had to flee a savage animal assault on my apartment. It was quite an ordeal, and pushed me to the limits of my patience. Instead of firebombing the apartment and surrounding forest like I would have done during my violent years, I instead turned the other cheek and ran away like a frightened schoolgirl. I am proud that I had the self-control to not murder all the animals and play in their sweet blood.

Unfortunately I am now faced with even more conflicts at my new apartment. Instead of having to battle beast and bird, I am now being assaulted by the local human elements that are terrorizing your humble narrator. Ladies and gentlemen, these people are pushing me over my tolerance limit. It's high time to stand firm and fight back against these forces of darkness. The final battle for my freedom and sanity is here. Fell deeds await. Now for wrath. Now for ruin. And the red dawn!

Battle One: The creepy old guy who sits in his van all day

Never before have I encountered a foe so crafty and bold. All my prior experience in psychological warfare had to be thrown out the window, and a whole new stratagem had to be rethought. The old creepy old guy who sits in his van all day is an enigma, a dark riddle of nature. The day I moved in, I saw him sitting in his large blue van that is parked in a handicapped spot. He had the window rolled down and was smoking a large cigar. At first I just thought "he must just be getting away from the wife" or something innocent such as that. Little did I know that I was about to embark on a queer journey of unequaled annoyance.

This is the closest resemblance I could find of the van guy.

Weeks later, I started noticing that the man was sitting in his running van when I left for work, when I got home from work, and if I went out at night. It's if he was some strange apparition that sat inside a ghoulish van that was powered by the souls of the damned. I started really getting freaked out so I decided to do an investigation like a junior detective because I watched a lot of Cosby Mysteries and picked up Cosby skills. I stayed up past my bedtime and peeked out the window at him sitting there in his van of mystery. After awhile, he actually got out of his van and walked inside. He was a small man in his 50's with a jet black toupee, wearing a blue sweatsuit that you see old mob bosses wear on TV. The next morning he was in his van again, but much to my surprise, he had a visitor. A man in a suit with an expensive looking leather briefcase was talking to him and some sort of transaction as going on. For me, it was enough evidence to

confirm that this man was the boss of a huge ring of underground criminal activity in Belleville. I planned to alert the police of this highly illegal activity, but as I was soon to find out, the local police force was in alliance with the van guy. Thus he was untouchable, and soon sent his minion to deal with my snooping ways.

Special Attacks:

- Cigar Cloud of Confusion
- Double Parked Punch
- Glare of Malcontent

Finishing move: Three Hour Van Nap

Battle Two: The buttertroll Belleville bitch cop.

Ham, PMS, and firearms don't mix.

This husky thug is by far the most dangerous of the foes that are oppressing me at my new place of residence. One night I was entertaining some guests with some tea and pleasant witticisms, when I noticed the creepy old guy walking out to his van. As he was getting in his dark mount, he glanced up at my balcony with an evil looking sneer. I knew he was up to no good, alas I could not send away my guests just because I had a few misgivings. Later that night we went out on the balcony with our brandy snifters and clove cigarettes, discussing the current economical woes. All of a sudden, a bright flashlight was shined on our faces, causing us great confusion. A harpy like voice screamed out: "What are you people doing up there?!". One of the guests, a forum member that goes by the moniker of "Moonshine", replied to the question with a hearty "Fuck you!". This enraged the beastly lesbian policewoman. She lowered her shoulders and charged the apartment door, making it give way to her meaty bulk. I saw the old man in the van grinning maliciously and knew that he was the one that called the Belleville Police. It was a carefully planned combo-attack.

The lumpy she-cop would not enter the apartment, and had her hand firmly planted on her service pistol. She shouted and screamed at my frightened guests and warned us that she received a complaint about our racket. When I tried to explain politely that she was making a great deal more of a racket than we were by her screaming in the apartment hallway, she became even more belligerent and I was afraid she was going to eat me. Another guest, forum member "Malevolent", tried to speak but the fascist bitch cop clubbed her unconscious with a ham. She again threatened me and my guests with an expensive ticket, and then proceeded to eat my doorknob because she thought it was butter. After she pounded back down the three flights of stairs like a flustered rhino, we breathed a sigh of relief that the frightening ordeal was over, and played a game of Twister. But I knew this was far from over. The creepy old man and lumpy bitch cop will join forces against me again, but this time I'll be ready for them.

Special Attacks:

- Screech of the Damned
- Ham Hook
- Chub shot

Finishing move: Gunt charge

Battle Three: The snotlings who think the stairs are a playground

Smile while you can, sassy children. Soon I will slaughter you like piglets.

Goddamn kids with their crazy legs jumping to and fro on the stairs with their oafish mother huffing and puffing behind them, too slow to catch up and put a stop to their antics. Even if she could catch up, it wouldn't matter because she's one of those mothers that lets her kids do anything and feeds them gobs of chocolate ice cream to shut them up until they become little bloated sacks of poison with sticky, grubby moon faces. It may sound to you like I am overreacting and that I just hate children with all my soul because I am a black hearted grinch that despises all forms of life. Well that is true, but still, children should not be allowed to run up and down community stairs at all hours of the day while I am trying to reconstruct a WW2 labor camp out of toothpicks.

So I decided to murder the children. It may seem like an easy task because they are so very small and fragile, but looks can be deceiving. These were no ordinary children, they were little hell beasts from the 9th plane of trickery and horseplay. My first plan was to just run out there and stab their tiny hearts, but it was far too conspicuous. Next I came up with a rather inventive plot to wait until they were halfway up the steps and then roll a large boulder down the stairs, effectively crushing them. Unfortunately it proved impossible to find a boulder that size around this area, and I would have problems getting it into the apartment. Just when all hope seemed to be lost, I recalled the tale of Hansel and Gretel. History is never wrong; kids love the candy! Within a week, I had constructed the entire inside of my apartment out of delicious sweets and confections. I left the door to my apartment open on purpose, and sure enough, the little bratlings were lured into my tasty trap. Once they had grown fat with gingerbread and fudge, I tried to put them in the oven. Much to my terror and surprise, the little girl child kicked me into my own oven and they made their escape while I roasted at 450 degrees! I really should've read the end of that fairy tale.

Special Attacks:

- Delinquent Dive
- Rascal Roll
- Sonic Scream

Finishing move: Uppercut

As you can see, I am up against some tough customers here. While I can't really say that I won any of these battles, I've at least come to the decision that I will not turn tail and flee like when those animals attacked. This is my holy home, and by God and his son Jerry, I will not stand down to suburban terrorism. I believe the great poet Oscar Wilde once said "Through trials and tribulations comes resolve to overcome. How's my hair?" Oscar may have been a huge fag, but he's dead on. One day I will topple my foes that are bent on mildly annoying me and stand above their hewn corpses, holding an American flag and drinking a tallboy of Papst Blue Ribbon. *cue Ford truck commercial*

State Og

Hi everyone, this is Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell once again. While I have you alone for a minute, I just wanted to warn you about Frolixo. Maybe it's just me, but he seems sort of... weird lately, and I'm getting scared. So far he only shot me in the face and raped me in front of my family, but I'm afraid he's going to get carried away one day. Just be careful. This week at State Og, we discuss some truly shocking hidden messages that we discovered in popular songs:

Song: *I Got You Babe by Sonny and Cher*
Hidden Message: *"Hug your parents, go to church, and practice safe sex if you decide not to abstain. LUCIFER COMMANDS YOU!"*

Man, that almost makes me wish I hadn't been born deaf. *Almost.* Read the rest here! Oh, and don't worry too much about Frolixo. Just watch your back, and your face.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.7 Double the Fun

Saturday, Dec 06, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

There is a plague sweeping through Hollywood, California. The symptoms include oozing-pus-filled sores on the eyeballs, coughing up blood and a black, viscous fluid, nightmarish boils, and a blazing fever. Sequel fever, that is! Yes, these days the movie industry seems absolutely consumed with sequels. With the success of the "Matrix" trilogy and the upcoming release of "Return of the King" and "Star Wars: Episode 3," Hollywood execs are scrambling to cash in on already profitable franchises. Upcoming movies like "Spider-Man 2" and "X-Men 3" have the comic book geek market salivating. "Indiana Jones 4" has finally made the leap from a slight possibility to a near certainty. "Batman 5" is going to hit theaters in 2005 with Christian Bale as the Dark Knight and Michael Caine as the incorrigible Alfred. We'll soon be seeing an onslaught of sequels to movies that frankly don't require sequels. "Die Hard 4," "Mission: Impossible 3," "Pirates of the Caribbean 2," and "Mad Max: Road Fury" are just a few that spring to mind. And you have to ask yourself, does a character like Mad Max really need to be revived? Or how about a movie about Hannibal Lecter's kiddie years? That one is coming about in the form of "The Lecter Variations." And then there are the sequels that are barely even sequels at all. They don't show another story involving the characters we all know and love or advance the plot of the original at all, but rather just rehash the plot of the original with a younger cast. I'm looking in the direction of "Dirty Dancing: Havana Nights," here. I mean, come on. Who actually thought it would be a good idea to make a sequel to "Dirty Dancing?" Did the producers honestly feel that the original "Dirty Dancing" just didn't drive the message home? This movie looks like it's going to be a carbon copy of the original, only with a younger, more Latin cast. Oh, and this time the main character's sister is supportive, and not a bitch with a singing voice that could kill a moose. Well yippee.

So I think it's safe to say that sequels are the "in" thing right now. In fact, the ones I mentioned above are just the tip of the iceberg. As Something Awful's designated film correspondent, I took it upon myself to do some research and find out just what those Hollywood bigwigs are cooking up that they haven't been telling us about. It took some prying, some snooping, and more than a fair amount of gratuitous oral sex, but I finally uncovered a few projects that recently received the greenlight, and it came as no surprise that they're all sequels. It is my pleasure and privilege to bring you the first sneak peeks at some of these upcoming releases.

- **Citizen Kane 2: Kane's Revenge**

"Raaaaarrr! Kane want symbolism through juxtaposition of light and shadow! Raaaaarrr!"

Everyone knows that Charles Foster Kane's dying word was "Rosebud," but soon the world will discover that his first word upon coming back to life will be "Braaaaaaaaiiiins!" After a bizarre series of deaths in which the victims turned up with bite marks all over their heads and large portions of brain tissue missing, a young, hip, sexy female reporter decides to find out the truth. What she discovers is a shocking trail that links the grisly killings to only one possibility: the corpse of the eminently powerful media baron who was once on a path to the Presidency of the United States has risen from its grave to walk amongst the living once more. And this time, it's not his boyhood innocence that Kane is after, but the taste of human flesh! Soon, the reporter is fighting for her life as she tries to find the secret to returning Kane to his eternal rest through a series of interviews with people who saw the original "Citizen Kane," but only remember enough about it to be thoroughly unhelpful. Can the reporter find the truth before Citizen Zombie Kane finds her? You'll have to wait until Summer 2006 to find out!

- **Goodfellas 2: Betterfellas**

I'm sorry, I had to do it. I looked up "Schnook." I found this. I laughed. Then I made some soup.

Henry Hill (Ray Liotta), the charismatic protagonist of the first smash hit mobster film, is still in the Witness Protection Program and living his life like a schnook. He picks up his kids from school some days, but mostly his wife Karen (Lorraine Bracco) does it. He makes a habit of doing the Sunday crossword puzzle, and once one of the answers to 42 Down is "Cicero," just like Paul Cicero (Paul Sorvino) from the "Goodfellas!" No foolin'! Henry has no mistresses, floozies, or whores. He doesn't do drugs. He doesn't steal. He doesn't kill. He really doesn't do anything that is even the least bit interesting. He just wanders around the house in a bathrobe and mopes. There are no flashbacks to the first movie, but sometimes Henry looks at the camera wistfully and you can tell he's thinking about stuff that happened during the first movie. He even mentions Tommy (Joe Pesci)! Twice! Is this movie entertaining? Is it some sort of enjoyable moviegoing experience that is here to amuse you? No, no it's not. Uh, sorry.

■ Casablanca 2: The Rick and Louis Story

Rick and Louis have a beautiful friendship. Now you, too can witness their heartwarming camaraderie. Sit back and feel the good times warm your heart as you watch freedom fighter Rick Blaine and Captain Louis Renault share laughs over games of cards and mugs full of piping hot cocoa. Share in the joy as Louis finds a stray puppy and decides to adopt it. But when Rick and Louis decide to become roommates and move into an affordable rent controlled apartment together, the hardnosed Rick says the puppy isn't welcome. Will the loveable mutt be able to come along, too, or will Louis have to choose between his best human friend his best canine one? Love and togetherness triumph as Rick and Louis learn that all they really need in life is friendship. Best of all, the film sets the scene for the upcoming sitcom *Rick's Place* on the WB!

■ Pulp Fiction 2: Extra Pulp

"I did it for the money, okay?"

Ex-hitman Jules Winnfield (Samuel L. Jackson), having had an epiphany due to surviving an attack at close range from a guy with a large gun and a lot of bullets, does as he says and wanders the planet helping people, like in *Kung Fu*. For instance, he helps some villagers in Argentina stand up against a corporation who wants to demolish their village to set up a mining operation by teaching them how to be Bad Motherfuckers. However, since most of the people he helps are poor and downtrodden and his travel expenses are enormous, he soon runs out of money. He comes to really regret letting Pumpkin and Honeybunny (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer) take that fifteen hundred dollars from his wallet and wonders just what the hell he was thinking at the time. He ends up living in a cardboard box in Buenos Aires and realizes that Vincent Vega (John Travolta) was right - he was a bum. However, he consoles himself with the fact that while he may be a bum, at least he is still alive, unlike Vincent. Meanwhile, Butch (Bruce Willis) and Fabienne make themselves comfortable living off the fight money in Kentucky. Butch continues to come up with affectionate, yet wildly insulting pet names for Fabienne, she continues to be more or less oblivious, and it continues to be funny and endearing. They don't do anything of any importance. Cab driver Esmerelda Villa Lobos goes on a killing spree and eventually caps Mia Wallace (Uma Thurman). Marsellus Wallace (Ving Rhames) hires up and comin criminals Pumpkin and Honeybunny to get revenge on Esmerelda, but they are reformed by Jules' message back in the diner and instead they spend his fifteen hundred dollars on a Disney World vacation. All the while, the characters chase after a mysterious manila envelope containing Marsellus Wallace's self-esteem.

The amazing thing is, this is actually a fight between two women! Uh, I think. Wait, let me read this thing again...

Face/Off 2: Face/On

After taking the face of terrorist Castor Troy (Nicolas Cage), killing Troy, who had taken his face, and getting his face back, FBI Special Agent Sean Archer (John Travolta) is finally able to relax, knowing his son's killer has been brought to justice. But it turns out that Castor wasn't Castor at all. Castor had paid one of his men to wear Sean Archer's face while he posed as Eve Archer (Joan Allen), Sean's wife, who was actually in a coma for some reason. When his "wife" tries to kill him, Sean has to fight for his life, and ends up putting Eve/Castor into a coma. In order to find out why his wife would want him dead, Sean takes his daughter Jamie's face to go undercover. Meanwhile, Jamie is put into the Witness Protection Program - by being locked up in a maximum security prison wearing Castor Troy's face! While Sean tries to investigate Eve's secret life by posing as Jamie, the real Eve wakes up from her coma without a face and has a team of surgeons transform her using the only face left available - Sean's! Eve/Castor wakes up from his coma and resumes his quest to destroy Sean, who is really Eve! Castor/Jamie is sprung from prison by a surviving group of Castor's men who believe her to be their old leader. When Jamie/Sean sees Eve/Castor about to kill Sean/Eve, he saves himself, who is really his wife by knocking out Eve/Castor, putting him in another coma. After Castor/Jamie sees the reports all over the news about how she (really her father) put her mother (really a terrorist) in a coma to save her father (really her mother), she decides she wants to take her life back. But no sooner does Castor/Jamie confront Sean/Eve and Jamie/Sean than Eve/Castor wakes up from his coma, itching for revenge. It's face-swapping, coma-waking-up-from action as the Face/Off saga continues!

As a film buff, I think I speak for everyone when I say that I am simultaneously thrilled and disgusted by these films. It looks like the sequel rush is going to continue for a little while, and that's just fine by me. It means I won't have to memorize any new characters with all their names, emotions, and motivations. That's all the more mental space I can devote to storing the tidal wave of catchphrases that is sure to stem from all of these cheap attempts to milk franchises for all they're worth. See you at the box office!

Weekend Web: The Internet Doctor Is In!

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here to dispense some much needed advice. Do you have a problem with your girlfriend, your penis, or your panty sniffing brother? I can't help you but I know someone who can, the internet! I'll let "Baby Face 03" tell you the rest.

It was such a nice gesture to take some time out of her busy schedule of getting felt up by teenage boys in the back of a '97 Honda Accord. That's right folks, the doctor is in!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Author	Comment
BabyFace 03 Registered User Posts: 17 (8/20/03 7:59 am) Reply	READ PLZ NEED HELP hey i love to help ppl. i have so much to offer and i bet u ppl do tow um if u would like helo e mail me at bedhead_03@hotmail.com or add me to msn id be more than happy to help u and find things outm for u. oh bye the way ma name is erika and im here if u need some one to talk to hope u all the best bye now .....
kitcatgirl Registered User Posts: 9 (8/20/03 11:28 pm) Reply	Re: READ PLZ NEED HELP oh that is so sweet! Thanks for being there for people! And if you need help just post if here, I'm sure many people would love to help you too!

12.8 Anything Must Go

Sunday, Dec 07, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In case you somehow missed the sudden increase in illuminated yard Santas, red tide, and men wearing sausage hats, it's December! For most of you that probably means a time for festivities, whether it's Christmas, Chanukah, or some other bizarre religious kook extravaganza. Here at Something Awful we like to mark the end of each year by cleaning out all of the props and equipment that we no longer need for generating comedy. By year's end our offices are overflowing with all manner of industrial comedy machinery, animal parts sent to us as threats, and blackmail photographs of Lowtax eating pie in the bathtub. Luckily for our readers we intend to do the noble thing and pass the savings on to you! That's right ladies and gentlemen, the time has come for our annual fire sale, and boy have we got some fantastic bargains for you.

To start things off our bargain hunters have taken a trip into the cluttered workspace of the man, the legend, the Rich Kyanka. They have poached up some deals so amazing that you would have to be an anti-savings savant to pass them up.

10 Pair Striped Socks - Intended for witches good and bad, three socks used, one sock used vigorously. **$8.00**

Mystery Box - Where did it come from? Where is it going? Whose side is it on? How big is it? What's my phone number? Does the box have the answers? The Box is a mystery that may sting you if agitated. **$20.00**

Inflatable Door Stop - Inflates to stop doors. When deflated may slow doors and stop doors of very diminutive size. **$4.99**

Assorted Magazines - Mostly cat magazines and geological photo books of igneous rock. Do not fill out subscription cards!!!!! **$6.00**

Original Art - Hand drawn by "AJ", rough likeness of Jimmy Carter trapped inside glass box without oxygen. Not really that original. Framed inside chain from chainsaw. **$9.00**

A Must For Star Trek Fans - X-ray of Michael Dorn's fractured tibia. Image photographed by Doctor Hapset Singh after stunt foul up during shooting of "Mitzy's Conveyor" episode. Slight creasing, may cause dizziness. **$45.00**

Bombardier Jacket - Handsomely worn bombardier jacket with fleece collar and interesting patches from around the world. Strong odor of pipe tobacco and the human condition. Found on corpse of drifter. **$90.00**

Felt Sack - Attractive maroon felt sack contains shards of glass and loose mercury. "Thermometer Remnants" stitched on side. Lovely gold filigree and leather laces. **$15.00**

Great Gift Idea - Like new small pocket book entitled "1001 Terms for Turks", contains several hundred terms for Turkish men and women as well as the word "Turks" repeated over 300 times with ascending numbers after it. Not such a great gift idea for Turks. **$5.00**

Harpoon Gun Ammunition - Fair condition, lodged in chest of secret agent. Put a wonderful surprise under the tree for professional and amateur shark snipers. **$2.99**

each or $15.00 for nine

The rest of the staff has plenty to contribute as well. Folks, if we don't get this stuff out of our office we risk a total collapse of our floor under the immense weight of junk.

Curiosities of the East - Asian tour group will not leave building or stop asking questions. Several have spoiled and are beginning to smell. **Will pay for removal.**

Save!
Save!
Save!

Books for Children - Willing to trade up to ten assorted books per pound. Children need not be conscious or intact, but we will not accept dead children. No scams, we've learned how to spot robots.

Scented Candles - Greasnin's lot of fifty scented candles, most NIB, will not break up for sale. Scents include "lazy apricot", "hat musk", "curse of the azure bonds", "threatened sector", and "wistful ape". **$10.00**

Free to Good Home - Unidentified moaning sound and unearthly glow emanating from kitchen. Possibly ghost of previous occupant. High maintenance, prefers dishes of wood glue to be left near refrigerator. **FREE!**

Mittens - Two pairs of woolen mittens with very nice red and yellow stripe pattern. One pair sized for children, the other pair sized for person with one huge arm and one tiny arm. All mittens heavily soiled with machine lubricant. **$3.00**

Flying Car - Disappeared from lot and landed on car dealership. May use alien technology. Resembles normal '88 Chrysler LeBaron. Do not let your guard down. **$280.00**

Video Mania! - Review copies of the following games available in single lot; "Dr. Stoops Maddening Mix-Up 2: Fire Planet", "Negro Slalom 3D", "Sim Harpsichord", "Hutch Medley and the Dagger of DJ Ripple", "Dumbwaiter Tycoon", "Mavis Teaches Astral Projection", "Comanche Refueling", "Secret Ops Undercover Strike 4", and "Darkening: The Soul of Blood Shadow". Includes boxes and instruction manuals. All games pornographic in nature. **$55.00**

Rings and Things - Loose jewelry found in drawer of Frolixo's desk. Includes five diamond stud earrings, a necklace of Mardi Gras beads, and a small wooden crucifix with "Melanie" carved on the back. Entire lot sealed inside translucent ceramic block that cannot be opened. **$830.00**

Movie Props - A delightful assortment of gums chewed on the set of "K-19: The Widowmaker", mounted on card and framed behind Plexiglas. Includes 12 pieces of Cinnaburst chewed by Harrison Ford. **$35.00**

Headlines - August 19-24th, 2002 issues of the Cleveland Plain Dealer daily newspaper. Condition ranges from Good to Like New depending on the issue. Some slight clippings taken from Area News section, will provide photocopy reproductions of missing clips on request. **$9.00**

Entire Cow - Difficult to differentiate individual parts, pressed into cans and currently in cat's digestive tract. May be reassembled into living cow when science allows. **$120.00**

Militaria - Zack's collection of World War II German scissors are up for sale. Includes paper scissors of Eva Braun, monogrammed cloth scissors of Theodor Eicke's tailor, and mustache scissors of Hitler's bathroom adjutant Claus Strasser. Entire set infested with pubic lice. **$825.00**

Gag Gift - Wacky talking greeting card. Poor condition. Interior has added text in permanent

marker reading "Get well soon Mike Piazza, love, Hillary". Audio component jammed and garbled, somewhat resembles "shit up rope country". Inexplicably hilarious to Native Americans. **$15.00**

We've Baked Too Much - Several dozen chocolate layer cakes. Preserved beautifully in kosher brine, just microwave and serve. Each cake feeds ten or five on a dare. **$10.00 per dozen**

Comb Sheath - For discerning comb enthusiast. All leather with slight wear around opening. Fits size three to five and a half combs. Includes several human teeth loose in sheath. **$0.75**

Wireless Ethernet Router - Fair condition. Has been maltreated by writer Livestock who repeatedly immersed it in rubbing alcohol for unknown reasons. Very clean, many status lights functioning. Keep away from open flame. **$3.50**

Something in the Way - Great gift for the musically inclined! Four canisters of pepper spray (oleoresin capsicum) with the faces of the Beatles. George Harrison partially discharged, may be refilled by draining mugger's tear ducts if crime is solved. Call 883-2230 if you've seen an eleven foot tall troll near a wooden bridge. **$105.00**

A Touch of Class - Professional makeup artists and the fashion-inclined; read closely. We have located an entire case of Revlon Goiterliner. Accentuates all of the right curves in your swollen thyroid and ensures you turn the heads that you want. Product is cruelty free. **$60.00**

I hope you have plenty of money in your Paypal account! Honestly people, how can you go wrong with deals like that?! It will be another year before we get around to sifting through the debris in our office, so jump on the saving train while it's in the station and buy now!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.9 The Holiday Spirit of the Christmas House

Tuesday, Dec 09, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As the holy holidays slowly roll into season like a morbidly obese man lumbering through a Ponderosa Steakhouse in search of a magical Funyun, Americans across the globe make preparations for the quintessential celebration of the year, Christmas. Good Christians and successful retail outlet managers welcome the arrival of December 26th each year, as the birth of Christ reminds everybody of their eternal commitment to respect and love their fellow man, uphold God's sacred Commandments, and purchase fine imitation leather gloves for 45% off the marked price this weekend and this weekend only. Of course I may come off as a bit cynical due to my unfortunate tendency to turn on the television and gaze upon an endless parade of commercials showing off good looking white people who encourage me to embrace the Christmas spirit by purchasing a Ford SUV and driving it to the nearest Pepsi bottling plant to discuss my affinity for Nike shoes and McDonald's new McPizza Burrito Burger Salad, but that's the risk I take when flipping through network television for over 10 seconds. I won't claim to be the first person noting the painfully obnoxious spike in commercialism preying off holiday sentiments, but I will claim to be the first person noting the painfully obnoxious spike in commercialism preying off holiday sentiments who wrote about it on a website while drinking beer and wearing women's undergarments. It's this kind of award-winning journalistic integrity that separates me from hacks like those jerks on "60 Minutes" and many crippled grade school debate teachers.

I have no problem admitting I never believed in Christmas miracles. I spent every holiday season as a child wishing for one thing and one thing only: I wanted my father to stop coming home drunk from his job at wax moustache factory and beating me until he passed out in the closet hamper. I thought my dreams would be answered during the Christmas of 1983, when my dad was awarded the promotion he had worked in frustration for during the past 26 years. Unfortunately, this promotion was to rank of "Chief CEO of Child Beatings," and my father used his salary increase to outsource my beatings by hiring a squat illegal Mexican who would hit me with a piece of plywood while making obscene long distance calls. This aforementioned artery-clogging congealed pile of pessimism dissipated during a recent trip to the store, when I learned the true meaning of Christmas thanks to the plucky American "can do" attitude of a newfound friend I like to call "the Christmas House." Observe:

The Christmas House is simply the physical embodiment of everything good and decent these holidays. This single beautiful, magical, Christmas creation of lumber and sheet rock flipped my holiday misconceptions upside-down and turned my smile into a frown. Wait, I mean it turned my frown upside-down, into a smile. I guess I just wrote it the wrong way because it rhymed, and for that

I apologize. The Christmas House rests near the Longview Golf Course in beautiful Lee's Summit, Missouri, obediently watching over its children like a mother duck protecting her baby hens from predatory piranhas. I think I speak for myself and many others who aren't myself when I admit the act of simply driving past the Christmas House at 80 miles an hour can change your mental outlook in ways you simply cannot fathom. For example, before I passed the Christmas House for the first time a few weeks ago, I am fairly certain I was a retired black female named "Laquanda." Now, thanks to the holy transformation miracle of the Christmas House, I am a slightly overweight white professional webmaster who writes about his pets and downloads shemale porn while crying for hours. If you sincerely doubt Jesus lacks this awesome power and ability to reformat your outlook on life, then I suggest you go back and read a few chapters from the New Testament, particularly the passage by Ezekiel describing the wheel-powered UFO which flew into town and turned the citizens into avid Bloggers. Let's take a look at the front door of this awesome establishment:

As you can see, this entryway embodies the pure spirit of Christmas more than anything ever, possibly even longer if you don't believe in creationism. Every popular major mascot synonymous with the Christmas season is here and giving a cheery "tis the reason for the season" to each and every passing motorist who drives by and fails to get into a fiery fatal accident while staring at this home in uncontrollable shock and horror. We've got the Grinch descending a floating chimney in the upper left, accompanied by his faithful dog Max who is undoubtedly wondering "what the fuck is Harry Potter doing here behind me?" Mr. Potter seems to be overjoyed that his magical dandruff-producing wand is working at full capacity, and this unmistakable elation undoubtedly prevents him from realizing his face is composed of rotting watermelons rinds sitting below a gigantic dead tarantula. Submitted for your approval:

It seems as if Mr. Potter has seen better days and hasn't aged well since his 90th birthday. Things become even more disturbing when the great Mr. Potter is compared to a certain famous trial lawyer, Mr. Leonard Crabs, who is currently representing us in the case of "The Wretched Cursed

Swamp People vs. Something Awful." Now before you claim that many people in circulation resemble Leonard and his grinning legal mask of death, let me provide you with a side-by-side comparison of the two. Please note that the glasses on Leonard's face were added using a state-of-the-art multi-billion dollar computer mainframe that we stole from NASA and spray painted a "TYPE R" logo across. Submitted for your approval:

Shocking, isn't it? On level two we're greeted with an ecstatic Tigger shrugging his arms as if to say, "don't blame me; I voted for Bush" in an amusingly comical fashion reminiscent of the hit sitcom "Full House." Winnie the Pooh and that one rabbit whose name I forget adorn the opposite side of the walkway, promoting the noble spirit of gay pride by refusing to wear pants while holding hands. Submitted for your approval:

Oh Pooh, when will you ever learn? The bottom row is where the questions start falling from the trees like dead Vietnamese snipers. Spongebob Squarepants and his buddy take it easy on the left, which might not be disturbing if it wasn't for the following three factors:

1) Spongebob appears absolutely maniacal. I don't know what it is about the drawing, but it looks like he's simply waiting to leap out of the second dimension and stab me in the face with a carving knife. The original Spongebob is weird enough as is, but this

incantation of him looks simply insane. It seems like there should be a word balloon floating over his head reading, "MY EYES ARE POWERED BY THE SOULS OF THE DAMNED AND I'M TAKING ALL YOU WITH ME ON THIS WAGON RIDE TO HELL!"
2) The pink guy looks like he's recovering from a hangover, and Bob's comforting hand propping up the back of his skull only helps reaffirm this.
3) There is a noticeably large bulge in the pink guy's pants.

I suspect this is one of those evil schemes where Spongebob and his crony pray on the innocence of passing motorists so they may take advantage of you and rob you blind. You see this obviously insane yellow block guy holding up his injured pink, barely-clothed friend, and you stop to ask what's wrong and if they need an ambulance. Next thing you know you're waking up in a drainage ditch three hours later and your car along with your wallet are missing. So it goes in the fast-paced world of undersea drunk scams.

Opposing Spongebob and his lush buddy are the cast from Monsters Inc., a movie which I never actually saw on account of the fact that I never had any interest in watching it. I suppose there's nothing terribly wrong with them besides the inconsequential fact that Monsters Inc. has absolutely nothing to do with Christmas. Hell, Billy Crystal, the actor who did the voice of animated creature #1, is Jewish! Those are the guys who killed Jesus because they wanted to hang out with Barabbus so damn much! Yes, that's right, nothing quite screams "happy holidays" like a gigantic Christ-killing green monster voice actor painting.

The Powerpuff Girls guard the walkway entrance, bringing their message of "girl power" and "rampant disposable consumerism" to white girls between the ages of 6 and 15. Unfortunately, there are a couple scary features that I'd rather not deal with but I must for the sake of journalism. Submitted for your approval:

1) The blonde one on the left has some combination of mustard and lemon pudding on her leftmost hand. She doesn't seem to mind that much, so I won't make a big deal about it. Perhaps it is Christmas pudding, like the famous desert mentioned in that one holiday song which contains the lines "now bring us some figgy pudding / now bring us some figgy pudding / now bring us some figgy pudding / and bring us a beer."
2) The middle and rightmost Power Puff Girls seem furious. Perhaps they are outraged their arms are nothing but pink, fleshy blobs of waste emerging from the sides of their skulls. I don't think they'll be bringing me any figgy pudding this holiday season, which is probably for the better since I don't know what figgy pudding is. It's probably English and made from something atrocious like the gall bladder of diseased cows who were processed in a vat of concentrated lime extract for two decades.

Let's move on to the yard area, where more holiday horrors await. Submitted for your approval:

LARDY BLOATED PIKACHU AND DRUNKEN CROSSEYED ASH. This is, by far, my favorite painting in this field of Christmas care. Here we have a doughy, bloated, gigantic Pikachu staring at some indeterminate point in the distance, proudly sporting a black triangle on his chest. What is the meaning of this mysterious shape? Does it grant him mystical powers, an icon bestowed upon him by omnipresent deities? Or is it simply a goatee that slipped off his face during a heated fight with a grass Pokemon? I doubt any of us will be able to accurately decipher the meaning behind such a strange and wonderful symbol, at least not while sober. Ash comforts his bulging buddy by sitting nearby and concentrating on an air molecule floating a few inches in front of his nose bridge. Ol' Ash has obviously seen better days, and his Pokemon training career may be behind him due to this crippling vision disability. Perhaps he had just been partaking in the whiskey with that pink friend of Spongebob that I mentioned easier. If so, he's probably been disqualified from all future Pokemon tournaments, since I'm fairly certain Ash is underage and that kind of thing is generally looked down upon by the National Pokemon Commission.

Onto the final remarkable work of Christmas joy: Barney the Dinosaur. Now some of you more jaded individuals out there may be asking, "didn't Barney stop being popular roughly a decade ago? Why is he on this Christmas display?" Well I have one thing to say to you negative Nellies: this ain't your normal, run-of-the-mill Barney. THIS BARNEY IS MASTURBATING HIS CANDY CANE PENIS. Submitted for your approval:

I don't think there's anything more I can say about this, nor anything more I want to say about this.

As you can tell, the Christmas House has flexed its mighty holiday muscles and won my affection with its highly religious series of whimsical cartoon paintings. Upon driving past this special outpost of seasonal cheer, my apathy and cynicism melted away like a stick of butter that was placed on a spaceship and piloted into the sun for some incomprehensible reason, like a top-secret NASA experiment that us non-scientists couldn't possibly understand even if we used all our brainpower and also the brainpower of the person sitting to the right of us. All I know is that we should never forget the reason for the season, and the reason of this season can be found in the majestic Christmas House located across from the beautiful Longview Lake golf course in lovely Lee's Summit, Missouri.

all right meow

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here getting ready for the holidays. I just bought a Christmas tree. For eighty damn dollars. I've come to the conclusion that the Christmas tree industry is a huge scam. Now I just have to figure how internal affairs was trying to set me up, but that's another day.

It's a little known fact that Chewbacca was kicked off his homeworld of Kashyyyk for being a party animal while attending college. He traveled around from planet to planet, hanging with a bad crowd and just scraping enough money together to stay alive before being caught by the man. The Goons managed to capture him in his natural party element. Go girlfriend, I'm your mother.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.10 Small Screen Wonder

Tuesday, Dec 09, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It is initiative that separates us from those foul smelling beasts loitering in the local zoos where they subsist on free and unjustly earned room and board. As humans, we have the power to think of things like a toddler being shot out of a cannon, and then turn those things into a screaming, flying reality. For nearly twenty-two years now I have survived on a steady diet of TV fed to me by other people. These people, like those fat cats down at the zoo, do not have my best interests in mind. They care only for proprietary pursuits, such as hurling their fecal products at me – figuratively *and* literally – turning me into a zombie in desperate need of a bath. This is where my own personal friendship with initiative comes into play. Out is a relationship preserved only through the strong but flawed chains of Stockholm Syndrome, in is personal freedom through table rotation! I'm turning the tables and saying goodbye to the static breath of other people's TV by plugging my brain directly into the broadcast spectrum. Now don't mistake my words for rocks, because if I really plugged my brain into anything it would probably result in either serious brain damage or a specific area of my brain going haywire and altering my behavior. For example, I might short circuit the part of my brain that regulates love, rendering me unable to truly appreciate the wonder that is an Ewok tree festival. I really mean that I'm going to become a master of the beast, much like the Beastmaster, a man known for mastering beasts.

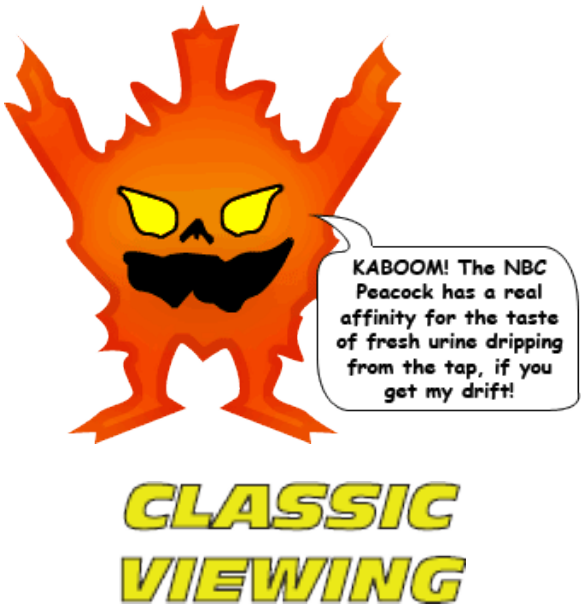
My plan is to launch an exciting new television network designed to captivate you in a way nothing else can captivate you, save for maybe a lap dancer or a climatologist being mauled by a tiger. This network will be known as Explosion TV, and if that's not incendiary-sounding enough, it will be an explosion of explosive content that will reduce your home to a crater and your life to ashes. Right now you're probably thinking, "Oh, God – Allah – this sounds like another one of Josh's stupid pipedreams and a poorly veiled vehicle for another shitty update!" But you, *YES YOU*, are dead wrong. To prove my seriousness, allow me to wow you with this piece of irrefutable proof of seriousness: a mission statement!

> *Explosion TV is a for-profit television network aimed at exploding in your face with explosive original programming targeted at explosive demographics. Explosion, explosion, EXPLOSION!!!!!!*

After my business department cranked that beauty out, I knew it was time to give them a raise. And so I did. Thankfully Explosion TV is a small organization, so *I am* the business department. Now it's only a matter of time and the drunken recklessness of a group of swashbuckling venture capitalists to make this a reality. To take things to another level, I'm adding yet another card to the already card-saturated table. Get ready for Boom-Boom, Explosion TV's mascot!

This firecracker of a mascot likes gasoline, gunpowder, napalm, and ratings. He hates Libertarians, carnies, stem cell research, and beatnik poets that are really the children of yuppies. He's going to rocket our network to new heights with hilarious promotional spots designed to raise controversy by alleging that the other network TV mascots are sexual deviants.

Early next year, from out of Explosion TV's secret moon base located in the mountains of Northwest Indiana, an infant broadcast signal will be born. It will grow up on your TV sets, nurtured by your attention and commercials for hard liquor and phone sex. Before long, Explosion TV will become a man by spending time with the Nielsen Family's daughter. I know none of this will happen overnight, but that's where planning and hard work come in. What follows are my plans for Explosion TV's lineup of original programming and classic shows!


KABOOM! The NBC Peacock has a real affinity for the taste of fresh urine dripping from the tap, if you get my drift!
CLASSIC VIEWING

- **"Golden Girls"**

Let's face it; no network is complete without a healthy block of "Golden Girls" reruns. The whimsical adventures of Dorothy, Rose, Blanche, and Sophia are forever engrained in our hearts, much like hate was engrained in the soul of Adolf Hitler. Whether it was raging libidos or the need for adult diapers, "Golden Girls" explored real issues nobody wanted to know about with a lot of heart and enough wrinkles to give the human brain a run for its money.

- **Tony Little Infomercials**

Who doesn't love getting in shape? More importantly, who doesn't love the leading kingpin of physical fitness, the powerhouse hermaphrodite Tony Little? With his muscle building Gazelle™ exercise system, Tony will inspire you to tear that fat from your body and burn it as a sacrifice to his dark lord Satan. Don't try to argue with me that this isn't a classic show, because I'm being paid too much to even give you the time of day. This is quality programming and if you don't think so, look Tony Little in the eyes and tell him what you think. Can you stand up to him? Can you?

- **Anthony Robbins Infomercials**

While Tony Little conquers the body, Anthony Robbins conquers the mind. His memorable series of infomercials advertising the Anthony Robbins self empowerment tapes and seminars will have you smiling from beginning to end, because for the first time in your life, you will know that you can succeed. All it will take is a simple cassette tape you can listen to anywhere and anytime, even when you're shitting up last night's Taco Bell and crying about being dumped by that beautiful wolf that truly understood your sensitive needs you instant message on AIM all the time.

- **Anthony Robbins/Tony Little Symbiotic Self-Improvement Infomercials**

What happens when Tony Little and Anthony Robbins come together to inspire each other? A lot of yelling, sweating, and fast body movements! Watch these two battle it out in a war of motivation, but don't be surprised if you get caught in the crossfire becoming a causality of inspiration! From the moment you first see a hunched over Anthony Robbins yelling, "More! You can give me more!"

at the shirtless and sweaty Tony Little, to their tender romantic embrace at the end, you will believe in the miracle of you. You can give more. To yourself, to your family, and to the world, *you can do it!*

ORIGINAL PROGRAMS

"Cabbage Farm"

Before Explosion TV.

"Cabbage Farm," the brilliant comedy-drama about the human condition, is going to a paramount part of Explosion TV. With a full 22 episode season ordered, you can look forward to a baker's dozen of laughs thanks in part to series creator and writer Tom "Moof" Davies. By the end the season, cabbage will be the staple of your diet and farming will be your primary vocation and avocation.

"The Grandpa Debates"

In this exciting new chapter in youth-elder relations, I will attempt to engage my grandpa in debates on various issues, from gun control to religion. In one typical episode, I will try to argue that gun control is necessary, whereas my grandpa will counter with the argument that the universe is "intelligized energy" and that god is "the totality of the universe." Failing to agree on the issue we are even arguing, we will then agree that current gas prices are outrageous. At this point he will offer me some fruit he purchased from the back of a rusty pickup truck at a local flea market. I will decline. He will then comment that there sure are a lot of pretty young girls on the TV nowadays. I will leave.

"The Viewpointers"

After Explosion TV.

Wanting to capitalize on the medium of debate shows, Explosion TV is proud to present "The Viewpointers," a show that isn't afraid to tackle the serious issues of the day. In the first episode, our expert panel debates on Spock's penis. As a Jew, actor Leonard Nimoy is undoubtedly circumcised. But as a Vulcan, circumcision becomes a questionable issue. Therefore, did Leonard Nimoy, in addition to having to wear pointy prosthesis on his ears, have to wear an artificial foreskin? Such topics of the day will be dissected with poise and intelligence. Subsequent topics include "car insurance: the black man's manifest destiny" and "are Eskimos really people?"

"Hidden Camera: Women Falling Down Stairs"

Reality TV is the new phase in television's life, and you can bet your vital organs coated in gravy that Explosion TV isn't turning a blind eye to this exciting new format. We'll be taking viewers for a ride – a ride down the stairs! Watch what happens when ordinary, unsuspecting women go tumbling down flights of stairs, reverse-climbing their way to fame and fortune. In the season finale, all the videos will be judged and the winning woman will be awarded a year's worth of high-powered household cleaning agents as well as a brand new mop.

"Reid Paskiewicz: Minority Hunter"

I'm a big fan of the work of lazy weekend writer Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz, and I can't resist the opportunity of showcasing his talents in an exciting original series. Each episode, Reid will explore

the world of minorities by visiting them in their own habitats and giving viewers insights into their fascinating behavior and rituals. Reid will even get up close and personal, tagging and cataloging exceptional minorities so that viewers can be kept up to date with their strange and amazing lives. "Methuselah!" the redheaded Reid will scream as he wraps his arms around an elderly Asian woman and wrestles her to the ground. "This one's feisty as the dickens!" He'll then tag her ear and release her back into the wilds unharmed but endeared in the hearts of viewers everywhere. People will jump at the chance to see minorities demystified by a true frontiersmen of modern times, making "Reid Paskiewicz: Minority Hunter" a guaranteed hit.

- **"The Antique Roundup"**

Fans of more delicate pursuits will undoubtedly fall in love with "The Antique Roundup," a classy show where ordinary people bring fourth their prized antiques, from precious family heirlooms to rare artifacts of days long gone. A cast of trained appraisers will look at the antiques, discussing their history, their value, and their relevance to the owner. After that, they will immediately smash the antique in a creative and shocking way while laughing demonically in the face of the horrified owner.

- **"The Sheriff John Bunnell Show"**

Sheriff John Bunnell is a worldwide sensation thanks to his raving car chase commentary popularized on various car chase shows. But what happens when John Bunnell follows in the footsteps of psychotic, vengeance-crazed TV personality John Walsh and becomes host of his own daytime talk show? The answer is a lot of heart and an awful lot of advice. What will Sheriff John Bunnell do when confronted by reckless housewives leading dangerous double lives with other men? Or youngsters careening out of control, putting their lives on the line in a vicious cycle of overeating and avoiding exercise? Or scandalous daughters dressing too sexy, taking eyes on a thrill-crazed joyride around the curves of their tender skin? Sheriff John Bunnell isn't afraid to dish out solid advice, especially to adrenaline-fueled people teetering on the line between law-abiding citizen and crime-crazed lunatic.

I think that when all is said and done, Explosion TV will be a phenomenon not unlike Hitler's rise to power and subsequent stranglehold on Europe. However, instead of killing undesirables and building a Fourth Reich, we will aim for the less ambitious goal of entertaining people. The wheels of industry are in motion, my friends! Just wait until you hear that boom expand through the air like a universe of sound, because that's when you will know that Explosion TV is on the air. Tune in and see what the authorities are talking about!

Chickens and Video Games Don't Mix

Hey there folks, Taylor "Power Dunk" Bell here with a brand new review of a rom you should probably avoid if you don't want to be overtaken by a powerful compulsion to convince your brain that deliberation should begin in order to decide if you are indeed certain that you just might want to make yourself die!

> *You know how some games have really bizarre music themes that don't fit the game at all? The first time I played Marvel vs Capcom 2 in the arcade and heard the phrase "I'm gonna take you for a ride" twelve times while picking my team, followed by some annoyingly upbeat light synthesized jazz, I took a moment to wonder who the hell thought the game really needed music that you could hear by dropping acid and sitting in a dentist's office. Naturally my 12-year-old asian opponent took advantage of this moment to obliterate my entire team with a 400-hit Hyper Assist Team-Up Twisting Double Reverse Behind-the-back Extra Creamy Super Combo, but at least I learned a valuable lesson about companies*

choosing completely random music themes for their games. I forget what it was.

Read read read the full review! Otherwise Alfred will get sad and then the armies of wind-up rats will steal all our eggs.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.11 The Hottest Holiday Gift Guide Ever!

Thursday, Dec 11, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'm simply an idiot when it comes to giving gifts. Fortunately I'm also an idiot when it comes to relationships, cooking, breathing while I sleep, and converting carbohydrates into energy by breaking them down into glucose, so it all evens out. I take pride in my inherent consistency, an ability to pinpoint the exact moment in time when I'll spectacularly fail at a particular task. Whenever holidays or birthdays roll around, I find myself wandering aimlessly throughout crowded malls, searching for something non-toxic which I can gift wrap and claim came from the bottom of my blackened heart. This usually works if I make my "I'm trying to appear sincere by acting as if my ass was just shot with a poison dart and I'm just barely choking back the tears" look, which is the same facial expression I used to convince my college Materials Science teacher he should give me a D- instead of an F for my final grade. Now you know the story of why I'm a webmaster instead of a bearded recluse mixing chemicals in a sterile laboratory to create chocolate speaker cable!

Fortunately the Internet is here for me in my time of deepest need, much like the abused lover I never had. I recently found myself sitting around and wondering what to purchase my father for this Christmas, such as an electrical Baby Jesus figurine that automatically cries and smites Egyptians when powered on. My brain raced in circles as I contemplated gifts that would appeal to his refined interests, but I was unable to track down a company that manufactured golf balls with pictures of Bill O' Reilly on them. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a section of my monitor which would forever change my outlook on the gift-giving procedure. My email inbox, a large chunk of hard drive space devoted to storing "OMG U SUK UR NOT FUNNY AND I'M GONNA KILL U" messages for future generations who will undoubtedly cherish such historic treasures, had deviated from its previous pattern of providing me with utterly worthless shit and instead began greeting me with holiday cheer! I was receiving hundreds upon hundreds of emails tantalizing me with wonderful Christmas gift ideas perfect to bestow upon my loved ones, assuming I had anybody in my life I loved besides the Internet. This was truly a Christmas miracle, the kind of stuff Hallmark Moments™ are fashioned from, and I wouldn't be doing my job as a caring, emotional, generous member of the human race if I refused to share these wondrous gift ideas with you, the reader. So without further ado, I would like to present a brief list of the hottest and most popular Christmas gifts, at least according to the hundreds upon thousands of emails sitting in my email inbox:

- **Electric Scooters -** People love scooters and they sure as hell love electricity, so why not combine the two and purchase the perfect gift: an electric scooter! I cannot count the number of times I have been sitting around on my fat ass and spotted something shiny and alluring in the next room, yet lacked the necessary motivation and lower body strength to support my overpowering girth en route. "Oh if only I had an electric scooter!" I would remark to either my computer monitor or coffee mug of pencils. "My dreams of a life with minimal physical exertion might finally be realized if I owned an inefficient and unreliable device unable to fit through my doorways!" Although I may not have mentioned it in the past, I've spent a good portion of the past decade researching a way to convert my body into an entity of pure energy, not for the sake of evolution or anything, but simply because I love electricity and really hate shaving and putting on pants every day. An electric scooter probably won't shave you or help you wear pants, but it will consume a certain amount of electricity while moving you from point A to an indeterminate point somewhere between point A and point B. If you're feeling really fancy you can decorate the sides of the electric scooter with colorful phrases such as "STEP ASIDE: VIP COMIN' THROUGH!" or "I BRAKE FOR IMPORTANT AARP VOTES,"

but that would require an electric scooter paintbrush and I haven't seen one of those advertised in my email box yet.

■**Something Written in Some Kind of Secret Martian Code -** Most of my email have subject lines like this one, which I am copying and pasting because I'm too lazy to make it up: "6TTzQZM1fHZEWFDwgTggKfkvxXIv3RcaKVJD". Now I don't pretend to be some marketing genius who graduated from high school and lives in some fancy Raytown apartment, but I don't understand who would ever willingly purchase a product spammed to them with a subject line of "6TTzQZM1fHZEWFDwgTggKfkvxXIv3RcaKVJD." Do the advertisers actually think something like the following may occur?

HUSBAND: "Hey honey, I'm writing a letter to the kids. Is there anything you want me to include?"
WIFE: "Oh, send them those pictures of our trip to Niagara Falls! They'll love those!"
HUSBAND: "Okay dear, let me get those and - HEY! Hold the phones! I just got an email about 6TTzQZM1fHZEWFDwgTggKfkvxXIv3RcaKVJD!"
WIFE: "The ship of good fortune has truly come in for us! Quickly, purchase their product and / or service!"
HUBAND: "God bless you 6TTzQZM1fHZEWFDwgTggKfkvxXIv3RcaKVJD."

This particular email was written to me by some genius individual named "Resistant B. Puritanically," so if you Wall Street folks are looking for somebody to launch your advertising campaign into fourth gear, give Mr. Puritanically a call on his mind phone.

■**A Bigger Dick -** The penis is truly a gift that keeps on giving. Men like having bigger dicks because it gives them a longer range and arc when peeing into a urinal at important sporting events, which is the most important factor determining their self worth (besides the size of their SUV). Women love bigger dicks because I've seen a whole lot of pornos where the ladies make erotic comments along the lines of, "oh baby, I want it, give it to me" and I'm fairly sure they weren't referring to the man's collection of rare Canadian coins. Well they could've been, but that would've been one of the most awkward recorded robbery attempts in the history of mankind. The point I'm trying to make here is that a big dick doesn't just benefit the males of society; it also pleases the ladies almost as much as buying them a new dress to wash the dishes in, one that has a special hole for the babies to fall out of. Just look at a few of the instances demonstrating the infinite benefit possessing a bigger dick can lead to:

- **EXAMPLE #1**

GROCERY STORE CHECKOUT LADY: "Your total is $63.23 sir. Would you like to pay with cash, credit, or charge?"
YOU: "Let me grab my wallet here and see. You'll have to pardon me, sometimes it's difficult pulling out my wallet because it gets blocked by my gigantic penis which I am forced to wrap around my body due to its ungodly girth and ability to penetrate steel walls."
GROCERY STORE CHECKOUT LADY: "Oh dear Lord, take me right here right now you dreamy hunk of man meat! Also let me pay your utility bills for the next three months."

- **EXAMPLE #2**

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: "It appears as if we're on the brink of

a nuclear war with China. A terrorist has stolen an atomic bomb and is threatening to detonate it if we don't give him one billion dollars in liquid gold. I don't know what to do, and my advisors said I should probably consult with you since you have such a large dick and all."
YOU: "Give me the gold and I will deliver it to him, thus saving the world."
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: "Okay, I will entrust you with this one billion dollars in gold because you have a large penis and are therefore trustworthy."
YOU: *(Driving off with the gold)* "So long suckers!"
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: "I've been bamboozled again, all due to that man and his gigantic mesmerizing dick! Get off my plane!!!"

■ **A Letter From Santa -** I'm not quite sure how this Christmas gift works since last time I checked, Santa Claus refuses to use the Internet except to periodically login to his Adult Bouncer account. Apparently there are tens of thousands of blessed individuals out there who not only have a direct connection with Mr. Claus but additionally possess the ability to make him produce a constant stream of personalized letters for them, possibly in exchange for a scientific serum that counteracts the deadly poison coursing through Mrs. Claus' veins. This is a wonderful gift to share with your children assuming your kids are impressed by emails from somebody named "sclaus7283@yahoo.com" who lacks the ability to spell "Christmas" more than two consecutive times. Perhaps if you pay these people more money they will guarantee to not include explicit photos of teenage lesbian pornography in their letters to your kid while signing them up for prestigious "HOT COCKS N' TWATS" holiday mailing lists. I guess it's never too early to teach your children about sexuality, and if you wait too long they may grow up to become famous homosexual set designers, so this could prove to be a useful service just as long as they don't tell the authorities.

■ **Low Mortgage Rates -** As a proud homeowner I am well aware of the importance a low mortgage rate plays in my life. Sometimes at night I'll wake up covered with cold sweat shouting interest rates that are lower than my current mortgage. "3%! 3.9% 4.75%" I'll shriek in a sleep-induced haze. Then my two cats will begin meowing nonstop and my two dogs will start barking continuously, causing me to contemplate suicide because, Jesus, how many stupid animals do I have to own before I realize I'm using them to fill a gaping void in my soul which will never be complete? I may not know the answer to this question but I do know that a low mortgage rate is something straight out of my dreams, and I'm talking about the dreams that can make quite a mess if you know what I mean. The Internet is known far and wide as the most reputable place to obtain affordable loans and banking services, which explains the popularity of anonymous financial emails from people named "Super Kurt" using third-world ISPs with names like "GULAG.NET." A recent exciting offer promised me a mortgage rate of 1.9% while asking, "Do you want to see how easily your monthly bills can decrease and disappear with all the extra money you have every month?" Well hell yes I do! Those dead hookers don't pay to bury themselves!

■ **Printer Ink -** Everybody likes to print stuff out! One of the fastest growing industries in the world is the printer cartridge industry, second only to the heroin industry and the Elmo doll industry. Technically that would put it in third place, but I like to claim this makes it second best in being second place. My mother alone uses roughly 90% of the printing ink on Earth due to her tendency to print out every single item she can find on her hard drive. If there was some method she could use to print out her 20-second long phone calls she makes to me every hour, I'm sure she'd do that and fax them to me along with a brief note summarizing her phone call ("I bought your dogs a toy," "something I saw on television reminded me of your website," "are your dogs still members of the

canine family?" etc). I would feel rotten teasing my mother about the amount of times she calls me, but I take solace in the fact that she will call me today and do that job for me, thus saving time and effort. Although I may have gotten off track here, the fact remains; printing ink is the most expensive thing in the world and a ton of companies make a ton of money from them because all they do is use an eyedropper to place one milligram of ink inside each cartridge before shoving them into a container marked "EPSUN" to avoid copyright infringement. I once tried to make my own printer cartridge by breaking a pen and placing it inside a dinner roll which I crammed into my printer, but that didn't work so well.

■ **Low Cost Prescription Medication -** In this fast-paced day and age of hover cars and ironing boards, most of us lack the time to spend waiting in line for some careless doctor to stare at the rash on our neck and then triumphantly announce we have AIDS. I have to make, on average, two separate trips to get any medication these days, and that's just for the legal kind. I want a fast and easy way to purchase the prescription narcotics of my dreams without leaving my electric scooter, and I don't want no snooty doctor telling me what pills I should or shouldn't abuse just because I may or may not have an allergic reaction to them which may or may not cause me to vomit up blood. I've heard a lot of good things about this new drug named "V1AGRA" or "VIA_GRA" or "/ 1 A GRA" or something like that, and I'd like to purchase a large quantity of it as soon as humanly possible, preferably through the reliable and safe medium of the Internet. I'd also like to start getting addicted to those painkillers that Rush Limbaugh took to make his ear blow up, so if you know how I can get ahold of some of that shit, please email me. Nothing says "holiday cheer" quite like a bottle of Xanax wrapped in urine-soaked newspaper!

■ **The Paris Hilton Sex Video -** I had no idea who Paris Hilton was before she decided to have sex. I still don't know who she is but now I am well aware of the fact that she had sexual intercourse with at least one member of the male gender, and I feel very sad for this man because I've seen photos of her face and it looks like God stapled a big nose onto a skeleton as some really bizarre practical joke that only He and a few of His apostles would understand. Fortunately for all of us, the Internet encourages the dissemination of footage depicting ugly people having sex, and we now have the ability to see a big-nosed skeleton laying on some guy for the low, low price of whatever they're charging for such a visual travesty. Sex represents one of the basic primal forces in mankind, so feel free to purchase a few Paris Hilton sex tapes to watch with your wife and kids while resting in front of a warm fire. "See kids, that's called 'oral sex' and men enjoy it greatly," you could confidentially comment while pointing towards the television. "Now ask your mother why, with this information in mind, she hasn't given me a blowjob since the Carter administration."

■ **Ultimate Colon Cleansing Kit -** We all have dirty colons, some filthier than others. For example, my colon is an absolute wasteland of pork fat and Shamino acids that I got from the shrine of Honesty after I used the incorrect mantra. I also once saw this documentary on the Discovery Channel and I think it mentioned we all have millions and millions of microscopic mites crawling over our bodies and eating our skin like a buffet line, so that probably has something to do with something. I have done extensive research on the Internet for colon cleansing, and various people with new age names have informed me that this process is essential to living a healthy life free of physical problems and worries. These people all seem to have horrible hair styles, so I refuse to take their advice and will only recommend purchasing a colon cleansing kit for those "hard to shop for" people in your life like the ghost of Groucho Marx.

With all these great gift ideas, it's no wonder the Internet is number one! If you're feeling over-

whelmed by the elbow-to-elbow crowds in the malls and don't want to risk driving your car off a cliff while traveling to the mall, just open up your email client and take a look at some of the hottest holiday gifts this year. Resistant B. Puritanically will thank you.

Camping the Rape Demon Spawn

Zack "Manchurian Candidate" Parsons here with a slippery new hentai game review for a change of pace RPG hentai game entitled "Brave Soul". This new title is apparently selling like hot cakes, but I still can't figure out why!

> *The third or second quest involved a dungeon crawl through a dungeon packed to the gills with the sinister red shopkeepers and nefarious puzzles. The action sucked, the puzzles sucked, and meeting up with another stupid character that runs off to go bake a cake or find adventure in a better game sucked. Something about a scroll maybe, I don't know, when I came out of the stupor I had a white-knuckle grip on a combat knife and enough self-inflicted gashes on my arm to scan "sorrow" at a checkout line.*

Please go read this article now so my babies don't starve!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.12 Role Playing Corner Adventure Module: Dwight's Keep

Thursday, Dec 11, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In Dwight's Keep the party will pick up on a rumor in a local tavern that adventure is in the cards in an abandoned keep. Heading there in search of treasure the players will face a number of ghoulish and demonic monstrosities. There is also a dark secret and probably a betrayal.

Dwight's Keep is an adventure intended for a party of 4-6 characters of 5th level, 6-8 characters of 4th level, or 2-3 characters of 10th level. If the Crypt Master allows you may also include a single character of 9th level or two characters of 4th level assuming that the party is of a number between 4-9. If there are 10 party members already then you can only have one first level character and that character must be either a Merry Musicman or a Hooked Avenger. If you only have one person to play with then make sword clashing sounds and roll random dice.

Background

Dwight's Keep was once owned by a powerful and just wizard named Dwight who fell in love with a centaur woman. Prevailing opinion in the realm was against interspecies dating and Dwight found himself in hot water at the wizard's office where he worked. When Dwight left work one day to find his magic carpet painted with anti-centaur slogans he grew angry and turned into an evil wizard. For the next one hundred days he made comets hit the earth and caused great strife throughout the land. A noble and suitably racist hero ventured forth to Dwight's Keep with a small band of followers and lay siege to the mighty wizard. After an intense battle Dwight fell, but he placed a curse on the land and haunted his keep and put traps in it and also monsters came because it was a place of great evil. The hero, named King Honor, also was killed by a curse put on him by Dwight's centaur lover Candy. He turned to stone but it is said one day a hero of worthy virtue will take the sword from his hand, because he was holding his sword when he turned to stone, and then become a new hero because the sword is really powerful and full of magic.

Scene One: The Tavern

The players are in Boot Gulch relaxing at Ye Olde Grog Corrale. They should all make a saving throw (difficulty 43) to see if they are drunk. If they are drunk make them talk during this scene through a Styrofoam Drunk Mask (see Dungeon Master's Guide to Role Playing Props, page 88) or place plastic wrap tightly over their face. If they aren't drunk they can talk normally if they make a will save (difficulty 4B) to see if they can resist drinking more. If they fail this then they have to wear the Tankard Hutch (see Dungeon Master's Guide to Hutches, page 353), if they succeed they can continue normally but should try to act ribald.

There are five people other than the party in the tavern this evening. They include Mary O'Harry (a Serving Wench, level 8), her sister Burnsy "Burnt" O'Harry (a Saucy Serving Wench, level 3), the barkeep Black Minion (level 10 Bar Keep and level 3 Bar Lord), a drunken Mike Stormwind (level 4 Prospector), and an elf assassin named Dirk Stabsly (see last chapter) disguised as a high level ranger by the name of Steve Stabsly.

The players may mingle with the NPCs in the tavern but Stabsly will keep to himself, sipping quietly on some windroot tea. If approached by the players he will launch into his story, if left to his own devices he will only approach the players as they are leaving the tavern. When Stabsly begins talking the players should all make a Resist Tall Tales Save (difficulty Y) or be paralyzed for the duration of his yarn.

When you are ready to have Stabsly approach the party, read the following:

> *Hale and hearken ye fellow wayfarer! I have heard of yon Dwight's Keep, where great treasure is to be found of a most magical humor. I can discern from the quilty look about your hair caps that you are bold adventurers of great strengths. What ho, I am too a great adventurer, being of the Ranger heritage and I can lead you to this forbidden lair for a portion of the treasures therein. Heretofore, I have ascertained that Dwight's Keep - to be known henceforth as THE COMPLAINTANT - is haunted and full of mystery. Therefore it will be a difficult journey to THE COMPLAINTANT and it would be best if you were to belly up the bar one last time for the merriments and hootinanneries.*

The players should immediately agree to journey with "Steve" Stabsly to Dwight's Keep, although particularly observant characters with a score of 30-70 in their Detect Suspicious Customers skill can make a Detect Suspicious Customers check (difficulty a million). If they succeed they will realize that "Steve" is not all he seems and is, in fact, a suspicious customer.

Scene Two: Journey to Dwight's Keep

The journey to Dwight's Keep from the town of Boot Gulch is very difficult and crosses many types of terrain ranging from the Dwarf Shoe Hillocks to the Gnoll Sock Knolls. The players will also travel through the Boggy Wastes, King Crimson's Sassy Woods, The Mysterious Cone Arrangement, Sir Lord's Invisible Castle, and the Traveling Harem of Mick McCracken. All of these are covered in detail in "101 Wacky Random Encounters", but yet more danger lurks in the path of the players. To find out what sort of unfortunate circumstance the players find themselves in, roll a D117 and consult the list below:

> **001-009** The players are accosted by a level 5 Jerk or two level 3 Assholes that keeps asking them stupid questions and telling really bad jokes. If the players do not kill the Jerk then he will eat all of their rations when they make camp, get drunk, and try to grope any female party members.
>
> **010-018** A baboon has escaped from a circus and the players have to help catch it or they will suffer the baboon's curse (page 17 "Big Book of Primate Curses").
>
> **019-024** The players happen upon a traveling treasure chest salesman who invites them to inspect his wares. All of the treasure chests are mimics that contain swarms of vampire bats. When the first chest is opened it will attack and all of the chests will release their vampire bats. The salesman will then reveal himself as a Great Wyrm Red Dragon.
>
> **025-038** The players encounter an elf patrol hunting for a fugitive. The elves will ignore the players as long as they do nothing illogical. If they do behave in an illogical fashion the elves will attack the players using their heat rays and attempt to summon reinforcements using Otiluke's Neverending Firepole of Shenanigans. After d10 turns a Great Elf will emerge in a Mark III combat frame and use the sonic cannons to finish off the party.
>
> **039-040** Wig fairies show favor towards the party and increase the level of all wigs in the party by five points. If no wigs are present then the fairies give the loudest character a level 1 wig.

041-047 The players wake up after camping with eight inch long gray beards. These beards are non-magical and slightly evil aligned.

048-065 The party is ambushed by Cherokee Indians who attack with bow and arrow, tomahawks, and a handful of lever action rifles. The Indian war party is lead by a charismatic half-centaur/half-giant mermaid named Luke. His scepter of command counts as a +11 turbo mace and can cast Peyote three times.

066-070 Characters find an unlabeled and sealed metal cylinder sitting in the forest. It is slightly rusty and does not react to detect magic, detect alignment, or detect cancer. The cylinder can be opened by throwing it at rocks repeatedly or with a mastercrafted cylinder opener. It contains thirteen peach halves in heavy syrup. The peach halves are cursed with chimpanzee chuckles (page 24 "Big Book of Primate Curses").

071-080 A rod of infinite turtles is discovered underneath a bench. If touched the rod is trapped to begin summoning normal turtles and can only be stopped with a Greater Disenchant spell. If the party does not have access to this spell a merciful CM may decide to allow a Stop Turtle check (difficulty infinity).

081-115 Nothing except a creeping sense of foreboding.

116-117 The party has befriended a Lich. Shift their alignment three increments to the right and one increment up. Have everyone make a Lichy Politics test (difficulty moderate). If they fail then their new alignment is automatically Libertarian, regardless of their previous alignment.

It takes a total of one day to reach Dwight's Keep.

Scene Three: Dwight's Keep

Dwight's Keep is located in a sunny valley known to locals as The Forbidden Zone and to foreigners as The Pleasure Planet. It is difficult terrain consisting mainly of giant abandoned beehives that the party must negotiate on their way to Dwight's Keep. This should take the better part of the day. When the players draw near to Dwight's Keep read the following:

> *Dwight's Keep is laid out before you like a five course meal of terror and adventure. It looks like a dilapidated barn that is gigantic, made out of stone, and several Naga lengths in height. The entire region smells like the wrong side of a goblin's hammock and it looks like some sort of magical condor took a magical crap all over the keep. Steve Stabsly turns to you and says " are you ready punks?" and then he heads towards the door into the keep.*

As the players enter the keep you should consult the map. They will enter at location 1 and then travel to location 3, then to 6, then 7, and if they turn right they are back at 1 but turning left takes them to 5 which leads to 4 and has a trap door to 2.

1. Entryway

The entryway to Dwight's Keep is protected by a sugar golem (999 hit points). When the players enter the golem will attack with an ambush bonus to its initiative.

> **ROLEPLAYING TIP:** *Sugar golems are very sweet and friendly, so talk in a high voice and compliment the players on their combat skill as you punch them repeatedly with your confectionary hammers.*

The sugar golem takes triple damage from spells and magic items that deal caramelization damage. Once it has been dispatched it will drop a key out of its head. Dirk will use it to open the large wooden doorway that leads into area 3.

2. Sexy Surprise

This chamber serves as a bedroom for a beautiful succubus. She is extremely hot and has breasts and also a butt that is curved properly. Describe her as "very comely" or "a woman of the highest regard". Her name is Dakota and she will attempt to seduce a player into giving her a kiss so she can turn him into an Incubus and also get pregnant and force him to marry her.

> **ROLEPLAYING TIP:** *When roleplaying the succubus be sure to never make eye contact with the player whose character she is trying to seduce. Stumble over every word, stutter, and make nervous jokes about how attractive she is even though you have never seen a girl other than your mom in anything less than a parka. Finally get frustrated with your efforts and pass a note to the player that reads "She says she wants to give you a kiss." Get really red faced and leave the room so no one thinks you are gay.*

The succubus can be defeated by punching her repeatedly in the face while screaming "didn't I tell you to shut up?!". If reduced to three hit points she will turn into a kobold and flee.

3. Betrayal!

This is the part where Dirk betrays the party and it should be a total surprise. He will adjust his mustache repeatedly and offer them a "cool drink" before they continue on into Dwight's Keep. If the players accept the drink then they must make a Thrombosis saving throw or immediately turn into a dead body. If they make the save or refuse the drink they can attack Dirk for offering them poison drinks.

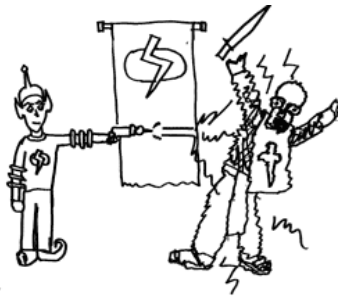
> **ROLEPLAYING TIP:** *Be sure to comb your hair when going to a job interview. Attention to detail is one of the first things a prospective employer looks for.*

Dirk has 3 hit points and is very easy to kill.

4. The Pit of Spiders

This room is actually a pit full of spiders. Some of the spiders are gigantic and rowdy and may cause trouble for the players. For the statistics on the giant spiders look for a really long time at a piece of paper and then allow players to deal damage until you arbitrarily announce they are dead. The Spiders are all carrying 5d6 gold coins and chain mail armor.

> **ROLEPLAYING TIP:** *Cut the gab you Chatty Cathy! Spiders don't talk and neither should you. On the other hand if you have evolved the ability to excrete silk and manipulate it with a spinneret then feel free to do so to heighten the atmosphere. Mood CDs can also help with this, so pop in the "Charlotte's Web" disc from the "Keith Hernandez Reads" series of books on tape.*



There is a waterfall in this room and behind it is the entrance to the adjoining area (consult the map).

5. Ham City

The elves have set up a headquarters in this spacious room and it is obvious from the hustle and bustle within the chamber that it is the nerve center of the elf invasion of the realm. Dozens of elves clad in the reflective silver suits patrol the perimeter and a particularly large and red-faced elf is obviously the ranking officer. The elves are equipped with heat ray pistols and there are two Mark II combat suits and one Mark III combat suit.

> **ROLEPLAYING TIP:** *Elves worship logic above all else so you should be very logical when dealing with players. Talk about math and hard sciences like geology and astronomy, but steer clear of the softer sciences like psychology, physics, and calculus. If the players attack be sure to say "highly illogical" repeatedly during the battle.*

If approached carefully the elves will permit the players to pass into the next room as long as they are given a tribute of Yule Logs or Iron Yule Logs.

6. Ghost Dad

The Ghost of Dwight haunts this room so be sure to let the players know it is spooky. If any of the players have died in the Keep ask them to make moaning sounds during the entire time the party spends in the area. After a few minutes of searching the players will find Dwight sleeping underneath a chair. This is because of superstition, but the chair is actually a Chair of Warding Versus Missiles and will protect Dwight from magical attacks as long as he remains underneath the chair. The next room contains the statue of King Honor and the sword of his might, so Dwight will be fairly disinclined to allow the players to continue on. He will summon four Centaur Ghosts to protect him and then attack the party.

> **ROLEPLAYING TIP:** *Ghosts are very unpredictable and mysterious. Repeatedly trail off when talking, throw books randomly around the room, and tell unfunny jokes that make you laugh uncontrollably for minutes on end. When the players are properly frightened you should begin attacking them.*

When Dwight dies the whole keep will begin to collapse around the players. Each must make a Dodge Falling Masonry check (difficulty 5d6) or be fatally crushed underneath a variety of buttresses. The keep will continue to collapse until the players leave, at which point it will finish collapsing and then catch on fire.

7. Sword of Magics

> This room is very spooky and full of cobwebs and distant monkey and parrot sounds. It is hot and steamy and the players begin to sweat profusely. There is a statue of a muscular man with a square chin who has a look of mild amusement frozen on his face and a sword on his hip. Any player may attempt to draw the sword from the sheath, but only characters of Really Good, Surprisingly Good, or Boringly Good alignment may successfully draw it.
>
> > **ROLEPLAYING TIP:** *Swords are inanimate objects. What the hell do you need a roleplaying tip for?*
>
> The sword of King Honor is a +10 Sword of Extreme Prejudice that deals double damage to centaurs and triple damage to negroes and Incans.

The players should now flee to avoid further rock falls. If the Crypt Master wants he can force them to make further Dodge Falling Masonry checks, but honestly it's going to be like 5 AM before you finish this part and at least two of the people playing will have to go to work in the morning.

Scene Four: Conclusion

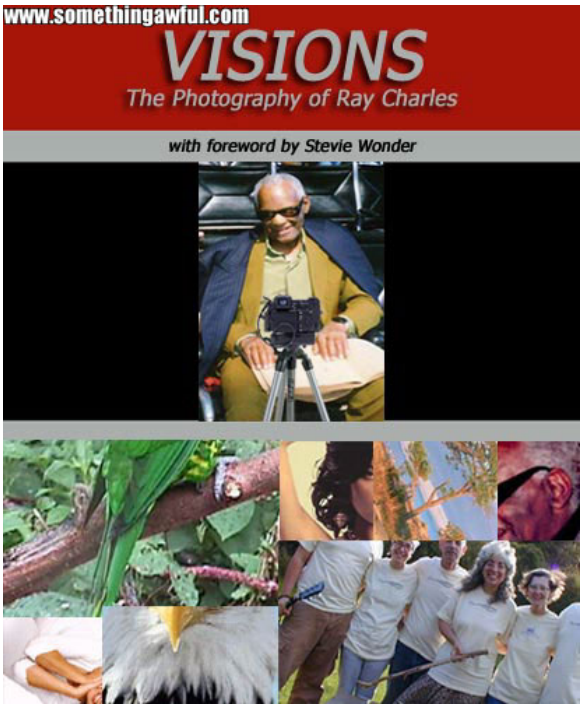
With the sword in tow, the ghost of Dwight destroyed, and Dirk Stabsly pushing up daises the party can bask in the heat lamp of success. There will be a lot of money for them to spend, loose women and fast times, designer potions and all night parties at exclusive taverns. Let them relax and blow off some steam. Then mention offhandedly that there is word that the elves are preparing to invade the town of Craggy Rock in the Stone Mountain province and that their leader can only be killed by the Sword of Extreme Prejudice, which deals quadruple damage to elf leaders. This should prepare you for our next adventure "Craggy Rock: The Battle for Stone Mountain: In the Underholes of Darkness".

You're Getting Cramps for Christmas

Hey gang, it's Ernie Hudson here. Just kidding, it's me Livestock. I'll keep this short and sweet since I've got to make myself a sandwich right away. The new Photoshop Phriday is up, featuring loads of coffee table books straight out of the bowels of Satan. Take a look at this sample posted only to entice you into reading the whole feature!

Go on you cranial deprived fool, get you to the new Photoshop Phriday at once!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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VISIONS
The Photography of Ray Charles
with foreword by Stevie Wonder

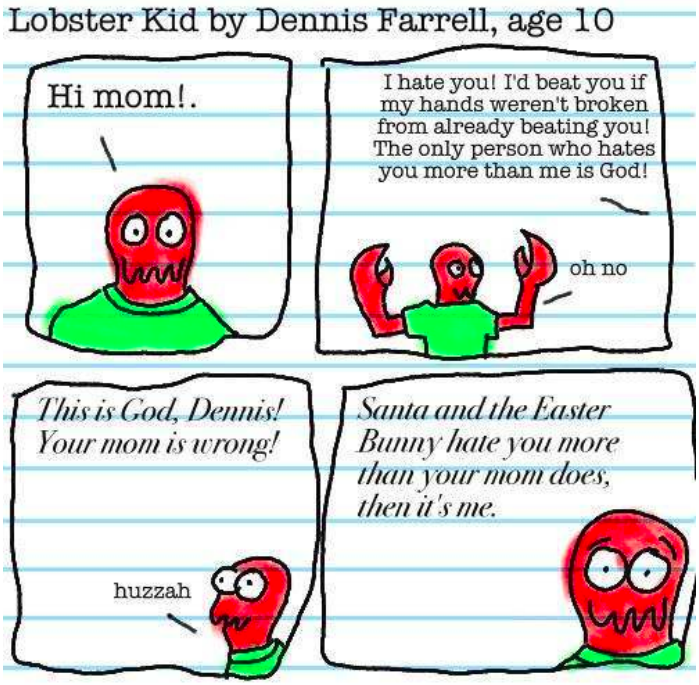
12.13 I Was a Teenage Crustacean

Saturday, Dec 13, 2003 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

What my future very well could have been.

I'm widely regarded as the youngest, most attractive writer here at Something Awful. You could say I'm the Ricky Martin to this site's Menudo, the Hitler to its Axis, the Andy Rooney to its 60 Minutes. I'm not being conceited, this is simply what the readers have been saying. Oh yes, I see what you're posting on your electronic bulletin message boards and relaying with your newfangled smoke signals. Word is I'm a sexual ninja, and instead of killing people with throwing stars I kill them with my penis. I'd actually like to deny that particular rumor today. I really would, but I can't. As flattering as all this attention is, however, I wasn't always a universally loved playboy living the good life and eating chili from the navels of beautiful underage virgins. Far from it.

I was born with a rare condition called "asthma", in which a person's skeleton grows as a protective shell around their body. You see, normal humans usually have a skeleton *inside* their body, located somewhere near the spleen. This explains why you can't roll around in used medical needles, or whack your leg repeatedly with a chainsaw. Maybe science will progress enough to make these dreams come true one day, but as it is you're fucked without an exoskeleton. As though this condition weren't enough, I was also born with "herpes", which meant that I had claws instead of hands, and my entire body was a reddish red. As you can imagine, the combination of these ailments ensured my lot in life as a hideous freak. My own mother would call me horrible names in disgust, like "lobster boy", "my crunchy little mistake", and "Dennis". As hard as this was on a little kid, I had a tough shell (lobster humor), and was able to move on. Besides, these early taunts were minor compared to the pains that lay ahead.


Lobster Kid by Dennis Farrell, age 10
Hi mom!.
I hate you! I'd beat you if my hands weren't broken from already beating you! The only person who hates you more than me is God!
oh no
This is God, Dennis! Your mom is wrong!
huzzah
Santa and the Easter Bunny hate you more than your mom does, then it's me.

Consider the childhood activities you took for granted. Riding your bike, playing kickball, and

making snowmen... these are all things I couldn't take part in due to my allergic reaction to boiling water. Because I was seen as inhuman, no one in my family was ever sure what to get me for my birthday and Christmas. Presents ran the gamut from office supplies to Russian mail-order brides, all of which I ate in a false display of joy designed to appease the gift-givers. My inability to truly enjoy childhood and relate to my own family overwhelmed me, and I started drawing comics based in part on everyday events to vent my frustration. These comics began a lifelong love of creative writing and art that would last around ten years or so. The following is one of my earliest creations so it's sort of crude in presentation, but I think it has a certain charm that still holds up today.

Life continued to kick me in the smooth, armored crotch throughout adolescence, and things certainly didn't get any better in high school. I realize that everyone has a tough time fitting in at that stage of their lives, but I'm the one writing this piece, jerkass. It always has to be about you, doesn't it? Can I get back to the article now, your highness? Are you sure? Jesus.

As I was saying, high school was tough, but gym class was particularly difficult. Sure, changing in front of everyone was embarassing, but actually playing sports was like living in a living hell. My claws would puncture any ball that was mistakenly passed to me, my exoskeleton made sweating near impossible, and I would urinate during moments of intense physical exertion. That last part had nothing to do with my lobster condition, but it was embarassing nonetheless.

The senior prom was a fitting conclusion to four years of torture. I was unable to get a date for several weeks, and when a particularly unattractive girl actually agreed to go with me, I ruined the moment by urinating the bed and waking up. Stubbornly determined to attend the prom, I eventually wound up taking a lamp as my date. The night was surprisingly uneventful until it was announced that I had been voted Homecoming Queen. Weeping happily, I left my date by the punch bowl and took to the stage amidst roaring applause. The crown was placed on my head, and the entire auditorium burst into laughter as a bucket of butter sauce rained down on me like a golden shower from Marlon Brando. Devastated, I ran from the building, only to discover my date making out with the janitor in the parking lot. Completely crushed, I realized that something had to be done to stop my torment.

After saving up money from my job as a computer chip taste-tester, I consulted a doctor to see what could be done about my condition. As it turned out, there was an exciting procedure that could make any beast appear human, the same operation that Rosie O'Donnell had previously undergone. Luckily for me, there had been incredible medical advancements since her surgery, and I emerged somewhat normal. My outer shell was removed, and a skeleton system was placed inside of my body. This skeleton, as my doctor explained, would allow me to walk, run, and break my legs. The future was limitless! There was, however, a problem.

My skin had never seen daylight, and immediately following the surgery I was little more than a lump of pale, wet flesh. In order to guard my highly sensitive skin, I would have to remain indoors for months at a time, avoiding human contact and only venturing outside for exercise on the rarest occasions. Suddenly, I knew what my occupation would be. Once I learned that the position of Harry Knowles had already been taken (presumably by Harry Knowles), I reluctantly gave up on my dream career and settled for a job as an internet humorist. While I don't make millions of dollars, I do have a great deal of creative freedom. If I felt like it, I could even write a subpar piece about lobsters, or inexplicably end an article with a picture of a Horsebee.

State Og

I was going to use this spot to cleverly compare State Og to a leper, but that idea just fell apart. GET IT?

> *People are no longer afraid of the next deadly virus or terrorist attack. Crappy TV shows have completely desensitized the public, but people will always be afraid of people with baseball bats chasing them at night. I can assure you that Salt Lake City once again recognizes the power of State Og. (Note: Mormons make really strange noises when surprised.)*

Will those Mormons ever learn? No, you're wrong. They won't. Check out this week's State Og, before something vague happens!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.14 The Yuletide Is Yuleturning

Saturday, Dec 13, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Well, it looks like Christmas is going to be a little less merry in a place usually known for its frivolity, carefree attitude, and high spirits. I'm talking, of course, about South Africa. Those Cape Town crazies are at it again, only this time, it's not just black people whose civil rights are being violated. This time, it's the *children.* A lot of kids are going to have a Christmas containing upwards of thirty percent less holly, and forty-five percent less jolly in South Africa this year. Why, you ask? Well, I'm telling you why. Because this year, when all those doe-eyed little Afrikaners write their Christmas wish lists to send to Santa, there will be no place to send them, thanks to South Africa's Advertising Standards Authority.

"Remember boys and girls, I know when you're sleeping and I know when you're awake! And when you're in the shower!"

> *South Africa bans Santa letters*
>
> *SOUTH Africa's Advertising Standards Authority has banned the Post Office from inviting children to write to Father Christmas, on the grounds that it would mislead them, the SAPA news agency reported Wednesday.*
>
> *A Post Office commercial gave children an address to which they could write to Santa Claus with their Christmas lists, but Cape Town journalist Andrew October told the authority that unless the Post Office intended to give the children the gifts they were asking for, the commercial should be canned, SAPA reported.*
>
> *October said the ad encouraged "a falsehood that could break the fragile spirits of the already disillusioned youth of South Africa".*
>
> *The authority ruled that the commercial was in breach of a clause in the advertising code of practice which says advertisements should not exploit the "natural credulity" of children.*
>
> *It added: "The directorate was of the opinion that it could conceivably be extremely upsetting for a child who does not receive the requested presents to believe that s/he has been too naughty during the past year."*

What happened to you, South Africa? You used to be cool.

Yes, you read that right: the SAPA news agency. Yeah, I didn't think those jokers were still in business, either! Well, you learn something new every day. But what's even more shocking is this South Africa business. Now I'm sorry, but I was under the impression that sending letters to Santa was a time-honored tradition when children all over the world could finally find an acceptable outlet for their boundless greed. I know the postal service in my town always gives an address where kids can send their letters to be forwarded on to ol' St. Nick. It's fun. All the little gentiles in town write out these long letters to Santa explaining how very good they've been this year and how they would like the following toys or entertainment products. Then they show the letters to their parents, who read them and find out what their kids really want for Christmas. Then they send the letters out to

the advertised address, where all the letters are collected and promptly heaped into an incinerator. Then the parents give their kids the gifts they bought for them back in July, and everyone is happy, except for the kids, since they didn't get what they wanted, but in the spirit of the holiday, everyone just tunes them out.

But the South Africans are putting a stop to the festivities. And why? Because they think the kids will have complete mental breakdowns when they don't get what they asked for. Now I'm sorry, but what kid in the history of the world has ever gotten exactly what he wanted for Christmas? Telling these kids they can't send letters to Santa out of fear that they'll freak out when they don't get what they want is almost as good as publishing "THERE IS NO SANTA" on the front page on the newspaper. When you remove all hope that a letter to Santa will bring results, it can only mean that there's nothing to hope for. And these kids need all the hope they can get. Like the article says, these kids are disillusioned and fragile-spirited. They're not expecting much for Christmas to begin with. This is South Africa we're talking about! They'll be happy as long as Santa doesn't bring them a big bucket of AIDS. Now they can't even ask for that? There are going to be a lot of sad kids with no immune systems this year, Virginia.

So the Advertising Standards Authority would be fine with an ad like this?

And the justification for the letter ban doesn't even make sense. I mean, I know what that October guy is saying. It's the whole truth-in-advertising deal. But he's obviously just fishing for a big break to make his career, and he'd love to bust a big story about a government agency breaking the law. So he's just a dipshit. But the fact that the agency tried to play off "it could conceivably be extremely upsetting for a child who does not receive the requested presents to believe that s/he has been too naughty during the past year" as a viable excuse is just sickening. Now, I've seen a child get upset over not getting the present he wanted before. That's unavoidable. But I've never seen a child break down into a spiral of ever-mounting guilt for his past naughtiness because he didn't get the Light-Up Double-Bladed Lightsaber he wanted.

Woah, Santa's looking a little devious this year.

Do these people honestly believe that a single child in all of South Africa, upon receiving a gift different from what he requested, will stand up and say, "Mater, Pater, it seems that Santa has brought me a gift different from what I requested. It is clearly evident that this tragedy has occurred because I was a naughty, naughty child throughout the past year. I felt that I put in my best effort, but apparently I was simply not good enough. I see now that Santa's standards are ridiculously high and that I can never meet them, so I must now end my life by stabbing myself in the heart with a sharpened candy cane. I should mention before I go through with this final act of attrition that if I misbehaved so egregiously over the past year, it must certainly reflect negatively on you both as parents. Know that with my last breath, I curse thee." Come on! Kids cause trouble! That's what they do! It's what they're there for. No kid can manage to be a perfect angel twenty-four hours a day for an entire year. They can always be a little nicer. If a kid doesn't get what he wants and takes that as a cue that he should be less naughty, that sounds like a good thing to me!

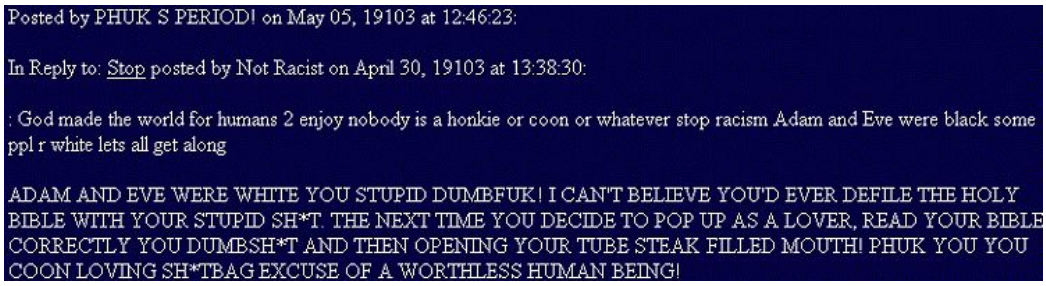
And what's all this crap about not exploiting the natural credulity of children? So it's okay to tell kids that there's a big fat white guy who breaks into their house during the night and leaves

mysterious packages made by his team of elves and have them believe that, but telling them that they can send this guy a letter, that's crossing the line? What's the point of holidays if you can't exploit the natural credulity of children? Hell, what's the point of organized religion if you can't exploit the natural credulity of children? Hell, what's the point of having children if you can't exploit the natural credulity of children? Santa, the Easter Bunny, Jesus - none of them would be the media darlings they are today if exploiting the natural credulity of children was wrong. Besides, the only real reason people have kids is so they can fuck with their heads like their parents did to them. I mean, if you can't screw with your child's brain a little bit every now and then, whose brain can you screw with? If parents can't mess with their kids' psyche, then they'll have to spend their time with their kids... actually spending time with their kids! No one wants to do that. I predict a huge dropoff in the population growth in South Africa after this, and nobody wants that.

Frankly I'm appalled by the actions of the South African government. I expected a little more from the country that brought us Apartheid, Bipartheid, and New Diet Apartheid. I just thank my various gods that I live in America, home of the free, where people are still free to dupe kids into being good through outright lies.

Weekend Web: It's All About the Love

Hello friends, Zachary "Spigot Jones" Gutierrez here with a very special Weekend Web. The FYAD team and I travelled to the deep south this week to ask folks what their otherwise worthless opinions are on people of color and differing religions. Their answers just might surprise you.


Posted by PHUK S PERIOD! on May 05, 19103 at 12:46:23:
In Reply to: Stop posted by Not Racist on April 30, 19103 at 13:38:30:
: God made the world for humans 2 enjoy nobody is a honkie or coon or whatever stop racism Adam and Eve were black some ppl r white lets all get along
ADAM AND EVE WERE WHITE YOU STUPID DUMBFUK! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D EVER DEFILE THE HOLY BIBLE WITH YOUR STUPID SH*T. THE NEXT TIME YOU DECIDE TO POP UP AS A LOVER, READ YOUR BIBLE CORRECTLY YOU DUMBSH*T AND THEN OPENING YOUR TUBE STEAK FILLED MOUTH! PHUK YOU YOU COON LOVING SH*TBAG EXCUSE OF A WORTHLESS HUMAN BEING!

Wait, that isn't very surprising. If you want to see me handle delicate issues poorly then just keep clicking in this general area. You'll thank me on your wedding night.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

12.15 Saddam: The Next 20 Years

Sunday, Dec 14, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

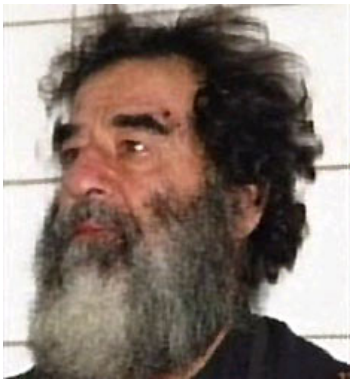
Stop the madness! Also, stop the bullets!

With over 20,000 people registered on our forums you shouldn't be surprised to know that a number of them are in the armed forces of the United States and other countries. One particular poster by the name of GreenMeat is a Staff Sergeant in the army, and part of a 20-soldier military intelligence platoon that's an element of the 25th Infantry Division. In January he and his unit will be heading out to Iraq. Because his unit is not considered front line they have received a low priority for being issued SAPI trauma inserts for their Interceptor body armor. These hard armor inserts go over the soft armor of a vest and protect from assault rifle rounds that Kevlar can't stop. Unfortunately, GreenMeat and his men won't be out of danger by any stretch, and will be driving lightly armored or unarmored vehicles through areas thick with ambushes.

We do not want our soldiers and especially not our valued readers getting shot and killed because they don't have the trauma inserts they need! To that end Lowtax and I have decided to hold a fundraiser for GreenMeat and anyone else in his platoon who would like to participate.

The reason we're trying to raise money for these fine folks is the cost of the SAPI plates. They are extremely expensive - as much as 500 dollars a piece - and each man needs two of these plates (front and back). With 20 people we could be talking as much as $20,000. I have sent an e-mail to a supplier to try to get donations or wholesale rates but there is probably not much of a chance they will do that. In the meantime it's up to our forum goers and the readers of Something Awful to armor up these soldiers! Every dime will go towards buying these trauma plates. If we raise enough to buy them all, the excess will go to purchase care-package items for them.

Many of you, including me, may not be too keen on the war in Iraq. Don't let petty politics stand in the way of your human empathy for your fellow goon and your fellow American. In case you still don't want to send in money, keep in mind we're going to repeatedly nag you about this like National Public Radio until our goal is met! Besides, buying armor plates for some guys who are going to get shot at it is so much cooler than a freaking tote bag!



Hot stuff, comin' through!

Donate via paypal to armor-donation@somethingawful.com and keep watching this post throughout the day for updates on the amount of money we have raised.

Current Amount Donated:$14,123.25

Saddam: The Next 20 Years

Unless you live under some sort of gigantic magical turtle you probably know by now that Saddam Hussein has been captured by the US military. I'm a big proponent of prison being used for rehabilitation whenever possible and I think Saddam is a prime candidate for being turned into a productive and non-mass-murdering member of society. I mean just look at him, he's halfway there already. He's so haggard and weak that he's already made the transition from evil dictator to strung-out junkie homeless guy. Shave him, put some clean clothes on him, and maybe introduce him to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and the guy stands a good chance of doing a 180 and putting the past

behind him. Yeah, I admit, his past may be a bit more sordid than usual, but everyone deserves a second chance and I don't think Saddam should be an exception.

Let's just assume that the harsh world court in cloud city convicts Saddam to 25 years of hard labor in Sing Sing. I don't know much about Sing Sing, but any prison with a name that gay has got to be pretty hardcore. It's the prison equivalent of the gigantic murderous mafia thug named "Tiny" or "Sunshine".

Saddam gets shipped off to Sing Sing to serve his sentence, but he turns out to be such an honest and hardworking guy that he gets paroled after only eight years for good behavior. With a few dollars in his pocket Saddam is put out on the streets to make a new name for himself in the world. Now, it's time for Saddam's good old fashioned entrepreneurial spirit and work ethic to take over! Saddam, if you're reading this; print out these suggestions and place them in a metal cylinder. Insert the cylinder deep into your rectum and when you are released from prison remove it, open it, and get to work on the new you! Think of it as a delightful combination of time capsule, self-help book, and suppository.

Suggestion One: A Fresh Start

Saddam's molars are concealing the dreaded WMD gingavitis.

Remember all those people you had murdered to advance your political career, to silence opponents, or just for your amusement? How about all those awful wars you started but could never win? Saddam, if you answered "yes" then you're already off to a bad start. The first step to rehabilitation for someone like you is to forget your past. That means no moments where you wistfully recall the sound of someone's ribs cracking while your secret police beat them with hoses full of rocks. More importantly it means you can't rely on the "old you" to make a career. You could probably make high six figures doing lectures or writing books, but you need to forget about Saddam Hussein and lose your identity in Keith Hussein or Saddam Goldstein.

Changing your name is a good first step on the road to an original Saddam, but there are a number of things you can do to create a new and real identity for yourself. A different hair color, some wild new scars, or even white power tattoos can help distance you from your unfortunate predecessor.

Suggestion Two: Gainful Employment

Since you can't rely on your infamous reputation to allow you to coast through life, you're going to have to find a job the hard way Saddam. That doesn't mean that you have to cast off every single thing you know. Some of those skills you learned by being a revolutionary and a dictator could come in handy in an industrial or office environment. For example, if you were applying for a job at a factory that makes mop handles you could include the following items on your resume:

- If a coworker's hand becomes jammed in machinery, I know exactly what molar of acid to use to burn through their wrist and prevent them from being sucked into the machine.
- If work area becomes infested with apes or human squatters I can fumigate them using an old family recipe to get rid of pests.
- I can stare glassy-eyed and fire a gun repeatedly into the ceiling for hours on end if asked.

Those skills might not come in so handy in a more white-collar environment. Let's say you're applying for a position as a secretary at a law firm. Here are some great items to include on that

resume:

- Excellent at keeping detailed and thorough records of things that might not even exist.
- Have been involved in several major court cases.
- Great at working with others and dealing with clients, even if the clients require "special treatment".
- Wonderful personality and proactive attitude in the office will be an asset to all employees. First on the agenda is replacing staff room with rape room. I find I do my best thinking in the rape room.

With a strong resume and a few recommendations from staff members at the correctional facility you bribed with money from your Swiss accounts you should have no problem getting a new job. With that go-getter attitude of yours I'm sure you will be rising through the ranks in no time.

- **Suggestion Three: Settle Down**

It looks like somebody needs a visit from the hug bug!

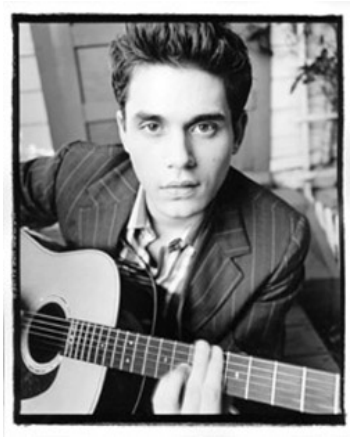
You've got a new outlook on life, a new identity, and a great new job, but what you need to put the finishing touches on that productive life of yours is a place to settle down. I know you may not believe in the American Dream now, but after spending eight years in a 10x10 room with no window you're going to think a picket fence is the best thing since sliced Iranian torso. A big part of the whole settling down thing is finding a nice woman to start a family with.

A traditional guy like you is probably looking for a nice lady who is willing to raise your children. I would suggest settling in the Midwest and searching for a widow or divorcee in her late forties. I suggest the sort of faded but still bright beauty that could really take a shine to a spry elderly man such as yourself. Imagine the stories you could share around the dinner table! Keep in mind if you want to have a couple of new children to replace the ones that broke under all those bullets back in your previous life you need to marry a girl young enough to conceive. You may have to resort to fertility treatments, which is fine, but don't be surprised when Martha Hussein gives birth to the Hussein Septuplets.

Saddam Hussein, we have laughed together, cried together, and a piece of all of us died together when we saw you on TV looking like five miles of bad rogue leader and getting the once over like a show pony. We'll miss you in much the same way we miss that scab on our elbow we just can't leave alone. Godspeed my friend!

Sucking Sounds

Dr. David Thorpe has once again bestowed his limitless wisdom upon us in the form of a brand new and must-read Your Band Sucks. This installment he goes after Jack Johnson and John Mayer.



I simply refuse to accept that people's standards of rock music have spiraled into such a deep abyss that they're willing to accept Jack Johnson. However, the popularity of John Mayer is even more bewildering. The man is such an unmitigated pussy that he makes his mentor, the insufferable Dave Matthews, look like Lemmy from Motorhead. The fact that anyone could seriously sing a song called "Your Body is a Wonderland" in front of actual human beings without getting laughed off the stage is vein-poppingly infuriating.

I suggest you read this right away. There will be a test on it after the bell.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.16 Downed By Crabs

Tuesday, Dec 16, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

While our resident lawyer Mr. "Mr." Leonard "J." "Leonard J. Crabs" Crabs has been lying somewhat low recently, spending most of his free time constructing an interplanetary rocket ship from various wooden planks he discovered in an abandoned barn, he has not been entirely inactive. I would like to detail one of Leonard's more successful cases this year, a legal battle chock full of mystery, intrigue, excitement, and something which Leonard refers to as "quid pro quo" despite the fact that we all know he's talking about the Big Roast Beef combo meal at Hardee's. This lawsuit comes courtesy of a website named "Century-Child.com" which was profiled as an Awful Link of the Day on February 26th. Strap on your legal moon boots because here comes a heapin' helpin' of legal love!

From: Tina
To: webmaster@somethingawful.com
Sent: Wednesday, February 26, 2003 3:14 PM
Subject: century-child.com link and article

> Take any picture you did get from this website down imediately ! That website is copyright ! Also take down that article right away. Your site was already reported so you better get this article down as soon as possible. Your action is agains the law.l
> Webmaster@century-child.com

I don't think I can accurately convey the sheer sense of shock and awe which coursed through my veins like terror pudding upon reading this email, mostly because I was unable to determine exactly what language Tina was attempting to communicate through. Like any god-fearing, red-blooded American citizen, I am well aware of the fact that linking to somebody's website on the Internet is highly illegal and can result in hundreds, possibly thousands of years behind prison bars. Remember when convicted arsonist Nelson Mandela was thrown into a Utah jail for linking to Wal-Mart from his Livejournal site, "Tears of a Clown?" I sure do, and life lessons like these cause me to constantly watch where I tread online, particularly after my website has been "reported" by a heavy metal Sasquatch creature. I'm not exactly sure what organization Tina reported this Something Awful to, but if I had a guess I'd imagine it was some ultra-important group like the Universal Brotherhood of Sacred Internet Justice which is a secret front for the folks in Area 51. I sent a follow-up email to discover what laws we were breaking by making Tina's horrendous website the Awful Link of the Day and helpfully pointing out the fact that her facial features resemble a popular series of pizza toppings.

From: Webmaster (Something Awful)
To: Tina
Sent: Wednesday, February 26, 2003 3:47 PM
Subject: Re: century-child.com link and article

Greetings, This email is in response to your email entitled

> *"Re: century-child.com link and article" which read as the following: "Take any picture you did get from this website down imediately ! I drink horse semen! That website is copyright ! Me know how to good use English language on Internet! Also take down that article right away. Touch me here! Your site was already reported so you better get this article down as soon as possible. Where's Bozo? Your action is agains the law.l Pop a wheelie!"*

We are replying in order to ask you to clarify exactly your intentions in this email and how we may serve you to a satisfactory degree, preferably without having to exert any physical effort whatsoever. Please reply and we will do our best to ensure your Internet (Internet) well-being. Please communicate to us your request by using a device entitled "electronic mail" so we may "print out" your message and read it "on the toilet."

Thank you and greetings,

Webmaster@somethingawful.com

This seems like a reasonable reply to me. Of course I had no idea what I was getting myself into, as the nefarious, snakelike Tina was ready to lash back at us with legal threats beyond our wildest nightmares. Also she began randomly referring to herself as "we" and in third person throughout the next email, which began to worry me and elicit fears that she could possibly be a multiheaded, hydra-like creature. That's a fear we all have to live with in this day and age of fax machines, hula hoops, and inflatable clowns.

From: Tina
To: Webmaster (Something Awful)
Sent: Wednesday, February 26, 2003 4:02 PM
Subject: Re: century-child.com link and article

We want you to imediately to remove the article and the picture of the website URL http://www.century-child.com You are violating the rights of the person on this site and of the webmaster. The website is copyright and you are not allowed to take any pictures from there without autorization, it is copyright infringement and invasion of privacy. If you do not delete the articale imediately we will claim for defamation of

> character and harassment. So take this article down right away with a statement of appology. Webmaster@century-child.com

Oh no! We were violating rights and invading privacy in addition to defaming characters and harassing something without "autorization!" Tina demanded I not only retract the entire article but additionally retract a "statement of appology," so I guess she wanted me to write something and then immediately delete it. I think "appology" means "the study of apples." At that point I knew I had to bring out Leonard and the legal big guns or else I'd never escape this harsh and threatening lawsuit alive. Feets don't fail me now!

From: Webmaster (Something Awful)
To: Tina
Sent: Wednesday, February 26, 2003 4:35 PM
Subject: Re: century-child.com link and article

> Greetings, Sorry for the legal infractions our website, www.somethingawefull.com has caused you and your "website." As the site's LLC of Internal Affairs, I must admit that I do not directly control the content nor behavior of the person(s) who write for the site. I am simply the business manager, the person who books their concert dates and Yoga training courses and whatnot. Greetings. Your requests would be best answered by our website's lawyer and legal representative, Leonard J. Crabs, who is available at the following Internet webmail online e-address cyberspace dot com dot org:
>
> lcrabs@somethingawful.com
>
> Please send him a copy of your requests and I will make sure he responds to them promptly and in an inefficient manner, greetings. We take pride in the work of our website, and the notion that Something Awful LLC Inc CORP would be responsible for illegal crimes such as "invasion of privacy" simply tarnishes our reputation as an award-winning content distribution and in-flight refueling service. Again, please direct your email to our lawyer and he will be sure to address your demands ASAP.
>
> Greetings,
>
> Webmaster@somethingawful.com

This did not seem to appease the almighty Tina as she then proceeded to contact her HIGHLY NON-FICTIONAL lawyer WHO ACTUALLY EXISTS AND IS REAL AND WE SHOULD ALL BELIEVE THAT HE'S A MAGICAL, GOD-LIKE ENTITY who I assume took time out of his busy schedule of defending famous mafia bosses and attending fanciful banquets with powerful CEOs and prime ministers. Tina fought back with the following deadly barrage of electronic mayhem:

From: Tina
To: lcrabs@somethingawful.com
Sent: Thursday, February 27, 2003 6:32 AM
Subject: century-child.com link

After consulting with an attorney, I have been advised that your posting of my picture and artwork without my express permission is an infringement of my copyright to those items. Also, the following wording " I think somebody forgot to shave. Good god woman, go back to the circus!" and "This site is some crazy heavy metal obsessed lady's terrible online sanctuary..." are complete untrue statements which insinuate

1) that I have facial hair (which I do not), and
2) that I am mentally unstable (which I am not)

and, therefore, can be considered defamation. I am requesting that you remove the article and pictures immediately. Freedom of speech only goes so far, and you definitely crossed the line. Greetings,

Greetings Tina! Greetings! Greetings crossed line of freedom of speech! Greetings! I want all you readers to know that I will vehemently fight to my death claiming that Tina has facial hair and there's no court in the world which will force me to believe otherwise. Secondly, I'd also like to suggest that Tina's hideous facial features suggest she has suffered from a series of first-degree burns sometime in her past, possibly during a house fire which left her mentally unstable. If this is defamation, I don't ever wanna be famed! Please note that I colored the previous email brown as opposed to the standard pink, to detonate Tina's copious amounts of facial hair. Greetings!

From: Leonard "J." Crabs
To: Tina
Sent: Thursday, February 27, 2003 3:20 PM
Subject: Re: century-child.com link

Dear Tina (whom I shall hereby refer to as "the Plaintiff"),

It has come to my attention that you are unhappy with the quality of slander and character defamation you were provided by from the website I represent, Somethings Awful. I have represented these chipper lads ever since I met them in the summer of 1987 on the beaches of the Florida Everglades, sharing some hearty tea and a warm cup of laughter. While they may get out of hand at times, these boys have nothing but love in their aortas for what they do and they do do it as well as they can do it; run their website like a fine tuned robotic machine which runs a website.

> Your complaints of "copyright infringement" and "character defamation" strike me as particularly harsh, as these boys have told me in confidentiality that they "really love" your website and have it "bookmarked" on their "computers." Any comments they made towards you which could possibly be inferred as anything negative were purely incidental, and they assure me they would do nothing to tarnish you or your web presence, which they honestly appear to respect and possibly fear. I cannot explore the angle of "character defamation" without first seeing a series of your photographs which would prove you do not, in fact, have a beard of some sort. While the boys at Something Awful may get a hearty chuckle out of women with facial hair, I must admit that I find no humor in it and, in fact, sometimes find myself entranced upon this aspect of females. I would like to see any photos you could provide me of your face, as close-up as possible, so I may study them in my "legal room" and inspect them for facial hair of any kind, repeatedly, possibly for hours. This should demonstrate my willingness to resolve this issue in a very fast and efficient manner. Can you please sell me a pair of your worn socks on eBay so I may add it to my "legal lawyerin' folder?"
>
> Additionally, I will need proof that you did not work at the circus for *any* period of time. Please include a copy of your resume, complete with phone number and address, so I may verify this. If you like, we could meet and you could turn over the documents in person. If this might seem uncomfortable to you, I could bring my wooden legal assistance once he becomes "a real boy" again. Please note that "Freedom of Speech" is not free and we all must pay sooner or later, and in your case sooner could possibly be later unless we're talking about the later events that took place. Your mental stability has been proven to me by your eloquent requests and saucy legal demands, in addition to all your inspiring talk about facial hair and ability to resemble a Wookie who caught a flamethrower blast in the face.
>
> My client has additionally informed me that you "reported his IP address and website link," which disturbs me greatly, as you are in potential breech of the Freedom of Information act as a potentially unwilling participant of potentially confidential information via a third party generated system (defined as: "the Internet"). As it stands, I do not see why we cannot settle these claims out of court. There is an excellent place where I solve many out-of-the court disputes in my area, they serve an excellent cup of hard liquor if you're interested in that type of thing, which I most certainly am not, as I never mix business with pleasure under any circumstances. There are also many ladies who dance there and willingly accept monetary funds if you attempt to place them into their panties while shouting, "woo doggie!"
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> Leonard J. Crabs
> MCA of VPA, CEO of RSVP

Unfortunately the legal battle appears to end there, as "Tina" was never heard from again. I can only assume that the legal wagon of Leonard "J." Crabs and his rodeo of lawyerin' destruction scared poor hairy Tina into submission, where she is now braiding her moustache in unbridled terror. Although Mr. Crabs has been relatively quiet on the legal front, make no mistake: he's still working the big wheels behind the SA lawsuit scene!

You must whip it!

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here, touched beyond compare. All of the donations for the armor plates really go to show what kind of person reads Something Awful. You guys and gals are amazing.

I know that if I was called over to Iraq, I'd be ecstatic to have any and all armor between me and the bad guys.

Sort of taking a page from FARK's book, the Goons have paid Weekly World News some attention. Why would we ever consider wasting our time on such silly trash? To lampoon them of course! Which is actually really hard to do when you think about it. I mean, these people came up with Batboy. A boy who is half human, half bat. Even tongue in check, it's horrible. Step on a crack,

hook your mother on smack.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.17 On the Importance of Grappling Hooks and Jetpacks

Tuesday, Dec 16, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Get over here!

I can faintly recollect the day when my grandfather sat me down and said, "The life of the man with a grappling hook for a hand is the life to lead! There is nothing else that can compare. *Nothing!*" He then pulled out an axe and prepared to remove one of my hands. This, to me, was heresy, for I had been raised since birth to believe that the life of a man with a jetpack stood far and above any other form of living.

"No," I told him in a terrified voice, "you're wrong." It took no more than an instant for my bladder to lose its composure, transforming my pants into unprotected wetlands that spread to the nearby couch I was sitting on. My eyes, too, became tiny water worlds, where dry land was but a myth. Seeing the damage I was doing to his couch, which had survived two world wars and the depression, he felt it was best to get me off of it.

"Forget it, you're too young and stupid," he said as he pierced my shoulder with his grappling hook and retracted me from the couch. A look of disappointment had annexed his person, leaving nothing more than a graveyard frown that loomed over me like an obelisk. He gently pulled the grappling hook out of my slightly damaged tissue all the while avoiding eye contact. I would not be afforded such courtesy. After that he fired his grappling hook at the ceiling and retracted himself upwards. There was an awkward silence for a few minutes, and then he asked me to leave in a strained voice. Clearly he was tired of hanging from the living room ceiling and wanted to climb down in private.

My journey home was quick, as are all journeys powered by jetpacks. I strode through the air marking my wake with a stream of tears, which may well have worn tiny liquid jetpacks of their own. When I got home, right after changing pants, I surveyed my jetpack from a different perspective. My mind was a quarry of quandary as I debated the merits of living the life of a man with a jetpack. It enabled me to fly, I thought, but when it came to grappling, it could grasp only one thing - me. Even then its harness was rather painful and made me sore as it rocketed me through the air. The jetpack itself was awkward, weighed me down when I was not flying, and made it hard to sit down or maneuver crowded areas. Like a horticulturist of doom, my grandfather planted the seeds of doubt in the potting soil of my brain.

To fly is to truly live (while in flight).

This new notion, this queer notion that a man with a grappling hook for a hand lived like a veritable king, had me wondering. It did not take a scientist versed in the ways of a detective to uncover the hidden clues in this matter, for the facts were as brazen as a duck on the moon. The man with a grappling hook for a hand can grapple things, pull himself to new heights, swing between buildings, reach hard to get objects, and generally move with greater ease. At the same time, the life of a man with a grappling hook for a hand is dictated by his surroundings. He can only gain height by grappling a higher object and retracting upwards towards that object. The man with a jetpack enjoys greater freedom, able to fly above anything and no more dependent on his surroundings than a roaming wind. But at the same time, the man with a jetpack is unable to grapple things no matter how hard he tries. I began to wonder if my life would be easier with a grappling hook for a hand instead of a jetpack strapped to my back. There was the matter of pride, though, and I would not

betray my jetpack so hastily.

It should come as no surprise that I spent the next day at school glowering at the kids with grappling hooks. My jetpack chums and I hovered in our own area away from those kids and their filthy grappling of various things. We had our jetpacks and we did all right flying around and generally making ourselves at home in the wide open air. In flight, the grappling hook kids seemed pathetic, for they could not go anywhere their grappling hooks could not travel. The sky was the domain of jetpack men like my father and me. Those with grappling hook hands seemed to be only half human, incapable of reaching our great heights. But yet looking down from up high, I could not appease the great hunger pangs of jealousy as I watched them grapple. I could not grapple no matter how hard I tried.

There was a longing in me, a desire to bridge this great social rift. But the rift was wide and I could not reach the other side, nor could I extend my grappling hook out to the other side and retract it towards me. Flying over the rift, what would that do? I would be at odds with the people on the other side. They would be cold and distant, leering at the blankness of my normal human hands and their brutal inefficiency to grapple. The cold metallic jetpack birthmark on my back would do no more than elicit snide remarks and disdain while I stood on the ground and jealousy when I flew above them reaching heights they could not grasp.

It is easy to look down on people while wearing a jetpack, but that doesn't mean it's impossible to see eye to eye with them.

I was at a crossroads in life, and two paths presented themselves. I could continue as is, forever relegated to live the life of a rocket man, or I could cast that hunk of metal aside and sacrifice my arm for a bionic grappling hook with which to grasp the unreachable reachable. This decision was not an easy one, for it involved choosing my entire destiny. How many friends would I make with my grappling hook? I would certainly lose my jetpack friends. But then maybe I would meet a beautiful woman with a grappling hook hand and fall in love. Of course I then might have to grapple with divorce and child support. With a jetpack, I had no worries of such things. Problems seem so meaningless when you can simply fly away and forget they exist. The sky would provide a path for me and the jetpack would carry me wherever that path went. Or so I was led to believe throughout my years of indoctrination into jetpack society. This was a paradox, for as far away as I tried to fly, the problem was always trailing behind me. It had hooked on to me. I could not fly away from destiny.

It was a snowy day when I made my fateful decision. I flew back to visit my grandfather and inform him of my choice. He was delighted to see me at first, but that faded when he heard my plans.

"You're saying you don't want a grappling hook hand?" he said in a judgmental voice, ready to disown me.

"No, grandpa, I want one."

"Then take that ridiculous jet machine off your back."

"The jetpack stays."

"But what use would you have for a jetpack *and* a grappling hook? You can't fly and grapple at the same time!"

There was a look of profound bewilderment on his face as he contemplated the myriad of taboos I was suggesting he help break. Grappling hook people and jetpack people have long stood apart, always defiant of one another. Switching sides was a great choice, one usually motivated out of spite

and anger, as had been the motives behind my father's choice. Here I was suggesting that the line dividing us was paper thin and that we could be one and the same.

"Says who?" I inquired, blowing the dust off of antique thinking.

"What? What? This is the way it has always been, you damn fool! You think you can just change the world like that?"

"But why not?" I pleaded he answer, knowing full well the pain I was causing him.

"You just don't!" he shouted, vehement in his defense of the established law. How could he not be? The elders are always first and last to defend the world that made them, never wanting to lose ground to a new order that might soon forget them. They want to be appreciated as we all do, jetpack or not. They stood their ground against the rise of jetpack society, and even flourished as assumed equals, breading new generations of grappling hook equipped people. Grandfather looked at me in anger, not so much at me, but in the world that bred us to be enemies for no reason. I said nothing, but my silence gnawed at him like a rabid ostrich with nothing to lose.

"I suppose you're right in a way. People have been separated for too long. These grappling hooks can reach a lot of things, but not common ground. And you jetpack people, well, you just fly over it. But maybe with both people can find their peace and live in it."

Grandpa's words brought a tear to my eye, and also caused me to wet myself. This was mostly because as he was talking he was sharpening his axe. This grisly chopping blade would remove one of my hands so that it could be replaced with a glorious grappling hook apparatus and cut through generations of ideological differences. The pain of orphaning one of my hands was intense, but the pain was countered by the power of my will and the spirit of change.

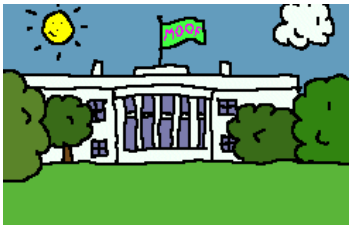
That was a long time ago, my friends. But that was the story of how I gained my grappling hook hand and kept my jetpack. A lot of years have passed and my grandpa has since been imprisoned in a crystal, but his words still echo like the roar of a jetpack or the clink of a grappling hook digging into a hard surface. Today I fly freely through the air, and when I see something below, I can grapple it with ease. It is true that at first I was shunned, but people began to accept me and even admire me. Man has no need to stand apart over petty differences, not when those differences can compliment each other so beautifully. Why must we fly over and never take time to grasp the small things? And why must we always be content to grasp what we can and never aspire for more? Truly the life of a man with a grappling hook for a hand and a jetpack is the life to lead.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.18 Moof for President

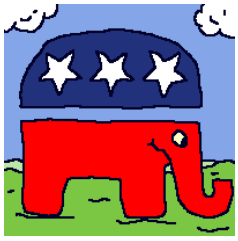
Wednesday, Dec 17, 2003 by Tom "moof" Davies

When I grow up I want to be the President of the United States of America. Under my firm but caring hand I can see this country flourishing into a beautiful flower. A flower made of rock and dirt and people and taxes. "But Moof!" I can hear you shouting at your monitor "You have no political experience, you have no real interest in politics, you are not a citizen of this country, and emotionally and physically you are the equivalent of the Exxon-Valdez disaster!"



Patience my friends, patience.

If you would please stop shouting, let me give you my answer to all of those problems. The answer, my friends, is guns. But let me stop right there because my fanatical delusions are likely to have upset the government's "Norton Anti-Terrorist" software that scours the Internet for potential non-patriots from a secret underground base that I suspect is on the moon. Instead of continuing along this thought-train surely headed for violent derailment at Guantanamo Bay, let me educate you. Let me tell you a story about a group of other people who also have delusions of presidency. These people are called Democrats and are competing to lose against George W Bush in the 2004 presidential election.



This elephant is happy because he is full of milk.

Until recently I did not know a lot about politics, other than the brief glimpses I caught of C-SPAN while trying to find the channel that has the hilarious Spanish show with the guy who is also a dog and the ladies who take off their shirts sometimes for no apparent reason. I had to educate myself. To fully understand the many complex and mind-numbingly boring election process I conducted months of in-depth research into the presidential candidates and the electoral system. This mostly involved drunkenly shouting at my television and throwing bricks and cats at the garbage men, but I feel I achieved my goal. Exclusively on Something Awful, I present my findings.

The Republican Candidates

The Republican Party's logo is an elephant, and every registered republican must keep at least one elephant at home and milk it regularly. The elephant milk is sold to third world nations for an enormous profit which is used to buy hookers and cigars.

George "Wookie" Bush

George W Bush became president in 2000 after a successful military coup against his predecessor, Bill Clinton. Clinton was caught unaware as Bush parachuted onto the white house lawn after mistaking it for his wife. Not one to miss a good opportunity, George W Bush stabbed Clinton in the eye with a crayon. He has been in office ever since.

Achievements:
- Played a mouse at chess and won.
- Can ride a bicycle (with training wheels).
- Once colored in a whole picture of a goat without going out of the lines even once.
- Occasionally catches butterflies in a net.

Weaknesses:
- Eats grass like a cow.
- Once flew a plane into a building.

Some Other Guys

No one knows or cares who the other republican candidates are. I suspect they have names like "Douglas McBorton" and "Nobby Treecobbler."

The Democratic Candidates
Democrats like taxing people and buying marijuana with the money. There are many democratic candidates, but I will focus on six of the most prominent ones.

- **John "LadyKiller" Kerry**

Oh, John!

John Kerry is known as "LadyKiller" not because he likes to kill ladies, that would not be good form for a future president, but because he is a hunk of burning love. Well educated and in great physical shape, John woos the ladies by showing off his incredible plumage of tail feathers similar to that of a peacock while singing enchanting Arabic love songs. Not many can resist the combination of his dazzling array of colors and beautiful Streisand-esque voice, let me tell you!

Achievements:
- Speaks twelve dialects of Cornish.
- Has a hook for a hand.
- Smells delicious.

Weaknesses:
- Occasionally steals from elderly cancerous women for sport.
- Attempted to take control the entire world with an army of giant bee-aliens.

- **Wesley "Not a Vampire" Clark**

What lovely sunglasses.

Wesley Clark is the most decorated soldier in all of US history. He liberated the entire continent of Africa with only a spork and a pelican sidekick. He is most certainly not a vampire, which is a ridiculously preposterous claim.

Achievements:
- Invented wood.
- Discovered Canada.
- Single-handedly saved the world from an army of giant alien bees.
- Is not a vampire.

Weaknesses:
- Once invaded Poland by mistake.
- Sunlight.

- **Dennis "Allahu Akbar" Kucinich**

Death to America. Death to Israel. Allah is great.

If elected Dennis Kucinich pledges to reduce the average household's total taxes by twenty percent, and to reduce America's population of infidels by two hundred million. A little more controversial than most other candidates, Dennis enjoys picnicking in the country, the opera, and participating in holy jihad against the Zionist conspiritors.

Achievements:
- Burned seven American flags in an hour.
- Invented a great recipe for carrot cake.

Weaknesses:
- May kill you and your family if he becomes president.

Joe "Hobo" Lieberman

That's just not kosher.

Joe Lieberman has been homeless since he was abandoned by his parents in 1882 at age three. For the last one hundred and thirty-one years he has lived atop the Washington monument, except for two weeks in the winter of 1952 when he fell off and broke his two legs and an arm. Ever since that terrible incident he has stayed permanently attached to the top of the monument with a bungee cord.

Achievements:
- Slept for the entirety of the Great Depression and both World Wars.
- Threw pigeons at hippies during the Seventies.

Weaknesses:
- Has no political experience of education.
- Has no experience of education in anything except sleeping and catching birds to eat.

Al "Oh Dear God This Man is Insane" Sharpton

Yes Al that is a lovely bow.

There is not a lot that can be said about Al Sharpton. Just look at him.

Achievements:
- Has never killed a goose in his entire life.
- Sometimes forms complete sentences that are not entirely nonsense.

Weaknesses:
- Everything he touches turns to cornbread.
- He is insane like a crazy donkey with a missing leg.

Howard "Robot Spider" Dean

Howard Dean is angry because he is a robot spider.

Currently the front runner of all the democratic candidates, Mr. Dean was engineered by the Soviet government in 1962 as a robot spy. However, the Soviet's plan backfired. One week into living in America and collecting top government secrets, Howard Dean fell in love with capitalism and opened his own novelty snooker supply store. Six months and twelve million dollars in profits later, he was the richest Soviet robot spider in all of Washington DC.

Achievements:
- Won the pole vault competition at the 1988 Olympics in Seoul.
- Was the first robot spider to eat a happy meal.

Weaknesses:
- Is a robot.
- Is a spider.
- Is a robot spider.

I hope this helps. I cannot vote myself because I am a dirty immigrant here to steal America's riches and women, but hopefully you have learned a little about politics, a little about life, and maybe even a little about love. I learned a lot myself by writing this article, and it brought me just one small step closer to achieving my goal. Now if you will excuse me, I have to see a man about a bazooka.

-∼Tom "moof" Davies

12.19 Some Soldiers Saved!

Thursday, Dec 18, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I am overwhelmed - nay, shocked and awed - by the incredible response our armor donation drive has received in the past week. **UPDATE:** The donation drive is completed with a total of**$20,787.37**. The vast majority of these donations came from the United States, but we received a large number of contributions from people in the UK, Ireland, and even Germany and Denmark. For some reason no French people read Something Awful, I can't figure that one out, but I'm sure if they did they would have donated as well.

Just as important as raising money for the brave men and women in GreenMeat's unit was finding distributors willing to work with us and provide armor plates for them. With that in mind, I am equally pleased to say that a reader named Jeff who works for Reliance Armor Systems contacted us and is providing 40 Class IV armor plates at a significant discount. If everything goes as planned these protective inserts will arrive with GreenMeat and his platoon in scenic Hawaii well before they have to ship out! I asked GreenMeat to provide us with a picture of his Platoon and he gladly supplied me with this photo of most of the unit posing outside a practice course.

In case you're wondering, GreenMeat is the guy in the back on the left, sort of poking his head up from behind the other soldiers like he wants to use them as his trauma plates. Hopefully the good Staff Sergeant will provide us with more photos once the plates arrive and keep us updated from Iraq as best he can.

In addition to the 20 people in GreenMeat's platoon we have also allocated most of the additional money towards purchasing 22 more armor plates for an 11 man Human Intelligence squad that has been attached to the platoon on short notice. This was done at GreenMeat's request and it looks as though our supplier will be able to ship out the remaining plates soon after the first batch. This could not have been possible without the generous contributions of each and every one of you.

We have stopped accepting donations, but will provide an address in Iraq when it becomes available so that those of you who have donated or are just interested can send your support personally!

In the midst of trying to help all these people I realized that the only person I really know is GreenMeat, so for myself and for our readers I asked him a little bit about the members of his platoon. GreenMeat said it was confidential and started acting all high and mighty, leaving it to me to research what I could about his platoon. Going entirely on the photograph he provided I have assembled information on everyone pictured. It is guaranteed to be almost three percent accurate.

25th Infantry Division, Something Something, Some Number Platoon

Platoon Nickname: Team Racecar
Role: Military Intelligence
Secondary Role: Film Trivia
Tertiary Role: Helicopter Antics

O'Connor, Luke
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: A
Codename: Hermione
Expertise: Latrine Duty
Biography: Luke comes from a long line of soldiers. When he heard that war was brewing Luke immediately left his family farm in Iowa to join the Army. At only 15 he faked his age and enlisted, and while he has passed all of his tests with flying colors he is still picked on by the other squad members. Because of his low rank on the totem pole he frequently gets stuck with unsavory tasks like latrine duty and peeling comically oversized heaps of potatoes. Never content to let an opportunity pass him by, the ambitious O'Connor has honed his latrine duty skills to a sharp killing blade and can now overcome a standard latrine simply by looking in its general direction.
Likes: Pokemon, Rugrats, and Candy
Dislikes: Long Car Trips, Latrines, and Potatoes

Washington, Michael
Rank: Corporal
Blood Type: AB
Codename: Black Magic
Expertise: Black Ops

Biography: Hailing from Atlanta, Michael Washington had the best scores in the state on the ASVAB test and an uncanny ability to decrypt coded messages. Originally intended for a job with the secret Army "Shadow Squadron", Washington's deployment papers somehow routed him to the 25th Infantry Division on accident. When he realized he was the only black man in his platoon he knew he had to make a decision fast; be the token black guy or make a name for himself. Washington acted quickly, displaying an amazing degree of aptitude at infiltrating enemy strongholds and taking out high-value targets from a distance with improvised weapons. Unfortunately, he was assigned to Black Ops, and given the codename Black Magic, but in his role as the platoon's token black guy he has become the best token black guy in the history of the US Armed Forces.
Likes: Haiku Poetry, Martial Arts, and Fencing
Dislikes: His Codename, GreenMeat, and The Stupid Asshole That Got Him Assigned To This Whitebread Outfit

Harrison, James
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: USA
Codename: The Patriot
Expertise: Protecting the Homeland
Biography: James Harrison is the living embodiment of the patriotic American ideal. He volunteered for his local bomb defusing unit at the age of 10, had mastered over 500 different types of firearms by the age of 15, and had written a book of poems about America entitled "My USA" by 17. When he finished high school as the star quarterback of his Missouri football team it seemed certain that he would go on to a full scholarship to the college of his choice. Instead,

Harrison enlisted in the Army, and declared that he was honored to put the defense of his country ahead of himself. Harrison subsists entirely on a diet of apple pie, spends all of his free time doing chin ups while listening to "Born in the USA" without a hint of irony, and has said of the Save Some Soldiers fundraiser: "I appreciate what they're doing but I don't need any body armor. My chest can stop a .50 caliber bullet and I can shoot it back out at a commie with my mouth."
Likes: Apple Pie, Freedom, and American Flags
Dislikes: Commies, Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream, and Terrorists

Von Eisen, Klaus
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: Blue
Codename: The Hun
Expertise: Prussian Genealogy

Biography: Born in Austria and raised in Germany, Klaus has grown up with a great appreciation for his ancestry and its proud military legacy. His father fought for Soviet Russia in Afghanistan, his grandfather was an officer in the Waffen SS, and his great grandfather died in the trenches of Verdun. Klaus will be all too happy to explain how his military heritage dates back over 500 years throughout his family tree. Dismayed that it seemed he might pass his prime without a war under his belt, Klaus moved to the United States in the hopes of participating in the invasion of Afghanistan. Unfortunately, he did not get to walk in his father's footsteps, but the upcoming deployment of his unit to Iraq has made him as happy as an Aryan clam.
Likes: Volkswagens, Lager, and Living Space
Dislikes: Poland, Unions, and Russian Winters

Giovanni, Antonio
Rank: Corporal
Blood Type: EVOO
Codename: The Medallion Stallion
Expertise: Disappearin' Mooks
Biography: Antonio is required by court order to not divulge anything about his past prior to enlisting. Whatever he did before joined up he has great skill with a .45 automatic and knows how to kill a man with a plastic bag or fishing line. He also has poor uniform discipline and had his dog tags made into a gigantic gold medallion. Whatever you do, don't get on his bad side, as Antonio is well known for his hot temper. He once beat a superior officer unconscious with his combat boot for simply saying the word "mother" in his presence.
Likes: Long Walks on the Beach, Westerns, and Frisbee
Dislikes: The Yakuza, the Triads, and the Russian Mob

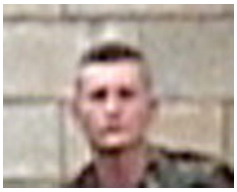
Guthry, Ewalt
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: Pure Grain Alcohol
Codename: Professa Murda
Expertise: Animal Husbandry

Biography: A lot of people use the term BFE or "Butt Fucking Egypt" to refer to a remote location. Ewalt Guthry actually grew up in a town called Butt Fucking Egypt that consisted of his family farm, another family farm that was abandoned, and a barn where they kept his "slightly unusual" cousin chained to the wall. Out of boredom Ewalt befriended animals near his farm and trained them to assist him in the distillation of corn husks and wild tubers into various potent alcoholic brews. One home-brand he's still producing while in the Army is called "Satan's Paint Thinner" and it is capable

of rendering a man permanently blind simply by inhaling the fumes.
Likes: Ethanol, Methanol, and Isopropyl Alcohol
Dislikes: Hair Gel, Needy Chicks, and Combines

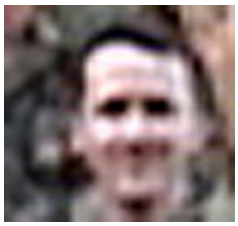
Dawson, Ronnie
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: Whatever
Codename: Dr. Nappenstein
Expertise: Slouching/Low Altitude Hammock Insertion
Biography: Pfc. Dawson is one of the most courageous and capable men in the platoon. Unfortunately, he is also far and away the single laziest man in the platoon, and has been threatened with court martial nine times for napping. While assigned to digging fox holes he dug a hole a foot deep and fell asleep in it. When he was ordered to guard a mock prisoner during training he fashioned an elaborate noisemaker around the man's neck and then fell asleep on the ground. During a live fire exercise where he was told to climb under barbed wire while machineguns roared only inches overhead, Pfc. Dawson yanked down the barbed wire, made a pillow, and slept soundly until all ten machineguns had run out of ammunition.
Likes: Naps, Long Naps, and NyQuil
Dislikes: Alarm Clocks, Standing, and Sudden Movement

Brickjaw, Square
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: Synthetic Testosterone
Codename: Big Guy Who Stands in the Back and Has a Giant Gun
Expertise: Big Guy Who Stands in the Back and Has a Giant Gun
Biography: Based on his ability to lift giant guns and the square shape of his jaw, Square Brickjaw was assigned as the platoon's enormous weapons trooper. Square will carry a gatling rocket launcher and shoulder mounted .50 caliber machineguns into battle to supplement the platoon's rifles and SAWs. Square is also a certified Army Engineer and during training proved himself capable of lifting an entire 98 ton folding bridge apparatus into place by himself.
Likes: Hugeness, Massive Guns, and Largenitude
Dislikes: Hiding, Diminutive Weapons, and the TV Show "Turbo Teen"



Acres, Timothy
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: A
Codename: Tricorn
Expertise: Civil War Reenactment
Biography: Timothy Acres was attending college for a degree in accounting and spending his spare time doing civil war reenactments when war broke out with Iraq. As a member of the Union army, Tim's reenactment regiment was called up by the US Army and the members were distributed to various units abroad and in the United States. He is an expert shot with the Lareby Repeating Rifle and can hornswaggle a Louisiana pigeon at fifty spits. He is also fully trained on loading grapeshot and solid ball shells into the Mackelvoy Mark IV support cannon.
Likes: Black Powder Rifles, Yankee Doodle, and Abolition
Dislikes: Johnny Reb, Secessionism, and Fusiliers

J459-32243, Positron Systems
Rank: Combat Cyborg
Blood Type: N/A
Codename: Sparky
Expertise: Cyborg Operations
Biography: Constructed in 2002 at Positron Systems' San Diego facility, "Sparky" is a combat cyborg of the J series. This particular model was designed to supplant the unreliable H series and the "hearty but prone to sudden violence against friendly units" I series. Sparky has been with the platoon since early 2003 and has been on some 500,000 internally simulated combat drops. In all of that time it has not once suffered full positronic CPU dissolution or attempted to tear the skulls out of its teammates. One time it did self-destruct its fissile core creating a simulated blast crater one thousand yards in diameter, but that was just caused by some spyware that got installed when The Medallion Stallion used it to browse for porn. I'm sure it won't happen again.
Likes: Regular Maintenance, Fluid Changes, and Alloy Resurfacing
Dislikes: Jammed Flanges, Hydraulic Overpressure, and Corrosion



Herring, Ian Boyd
Rank:Classified
Blood Type: O
Codename:Classified
Expertise:Classified
Biography:REDACTEDand then at last year's Christmas party he**REDACTED**Thus began a long friendship with**REDACTED**and**REDACTED**, I guess, but**REDACTED**That's how the cookie crumbles sometimes when you're**REDACTED**MMMSFDJHJJ (**REDACTED**) is a special unit that once**REDACTED**all the way to**REDACTED**.
Likes:Classified, Puppies,**Classified**
Dislikes:Classified,**Classified**,**Classified**

Eckstein, Darryl
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: C
Codename: Neo
Expertise: Fproting Tarballs
Biography: Darryl Eckstein is a hacker extraordinaire and an expert of all things computer related and involving jargon. He will make people pass out from confusion by talking rapidly about everything from "bauds" to "kernels". Hahahahah, not the military colonels, I mean the computer ones. Hahahaha, you thought I meant the military ones. That would be pretty funny if that made people- oh god just kill me now.
Likes: 28.8 Modems, Cronjobs, and Line Spikes
Dislikes: Zone Alarm, Microsoft, and Firewalls

Beard, Red
Rank: First Mate
Blood Type: Rum and Grog
Codename: Scallywag
Expertise: Terrorizing the High Seas
Biography: First Mate Red Beard is married to the sea, but it has always been a rocky relationship and he's currently put his marriage on the backburner to join the US Army. In turns out that his skill with a cutlass has a lot more uses than you would think in the modern American Army. In addition

to shortages on armor plates there has also been a shortage on assault rifles, requiring the military to outfit one man per platoon with a cavalry saber. Red prefers his cutlass, but he has proven open to change, and fares quite well against pike men, Cossacks, and Norwegian Berserkers during training exercises. Considering the platoon may be soon be facing hordes of whirling dervishes it's probably a good thing that Red Beard will be there to fend them off.
Likes: Saucy Wenches, Keel Hauling Enemies, and Swordplay
Dislikes: A Broken Cutlass, Depth Perception, and Mutiny

Gonzalez, Marissa
Rank: Corporal
Blood Type: Frozen
Codename: Iceperson
Expertise: Glaring

Biography: Briefly meeting the baleful gaze of Corporal Marissa Gonzalez is enough to send most people running. Her codename is "Iceperson" and she definitely lives up to it with a no-nonsense attitude and an almost obsessive devotion to military discipline. Legend tells that her family was infected with a strain of virus that turned them into bloodthirsty zombies. At the tender age of 11 Marissa was forced to re-kill her entire shambling undead family. We all know that it's only a myth, because hey, zombies don't exist. All the same Marissa does exist and she scares the living crap out of me.
Likes: Standing At Attention, Reloading Her Rifle, and Operating a Lathe
Dislikes: Zombies, Zombie Viruses, and The Bedazzler

Case, Leon
Rank: Private First Class
Blood Type: Chardonnay
Codename: Romeo
Expertise: Seduction
Biography: Don't ask Pfc. Leon Case, because he's definitely not telling! This saucy metrosexual trooper has got a surprise in store for all applicants, male or female; a little technique he likes to call "the thigh bender". Codenamed "Romeo", Case is a master of speed seduction and managed to convince the OPFOR commander to reveal troop dispositions during every single training exercise by using his patented dance techniques. He also once took an entire enemy squad prisoner by merely tossing his hair and giggling. This is one cosmopolitan guy you don't want to find at the opposite end of a gun or sitting next to you in the canteen because, as he likes to say, he "will rock your lights out".
Likes: Spa Georgio, Lemon Grass Tea, and Body Massage
Dislikes: Grabby Hands, the Triple Shocker, and Morning Breath

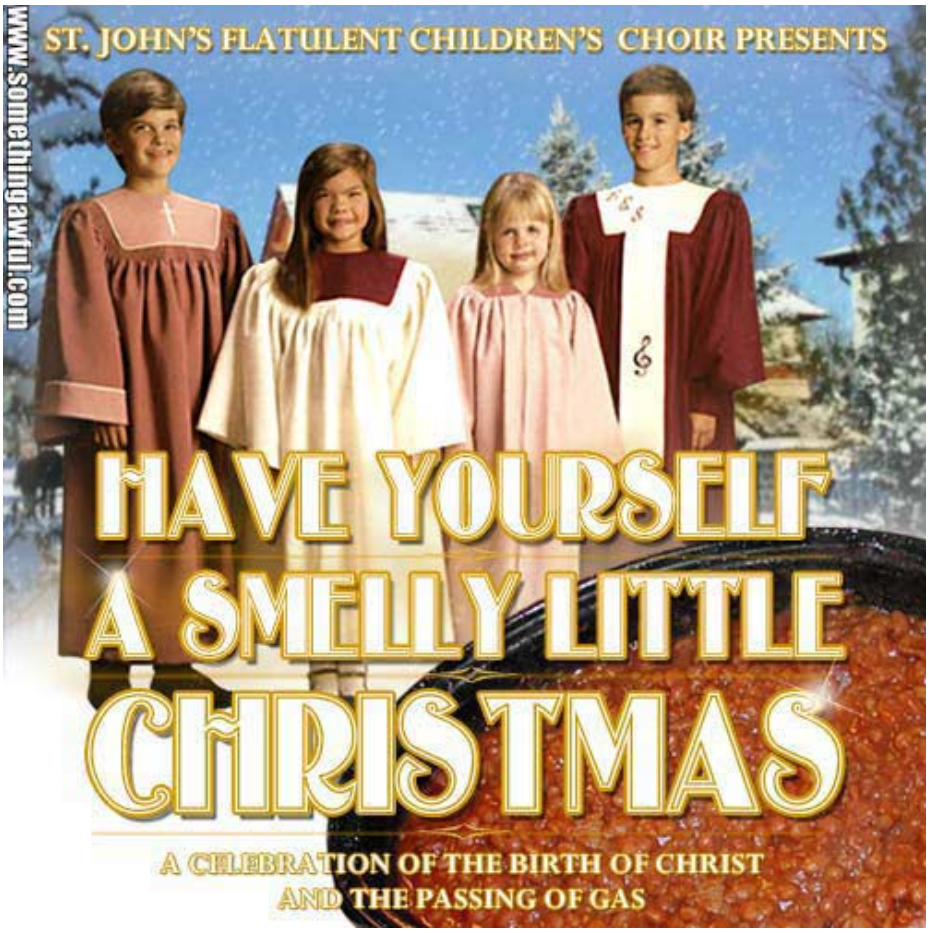
In all seriousness, this has been a real pleasure to help out Staff Sergeant GreenMeat of the 25th Infantry Division and his platoon of lovable miscreants. Amidst all the bad jokes I've made over the years here at Something Awful helping these people out has proven to be the single thing I am most proud of. If anything, I am honored that GreenMeat has allowed us to invade his daily life with dozens of annoying e-mails, and I hope more than anything that everyone in the entirety of the 25th Infantry Division comes home without a scratch on them.

By the way, I hope I didn't offend anyone in GreenMeat's platoon with this article, because I'm relatively certain that every single one of them could kick my ass in about ten seconds.

Missing Child Alert

I'm just kidding, there aren't any missing children anywhere right now. Livestock here, just wanting

to get your attention in a shocking manner. That's why I typed that title out while naked and coated in rare African butter. It's time for Photoshop Phriday, and this week's topic is none other than "Holiday Albums, Vol II." It's the sequel to the theme we ran this time last year, which was the year that came before this year. Here is a preview image glistening in the sun:



Click here to help save this missing child! ***DON'T LET HER DIE!***

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.20 It's a Terrible Life

Friday, Dec 19, 2003 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

The holidays are a time for joy, merriment, and fun. It's a time to forget all about the hustle and bustle of everyday life and relax with your family and loved ones. A time to rejoice in the birth of baby Christ, unless of course you are a filthy heathen. Unfortunately my friends, this is also a time for depression. It's a proven fact that the highest rate of suicide is during Christmas. It just so happens that your own little pookie bear "Frolixo" was one of those poor souls that was afflicted with crippling depression this holiday season. Yes I know this must come as a shock to you since I am normally such a gay and carefree chap, brimming with chuckles and mirth. However, underneath all that frivolity is a deep brooding pain that has tormented me since I was a small child living in Northern Ireland. Through therapy, I have traced the root of this depression to my abusive alcoholic father who was the village cobbler, and my overbearing mother who was thrown in jail by the oppressive English because she had red hair. Every Christmas I was beaten with a baby Jesus that my Pa had stolen from a nativity scene, and then I was sent to labor in the moors, harvesting peat until dawn. Even though I now know why the holidays depress me, it still does not make this time of year easier.

To make matters worse, the bank was going to foreclose on my farm, and had just repossessed all my piglets. This made me quite upset, and I quickly spiraled into an ever-consuming depression. I called everyone I knew, telling them about my plight, but nobody was in a position to help me financially. So there I sat, brooding in my barn, drinking eggnog and watching TNN. It is then that I decided to kill myself. This was a lonely world, with no place for gentleman of my sort. I quickly filled the kiddie pool with water in order to drown myself properly. "I wish I'd never been born," I cried, and then plunged my head under the water, waiting for the icy grip of death to take me away from this terrible existence.

Touched by an angel. On my penis. :o

But then a hand grabbed the nape of my coat and yanked me out of the kiddie pool. I thrashed on the ground gasping for air. A kindly looking old man in an overcoat and cap was standing over me smiling. He knelt beside me, and handed me a towel for my soaked head. "Hello Frolixo," he spoke. "Why did you try to kill yourself?" Even though I was taken aback that this stranger knew my name and saved my life, I told him about my depression and how the bank was foreclosing on my farm. "Well Frolixo, killing yourself isn't the answer," he said gently, helping me to my feet. "Let's see what the world would be like if you got your wish and had never been born." I agreed to go with the strange old man under the stipulation that there would be no sex involved. I was in for the shock of my lifetime.

First we walked to my parent's house, but I did not recognize it. Instead of a dirty little hovel covered with rolls of barbed wire, it was a beautiful cottage flanked with dandelions and baby's breath. We peered inside the window, and to my surprise, I saw my mother and father dancing to old ragtime music. My father didn't look drunk at all and was nicely washed and groomed. My mother was wearing a face of pure joy, something I had not seen since a I was young child. My brother, Jacob, ran to my parents to hug them, and then they all danced in a circle. "But wait," I said to the old man, "my brother is crippled!" "Well Frolixo, since you were never born, you didn't push him down the stairs when he was six, and was never crippled for life," he explained. "Your father now owns his own shoe company

and your mother runs a foundation for blind children. Oh my heavens, this did not turn out like I expected. Let us take a look somewhere else," he said as he led me away from the window, my eyes brimming with tears.

He then took me to see my girlfriend. Since she'd never met me when I broke into her apartment to steal her TV in 1998, her life was very different. She was married to a famous playwright, and had two small children. We could never have a baby before because she was always afraid that it wouldn't be safe during my fits of drunken shadow boxing. She looked very happy playing with the children in their large home, and I also noticed that she, too, was no longer crippled from when I jokingly pushed her down some escalator stairs at the mall. The old man looked at me with sorry eyes, and led me on, this time to the HQ of Something Awful. It seems that my comedy writing talents were the only things holding back SA from becoming the #1 site in the world. It was now a huge corporation that produced comedy goods by the ton. The writers were the toast of Tinseltown, making guest appearances on Jay Leno, and immortalized in action figure form. The Ben "Greasnin" Platt figure was a favorite with children, because of its kung fu grip and when you got him wet he would say, "Oh heavens, I'm soaked!" Lowtax and Zack Parsons each owned a really cool looking sports car and had hot girlfriends, like at the end of 'Weird Science'. The old man shook his head in disappointment. "There must be something that turned out bad! Lets take a look at your hometown of Detroit," he said as I followed him into the city. I knew that we would not be disappointed since Detroit is the worst place on the planet.

I did not recognize it. Instead of burnt crack houses, rusted hulks of old Fords, and rotting crack babies in garbage cans, it was a beautiful picturesque city with looming skyscrapers and lush parks. People walked around in the open, going to work or the opera house with smiles on their faces. "Wait just a minute here! Are you trying to blame me for Detroit being a cesspool?" I questioned, grabbing the old man by his arm. "Well Frolixo," he explained, "even one person's life can affect the course of things. It looks like when you set fire to that church on Devil's Night in 1988, it started a chain reaction of racial violence that escalated out of control. All the business fled and the drug lords took over." I sat down on the curb, as depressed as ever.

A this point you're realizing that this tale makes no sense whatsoever.

"Wait now Frolixo, let's look at the rest of the world at large," the old man said as he pulled out his magic PDA. "Oh my!" he gasped. "Well, the US is at peace with the rest of the world, and the World Trade Center towers were never attacked by terrorists. Cancer rates are at their lowest ever, global warming has declined, and the band Creed was never formed. AIDS never came to pass because you never took that safari to Africa and molested that saucy chimp." "Hey, that chimp was asking for it!" I interjected. The old man ignored me and continued on. "Now that I look at history, WW2 never happened, as well as the Jewish holocaust," he said. "Wait a second here! I was born in the 70's, how could I affect WW2?" I questioned, now angry.

The old man flinched and stepped a few paces away from me. "Time is a very fickle thing, and in this case it looks like your stain on this world is retroactive. It's time to tell you the truth, Frolixo. I am an angel sent from heaven with a mission to stop you from committing suicide so I can earn my wings. But with all this new information, you must go through with it!" the angel shouted adamantly. I tore away from the frantic angel. "What? Now you want me to kill myself?" "You must do it, Frolixo!" he pleaded, "for the good of the world! Think of all the suffering you will save! Here use my gun!" the angel said as he pulled a .38 out of his overcoat and handed it to me. The angel's words hurt me but maybe he was right for I had caused nothing but pain and heartache with

my life. I looked down at the gun in my hands and though of all the misery that would be erased with one little bullet. I looked in the angel's eyes and he nodded that it must be. I raised the gun to my temple and cocked back the hammer. My decision was made.

I aimed the gun at the angel and pulled the trigger. The bullet pierced his heart, letting out a shower of rainbow colored sprinkles and gummy bears. Stumbling back in disbelief, the wingless angel fell over the highway railing and 50 feet to his demise. I then looked to the heavens and shouted, "I wish I was born you motherbitches!" Before I could finish shouting I was back in my barn, sitting next to the kiddie pool, my head still soaked from the attempted drowning. I let out a hoot of joy and did a jig with my blow up doll that I keep in the barn sometimes. I was alive once again, and here to stay. My new lease on life was driven by the spite burning inside of me, the fact that while I'm miserable, everybody else will suffer as well. It was enough to sustain me for now and I went inside to watch 'Sanford and Son' and eat Cookie Crisp.

I hope you enjoyed my Christmas tale and learned a little something from it. We all were born for a reason, and although the Christmas depression may seem too much at times, remember that your life touches many others, for good or bad. This tale is all true except the depression, attempted suicide, angel, and the Cookie Crisp. I wish you all the best holiday cheer, and please don't eat too much again this year fattypants. Happy Hanukkah!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.21 The Butterfly Effect

Saturday, Dec 20, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Swing on, noble butterfly!

Well, science has done it again. Once again, a scientific breakthrough has occurred which will forever change the history of life on this planet as we know it. Geez, I thought it would at least be another couple weeks before I had to say that again. But you couldn't just leave well enough alone, could you, scientists? This latest scientific achievement is one which mankind has feared since the first hairy ape learned to walk on two legs. By now I'm sure you know what I'm talking about, but I'm just going to come out and say it anyway - scientists in Singapore have bred the world's first bisexual butterfly in captivity. It's true! After years and years of trying and hundreds of thousands of boring old heterosexual butterflies tossed into the incinerator, at last we have the power to once and for all manipulate the sexual orientation of butterflies from straight to flamingly bisexual! Even the alchemists of old, who strived to turn ordinary household lead into ordinary household gold, never dared to attempt an affront to God and nature of this caliber, although they certainly dreamed about it.

Now, the societal implications of this manmade bisexual butterfly are obvious. We're now one step closer to creating a butterfly that only likes other butterflies of the same sex. Once we can finally make butterflies gay, we will at last have a new symbol to associate with gay people. At last, no more will straight people be limited to associating only rainbows, unicorns, pastel colors, triangles, boy bands, chai, and leather pants with homosexuality. Finally, we will be able to label people who like butterflies as gay, too, like we've always wanted! For years, straight men have debated whether or not it was okay to like butterflies and still be manly at the monthly meetings. Soon, the issue will be cleared up. This bisexual butterfly is a major step in the direction of progress in the exciting field of the discriminatory sciences.

As you can see, the bisexual people of the world have chosen as their logo the most confusing symbol in the world. How charmingly appropriate.

So the benefit of the bisexual butterfly to society at large is clear. Straight guys need things to associate with gay guys so that they can go way out of their way to avoid those things at all costs. But what are the scientific benefits of this breakthrough? Why would scientists work so long and so hard to breed a bisexual butterfly? And moreover, why would the taxpayers of Singapore allow their government to spend their hard-earned tax money on supporting this program just so a *Papilio Memnon* (which translates to the baffling, yet oddly ironic title of "The Great Mormon") could get a little more play? After much research, I have uncovered the following benefits to the pursuit of science:

- The dwindling butterfly population of the world will soon rise again as the bisexual.... well... no, I suppose that won't help at all, actually.
- Pesticides will soon be unnecessary as we will be able to easily control the insect population through gender confusion.
- Finally, the Singaporean scientific community will no longer be known solely for that manmade plague that turned people into flesh-eating zombies.

- Other benefits as well.

So as you can see, this may well be the most important biological advancement of our lifetime. Take that, mapping the human genome! And since this wondrous event could be a considered a form of progress, there will naturally be those who oppose it. I can hear the naysayers chanting now. "Don't impose sexual orientation on the *Papilio Memnon*! Freedom of choice in sexuality for butterflies," they will cry! It's a tough chant to rally around, but after enough hash brownies, those tree-hugging patchouli-pushers can muster a protest around just about anything. It's not even a good argument, when you think about it. I mean, what is bisexuality about if not freedom of choice in sexual partner? All that these scientists want to do, apparently, is show the butterflies of the world that they should not eliminate the opposite sex from their list of potential mates and life partners. Sure, butterflies may not mate for life, but the message is basically the same. You see, hippies? Your argument has no purpose here. It's time for you to drop your picket signs and step aside to let a new breed of super-hippies through. Crazy liberal mentality powers - activate!

As you can see, scientists are now working on some sort of human/fish/sushi platter/butterfly hybrid. The future is now.

Having just completed yet another semester at my beloved small New England liberal arts college, it is my sworn and sacred (in a nondenominational sort of way) duty to find some obscure PC point to argue in any case where sexual orientation is concerned. I'm feeling pumped and ready. Let's do this thing. Okay, this bisexual butterfly is wrong and offensive to the global community because it just enforces the gender binary. For those of you who have not undergone any forced gender sensitivity training lately, the gender binary is that hated and outdated (check out my mad rhymes! I should be a multi-platinum selling rap artist and hip hop clothing designer) notion that a person, animal, or plant is born either male or female. This idea is clearly offensive and discriminatory because it fails to take into account the other genders. Other genders, you say inquisitively because you are an unsensitive, binary-loving gender-bigot? That's right, other genders. You see, a person *may* be born male or female, it's true, but there are also shades in between that demand acknowledgement. When you use the term "bisexual," the prefix "bi" refers to only two, meaning that you are saying you're only attracted to the two stodgy old "standard" genders.

Won't somebody please think of the children? No, seriously. This kid looks like a dork.

Is that really the message we want to be teaching impressionable young butterflies? That they can be attracted to whomever they want, so long as they are either male or female? What about all of the butterflies that so rudely excludes? The proper term to denote that the butterfly is free to be attracted to whatever butterfly it wants is "flexual," or in a pinch, the old-fashioned "heteroflexible," which doesn't actually make any sense whatsoever when you think about it. Oh, I long for the day when scientists will finally breed an insect with complete freedom of sexual choice. When will we stop pounding it into these butterflies' heads that there are only two options? What about the transgendered butterflies, huh? What about the butterflies who are getting a sex change operation, but can't afford the whole package and are getting the operations one step at a time? What about the genderfucking butterflies who are female but wear the bright and spectacular male markings as an expression of their femininity? Or vice versa? What about the girl butterflies stuck in male butterflies' bodies? What about the male butterflies who think they're female butterflies and are attracted to male butterflies but enjoy roleplaying by dressing up like female butterflies? Oh, when will science finally breed an insect

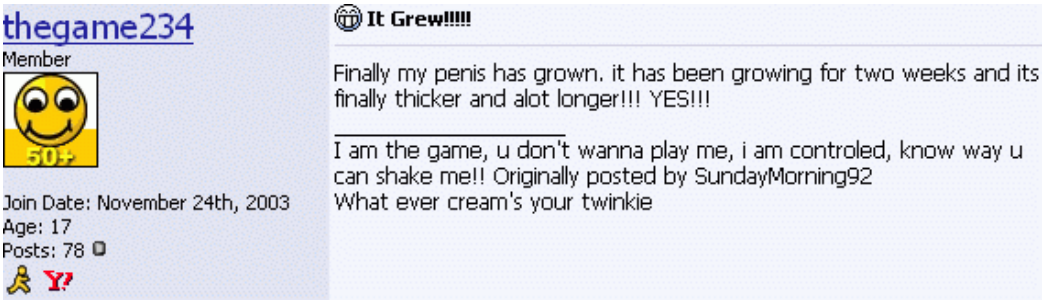
without imposing their archaic male-female standards on its tiny unilobular brain?

Obviously this bigotry that the Singaporean scientists are forcing on their butterflies is an issue that has to be solved. To that end, I plan to use my great influence as an internet writer, my vast wealth, and my disturbing abundance of free time to start a new group. This organization, an offshoot of the other group I founded, ELEAWTA (Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive), will be dedicated to achieving true sexual liberation for all animal-kind. It will be called People for the Elimination of the Gender Binary in Animals, or PEGBA. While much easier to pronounce than ELEAWTA, I somehow suspect that PEGBA will have a much smaller membership, since really the only people who would want to join would be filthy hippies, and I think I scared most of them off from the prospect of working with me when I started ELEAWTA, what with all the beating up and eating animals and all. Nonetheless, PEGBA will fight the good fight, doing its part to ensure that whether it's a queer ocelot, a flexual panda, or a hermaphroditic nymphomaniac dung beetle, all animals will have the right to be attracted to whomever and whatever they choose, regardless of what the scientists say. It's an uphill battle, but I know that PEGBA will be victorious in the end.

Oh Lord, do I need to get away from this school for a while. Thank God for winter break.

The Weekend Web: Sunday Edition

Hello friends, Zachary "Ice Cream Jones" Gutierrez here with some whiz bang images of forum posts that appear on other web sites. This week we've collected images from four horrible forums that really have no right to exist. Don't believe me? See for yourself!


thegame234
Member
50+
Join Date: November 24th, 2003
Age: 17
Posts: 78
It Grew!!!!!
Finally my penis has grown. it has been growing for two weeks and its finally thicker and alot longer!!! YES!!!
I am the game, u don't wanna play me, i am controled, know way u can shake me!! Originally posted by SundayMorning92
What ever cream's your twinkie

If the above image was enough to entice you to read today's feature, please click this link. You may or may not regret it. Either way I'm sleeping good tonight.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

12.22 A New Sign of the End Times

Sunday, Dec 21, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Quick "Save Some Soldiers" Update

The Lawrence Journal World in Lawrence, Kansas ran an article on our fundraiser. I'm glad to get a little publicity for the donation drive, but I'll be much happier when GreenMeat sends me an e-mail telling me he just opened a box of armor plates. Currently I am waiting on Paypal to complete a fund transfer so I can get cashier's checks for the armor purchases of 40 and 22 plates. The **FINAL** donation total is**$20,787.37**

If you wish to continue to contribute, hang on to your money and stay tuned for an address where you can write or send care packages directly to GreenMeat and his unit.

Sign of the End Times #428: The Osbournes Family Christmas

Arise dark ones!

Ready yourselves my disciples, for the day draws near when we shall rise from our hidden covens, our subterranean chambers, and unleash the wrath of our apocalyptic might upon an unsuspecting worlds. The stars are moving into alignment, it can no longer be denied. When the great protector, John Ritter, fell on the set of his hit TV show many of our scholars and seers suspected that the final battle was at hand. With the coming of the black swarm, the second sign has been revealed to us in the form of "The Osbournes Family Christmas" special on MTV. There is no lower step for mankind to take.

There are skeptics among us, and while they will of course be the first to feel the hot irons in the post war blood bath, their concerns are not without merits. False signs have appeared before, and many devoted followers of the path have been slain in abortive attempts to bring about the end of all things. I will now enumerate and address the concerns of the less faithful in our flock that "The Osbournes Family Christmas" might not actually be a harbinger of total ruin.

1. **Was the blood of the calf spilt upon the flagstone of Zion?**

   Yes, Ozzy Osbourne and Jessica Simpson made cookies. There can be no doubt.

2. **Did the smiles of children become as the leering rictus of the sepulcher?**

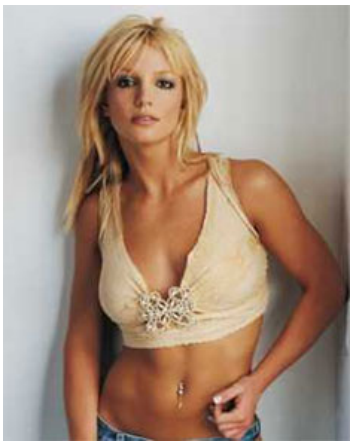
   Indeed. Tracy Morgan appeared as Santa Claus and he was so devoid of comedy that joy was actually sucked into televisions across America and distilled into seething low level race hatred.

3. **Did the harlot lie down with the wren in a nest of thorns?**

   While Ozzy could only loosely be considered "the wren" there can be no doubt that "the harlot" is none other than sloppy mongoloid succubus Britney Spears. During the opening of the show she lures Ozzy into bed with her.

4. **Did battered trumpets of holy crusaders sound the rising of the beast?**

   Correct! Ozzy Osbourne and Jessica Simpson sung a duet of "Winter Wonderland" that rendered the entire viewing audience infertile and conjured the great dragon that waits dreaming beneath the sea.



Chromosomal disorders can be attractive to some men.

5. Did the noble and holy profane the name of their God?

> *Once again, yes! Triumph the Insult Comic Dog appeared on the Christmas Special and was instantly transformed into a glowing mass of anti-comedy. Whether it was proximity to the unsealing and pouring out of the fifth vial of hilarity or it was just a sort of creeping disease of the glands is irrelevant.*

Our dark assemblage sort of endorsed Ozzy there for a while, but MTV has transformed him into an edited together heap of verbal gaffs and palsied quivering for the amusement of teenagers who idolize his hideously spoiled and mewling litter of Anglo-maggots. When the day of reckoning arrives we will split them down their plastic seams with box cutters and bathe in the hot slop of their internal cavities. I will wear Sharon Osbourne's tanned colon as a crown and wash my hands in an ivory bowl made from the lower half of Jack's skull. Ozzy will consume the roasted hogskin of his daughter or he will be boiled in a cauldron with the stripped bones of his pampered sewer spawn.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.23 Happy SA Shotglass Day!

Tuesday, Dec 23, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

While many of you lovely folks and feminine folks may be looking forward to another glorious holiday celebration, preparing your Christmas Christian turkeys and Kwanzaa magic ceiling tiles and Hanukkah chocolate coins filled with delicious Jewish celery cakes, there is a holiday which many people across this fine planet of ours (Earth) mistakenly overlook; SA Shotglass Day, the day when you purchase an authentic SA shotglass. This fun and festive celebration was created in the summer of December 32nd 1963 by Sir Alfred P. Whirligig as a tribute to his deceased wife who was in a hospital sick with a primitive version of AIDS known then as "AIDS Lite." Sir Alfred and his wife Claudia Peller were recognized far and wide across their home town of Ribbed Dog Falls, Kansas for being affluent and generous drunkards who wouldn't pause to provide an abandoned orphan or crippled child with a free shot of high quality gin, even if they begged and pleaded against it.

"But please sir," the filthy juvenile beggar would cry in desperation. "I am only 12 years old and gin makes my tummy hurt!"

"Nonsense!" Sir Alfred would respond with a dismissive wave of his hand. "This is good gin and will help your balls drop, salty young urchin!"

With a quick whip of the hand and a forceful choke hold on their throat, Sir Alfred would watch in delight as a shot of warm, smooth gin disappeared down the fortunate child's gullet. He would congratulate himself on a job well done and continue to skip his merry way down Whipplespot Lane to Ye Olde Housee of Extrae E'se, a popular store that sold versions of the letter "e" which could easily be affixed to the end of words to make them appear much more highly historical and important. Also you could buy hookers there and beat the utter shit out of them without the authorities saying a word to you because that was the magic of Ye Olde Housee of Extrae E'se.

Sir Alfred P. Whirligig used his limitless funds to create such important charities as The Foundation For Surplus Kite String, A World For a Better Future World Of the World Of Tomorrow's World's

Future, and the Pentagon. Unfortunately, when he turned 73, his wife Clarabelle Peller fell into a deep coma and would only regain consciousness during weekends or important Poker tournaments. Sir Alfred was heartbroken; the love of his life and mother of all his zero children seemed to have an incurable disease which defied all explanation from leading French witch doctors. He would quietly slip into his wife's hospital room around midnight of every morning, exercising extreme caution to not disturb her delicate slumber, and gently caress the silken hair flowing from her beautiful porcelain armpits.

"You are the love of my life, dear Clarise." He would croon into her deaf ear. "I will not let you die on me."

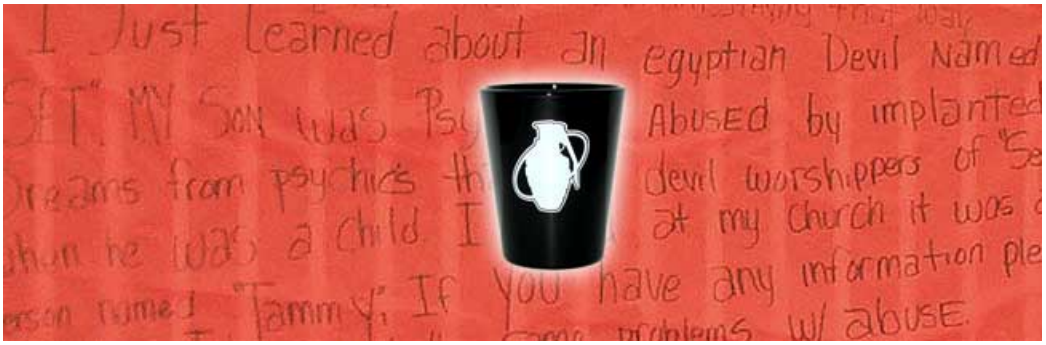
Then she died. Sir Alfred was even more heartbroken than he was before, and let me assure you he was plenty heartbroken to begin with. His hands, once youthful extensions of his immortality, were beginning to shrink and wither away like petunias that were placed inside a shoebox soaked with gasoline and then jettisoned into the sun. His eyesight started to fade away like petunias that were placed inside a shoebox soaked with gasoline and then jettisoned into the sun and you were like on the moon when they were being jettisoned so you could see them get smaller and smaller and just like fade away to nothing, man. Soon his legs fell off and had to be replaced with a primitive version of Lincoln Logs, which in those days were known as "Slinkies." Doctors recommended him to a life in a wheelchair, claiming that his precious nervous system could not withstand the pressure of his hectic, busy American stockbroker schedule. His doctor also pointed out the fact that Sir Alfred was slowing turning into an irate mustached Portuguese woman named "Taters Precious."

Problems-Both Montana's Flathead County & SLC, Utah
Areas of Psychic Abusers-Both Precognitive
& Teleknetic/Psychokinesetic.
Garfield Ave. 4th E.-Searle Ave. 10th E.-Behi
ins EAST Condo's- Merrill st.-Woodduck
Brockway str.-Castlecreek Rd.-Twin Peaks Or
0 S-Sommerset str.-4th E. Vine str.-
Ellita & Real Camino streets-Harwood str.-1600
e-Hunt Road-Clark str.-Chalet Rd-
4850 S State 2nd Story Apts-5250 S 935 E.-73
-Bullion str. 7th W.=All in SLC, Utah=
Tyson Arizona-Waco Texas-Grand Canyon Arizona,
E. SLC, UT-San Diego California-Erin
Str. SLC, UT-950 S main Tavern SLC, UT-Villa Frenché Apts. SLC, UT-Olympia Drive SLC, UT-Lakeside

Fortunately Sir Alfred did not let the depression take ahold of him and topple his spirit like his great uncle Benjamin Chocopottomus who died of chronic depression after being trapped in an African salt mine with no food or water or oxygen for nine days. He found a new beginning in a small Methodist church outside of Fort Candelabra, Missouri, a tiny series of circus tents dubbed "Our Saucy Frozen Lady of the Miracle Blade." It was there he met Reverend Vincent Claymore, an expert on the withdrawn and introspectively brazen Methodist lifestyle. The good Reverend led Sir Alfred on a journey of self discovery and knowledge which took him from his hometown of Flying Buttress, Kansas all the way to the frozen deserts of the Bermuda Triangle. On his expedition he encountered a particularly witty sea crab named "Henry" and a rotund gerbil who only spoke in Cantonese and attempted to stab the eyes out of anybody who spoke to him. They engaged in many exciting journeys which I'm sure can be read about in any place which sells items detailing exciting journeys, such as the official authorized Eddie Bauer Journey Store located in scenic Platte Falls, Utah. None of their journeys involved that dreaded rapscallion Eddie Haskell, so if somebody attempts to sell you a journey about him please note it is an impostor and does not contain the 100% recommended value of vitamin excitement that our journeys contain. Additionally, despite whatever these imposters may claim, Eddie Haskell will NOT come over to your house and paint your deck if you agree to purchase his Garbage Pail Kids set from eBay.

Sir Alfred would periodically call home to inform his wife of the many wondrous and awe-inspiring adventures he would regularly embark upon, but she didn't share his enthusiasm for such dangerous

journeys, mostly because she was in an advanced state of death when he called her.


I Just learned about an egyptian Devil Named
Abused by implanted
devil worshippers of
at my Church it was
Tammy. If you have any information ple
w/ abuse

"Honey, you cannot believe what trials and tribulations I struggled through today!" he would triumphantly bellow into the boomaphone, which is what they called telephones back in those days, whenever those days were at the time of those days. "I scaled Mount Painful and brought back the Infernal Tundra Shard of Triumph for my master, allowing me to gain a level and increase my charisma threefold!" He would wait for her response, but would eventually give up and admit defeat after 20 consecutive minutes of silence.

"Dear, are you there?" He would ask while quizzically furrowing his brow in only a manner that he could furrow. "Can you hear me furrowing my brow in a quizzical manner?" Eventually he would hang up around an hour or so later, but he would never be able to figure out why a loving and caring god would allow his beloved wife to die. He'd also wonder how her corpse was able to pick up the phone in the first place.

After graduating to the level of Grand Chancellor of Sterling Plumbing in his Baptist church, Sir Alfred decided to honor his wife by purchasing a ceramics factory that specialized in the production of metal shotglasses. He would distribute these stunning examples of fine drinkware during the holidays as a memorial to his wife's eternal spirit and her love of providing underage children with alcohol that allowed them to easily slip into the exciting, colorful world of alcoholism and lousy penmanship.

And so the miraculous holiday of SA Shotglass Day was born, although nobody quite knows why it was named "SA Shotglass Day" because it had nothing to do with anything that had the abbreviation of "SA." No wait, maybe the "SA" stood for "Sir Alfred," which would make sence and wouldn't simply be an incredibly, unplanned coincidence. So what are you waiting for, you lusty layabout louts? Purchase your own SA shotglass today and have it in time for the holidays!

Coolio once shot me in the ass

Ryan "OMGWTFBBQ" Adams here with something new. Something different. Something that'll knock your socks off. Forum Goon X JAKK has put together an amazing spoof of the critically acclaimed Square game, Final Fantasy III. It's rife with humor from the site and the forums, so if you don't get a joke, then I suggest you join the forums and read the whole site to get clued in. Heathen. Heck, you even get a chance to play as ME!

Now here are a few screenshots to whet your interest.

Have a safe and happy holiday!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.24 I'm Mad As Cattle and I'm Not Gonna Take It

Tuesday, Dec 23, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

BRING FOURTH YOUR HIGH PRICES AND I SHALL MAKE MEAGER WORK OF THEM!

I believe it was me who once wrote, "We live in a tree of danger that branches out to grant countless perils." At the time of my writing that, which was in the very last sentence, I wasn't completely sure what I meant. But now, at the dawn of my very next sentence, I believe I truly understand. Pandemonium, you see, has gripped America like an inflatable gorilla might grip the concept of high prices, crushing it into overpriced dust in a dramatic showing of economic might and the rule of the inflatable gorilla. The largest natural habitat of inflatable price-fighting gorillas, America, is now home to an outbreak of mad cow disease, which has already claimed the life of one precarious bovine. That's right, just beyond the pristine reach of the inflatable gorilla's savings-stained hands rests trouble in the nation that most closely resembles paradise. This humble Internet writer has no difficulty visualizing a giant inflatable gorilla shedding a tear for this poor cow in a touching display of compassion above all else. Mad cow disease is here, and while it might not be here in large consumer quantities, it is here enough to raise alarm in a manner similar to how a giant inflatable gorilla would raise the roof using a special jack supported by tremendous values. I apologize, this article was originally going to be about giant inflatable gorillas, but was rewritten at the last minute to be topical and poignant.

Mad cow disease might sound like some kind of euphemism for injecting raw beef into your veins in an effort to achieve some incredible beefy high, but it's not. This is the taste bud terror of the new millennium, the roaming scourge that turns our meaty and milky champions into crazed killers. An uncontained outbreak of mad cow disease would have dire effects on our economy, our diets, and probably the lives of the thousands of cattle who would be murdered in one giant hecatomb held in honor of the god of food safety. More startling, this could easily make the movie "Maximum Overdrive" a reality, only with cows instead of technology trying to kill us. In fact, it could make any movie involving conflict a reality, so long as that conflict can be modified to accommodate mad cows. I could discuss the dangerous possibilities of infected cow life imitating art for hours on end, but that would only seek to evade the pressing matters in this high stakes game of mental dodge ball.

Now before you zap an e-mail off to me with some weird comment about the irony of my "Livestock" alias, take a minute to know the facts. My hip Internet handle is by no means an indication that I'm some kind of cow sympathizer, because I eat cows for breakfast sometimes. Truthfully, those times are rare, but not as rare as the rare done beef I often eat for lunch and dinner. I think beef tends to taste pretty good, which is why I have no qualms seeing cattle slaughtered to appease my voracious appetite. If astronauts tasted good and were kosher, I'd probably eat them too. I just picked the name because some jerk had already claimed the nickname "Lowtax," leading me to vow that I would infiltrate his life and destroy his career in some form or another. But that's something else altogether.

Damn cow, you is maaaaaadddd!!

Bovine spongiform encephalopathy, the fancy name for mad cow disease given by the United Kingdom's Ministry of Obfuscation, is known to rot holes in

the brains of infected cattle. Mad cow disease works in much the same way as the website Fark.com and the comedy of Louis Anderson: it systematically removes the parts of your brain that work to prevent you from being a drooling, raving lunatic with lazy eyes and a tendency to resort to unprovoked attacks. The unfortunate result of this situation is that as of right now, every cow related product is a landmine not unlike the one that tragically took the life of Princess Dianna. Short of resorting to ridiculous scenarios like becoming vegetarians or simply not eating beef, all we can do is accept the government's claims that we're safe and continue to gleefully gorge on handfuls of dead cow. I, however, am not ignorant enough to believe that in a world where a deer running through a subway station with impunity garners major headlines, meat is 100% free of a deadly disease. This is an animal world, and we can't trust them anymore than we can trust the word of a professional liar with several trophies unfairly won at a professional lying contest.

Maybe this is why mad cow disease exists. It certainly makes me mad.

Cows have long enjoyed a wonderful place in life. The cattle in our country live the kind of lives starving third world children only dare to dream of when they aren't being whipped or forced to make retarded looking shoes that allow athletes to soar like slam-dunking flying saucers. They receive good food, land, opportunity, and plenty of time to enjoy life before they are sent to heaven, or what we call the local grocery store. This might be an isolated incident like that time a girl talked to me, but I can't help but think this is the first stone hurled in a coming war that will likely leave millions of people hungry for a hamburger or hot dog that will never come. The buns of our nation will remain unoccupied, like a maternity ward in a sterile world. No one will ever hear the whimpers of the hot dog bun crying out for purpose, not when our ears are deaf to the frequencies they use. And even if we could hear the sounds made by bread, their wheaty banter would be squelched under the roars of Michael Moore's stomach as he searches for something meaty to put in his mouth.

The government may say that the meat is safe, but what do they know? This is the same government that told us we could survive a biological attack by building forts out of old cardboard refrigerator packaging and duct tape. Oh, I built a fort, and while I did not die from any biological attacks, the entire back wall of my fortress was compromised when a dog peed on it and made it smell bad. Had there been a real attack, the urine-weakened cardboard would surely have given way to a deluge of invisible anthrax spores sneezed out of Allah's terror-filled sinuses. It was all a fantasy designed to convince dumb people that tragedy can be averted with well-placed tape that just happens to be manufactured by companies with friends in high places. As tender and reassuring as the adhesive embrace of duct tape might be, it will do little to hold your life together against the absoluteness of **DEATH**.

In short, we have a single incident of mad cow being reported. Maybe this will be the only one and a simple quarantine will solve things, but then maybe not. I half expect the government to have already transported this infected cow to Camp X-Ray where it is undergoing extensive interrogations. The real truth could be far more sinister than anything we imagine – too sinister, in fact. To protect us from the truth we can't handle, they could just be telling us it's all okay. We won't know until we're either dead or not dead, and there is no telling how long that might take to pan out. Leaving it in the hands of the government is one solution, but a more viable one is to panic like crazed nutjobs. This might not sound rational, but we're dealing with an invisible threat that may well be hiding in any bite of meat. You or one of your prized loved ones just might win the bizarro-lottery and swallow a mouthful of brain rot. Should that day come, I pray there is an inflatable gorilla standing by to carry you up to Valhalla in arms strong and firm from waging war against tyrannical prices. Change is in the wind, and upon that wind rides a sailboat full of deranged cattle screaming towards skullduggery.

Polish Gaming at its Finest

Hey there folks, it's your old pal Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here with a cheerful holiday message for you - Mario & Luigi: Superstar Saga is an excellent game, possibly the best GBA game to date, and I recommend it even to people like me who usually hate RPGs. Okay, now that the good stuff is out of the way, I've got a brand new waste of hard drive sectors for you, and it's either called "Codename Nina: Global Terrorism Strike Force" or "Nina Agent Chronicles", I'm not sure which.

> *This might be a good time to explain the gimmick this game uses to distinguish itself from the masses, other than not knowing what its own name is. Nina has magical psychic powers that let her hypnotize certain "special" enemies to gain information. You have to run up to these enemies and hit the use key, at which point Nina will raise her hands and a bunch of floating green radioactive sperm will materialize and fly into the guy's head. Of course Nina doesn't use this opportunity to ask the terrorist something useful, like "Where is Osama hiding?" or "Please explain, in chemistry terms, why a muslim detonates when he comes into contact with a jew." All you do is get a flyby shot of what part of the level you need to get to, then the game fades back in with the enemy you hypnotized lying dead on the ground. It took me a few tries to figure this out, since the special enemies look exactly like all the other ones and killing one of them before hypnotizing him makes you instantly die.*

You want the full review? I got your full review right HERE, pal!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.25 MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE KING OF KASH

Thursday, Dec 25, 2003 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Okay I just read through the update I had written for today and it was absolutely terrible. It wasn't amusing and each sentence seemed utterly forced and cliched in just about every possible way. This update was so bad that I was forced by God Himself to delete the whole thing and apologize for its extreme lack of quality despite the fact that nobody will be ever able to read it thanks to the miraculous delete key. My excuse for this disaster is that my father gave me some Venusian death illness a couple days ago and this resulting lack of functional white blood cells are apparently to blame for my blistering deficit of creativity and humor this Christmas holiday. If you're curious as to what horrible subject I was trying in vain to write about, allow me a moment to summarize my recent exercise in failure.

I was recently awarded a fresh new copy of the Greater Kansas City Southwestern Bell Yellow Pages a few weeks ago, an early Christmas present thrown onto my front porch by a surly cursing drunken man peeling through the neighborhood at 100 miles an hour. I used my limitless powers of laziness to ignore this phone book for a good two weeks or so, but my girlfriend eventually picked it up and brought it inside one day. "No! What are you doing?" I shrieked in my famous high pitched voice that has made me so popular with the kids these days. "That phone book is for exterior decoration only and demonstrates my unflinching dedication to the telecommunications industry!" Either she didn't understand what I was babbling about or simply didn't care, as the phone book remained inside and I was powerless against its home invasion because I was conserving my energy to clean up another steaming mass of greasy dog turds which had found their way out of my dogs' anuses and onto my carpet in some magical digestive joyride.

This phone book proceeded to take up valuable space on my bar for the next week or so thanks to my aforementioned tireless efforts to effortlessly tire myself. You see, I have this mental deficiency which causes me to not see certain items no matter what they are and where they are located. I had a woman's shirt sitting in my closet next to my hamper for the first six months I lived in this house despite the fact that the shirt hadn't been worn in nearly two years and I don't even communicate with the woman who owned it. Yet there it was, sitting there next to the hamper after being inexplicably packed with my other belongings and moved to my new house. I not only bothered to pack and transport this utterly worthless item, but I also unpacked it into the closet, placed it next to the hamper, and refused to move it for half a year where it sat and somehow remained invisible to my eyes. I argued that it was some type of futuristic "stealth shirt" but my girlfriend didn't believe me, probably because I was lying.

Anyway, I was about to stack this phone book on the existing Pyramid of Information, a special tower of phone books that I am collecting in the corner of my kitchen because I once heard on CNN that information is going to be very valuable in the near future, when suddenly I spied the following wonderful image splashed across the cover:

Yes, this was an ad that Signature Loans actually paid to place on the front cover of the Greater Kansas City Southwestern Bell Yellow Pages. This advertisement gained the approval of various chairmen and financial executives who are paid actual, real, non-Monopoly money to make complicated business decisions which won't directly lead to their bankruptcy. Somebody in a powerful position actually issued the okay on this lovely ad and handed over an exorbitant amount of money to let it grace the cover of a phone book with a major circulation. I can just imagine the meeting which resulted in such a creative gem.

> **BUSINESS CEO:** "Alright folks, I'm paying hundreds of thousands of dollars to have premium placement on this year's SBC Yellow Pages for the Greater Kansas City area.

We need a real genius marketing campaign, something that will put Signature Loans on the map and into the minds of millions of Missourians. We need something catchy and we need it now!"
ADVERTISING GUY #1: "Oooh, how about some bearded asshole wearing a crown? People love bearded assholes in crowns!"
BUSINESS CEO: "Yes! That is a great idea!"
ADVERTISING GUY #2: "Perhaps he could be pointing at the readers as if to say, 'hey! I'm a bearded asshole wearing a crown and I'm pointing at you!' People love to be pointed at!"
BUSINESS CEO: "This is all so great! Is somebody writing this down?"
ADVERTISING GUY #1: "He could be a member of royalty, like a king! We could call him 'King Cash' to make him sound fancy! People go apeshit over that queen broad in England or Ireland or wherever, so this would be a big hit!"
BUSINESS CEO: "Well I don't like the name 'King Cash.' It just doesn't lend a serious, credible edge to our company and I'm afraid that people wouldn't perceive us to be a major financial lending institution if we were to adopt such a title."
ADVERTISING GUY #2: "What about 'King Kash' with a 'K'?"
BUSINESS CEO: "Here is a wooden barrel full of hundred dollar bills. I want you to make this happen!"

So my update today was originally all about King Kash and his exciting Christmas adventures. As you can probably surmise from my previous allusions, it was utterly terrible and failed on just about every conceivable level possible. I tried to write it as King Kash himself, bragging about his expansive and powerful kingdom, but there wasn't really much room to move there creatively and every turn I made ended up in banal, poorly written crap. I still stand by the claim that "THE KING OF KASH" is inherently humorous and deserves plenty of attention, but now I realize that he lacks the potential for an independent character update. Instead of subjecting you to the horribly embarrassing update I had written about King Kash, I will instead subject you to the horribly embarrassing update I have written about the horribly embarrassing King Kash update.

Ugh, fuck it. Merry Christmas from myself, the staff of SA, and King Kash.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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"THE KING OF KASH"

12.26 The Martian Invasion

Thursday, Dec 25, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Terror Update: Jets of Green Luminous Fire Spotted Emerging From Mars

Many scientists believe that a Martian invasion will consist of a giant Martian arm reaching from Mars to crush individual people.

The people of Mars have once again proven their technological superiority over the pitiful meat sacks of earth by destroying yet another probe bound for the surface of Mars. The UK's Beagle 2 probe, which was intended to deploy to the surface on Christmas day, instead stopped talking to various satellites, space ships, and moon colonies that it was supposed to be communicating with. While scientists continue to bang the pot on their heads with a wooden spoon and pretend that the chances of intelligent life on mars is a million to one, those of us with a little common sense can see the truth for what it is. That truth is that an alien invasion from Mars is imminent, and we can't sit around just waiting to be crushed beneath the alien foot of a tripod walker or disintegrated by a heat ray, we've got to welcome our new masters!

> *Beagle 2's latest failure to make contact capped a dismal Christmas Day for the mission's British scientists, trying to answer a question which has fascinated mankind for years -- "Is there life on Mars?"*

"They can pry this planet from my cold dead hands," you're saying to yourself.

Well, they will if you insist, so for those of us who would like to continue to draw breath in the post-invader future please allow me to allay your fears about the sort of world you'll have to come home to after a few decades a slave mining on Mercury.

No More Disease!

The our Martian overlords already have the technology to cure almost every disease imaginable. Once they have a few of us skinned and technostapled to an immunolathe for detailed vivisection I have absolute confidence that the Grrognal Ministry of Flesh Preservation will quickly fill the gaps in their pharmacy. After all, we may be little better than screaming food, but we can be valued contributors to their society. If there's one thing the Martians hate more than the stink of our rotten green world, it's wasting resources.

No More Poverty!

Every person will be an equal in the society of the Martians. It will be sort of like communism only much more efficient and with gulags replaced with pain chambers and collars that liquefy our brains if we step outside of permitted areas. Each person will have a somewhat comfortable sleep chamber with a 6x6 inch viewing window and almost two square feet of wall area that we can plaster with pictures of our favorite Martian leaders. I like Xenulak the Marrow Drinker!

No More Telemarketers!

Say goodbye to the annoyance of phone solicitation thanks to the wonders of Martian obedience slugs. Inserted through the sinuses, these helpful parasites will take up residence in your speech center and prevent you from saying anything other than "yes, sir",

Yipyipyipyipyip hooray hooray!

"no, sir", and the Martian National Anthem, which doesn't actually contain any words. As an added bonus the obedience slugs will help keep you trim as they multiply in your skull and leech fattening calories from your blood.

No More War!

How can you fight with nail-hobbled feet and a slug that secretes agonizing acid into your spinal column whenever you even think about striking back at your Martian masters? You can't! This plus the complete ban on anything more dangerous than a piece of paper will ensure that humanity has a nice quiet future ahead of it.

NBC's "Friends" Cancelled!

The Martians don't care about celebrities or TV, and NBC's studios will be just one of many locations consumed in a massive plasma explosion that celebrates the arrival of the Martian invasion fleet. While Jennifer Aniston will be outside the blast radius at the time, hideous tissue scars will put a kibosh on any future plans of stardom.

Plenty of Food!

The Martians already have detailed plans for reprocessing plant, animal, and mineral matter into a viscous fluid that tastes like delicious sulfur and will be available in large and renewable quantities. This diet will be supplemented by the two greatest snacks imaginable; prayer to eldritch alien gods and backbreaking physical labor!

Endless Relaxation!

Scenic work on location in the Scald Mines of Venus or the breathtaking vistas of the endless hurricanes of Saturn can be yours thanks to Martian technology. Why worry about setting your TiVo to record "Monster Garage" when repeatedly exceeding your harvest quotas of carnivorous plants will earn you a full ten minute stay in the tentacle brothels of Exodus V?! You'll forget about your troubles as the numbing stinging cells in the tips of the tentacles massage away your stress.

No More Stress Filled Holidays!

Having just endured a Christmas with the family you probably realize just how wonderful a world without family holidays could be. Well, wonder no more, because the impending Martian invasion promises to bring with it Flesh Herders who will separate your generation and earmark it for labor, while sending your parents and children to tissue vats for reprocessing as delicious food and comfortable couches.

Transparent and Corruption-Free Politics!

Aren't you sick of arguing politics with the people around you? Don't you hate turning on the TV and seeing a politician that you want to gut from stem to sternum and empty out into a storm sewer?! I know I do! That's why I am so excited about the destruction of all of earth's political systems to be replaced with the Martian State and its glorious leader Mekulnul XIII. His no-nonsense demeanor and handsomely fascist black space ponchos fill my heart with love for our tender Martian masters.

Better DVD Commentary Tracks!

Martian film critic Devulon the Acid Tongued has sworn a liver oath to record new commentary tracks for special Ultra Criterion releases of every movie currently available on DVD. Look forward to such insightful comments as:

- "The cattle, they do love to dance."
- "American Pie 2 is more effluvium from the endless flesh sump of the human imagination."
- "This was filmed on location in Philadelphia, which I watched burn from the crystal occulon of my ion cruiser."
- "Schindler's List is more proof of the inability of humans to follow through on the simplest of plans."
- "I was also rendered Fast and Furious by this film in which the flesh sacks once again propel themselves needlessly through explosions inside their primitive iron conveyances. Were the cast not already dead I would crack their bones into powder."
- "I enjoy the way that the Lion King features no photographic reproductions of humans."

I don't know about you, but I can't wait for the boxed sets this guy is going to put his golden stamp on!

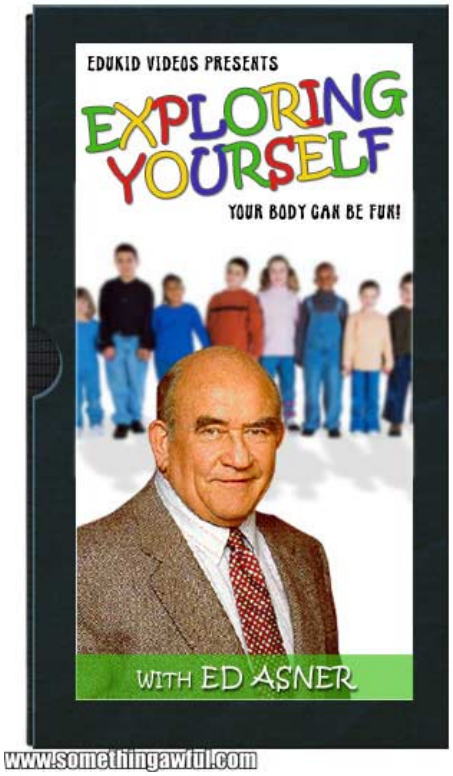
Knowing the Martians and their vast intellect, they are probably reading this with some sort of futuristic crystal telepathy device. Martian masters, please deliver our world from the senselessness of billions of lives without the purpose that you can give us! All hail Mekulnul XIII!

I Taped Over Your Childbirth

Hello, this is Livestock. I'm talking to you from inside the computer. The very first Post-Christmas edition of Photoshop Phriday is now up, and it's everything you would expect it to be if you expected it to be a collection of fake VHS tapes. The SA Forum Goons are cleaning out their old tape collections to make room for DVDs, so everything must go. Including quality titles such as this:

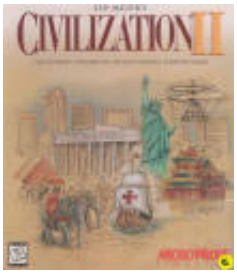
Stop on by and stock up on fine titles no longer available in stores.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


EDUKID VIDEOS PRESENTS
EXPLORING YOURSELF
YOUR BODY CAN BE FUN!
WITH ED ASNER
www.somethingawful.com

12.27 New Year's Eve Throughout History

Saturday, Dec 27, 2003 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Everything I know about history was learned by playing this game.

History is a subject that teaches us about the past in ways that math and gym can only dream of. Being a writer, I've always been fascinated by the events that shaped our world and the stories behind them. Well, except the renaissance. With 2004 drawing nearer, I thought it would be a great idea to highlight what unfolded on some of the most notable New Year's Eves of years past. Then again, I also thought it would be a great idea to mix the suspense of a police drama with the glamour of a musical to show the world just how much cops can rock. But that's a whole other update. Let's begin our exciting journey through time with:

- **10,000 B.C.**

Cavemen have no grasp of months or years, yet something awakens within them on this first recorded New Year's Eve. Our slackjawed ancestors celebrate the occasion by hooting wildly, bashing rocks against one another, and dying before they reach the age of twenty.

- **29 A.D.**

Living up to his reputation as a mean drunk, Jesus turns six of his wise men into loaves of bread and punches out a sheep. While throwing the uppercut which he would later regret, the savior is heard shrieking, "The meek shall inherit my fist!"

- **1531 A.D.**

Excusing himself from a gala, Nostradamus rushes home to pen a prediction:

In the West, a masterpiece will be made
featuring the man and woman whom all adore
Gigli will be surpassed only by the tale of the Bio-Dome

- **1620 A.D.**

The first New Year in America is bleak for the pilgrims, with little food and even less protection from the elements. There are no celebrations this year, only death and despair. ***Historical Note:*** *Dick Clark was born at the stroke of midnight this New Year's Eve, the offspring of settler Asshole Clark and an enchanting mermaid who called the Fountain of Youth her home.*

Everything else I know about history was learned by watching this cartoon.

- **1621 A.D.**

The second New Year for the pilgrims rocks, thanks in large part to their contact with

the native indians. Settlers are able to convert the hides of indians into clothing, crude shelters, and even gigantic nets to capture small game and indian children. It has been a bountiful year, with an entire continent of skin waiting to be seperated from the uncultured indian tribes who are selfishly hoarding it to protect their muscles and internal organs. Full of hope and joy, the pilgrims bring in the New Year by lighting buffalo on fire. This begins an American tradition which will last well into the 1800's, when the buffalo inexplicably begin to dwindle in numbers.

- **1663 A.D.**
Taking a nap under a tree before the evening's festivities, Sir Isaac Newton is rudely awakened when an apple falls on his head. This seemingly mundane event leads to Newton's greatest discovery: Apples! Yum!

- **1787 A.D.**
While the rest of the nation's founders are gathered in the town hall, Andrew Jackson sneaks into Benjamin Franklin's office and locates the Constitution. Under the cover of night and with the sounds of his drunken compatriates wafting across town into the office window, Jackson modifies the document to contain one article the others had foolishly voted against: "No fat chicks."

- **1800 A.D.**
Two British teenagers claim their love for one another by carving "Joshua + Katie For Ever" into a boulder. They are proven to be fools though, when they die in a flood sixty years later. That's not even close to For Ever.

- **1864 A.D.**
Abraham Lincoln goes to bed early as usual, and awakens at the stroke of midnight after a vivid dream in which he learns the secret to ending the Civil War. Half-asleep, he clumsily scrawls this valuable secret down on a nearby notepad and goes back to sleep with a proud smile. Upon waking up, he reaches for the notepad and grimaces as a horrible feeling washes over him that most writers are all-too familiar with. There on the paper is the phrase, "a dog that sweats... A LOT."

- **1920 A.D.**
George Washington Carver has invented 325 peanut-related products over the course of his life, and decides to work while friends celebrate New Year's Eve. Due in part to poor ventilation in his lab, Carver finally goes too far and invents the peanut-flavored peanut.

- **1972 A.D.**
Duke Nukem Forever is announced.

- **2003 A.D.**
A clearly embarassed Bigfoot is spotted at a Wyoming grocery store while buying tampons for his girlfriend. The creature is captured on the store's security camera, but many experts dismiss the figure on the tape, claiming it's "just the Loch Ness monster wearing a fur suit."

So there you have it! I hope you have a great New Year, but I hope even more that you managed to learn something from all this. After all, those who don't learn from the past are condemned to buy MMORPGs the day they're released.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.28 Paris Hilton, Please Get Dressed!

Saturday, Dec 27, 2003 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Another year is drawing to a close, and you know what that means! That's right, we're one year closer to 2012, when all of the world's nuclear missiles will launch and reduce the planet to fiery rubble, then aliens will come and vaporize the rubble, then Satan and his dark minions will rise and bring about the apocalypse, which will reduce the vaporized rubble into particles so small that you'd have to squint just to think about them. Or at least, so I am led to believe by the dedicated legions of babbling lunatics with websites out there. It also means that it's time to start thinking about New Year's resolutions. I, for one, am resolving to give up cigarettes, a task which should be should be made significantly easier by the fact that I don't smoke. However, this New Year's, I don't think we should waste time focusing on me. After all, I'm not the one who needs changing. Not to toot my own horn or anything, but there are a whole lot of things that need to be changed in the world before we start worrying about me. There isn't much in my life that can be drastically improved through any sort of change on my part. But there are things that some of you out there can change to make my life better.

For instance, the hordes of you who send me spam messages on a daily basis, you could resolve to cut that out without fear of me getting cross. I get between one hundred fifty and two hundred spam messages a day. It's even higher on the days when my email address is available right at the top of the page, like it is today. Now, I realize that having my email address posted for all to see on the front page of a popular website is just asking for spam. I mean, if you're trying to make a buck or two by selling email addresses, you're not going to go to any great lengths to find those addresses when there's one just sitting out in plain view. So it's no surprise I get my fair share of spam. I'm sure Lowtax has it much worse than I do, a fact which can only be compounded by the following: lowtax@somethingawful.com lowtax@somethingawful.com lowtax@somethingawful.com lowtax@somethingawful.com. It would be nice to be able to go away for a few days and not come back to over a thousand spam messages telling me how I need a bigger penis or my mortgage rates could be better or how I can purchase this one-of-a-kind banned CD that eighty people a day want to sell me. But I'm realistic. No amount of New Year's resolutions will do away with all the spam I receive every day, but if just one person could do her tiny part to make a difference, it would be greatly appreciated. So I'm asking you, Paris Hilton, to kindly resolve to keep your damn clothes on for the rest of your natural born life.

You too can weigh just forty pounds on the Hilton diet! Careful, that wristband might slow you down.

For those of you who have been living in a cave for the last couple months, and have been doing something in that cave other than watching cheap porn, Paris Hilton is the heiress to the Hilton hotel fortune who videotaped herself having sex with Shannon Doherty's ex-husband. The tape got out, and now there are hordes of greedy idiots out there hoping this will be the next Pam and Tommy Lee home movie extravaganza. To that end, they are trying to hock copies of this tape to everyone they can as much as they can. I'd hazard a guess and say that the amount of spam I receive on a given day could be reduced by as much as fifteen percent if all of the Paris Hilton-related material was cut out. Now, I don't particularly object to being bombarded with ads for this shitty little home movie because it's pornographic. I get so much porno spam in my inbox each day, I'm beginning to wonder how the human race ever survived without a hearty dose of gaping vaginas delivered right to their computers without even asking for it. No, my objection to having ads for this tape forced upon me in such great quantities is that no one in their right mind would ever - *ever* - actually want to see it. I know. I have.

I think she may be the world's first candidate for eyeball reduction surgery.

Yes, thanks to the wonders of a college network, I was able to take a look at the infamous Paris Hilton sex tape without paying the low, low cost of $19.95 for instant access. It's hideous. Really, everything about it is absolutely atrocious. The sex isn't sexy, the tape is just a home camcorder set on night shot, so Paris and her man of the hour look like photo negatives, which, as we all know, is just incredibly attractive. I worked in a store specializing in pornographic videos. I've seen some low-quality stuff, and I've seen some stuff with repulsive people. But for the love of Adulteros, Greek god of smut, at least that stuff is professionally produced. If nothing else, there are different camera angles, semi-proper lighting, and some attempts at editing. The Paris Hilton tape doesn't even have that to fall back on. Home movies of people having sex are typically, by which I mean always, sexy only to the people who made the damn tape. It's absolutely beyond me why anyone would want to watch this, other than to figure out why anyone would want to watch this.

I understand the celebrity factor. It's fun to watch how famous people act when they don't think anyone else is watching. It's fun to watch the people we idolize at their most human. That's why everyone went nuts for the Pam and Tommy tape. Those were two famous people getting their groove on. Plus, Pam Anderson is incredibly hot. Or if women aren't your thing, there is Tommy Lee, who isn't a particularly handsome man, but he can steer a boat with his cock, so he's got something going for him. So that tape had two famous people who are also highly attractive having sex, so you could forgive the fact that it was a home movie to some extent. But the Paris Hilton tape doesn't have any of that going for it. Who the fuck is Paris Hilton? All she is is a rich daughter of a guy I also haven't heard of. That's not to say she doesn't have some merit on her own. I mean, she was credited as a Female Club-Goer in the immensely successful film adaptation of "The Cat in the Hat." She's a celebrity alright. Come on, people. She's not famous, she's rich. That's not the same thing. No one cares about rich people having sex. When and if Bill Gates gets laid, I don't want a tape of it. Why would you want a tape of some rich person doing the nasty? What, do you think you're somehow going to be able to use a copy of this tape that everyone has to blackmail Paris Hilton for millions of dollars someday? Or perhaps you're gunning after Shannon Doherty's ex-husband's vast fortune? The allure just isn't there for this tape.

To make matters worse, Paris Hilton is not attractive. She's a little better now, but when she was nineteen and she made this video, she was nothing special to look at, much in the way that beef wellington is nothing special to look at. She's just a scrawny, ugly little girl with a bad ass. And I mean that last part. She's got a bad ass. That's actually tough to come by. A lot of girls have nice asses, especially at nineteen. And the ones that don't usually have okay asses. But the two extremes of the ass scale, by which I mean great asses and bad asses, are probably equally rare. So Paris Hilton's bad ass is actually quite an anomaly. However, if she had a tumor the size and shape of a lava lamp sticking out of her spine, that would also be an anomaly, but it wouldn't make me want to watch this tape. The lady is just plain not attractive. Of course, it doesn't help that she's drugged out of her skull during the video. I can't tell precisely what she's on, but between the loopy way she acts and the fact that her pupils are large enough to put anime girls to shame, I'd say it's a hearty dose of painkillers. In any case, the night shot effect on the camera not only makes her skin look green, but it also makes her giant freak-pupils shine like a couple of nickels in a spotlight. She looks like an alien, only she's the one getting the rectal probe. Yes, I realize that Paris used to be a model, but let's be honest, Louie Anderson could be the Victoria's Secret cover girl

Oh, what's the matter, sweetie? The new lips daddy bought you aren't attracting any rich old men?

if his father had a gazillion bucks in hotel money to throw around, too.

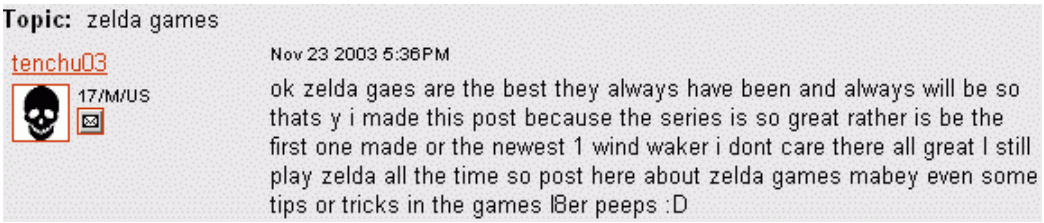
Look at this guy. He can barely force enough of a smile to make it look like he actually enjoys touching her. Hell, even her shirt's running away from her.

If you are still desperate enough to watch the Paris Hilton sex tape despite all of the painfully obvious reasons not to and the abundance of readily available free porn of much higher quality on the internet, you're going to be sorely disappointed. Worst of all, you're going to disappoint your penis. There's nothing worse that you can do to damage penile-brain relations than getting Mr. Happy ready to enjoy some smut, then letting him down by feeding him this kind of totally unsexy crap. The sex between Paris and What's-His-Face is pedestrian, at best. Again, this is a **home movie**. The sex contained therein will only be sexy to the people who are in it. They made this for their own purposes. They're not trying to get you off, they're trying, and apparently failing to get each other off. This is not good sex, people. I mean, Paris answers her goddamn phone! Seriously, the guy spends like two minutes getting her in position so he use his flesh scalpel to give her an emergency tracheotomy (of the vagina) from behind, when her cell phone rings. After all that, and knowing full well that they are video taping their sex, Paris doesn't even hesitate to scramble across the bed to answer it, leaving the guy frustrated and bootyless. Answering your phone during sex is wrong. Answering your phone while taping your sex is fucking criminal. Jacking off to some ugly, no-name, doped-up mule answering her phone during badly taped sex is so desperate, I doubt there's even a fetish site devoted to it. Although I could be wrong on that last point.

The Paris Hilton tape is out. There's nothing that can be done now to take that back. All I can hope for is that Paris Hilton will have the decency to keep her clothes on from here on out. So I beg of you Paris - not Paris, the spoiled daddy's girl, but Paris the warm, caring, down to earth human being who has been quoted as saying "I went to Wal-Mart for the first time. I always thought they sold wallpaper. I didn't realize it has everything. You can get anything you want there for really, really cheap" - please, as you're getting fired from your next ridiculously easy entry-level job that any high school dropout could handle on *The Simple Life*, think of the rest of us. When you make your New Year's resolution, please make a pledge that whenever a camera is pointed in your general direction, you will be fully clothed. Hopefully this will spare the rest of us any more needless agony. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got some spam to delete.

The Web Doesn't Stop For The Weekend

Hello friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here. The New Year is almost upon us and what better way to celebrate it's almost arrival than by almost enjoying a brand new instalment of Weekend Web. There are a lot of better ways to be honest but I'm hoping none of you know what those things are. Who am I kidding? Lepers being chased by dinosaurs with shotguns have more fun than anybody who reads this shit.


Topic: zelda games
tenchu03
17/M/US
Nov 23 2003 5:36PM
ok zelda gaes are the best they always have been and always will be so thats y i made this post because the series is so great rather is be the first one made or the newest 1 wind waker i dont care there all great I still play zelda all the time so post here about zelda games mabey even some tips or tricks in the games l8er peeps :D

What?

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

12.29 Yearly Media Reach-Around Service

Sunday, Dec 28, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The single most valuable commodity in the entertainment industry is positive hype. You could film 23 minutes of an old man sleeping in a recliner and still make a smash hit TV series if your commercials are good and you get some critics to rave about it. The secret of this is that positive hype is actually reciprocal. A critic who raves about NBC's new sleeper comedy hit "Immobile Box Full of Crayons" will actually receive publicity just by getting quoted in TV and print promos. Do it enough and he'll find himself getting asked to make guest appearances on morning news shows, drooling incoherently over the latest incoherent drool to come out of Burbank. Before he knows it this will lead to having a job writing script treatments for one of the network sweatshops.

It isn't just TV either; the music, movie and especially gaming industry all survive and prosper in part thanks to the efforts and adoration of the press. For decades, possibly even centuries, Something Awful has remained aloof from this rat race. We have chosen instead to tear down all of the things that we aren't talented - or whatever the opposite of lazy is - enough to accomplish ourselves. That era is coming to an end. We are hitching our wagon for that wild ride to super stardom and I intend to spend the entirety of this update heaping praise on everything from Carrot Top to Meat Loaf.

Since we've been neglecting our important duties as media prostate masseuses we are going to have to do things a little differently. I hereby authorize any media outlet to apply the quotes in this article to their movie, music, book, game, or TV show. I will leave them intentionally vague so they should suit your purposes well. The only distinction I will make is to separate them by the type of media they should apply to. Don't worry! If you find a quote in the TV section that you would like to use on the jacket of an Oprah book club novel about a transvestite surviving breast cancer, feel free. We aim to please.

Movies

"[Film Title] is a tour de force unparalleled in our time. Even eight thousand years from now the hyper-evolved future humans will look back on [Film Title] and wonder how their primitive forebears created such a masterwork."

"It's a good thing tickets to this movie are only nine bucks where I live, because I would be willing to kill children indiscriminately just to see the first ten minutes again."

"Emotionally wrenching, haunting, and hilarious. Watching this movie is like living the entirety of your life, only with more stunning CGI effects and the incomparable Ben Affleck."

"The ultimate date movie! This film doesn't just get you laid; it actually makes tender love to you on the sticky floor of the theater."

"A triumph of the human spirit over our robotic oppressors."

"Carrot Top is the greatest comedian alive today. His intricately crafted humor takes a keen mind to unravel, and you will be laughing the whole way!"

"[Director's Name] has done it again with [Film Title]. I haven't loved the medium this much since I mistook a pile of film reels in a dark projection room for a coiled prostitute."

"[Film Title] helped me realize why America is so great and the terrorists will never win. They just hate us for our freedom."

"Many simpletons would mistake [Film Title] for more elitist art house crap that makes about

as much sense as installing break lights on a bowling ball, but the truth is it's a journey of the imagination through a surreal dreamscape that speaks directly to the existential soul that unites us all in our collective triumphs and tribulations."

"Who knew that Ed Asner had the voice of a songbird?! Newsflash: he does, and it's a falsetto that will make you weak in the joints."

- **Books**

"Forget oxygen, forget water, [Book Title] is all you'll need to survive this year."

"[Book Title] is the best historical fiction about Abraham Lincoln killing Julius Caesar that I have ever read. It's even better than 'Ides of the South: How Lincoln Burned Rome'."

"A clone made from the recombinant DNA of William Shakespeare and James Joyce could not write a more thought provoking book on maintenance of the Toyota Camry 95-99 than [Author's Name]."

"[Author's Name]'s witty observations serve the more serious tone of the rest of the material quite well and help to keep the reader riveted to the page-turning studies of blood diseases in livestock."

"I never knew just how much [Loose Political Alliance] hated America until [Author's Name] managed to clear things up with several anecdotes, a few facts taken out of context, and thousands of baseless accusations. The most amazing part was all of the exhaustive research that the author selectively quoted to emphasize the correctness of his viewpoint."

- **TV Shows**

"If you have one ounce of love for the smash hit series 'Fish Police' in your marrow, then you'll share my adoration for [Show Title]."

"Get ready to ice up your funny bone, because [Show Title] is going to give it a serious workout! Who could have guessed that real life crime scene photos could be so hilarious?"

"[Network Name] has a hit on their hands with [Show Title]. This original and biting commentary on the social interactions of three male and three female friends is sure to leave America in the best kind of stitches. My favorite character is [ditzy blond], will her antics ever cease?!"

"[Show Title] proves that reality TV still has some life left in it. I was amazed with the attention to detail during the Revolutionary War segment where they were forced to drink vintage British tea out of a boiled hog uterus."

"[Show Title] is an engrossing drama of a genius and complexity not seen since Fox's powerhouse programming duo 'Farts Across America' and 'Ass Helicopter'."

"[Lead Actress] makes a stunning debut as the titular character in [Show Title]. It's heartwarming to know that a sassy and incredibly attractive single mom with a mysteriously huge apartment and vague parental duties can still get by in this crazy workaday world we live in."

Music

"I enjoy listening to songs about things that happen to people that wear cowboy hats and [Yokel's Album Title] is an example of the best the genre has to offer. Packed to the ten-gallon brim with twangy homespun tales told in halting song form, this compilation of greatest hits is just what the only doctor in town ordered."

"In the overcrowded genre of barely-legal gyrating female pop stars who sing childishly about their shallow relationships, [Artist's Name] really distinguishes herself by wearing the shortest and tightest hot pants in the industry."

"Hip-hop has a new hero, and his name is [Artist's Name]! With unassailable street cred and more ice on his body than a Cro-Magnon man frozen in a glacier [Artist's Name]'s new album [Album Title] is sure to please."

"Whoever claims rock is dead hasn't listened to [Album Title], the latest release from numetal thrashers [Artist's Name]. This blazing mix of techno, rap, and rock fuses Baltimora with Biz Markie and proves that their styles should have been married long ago."

Video Games

"I have not ejaculated this much playing a game since an Operation Wolf stand up overturned onto my groin."

"The [latest graphical buzz feature] in this game is so intense that it not only rendered me sterile, it rendered my unborn grandchildren sterile."

"[Game Title] combines the best elements of 'Pool of Radiance' and 'Ken's Labyrinth' to create a game that's much more than the sum of its parts. Think 'Lara Croft's Populous II'."

"This series continues to deliver and the intense action will leave you out of breath. This ain't your grand pappy's Kasparov Teaches Chess."

"[Developer] can do no wrong in my book, but [Game Title] exceeds even my great expectations. The CD smells like delicious donuts and just viewing the autorun caused shivers of ecstasy to race up and down my spine. The installation was pure bliss and my first five minutes of actually playing [Game Title] forced me to lie down lest I be overcome by a case of the vapors."

Our obligations to the entertainment industry fulfilled for the year, we will once again be returning to our normal cynical content. Look forward to a special year in review on Friday which will feature the best films released in 2003 along with flip explanations as to why they all fucking sucked.

The Doctor Is In!

This week, Doctor David Thorpe, fat and addled from Christmas goose, has decided to piss everyone off a little bit more than normal by taking on bands that we're all supposed to love. Join him on a rollercoaster of grumpiness covering more than 20 years of crap!

"If you walk into the cool-guy vinyl store in your town and start bad-mouthing Joy Division, it's likely that the ninety-pound guy behind the counter who looks like he cuts his hair with a lighter will be forced to muster the last of his anemic strength in order to forcefully eject you from the establishment."

Join in on the holiday fun! You just might learn the names of some bands that you can use to trick people into thinking you're cool.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.30 There On Gilligan's Island

Monday, Dec 29, 2003 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The usual suspects.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any sane man that "Gilligan's Island" is one of the most surreally awful shows ever to appear on television. Its dumb shit antics tipped over the rim of humorous and into some sort of looping time vortex of terrible retard jokes and even worse "trapped on a desert island" plot lines. The cast amounted to a bunch of trainables, including a few with tits, and the professor who created believable devices from coconuts in a joke that wore thin before it was even finished being made the first time.

Many long and exceptionally worthless philosophical treatises have been written using Gilligan's Island as the baseline. I do not intend to repeat these mistakes, preferring to address the sheer horrendousness of the show in an objective and fact-filled manner. First, let's briefly take a look at the cast of characters.

Gilligan - Profoundly retarded first mate, Gilligan is so stupid that his lack of basic motor functions actually served as the core of almost a dozen plot lines throughout the three season run of the series. If I were trapped on a desert island with Gilligan I think about the only useful purpose he could serve would be as a source of food. **Skipper** -

Photographic evidence of the giant pussy Skipper was said to possess.

Fat and sassy, the Skipper was in charge of the ill-fated S.S. Minnow during its fateful voyage. While just as stupid as everyone else, Skipper manages to conceal this to an extent by being a belligerent hothead prone to violence. If I were trapped on a desert island with Skipper I would probably end up either a murderer or a corpse inside about five minutes.

Ginger - A movie star taking a pleasure cruise on the S.S. Minnow with a bunch of genetic rejects is about as believable as a human being with an IQ above 50 actually being able to sit through an entire episode. Where did she get her makeup and sparkly dresses from? Guess what, I don't fucking care. If I were trapped on a desert island with Ginger she would be gagged and tied naked to a pole for the duration of her short and semen encrusted life.

Mr. and Mrs. Howell - The only positive thing I can say about this show is that actors playing idiotic and immature idle rich people are roughly half as grating as the actual idle rich, as demonstrated by MTV's "Rich Girls". Despite that Mr. and Mrs.

Howell are walking poster children for the redistribution of wealth and vivisection of the elderly. If I were trapped on a desert island with the Howells I would hunt them for sport and fashion a cape from their tanned skins.

Mary Ann - Considered by many to be the "piece of ass" on the show, Mary Ann is a borderline brain dead yokel prone to brief flights of attraction towards Gilligan usually inspired by either commie mind control or ancient islander magic. The one thing she has going for her over, say, Ginger, is that she's actually willing to get dirty once in a while and do some work. If I were trapped on a desert island with Marry Ann I would probably spend three weeks hitting on her and then end up caving in her skull with a rock.

The Professor - The good old Professor constantly dreams up new and wacky inventions he has cobbled together out of coconuts for the supposed purpose of either escaping the island or assisting in survival. In truth the inventions never work and are little more than the imaginings of a syphilitic fever dream contracted from sexually assaulting diseased apes. If I were trapped on a desert island with the Professor I would trick him into fucking a fake ape made out of ammonium nitrate and then steal his Swiss Army knife once the friction from his rabid humping triggered a massive explosion.

Every single character on the show, including the ridiculous number of guests, is a nightmare made flesh through the diabolical collusion of the writers and the casting department. Plots on the show invariably consisted of one of three different episode types.

The Skipper plans to redefine "date rape".

The New Arrival - The New Arrival is the most frequently used plot type on Gilligan's Island. Given how difficult it seemed to be for the passengers and crew of the Minnow to escape from the island it was amazing how frequently other people suddenly showed up. Lost surfers, crates full of magic devices, missiles, and dozens of other people and things suddenly washed up on the island with alarming regularity. Sometimes these new arrivals plotted to undermine or destroy the castaways from the Minnow. Unfortunately, they always failed.

The "New" Arrival - The bumbling collection of chromosomal disorders stranded on the island suddenly find someone or something that they should have noticed about five seconds after they landed. Sometimes it's another survivor, sometimes it's a giant magical idol, sometimes it's an entire tribe of stereotypically idiotic natives. It doesn't matter and I promise you won't care.

Gilligan is a Fucking Mongoloid - When the writers stopped being incredibly drunk or high they were just lazy, and blazed a trail of stellar mediocrity through the remaining scripts by having a number of whole episodes centered around Gilligan just being a dumbass. Probably the most perfectly absurd "stupid Gilligan" episodes took place in the third season, when the Professor unintentionally turns Gilligan invisible while

> trying to remove a bowling ball that became fused to Gilligan during a mishap involving stupidity and lightning. I wish I were making that plot up.

In addition to the constant coming and going of visitors on the supposedly isolated desert island, there were also two main hazards that the castaways faced.

Quicksand was one of those dangers, and let me tell you that nothing is more terrifying than quicksand. It's one of those things that your parents, park rangers, and very special episodes of "Silver Spoons" warn you about, but you never actually see it in real life. Quicksand is a pitiless and always hungry mouth waiting to swallow hapless travelers and shipwreck survivors. Did you know that in 1999 alone over 600,000 people were killed by quicksand? It's true! I was amazed to find that in 47 states and over 300 countries quicksand is the number two killer, above cancer and behind heart disease.

The other big threat to stability on Gilligan's Island was the frequent and menacing appearance of various groups of violent natives. Luckily for the writers behind Gilligan's Island there were no "savage islander" political groups to boycott them and raise a stink over their hideously insulting portrayal on the show. To give you an example of how dumb they make the natives out to be, in one episode a voodoo chief is actually outwitted by Gilligan. That's right, the man who can hardly dress or feed himself used his extremely basic white-man's intellect to defeat what is presumably the smartest man in a tribe.

In 1981 a study was conducted by the American Medical Association that demonstrated the dangers of Gilligan's Island. Test subjects were given a battery of tests to determine their intelligence and basic aptitudes and then separated into a control group and an experimental group. The control group was placed in a room and told to watch a one hour documentary on the tuna industry. The experimental group was placed in a similar room and forced to watch two back-to-back episodes of Gilligan's Island.

Following the tuna documentary the control group was given a new battery of tests and produced results similar to their scores before watching the show. Those test subjects who had watched Gilligan's Island, however, were less capable. Many of them failed to respond to verbal instructions and simply stared at the blank TV screen and drooled. A few swallowed their tongues and had to receive medical attention and in one tragic case a woman fell victim to brain death extending to her autonomous nervous system. The handful of experimental subjects who could be corralled into retaking the battery of tests randomly filled in answers or drew pictures of phalluses on their test form.

The findings of the study were released in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The AMA favorably compared "protracted exposure to the fumes of adhesive or propellant" to "even one second of exposure to Gilligan's Island". They described the show as affecting the brain the same way high doses of radiation affect the structure of individual cells. Dr. Arnold Davis, who headed the experiment, warned that "Gilligan's Island is an invisible and keen blade slicing into the skull of anyone unfortunate enough to look in its direction." Further warnings from similar studies were completely ignored by the entertainment industry that not only continued to air syndicated episodes of Gilligan's Island, but also produced a total of four reunion movies.

It is my hope that this article has touched a number of you. If it has prevented even on person from watching Gilligan's Island or allowing their children to watch Gilligan's Island then I feel I have accomplished something here.

I'm a little late. Sorry about that.

As I've said before, us goons here looove to mess with movies. I dare you to find a Comedy Goldmine

or a Photoshop Friday where I don't have a movie reference. We might have one or two, but that'll be cutting it close. Movies are all over our stuff. So why be any different this time around? We're fucking up the climactic moments in movies this time, and comedy ensues!

Maybe that little Fark catchphrase will get me linked on Fark. I doubt it. Drew Curtis of Drew Curtis's production of Fark.com has forsaken me. And here I think he's a nice guy.

Have a happy New Year!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.31 Camp Internet Welcomes You

Tuesday, Dec 30, 2003 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

A new year is dawning tomorrow, and that means a new year of challenges, headaches, heartaches, general aches and pains, backaches, stomachaches, minor intestinal bleeding, and inner ear aches. In the non-achy front, 2004 promises to be a big year filled to the brim with excitement. In fact, this year is so jam packed with unmitigated festivities, the President has had no choice but to extend it by one day, which, in a dramatic stand against the tenants of fascism, will generously be donated to February, the runt of the calendar's litter of months. I could fill this update with all sorts of funny predictions about the coming days, but I won't. I hate both you and myself far too much to try to be entertaining. Instead, I will remind you that all this fun can be yours, assuming of course you do not have any children. For those of you with kids, boy, I'm sorry. If only you weren't strapped into the electric chair of responsibility, reeling from the conductive beestings of parental duty.

But I'm not here to be the bearer of bucketfuls of bad tidings, not when I can smash your grief to pieces with the wrath of good news. With just a few generous payments, your kids can spend the summer enjoying the wonderment and edutainment of Camp Internet, a veritable gulag of digital fun. With those pesky, meddlesome kids gone, you're free to be as reckless and hedonistic as you want, diving crotch first into a world of sin and taboo. But enough about the carnal passions you so disparately crave, you goddamn perverts. What is Camp Internet? Short of earning me an awesome $42 in Canadian dollars to promote, Camp Internet is the new frontier of summer camps. It's a dot slam for fun, a dot smash for education, and a dot kaboom for character building. Rather than do my job of promoting this properly, I'm taking my $42 Canadian dollars and running fast into the sunset like a bandit in the night, only at dusk instead of at night.

Here now is the official brochure for Camp Internet that I am typing verbatim. While I do this, I am listening to the songs of the humpback whales, which I have shamelessly pirated. Say what you want about piracy, but with the diminished whaling laws now in effect throughout the world, I feel I have no need to grant them their due artist compensation. I may not be able to harpoon you blubbery bastards from here, but I can certainly poison your sales.

Camp Internet 2004 Guidebook

Hey Parents! Want to give your kids the experience of a lifetime? Want to pry them away from that tired old Internet?

Hey Kids! Want to get away from those overbearing parents of yours? Want to spend some time in the great outdoors while remaining in touch with the hi-tech age?

Guess what, Parents and Kids, you don't have to want anymore, not when Camp Internet makes your wants a reality! Camp Internet takes the thrill of the Internet, a global communications apparatus popularized by pornographers, and translates it into a fun, safe, and educational getaway that challenges kids to find the common ground separating the low-tech from the hi-tech!

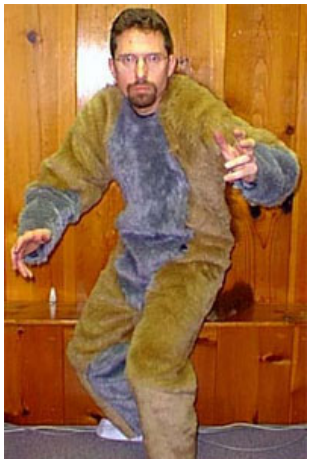
Camp Internet was founded by Dr. Hans Höllentier, a reformed Nazi kept alive through occult sciences, who realized that the current generation was becoming too ensnared by technology to function in a world where people would be dependent on brute strength and savage cunning. Dr. Höllentier sought to take the most popular elements of the Internet and bring them to life as the theme for a summer camp that teaches what it's truly like to live and die in the world. As Dr. Höllentier said at Camp Internet's groundbreaking ceremony, "The corpulence of humanity has long

fed from the intestinal stew raging fourth from the maw of technology! I will circumcize the mind of the machine and teach children to make slaves of technology!" Dr. Höllentier delivered his opening speech with such passion that he succumbed to a fainting spell. His descent miraculously thwarted the efforts of a sniper, who narrowly grazed the falling doctor's face. This is the main reason he now masks himself, and not because he has anything to hide.

Through careful scientific analysis of Internet trends and culture, he has crafted a beautiful if not horrific family of counselors, administrators, and secret police to keep your children entertained, challenged, and obedient. Along the way, your child will undergo a metamorphosis from victim to survivor, broadening his or her horizons to include the skills and knowledge necessary to not just live in the technological age, but master it as well.

Although Dr. Höllentier has had plenty of experience running camps in the 30's and 40's, he personally dislikes children and chooses to remain secluded in his personal yurt, surrounded by a wall of black smoke that reaches up to the heavens as if to claw at the very eyes of God. Supplying heartfelt guidance to your kids is an experienced team of young men and women with exciting, hip, and modern alternative lifestyles popularized by the World Wide Web. Why here are two of our counselors right now!

Name: Susy Alure
Experience: MegaFurCon, High School Diploma



Name: Ronald McGreen
Experience: Battle of Endor Recreationist, former Boy Scout Troop Leader.

Located in an unmapped portion of Siberia, the heartland of Mother Russia, Camp Internet is the ideal environment for summer fun. Camp Internet features a bevy of state-of-the-art facilities designed to accommodate children, so long as they aren't weak and frail, and keep them stimulated mentally and physically. Take a look at a few of the 21st century facilities we offer:

It's rustic!

Yurts – warm, heated yurts fully wired with the latest in electrical currents allowing for electric light. These rustic quarters are fully furnished with primitive sleeping mats, so your kids won't be living like pioneers entirely. While not wired for Internet access, the nearby indoor latrines are. Located just two miles from the yurts on the

site of an abandoned nuclear silo, the latrines offer the latest in high tech waste disposal while still requiring a romp through nature.

Note: Camp Internet is not responsible for glowing feces attacks or the glowing infections that follow.

The Graveyard of Tires – when Camp Internet's director was offered a great deal on used tires, he was no sap. Purchasing over 2,264 derelict automobile tires from the Russian military, he commissioned the first participants of Camp Internet to build a large and twisted monument to his staggering intellect. Though many children died in the construction of this tire cathedral, the crude remains of their work and bodies forms an inspirational tire graveyard that serves as an ideal place to play, reflect, and connect with nature.

Note: Camp Internet is in no way responsible for the tire fires or constant plumes of all-encompassing black smog.

Lake of Woe – while technically frozen, the lake offers a wide variety of fun activities, such as ice-skating, ice fishing, and accidental drowning. Or, as it's known in high tech terms, "impromptu cryogenic storage."

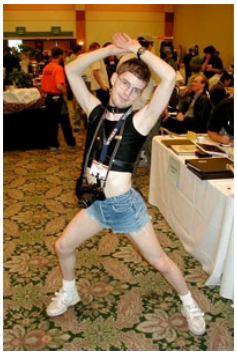
Note: Camp Internet currently has no means of unfreezing your children, but the distant future might.

Dining Cave / Meeting Hall – What good would a mass of children be with no place to wrangle them? The meeting hall, as Dr. Höllentier puts it, "allows the human larvae to amass into a great swarming cyst, that, with my teachings, might one day form a cancer upon this wretched Earth." Dr. Höllentier, how you love to kid!

Note: Camp Internet is not responsible for bear attacks, accidental cave-ins, or food poisoning.

"The Coffin" – You may be afraid to punish your children, but Camp Internet is not. Due to legal reasons we cannot give you a specific overview of what the coffin is, suffice to say we believe it is character building, not to mention a very introspective place for your child.

Note: Camp Internet is not responsible for the long-term emotional trauma your child may receive after being locked in a coffin for several days time.



Our counselors are here to teach your children life lessons!

Facilities are useless when not used properly, so Camp Internet takes full advantage of its many blessings. Our staff of counselors has taken the time to turn their hobbies and interests into workshops and activities your kids can learn and take home. Here is a small sampling of activities for your kids to participate in:

Workshop – Drawing Naked Animals
Humans and animals may be dramatically different, but they share dramatically similar reproductive organs. This workshop is aimed at teaching kids the joy and pleasure of finding their inner spirit animal, and then drawing it naked. Boasts the doctor, "Animalistic worship is the foundation of pagan ideology. Let the doctrine of Christianity burn like the tires of my killing fields."

Workshop – The Art of Yiffing
Your kids will learn the value of the erotic arts firsthand from hardened counselors. In this mandatory series of interactive workshops, children, dressed as their inner spirit animal, will mate with other campers. Prior to forced mating, children will submit genetic samples to Dr. Höllentier so that he may conduct his experiments. "Fear not for your children, fear for the

monsters they birth," gushes the smiling doctor from behind his sleek, metallic mask.

Workshop – Cramming Objects Into Your Rectum
One of the most popular new and emerging hobbies on the Internet revolves around the timeless art of sticking large objects into your rectal cavity, slowly but surely expanding its elasticity. In the end your kids will push the envelope of belief, shocking you as to just how much they can cram into their rectal cavities and just how wide they can dilate their anuses. Camp Director Dr. Höllentier says, "Every profane act is the manifestation of heaven's sorrow, and music to my ears!"

Sports – Wetting Your Pants
Pants wetting used to be for babies, but now it's for unashamed people wanting to turn their denim domains into hot tubs of urine. Under the guidance of real authentic pants wetters, your kids will receive the absolute best attention. As Dr. Höllentier proudly gushes, "You maggots can do as you please, so long as my precious experiments continue unabated."

Intensive Study – Proper Webcam Placement and Posing
By maximizing sex appeal and seduction, youngsters will learn how to hide unattractive features such as acne, scars, and emptiness with improper lighting and clumsy posing. Adjusting image contrast dramatically will also be covered. Kids must know how to sell themselves to the predators of the Internet, and this intensive study ensures they will be worth every penny. "From the bottom of my syphilitic heart, I pray that these harlots of Babylon suffocate in the vacuum of their own souls," said Dr. Höllentier as he affectionately scratched the face off of a young girl.

Parents, you *cannot* waste any time! Space at the camp is limited, so reserve your child's place right away! You can see clearly the benefits Camp Internet has to offer and the life lessons it stands to teach your kids. Don't deny them this important experience. In case you are simply not convinced, let us leave you with some honest to goodness testimonials.

> "The day I saw my parents again was the happiest day of my life." –Billy, Age 13
>
> "...good..." –Tina, Age 10
>
> "Doctors say I will make a full recovery!" –Brandon, age 8
>
> "I will never forget the horrors of [leaving] Camp Internet" -Jimmy, Age 15
>
> "I cannot escape the memories of Camp Internet, even when I dream!" –Sandy, Age 14

Consider me $42 Canadian dollars richer! In your face, humpback whales!

◘ Happy New Year! Someone Kill Me!

Hey and hello everyone! This is Ben "Grandpa" Platt here with a special New Year's edition movie review! What makes it so special, you ask? Because I freaking said so, that's why. You might want to look into making a resolution about taking people's words for things, jerk. The movie du jour is "The Corpse-Grinders 2," a massive turd of a movie by Ted V. Mikels.

> One of signature visuals of "The Corpse-Grinders 2" is the grinder itself, a clanky contraption of rotating blades and numerous pointlessly flashing lights. You know you're in for a quality film when the power switch for the grinder is clearly labeled "HITACHI CAMERA POWER UNIT." That's bad news, right there. And that's literally only the second shot of the movie. You have to wonder why Ted V. Mikels would even bother including that shot, when it's nothing but a straight-on view of the power switch. My only guess is that it's his way of saying, "Look, I can't even make it ten seconds without fucking up, don't expect 'Schindler's List.'" After the lameass title screen, which you

> can see above, we transition into a shot that has opened classic films from "Star Wars" to "Star Wars" - text scrolling into the distance that explains the background of the story. The thing is, in "Star Wars," that text is necessary, since it explains background information that would take a huge chunk of time to act out. In this movie, most of the information contained in the text is actually explained later on in the movie, rendering the text totally useless. In fact, some of the text is directly contradicted by the events of the movie and contains obvious typos.

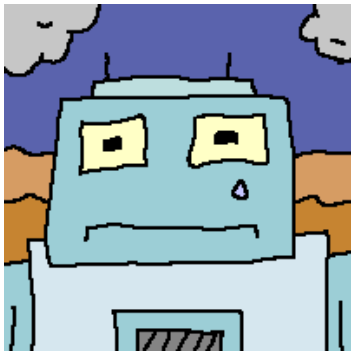
Sounds like oodles of fun, doesn't it? DOESN'T IT? You know you're going to be up late tonight - why not pass the time by reading the review? Next year in Jerusalem!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.32 2004: A Look Ahead

Wednesday, Dec 31, 2003 by Tom "moof" Davies

A lot of things happened in 2003. Wars were fought, people were born, people fell in love, people died, and Gollom bit off Frodo's finger and fell into Mount Doom. It was am amazing year, and one that I will never forget. I will forever be haunted by the mistakes, missed opportunities and failures that made the last twelve months so special, and I can only hope that 2004 can bring as many great memories as 2003 did, not just for myself but for the whole world. There is no doubt in my mind that it will. And here are just some of the exciting things I expect we have to look forward to in 2004:



No robot, you will never know what love is. I am sorry,

Robots

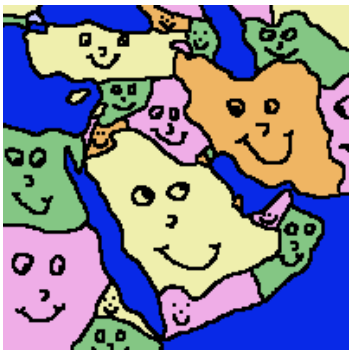
I know there will be robots in the future because I have seen many movies with robots in them, and these movies were in the future. If that is not proof enough, then I honestly do not know what is. I expect to see the first proper robots commercially available in the next few months. Robots will be able to do almost everything. They will cook things, clean things, make things, and destroy things. The only things robots will never be able to do is love. This is because robots simply cannot love. Ever.

A Moon Base

Now that even crazy countries like China can go into space, it is not such a big deal. China is the country with the dragons for heaven's sake. It is so easy to go into space now that it will not be long until people start living there permanently. The most obvious place to live is the moon, simply because it is the closest. Living on the moon would offer many bonuses, such as the ability to jump really high to impress your friends and the ability to jump really high to escape from moon-wolves (moon-wolves can also jump high so watch out OK).

Peace in the Middle East

2004 will be the year that all nations in the Middle East finally stop fighting and become friends. Everyone will be united under the banner of Islam, and al Quada will become a traveling circus troupe. The United States will withdraw all military from the region and begin amassing troops along the Canadian border.



Israel is happy but it is just too small to see.

Some Kind of Alien Attack

I think this is clear to anyone with half a of a brain or even a third of a brain. Aliens will surely attack us soon, and for days we will be living on the edge of our seats in suspense. Just at the point that all seems lost we will discover their one weakness which will probably be water or something equally as stupidly unoriginal. The aliens will be driven away by a lone rogue soldier who plays by his own rules and possibly has weakness for alcohol and women.

Genetically Engineered Cowfruit

Scientists will finally be able to combine cows and fruit to create delicious new flavors of beef. Cowfruit will bridge the gap between vegetarians and meat lovers, with everyone agreeing that there is no better snack than a tasty cowapple salad or a bowl of cowpear soup. Cowfruit will make great pets, as they are gentle creatures and grow on trees.

Hello cowlemon how are you today.

Duke Nukem Forever is Released

Haha I made a Duke Nukem Forever Joke.

As you can clearly see 2004 holds many possibilities for every one of us on this crazy planet we call home. I am sure that a year from now I will look back on this time and think "Oh Jesus Christ what the hell was I thinking oh God oh God oh God oh Jesus oh God." And take another swig of rum as I sail the vast oceans of this world on my ship made out of corn. Of course the oceans will be much vaster by then, partly because of the great ice caps melt of November but also because it will rain a lot more than usual.

I apologize for the brevity of today's article, but I have to go and welcome in the new year by partying with a large group of my best friends. Of course by "a large group of my best friends" I mean "my friends" and by "my friends" I mean "my friend" and by "my friend" I mean "my cat" and by "party" I mean cry.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

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